SUPPLEMENT TO

THE CRITIC

JOURNAL OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:

A Guide for the Library and Book-Club, and Booksellers' Circular.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

METROPOLITAN

SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

WITH AN ANALYSIS OF EVIDENCE GIVEN BEFORE THE HEALTH OF TOWNS COMMISSION: AND EXTRACTS FROM WORKS OF AUTHORITY, PROVING THE ADVANTAGES, SANITARY, ECONOMICAL, AND PRODUCTIVE, OF THE APPLICATION OF THE REFUSE OF TOWNS IN THE FORM OF LIQUID MANURE, TO THE SURROUNDING AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS.

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PROSPECTUS.

THE great value of Sewage Water, from its highly fertilizing qualities, has long since been proved and appreciated; and the importance, in a sanitary point of view, of preserving the natural streams of the country from the pollution now caused by the discharge of the sewers, has also been much felt and insisted on. The intention therefore of the plan now proposed is to prevent the evil and obtain the benefit, thus conferring the most important advantages on the public.

These objects are of sufficient importance to the welfare of the community to warrant their being undertaken at the public expense; but it must be satisfactory to learn that they can be effected with considerable profit, and consequently form a legitimate object of commercial enterprise. It is therefore proposed to establish a Company for carrying out this purpose. With this view a plan was long since formed, which has undergone the consideration of practical and scientific men; and the result is that a complete scheme has been matured for conveying the Sewage-Water of London, by means of a system of pumping engines and pipes, analogous to that of the great Water Companies, and thus distributing the fertilizing fluid over the land, in such manner and proportions as may be best adapted to the various kinds of field and garden cultivation.

The Company does not, however, preclude itself from the use of railways, canals, or other cheap and convenient means of conveyance.

The average quantity required for agriculture is estimated at eighty tons per acre, which can be supplied within about twenty miles round the metropolis, at less than a quarter of the cost of stable or farm-yard manure, containing an equal proportion of fertilizing matter; and it will not only prove much more efficient, but can be distributed more conveniently, and at one-tenth of the expense.

The surprising results of sewage water as a manure have been long since exemplified in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh and other places, as explained in the Report of Mr. Smith, of Deanston, to the Health-of-Towns Commission, showing in some instances more than a tenfold increase of produce. It should further be observed, that several eminent horticulturists in the neighbourhood of London have practically demonstrated the value of this manure on their own grounds, and can be referred to for the satisfaction of those who take an interest in the matter.

The scope of the Company's first operations upon which the calculations are based, will be limited to the drainage of the District comprised by the King's Scholars' Pond, and Ranelagh Sewers, with the concurrence of the Commissioners, who have evinced the most cordial disposition to facilitate the objects of the Company. The contents of these sewers will be raised by powerful steam engines, and distributed by pipes over an extent of sixty square miles through the gardening and agricultural districts to the westward. Another important feature of this undertaking will be the application of the manure to poor and waste lands, which will be thereby rendered abundantly productive with great profit to the cultivators.

A sum of £300,000 only will be required to carry this part of the plan into effect; and it is, therefore, proposed for the present, to limit the calls to this amount, being £10 per share. The remainder of the capital will only be required after this portion of the undertaking shall have been in operation, and then only with the sanction of two-thirds of the shareholders at a special general meeting to be convened for that purpose.

A careful and moderate calculation of the annual outlay and income has been made, from which it can confidently be stated that the undertaking will realize a net profit of at least 15 per cent.

It is intended to apply to Parliament in the next Session for an Act to incorporate the Company, by which, besides giving all necessary powers, the interests of the shareholders will be secured, and their liability limited to the amount of their shares.

It is confidently assumed that this measure will receive the cordial support of all persons of authority and influence, on the ground of the great public benefit it is calculated to effect in regard both to health and productiveness; and as it is evident that the proposed plan also presents the opportunity of a most eligible and safe investment, it equally merits the attention and support of the capitalist.

The following Extracts from different works of high authority show the general and great benefits resulting from the application of Sewage Manures:—

"Edinburgh has many advantages over many of her sister cities; and the large supply of excellent spring water is one of the greatest blessings to her inhabitants, both in respect to household purposes and in keeping the streets clean, and lastly in irrigating the extensive meadows situated below the town, by the rich stuff which it carries along in a state of semi-solution, where the art of man, with the common-sewer water has made sand-hillocks produce riches far superior to any thing of the kind in the kingdom or in any country."

"By this water about 150 acres of grass land, laid into catch-work beds, is irrigated, whereof upwards of 100 belong to W. H. Miller, Esq., of Craigintinny; and the remainder to the Earls of Haddington and Moray, the heirs of the late Sir James Montgomery; and some small patches to other proprietors. The meadows belonging to the last-mentioned noblemen, and part of the Craigintinny meadows, or what is called the Old Meadows, containing about fifty acres, have been irrigated for nearly a century; they are by far the most valuable, on account of the long and continual accumulation of the rich sediment left by the water; indeed, the water is so very rich, that the proprietors of the meadows lying nearest to the town have found it advisable to carry the common shore through deep ponds, where the water deposits part of the superfluous manure before it is carried over the ground. Although the formation is irregular, and the management very imperfect, the effect of the water is astonishing; they produce crops of grass not to be equalled, being cut from four to six times a year, and given green to milch cows. The grass is let every year by public auction, in small patches, from a quarter of an acre and upwards, which generally brings from 24 to 30*l.* per acre. This year (1826) part of the Earl of Moray's meadow gave as high as 57*l.* per acre."—*From Mr. George Stephen's Essay on Irrigated Meadows, published in* 1826, pp. 72, 73.

"The value of town manure may be estimated, by the fact, that a portion of the drainage of Edinburgh spread upon certain level lands towards the sea, has increased the value of these lands by more than 5,000 a-year; and that, if the whole drainage of London could be so used, at a sufficient distance from the town, the value would exceed 500,000*l.* a year. Now engineers, who pump from the Thames many miles above London to supply pure water to the inhabitants, could as easily, by pumping away to any desired distance the fluid from the drains, supply the most valuable manure yet known (fluid town manure) to the horticulture and agriculture of the district; and the purity and beauty of the Thames, where it passes through London, would be preserved. Fluid manure, by sinking at once into the earth, is much less offensive to the neighbourhood, and affects less the purity of the atmosphere, than an equal quantity of solid manure spread, as it usually is, on the surface of the earth."—*From Dr. Arnott's Report on the Fevers which have prevailed in Edinburgh and Glasgow*, p 12.

Cleansing of Milan, and application of the refuse to Agriculture by Irrigation.

"Some of the meadows irrigated by the sewage-water of Milan yield a net rent of 21*l.* per *tornatura* (a measure of 10,000 square metres, equal to about two acres and a half), besides a land-tax of 61 francs 10 cents, the expenses of administration, repairs of buildings, &c. These meadows are mowed in November, January, March, and April, for stable-feeding; in June, July, and August they yield three crops of hay for the winter; and in September they furnish an abundant pasture for the cattle, till the beginning of the winter irrigation."—*From the First Report of the Health of Towns' Commission.* Vol. 2, p. 403.

"In respect to the difference of productiveness of irrigation and top-dressing, instances have been adduced where lands, by the use of stable or town manure as a top-dressing, have only had the ordinary produce increased one-fold under favourable circumstances; whilst portions of the same land lying convenient for irrigation have had the produce increased at the least five-fold by the application of the same manure in the liquid form. *From the evidence of James Dean, Esq., before the Health of Towns' Commission. First Report*, vol. ii., p. 406.

Speaking of the application of liquid manure to garden culture, he says:—

"I have known some instances, where the land has been favourably circumstanced, where the water

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has been applied to drill crops, such as peas, beans, and the usual garden products; with which it was very successful, especially with strawberries, producing more abundant crops, and much earlier, than could have been obtained by any mode of top-dressing."

In reference to the economical application of liquid manure, Mr. Dean says:—

"The expense of distributing the same quantities of manure, irrespective of the different degrees of productiveness from the different modes of application, would be on the average, for distribution in the solid form, about 3*l*, and in the liquid form. by irrigation, about 6s."

The value of this mode of agriculture nas also been proved on an extended scale, in the Duke of Portland's water meadows at Clipstone Park. The course there pursued has been chiefly one of irrigation, the water being but slightly imbued with Sewage Manure. It is, however, a striking illustration of the still greater advantages obtainable from fluid Sewage Manure.

"The land immediately occupied by these meadows was, in its wild state, a line of hill sides covered with gorse and heather—a rabbit warren, over which a few sheep wandered,—and a swampy valley below, thick set with hassocks and rushes, the favourite haunt of wild ducks and snipes; through which the little stream, the Maun, wound its way in its descent from the town of Mansfield.

"The whole tract, both upland and lowland, was of very little value. The valley was in many parts from nine to ten feet deep in bog, and almost worthless; the hill sides varied in quality, but 80*l*. a-year would have been a full rent for the 300 acres. Indeed, the whole of the Clipstone Park Farm, when taken in hand in the year 1816, containing 1,487 acres, had been let for the sum of 346*l*.

"The effect of this irrigation has been to raise the annual value of this land to 11*l*. 4*s*. per acre."—*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* Vol. i., 1840, pp. 356, 357.

In the face of these proofs of the high value of Sewage Manure, the refuse of the Metropolis has been allowed to flow into the Thames—wasting every year manure equal in value to nearly £1,000,000—polluting the water—and when the tide recedes, leaving on its banks a quantity of animal and vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, producing effluvia highly injurious to health—at the very time that we are importing manure from Africa and America at an annual cost of between one and two millions sterling.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN—*I hereby request you to allot me Shares in the above Company, and I undertake to accept the same, or any less number that may be allotted to me, and to pay the deposit of £1 per Share thereon, and to execute the necessary deeds when required.*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Profession or Business (if any)*_____

*Reference*_____

Address to Messrs. Bailey, Shaw, and Smith, Solicitors, 5, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London.

ANALYSIS OF EVIDENCE, &c.

The present mode of cleansing and draining our large towns, and disposing of their refuse, will doubtless be regarded by the next generation with the same feelings of surprise with which we view the strange customs of barbarous people. It is a striking example, on the grandest scale, of inefficiency and extravagance. We shall search in vain for any similar instance of wholesale waste of re sources. Not content with polluting our rivers and heaping up upon their banks masses of offen sive matter most injurious to health, we are constantly pouring into them treasures which cannot be estimated at a less sum than several millions a-year. In the metropolis alone the value of the liquid refuse annually carried into the Thames, and lost to agriculture, amounts, according to the very lowest estimate, to half a million pounds, and according to the highest to little short of four miilions.

To restore the waters of the Thames to their purity, to put a stop to the poisonous exhalations which are constantly rising from the banks of the river, and to apply this valuable refuse to the purposes of agriculture, are the objects of the METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

As the application of liquid manure to agricultural and horticultural purposes, though by no means unknown to the ancients, and long practised in many parts of Europe, and for a still longer period and more systematically in China, has not yet come into general use in England, it has been thought that an analysis of the valuable evidence recently laid before the Health of Towns Commission, together with extracts from works of authority, might prove useful, not merely by shewing the security of the data on which the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company proposes to base its operations, but by imparting instruction to agriculturists into whose hands this Prospectus may chance to fall.

The principal results established by the quotations contained in the following analysis may be briefly stated thus:—

1. The very substances which, if allowed to collect and decompose in the midst of our large towns, give rise to fevers and other destructive diseases, may, by a proper system of conveyance, be made the source of great fertility to the surrounding country. (Sec. 1—5.)

2. These same substances diluted with water may be conveyed into the country, and applied to the land with perfect safety, and without giving rise to offensive exhalations. (Sec. 6—8.)

3. The refuse of towns, which it is thus proposed to apply to the purposes of agriculture, contains all the elements of fertility, and has a very high money value. (Sec. 9—14.)

4. Though the employment of liquid manure is, as yet, by no means general, instances of increased produce attending its use are on record,

(sec. 15—18), and very striking illustrations have been afforded of the increased value which it gives to land. (Sec. 19—26.)

5. From very accurate experiments on the relative fertilising power of different kinds of manure, it results that an equal produce may be raised by liquid manure at a far cheaper rate than by any other manure whether domestic or foreign; and that liquid manure is consequently by far the most economical which can be made use of. (Sec. 26—31). There are also certain incidental advantages attending the use of liquid manure, such as a more rapid growth of the plants watered by it, the destruction of some kinds of insects, and its applicability to every kind of cultivation. (Sec. 32—34).

6. It is admitted on all hands that the value of liquid manure is such as amply to repay the expense of its conveyance, (sec. 35), it is also proved that the conveyance by pipes is by far the most economical means of transport (Sec. 36); and on comparing the relative expense of conveying solid and liquid manure, we arrive at the striking conclusion, that the cost of the conveyance of liquid manure by pipes is, at the very outside, one-twentieth of the transport of solid manure by carts, (sec. 37—40); while the cost of distributing the liquid manure, so conveyed, over the land is exactly one-tenth. (Sec. 41).

7. The practicability of the plan proposed by the Sewage Manure Company is amply proved by experiment. (Sec. 42).

8. The several contents of our sewers, (the excreta of animals, gas-water, &c.), which it is proposed thus to convert to the use of the agriculturist, when separately applied, are found to possess highly fertilizing properties.

It is not pretended that the subject of the application to agriculture of the liquid manure as collected from the sewers of large towns is exhausted by the following analysis, but it is confidently expected that the considerations brought forward will suffice to prove the enormous value of that which is now allowed to run to waste, and the entire feasibility of the plan here proposed for its collection and distribution. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that a Company formed to effect so great a saving, to confer so great a boon on the inhabitants of the metropolis and on the agriculture of the surrounding districts, will receive the cordial support of the public, and the sanction of the legislature, alive to the vast importance of providing, by a system of wise economy, for the rapid increase of our already crowded population. An annual addition to our population of 400,000 inhabitants cannot but excite the most lively apprehensions, if we continue a system of wasteful extravagance, by which the richest elements of fertility, having an acknowledged value of several millions a-year, are constantly being thrown into the sea. Unlike all other sources of manure, the refuse of towns bears a constant relation to the increase of population, and promises a perennial supply of fertilizing matter, which not only cannot fail, but must be continually on the increase.

☞ It is but justice to Mr. John Martin to state that he long since brought forward and enforced many of the considerations contained in the following extracts, as the reader will perceive on referring to his "Thames and Metropolitan Improvement Plan," published in 1842.

1. *The very substances which, if allowed to collect and decompose in the centre of our large towns, give rise to destructive diseases, may be made the source of great fertility to the country.*

1. "The very refuse of the materials which have served as food and clothing to the inhabitants of the crowded city, and which, if allowed to accumulate there, invariably and inevitably taint the air, and render it pestilential, promptly removed and spread out on the surface of the surrounding country, not only give it healthfulness, but clothe it with verdure, and endue it with inexhaustible fertility."—*Dr. Southwood Smith's evidence before the Health of Towns' Commission.* First Report, p. 79.

2. "The condition of large rural districts in the immediate vicinity of the towns, and of the poorest district of the towns themselves, presents a singular contrast in the nature of the agencies by which the health of the inhabitants is impaired. Within the towns, we find the houses and streets filthy, the air fetid, disease, typhus, and other epidemics rife amongst the population; bringing, in their train, destitution and the need of pecuniary as well as medical relief; all mainly arising from the presence of the richest materirls of production, the complete absence of which would, in a great measure, restore health, avert the recurrence of disease, and, if properly applied, would promote abundance, cheapen food, and increase the demand for beneficial labour. Outside the afflicted districts, and at a short distance from them, as in the adjacent rural districts, we find the aspect of the country poor and thinly clad with vegetation, except rushes and plants, favoured by a superabundance of moisture, the crops meagre, the labouring agricultural population few, and afflicted with rheumatism and other maladies, arising from damp and an excess of water, which, if removed, would relieve them from a cause of disease, the land from an impediment to production; and, if conveyed for the use of the town population, would give that population the element of which they stand in peculiar need, as a means to relieve them from that which is their own cause of depression, and return it for use to the land as a means of the highest fertility."—*Report from the Poor Law Commissioners*, &c. 8vo, p. 97."

3. "The most effectual, as well as the most economical method of restoring the balance between the town and country, would be to avail ourselves of that enormous accumulation of animal exuviæ which the existence of a crowded city necessarily occasions, and to convert that which is now a pabulum of disease into a source of life and abundance.

"As indeed the geologists of the present day cite, as a proof of the ignorance or neglect of their predecessors, that the stone required for the fortifications at Gibraltar was brought out from England, when it might have been obtained upon the very spot; so I conceive our descendants will marvel at the inattention to chemical science evinced by the present generation of farmers, in importing from distant regions, such as South America, substitutes, and those perhaps but imperfect ones, for that fertilizing

material, of which the greater part is allowed to deposit itself unprofitably in the beds of our rivers."—*On the Application of Science to Agriculture, by C. Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.* 1842.

4. "Thousands of hundred-weights of those phosphates flow annually into the sea, with the Thames and with other of the British rivers. Thousands of hundred-weights of the same materials, arising from the sea, annually flow back again into that land in the form of guano."—*Liebig's Chemistry of Agriculture, &c.*

5. "It is to the use of this substance (town refuse) drawn from reservoirs in the towns, that Belgium, in a great degree, owes her fertility; while, in many large cities of Germany, it is allowed to drain into the rivers. Since 1200 pounds weight of it yearly may be reckoned for each unit of population, it is easy to see, where population is counted by millions, how important its application must be."—*Professor Sprengel, on Animal Manures. Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.* 1840.

II. *The offensive and unwholesome qualities sometimes attributed to liquid manure are due to the solid deposits, and not to the fertilizing liquid.*

6. "I observed, on going over the meadows (in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh) so irrigated with the Sewer Water, that the offensive smells complained of by some of the neighbouring inhabitants, as arising from the meadows, emanated mainly from the masses of decomposing matter left in the ponds, and not so much, if at all, from the water holding only fertilizing matter in solution."—*Evidence of James Smith, Esq., of Deanston. Health of Towns Commission.* Part ii., Appendix, p. 325.

7. Dr. Lyon Playfair, speaking of some imperfect attempts to apply the refuse of towns, made in the case of Preston and Bury, says:—

"This" the failure of the attempts, "is mainly owing to the want of dilution of the refuse, which not only would prevent the escape of odour, but also render the manure more fit for reception by the plants."—*Evidence before the Health of Towns' Commission.* Part ii., Appendix, p. 46.

8. "The pernicious effects arising from the moisture generated in such stagnant waters, would, doubtless, be much diminished by the conveyance to a distance, and the application of the liquid manure which is thrown into them and wasted."—*Second Report of Health of Towns Commission,* p. 18.

III. *Estimates of the value of the refuse of towns.*

9. "Human excrements contain (with the exception of one ingredient, silicate of potash) all the conditions essential to fertility. . . . In fact, when we recollect that a pound of urine contains all the ingredients necessary for the production of a pound of wheat, it seems incredible folly to allow all the valuable refuse to run to waste in our large towns, and to send whole fleets to Ichaboe and the Incas, for what we are wasting at home. In Flanders, where much manure is used, the collected excrements of a man for one year are valued at 1*l.* 17*s.*"—*Dr. Lyon Playfair. Health of Towns Commission.* Part ii., Appendix, p. 47.

10. "Taking a general view of the subject, we may assume a clear revenue from the Sewer Water of all towns of 1*l.* for each inhabitant, either in a direct money return, or partly to the inhabitants in a reduced price, from the increased abundance of produce."—*Evidence of J. Smith, Esq., of Deanston. Health of Towns Commission.* Part ii., Appendix, p. 328.

11. "The general conclusions deducible from these experiments (made in dry weather during the months of May, June, and July, 1844) are:—

"That the mean discharge per acre, taking the whole surface drained, urban and suburban, is about 256 cubic feet in twenty-four hours.

"Assuming (as regards the relative proportion of urban and suburban) the district to which the accompanying observations refer to be a fair type of that included within the whole of the Metropolitan Commissions of Sewers, and taking the extent of the active jurisdictions of those on the north side of the river Thames at forty-three square miles, and the jurisdiction of the Surrey Commission at fifteen square miles, the ordinary daily amount of sewage discharged into the river on the north side would be 7,045,120 cubic feet, and on the south side 2,457,600 cubic feet, making a total of 9,502,720 cubic feet, or a quantity equivalent to a surface of more than thirty-six acres in extent and six feet in depth."—*Extracts from a Report of the Average Discharge of Sewage through principal outlets, printed by order of the Court of Sewers for Westminster and Middlesex, 3d. Oct.* 1845.

12. "I have ascertained that the quantity of sewer water due to a town of 50,000 inhabitants amounts to about 1,190,080,946 gallons per annum, which quantity will yield an annual application of 17,920 gallons per acre to an extent of 66,410 acres. Taking the average cost of guano and farm-yard manure at 2*l.* per acre, and deducting 12*s.* 9*d.*, the cost of the application of the Sewer Water, there will appear a saving due to the Sewer Water of 1*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* per acre; allowing one half thereof to go to the farmer, there will remain a free income due to the Sewer Water of 45,241*l.*, which is nearly 1*l.* per head of the population."—*Evidence of James Smith, Esq., Deanston. Report of the Health of Towns Commission.* Part ii., Appendix p. 328.

13. "London is only one huge instance of this thoughtless waste of the agricultural riches of the soil of England; from every other English city, every town, every hamlet, is hourly passing into the sea a proportionate waste of liquid manure; and I have only spoken of the solid or mechanically suspended matters of the sewerage; the absolutely fluid portion is still rich in urine, ammoniacal salts, soda, &c., when all the mechanically suspended matters have been separated from the other portion. According to very careful experiments, this fluid part often contains 16 per cent of animal matters, salts, &c., intimately or chemically combined with the water."—*Essay on Liquid Manure, by Cuthbert Johnson, Esq., Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.* 1840.

14. "The solid substances contained in urine, if all added to the land, would be more fertilizing than guano, which now sells at £10 a ton. If we estimate the urine of each individual on an average at only 600 pounds, then there is carried into the common sewers of a city of 15,000 inhabitants a yearly weight of 600,000 pounds, or 270 tons of manure, which at the present price of guano is worth £2700; which would no doubt prove more fertilizing than its own weight of guano, and might be expected to raise an increased produce of not less than 1,000 quarters of grain."—*Johnson's Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry.*

IV. *Instances of Increased Produce from the use of Liquid Manure.*

15. "In the case of the Union Workhouse of Rye and

Aylesbury, soil pans were fixed at the instance of Mr. Parker, the Assistant Commissioner. When the situations have been favourable, as at Rye, for giving a rapid fall to the drain, I placed a loose covered tank or cesspool at some distance from the building: the tank was formed for the preservation of the refuse, and its application to agricultural purposes as liquid manure. In one instance of some land manured by the liquid manure applied by water-carts, the produce of the land was stated to have been doubled."—*Evidence of Mr. S. O. Foden. Health of Towns Commission.* First Report p. 353.

Speaking of the application of liquid manure to garden culture, Mr. Dean says :—

16. "I have known some instances, where the land has been favourably circumstanced, where the water has been applied to drill crops, such as peas, beans, and the usual garden products, with which it was very successful, especially with strawberries, producing more abundant crops, and much earlier than could have been obtained by any mode of top-dressing."—*First Report of the Health of Towns Commission* Vol. ii., p. 406.

17. "I have been trying the liquid from our Union for some months in several ways, all of which I am perfectly satisfied with, and have no doubt but it will be generally used, and may be seen on my ground at any time."—*Extract of a Letter addressed to Mr. Bailey, the Solicitor of the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company, by Mr. J. Wilmot, Isleworth.*

18. "The effect of liquid manure on poor loose sand, if not seen, would not be credited. If a portion of the unimproved original soil were produced, and compared with that which has been many years in cultivation, it would be difficult to persuade a stranger, not acquainted with the system of gradual improvement, that the latter was as poor as the former."—*Agriculture of the Netherlands, by the Rev. W. L. Rham. Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.* 1842.

Instances of the increased value given to land by the use of liquid manure.

The following extracts refer to the city of Edinburgh ;—

19. "In the case of Edinburgh the increase of the value of poor lands thus irrigated, is shewn to have been from 30*s.* to 15*l.*, and, in some cases, to 20*l.* per acre; other lands, once let for 40*s.* to 50*s.* per acre, now let for very high sums. It is true, that the inhabitants around those meadows object to it as offensive (see sec. 6 and 7) ; the value, however, of the irrigation is seen by the parties interested in about three hundred acres of land, estimating the compensation that would induce them to discontinue that practice at the sum 150,000*l.*." *Evidence of Mr. Roe, C. E., Health of Towns Commission.* First Report, p. 407.

20. "The practical result of this application of Sewer Water is, that land which let formerly at from 40*s.* to 6*l.* per Scotch acre, is now let annually at from 30*l.* to 40*l.*; and that poor sandyland on the sea shore, which might be worth 2*s.* 6*d.* per acre, lets at an annual rent of from 15*l.* to 20*l.* That which is nearest the city brings the higher rent chiefly because it is near and more accessible to the points where the grass is consumed, but also partly from the better natural quality of the land. The average value of the land irrespective of the Sewer Water application may be taken at 3*l.* per imperial acre, and the average rent of the irrigated land at 30*l.*, making a difference of 27*l.*; but 2*l.* may be deducted as the cost of management, leaving 25*l.* per acre of clear annual income due to the Sewer Water." *Evidence of James Smith, Esq., Deanston. Report of the Health of Towns Commission.* Part ii. Appendix, p. 326.

21. "The lowest sum obtained per Scotch acre for meadow land in the vicinity of Edinburgh, irrigated with the refuse of that town, is 20*l.*, and the average amounts to about 40*l.*" *Evidence of Dr. Lyon Playfair.* Part ii. Appendix, p. 46.

22. "The value of town manure may be estimated by the fact, that a portion of the drainage of Edinburgh spread upon certain level lands towards the sea has increased the value of these lands by more than 5,000*l.* a-year; and that, if the whole drainage of London could be so used, at a sufficient distance from the town, the value would exceed 500,000*l.* a-year. Now engineers, who pump from the Thames many miles above London to supply pure water to the inhabitants, could as easily, by pumping away to any desired distance the fluid from the drains, supply the most valuable mannre yet known (fluid town manure) to the horticulture and agriculture of the district; and the purity and beauty of the Thames, where it passes through London, would be preserved. Fluid manure, by sinking at once into the earth, is much less offensive to the neighbourhood, and affects less the purity of the atmosphere, than an equal quantity of solid manure spread, as it usually is, on the surface of the earth."—*Dr. Arnott's Report on the Fevers which have prevailed in Edinburgh and Glasgow*, p. 12.

23. The water *containing the soluble partsi s of great use*, and is carefully applied to the irrigating of grass lands." "Such ground is annually kept in grass, and yields from *three to six cuttings* in the season." *Extract from a Letter of Mr. Thomas Olliver of Lockend, addressed to a Committee of Gentlemen appointed to Report upon Mr. Martin's Plan, printed* 1836.

24. "Edinburgh has many advantages over many of her sister cities; and the large supply of excellent spring water is one of the greatest blessings to her inhabitants, both in respect to household purposes and in keeping the streets clean, and lastly in irrigating the extensive meadows situated below the town, by the rich stuff which it carries along in a state of semisolution, where the art of man, with the common-shore water, has made sand-hillocks produce riches far superior to anything of the kind in the kingdom or in any country."

"By this water about 150 acres of grass-land, laid into catch-work beds, is irrigated, whereof upwards of 100 belong to W. H. Miller, Esq., of Craigintinny, and the remainder to the Earls of Haddington and Moray, the heirs of the late Sir James Montgomery, and some small patches to other proprietors. The meadows belonging to the last-mentioned noblemen, and part of the Craigintinny meadows, or what is called the Old Meadows, containing about fifty acres, have been irrigated for nearly a century; they are by far the most valuable, on account of the long and continual accumulation of the rich sediment left by the water; indeed, the water is so very rich, that the proprietors of the meadows lying nearest the town have found it advisable to carry the common sewer through deep ponds, where the water deposits part of the superfluous manure before it is carried over the ground. Although the formation is irregular, and the management very imperfect, the effect of the water is astonishing; they produce crops of grass not to be equalled, being cut from four to six times a-year, and given green to milch cows. The grass is let every year by public auction, in small patches, from a quarter of an acre and upwards, which generally brings from 24*l.* to 30*l.* per acre. This year (1826) part of

the Earl of Moray's meadow gave as high as 57*l.* per acre."—*From Mr. George Stephen's Essay on Irrigated Meadows, published in* 1826, pp. 72, 73.

Cleansing of Milan, and application of the refuse of Agriculture by irrigation.

25. "Some of the meadows irrigated by the Sewage Water of Milan yield a net rent of 21*l.* per *tornatura* (a measure of 10,000 square metres, equal to about two acres and a half), besides a land-tax of 61 francs 10 cents, the expenses of administration, repairs of buildings, &c. These meadows are mowed in November, January, March, and April, for stable feeding; in June, July, and August they yield three crops of hay for the winter; and in September they furnish an abundant pasture for the cattle, till the beginning of the winter irrigation."—*First Report of the Health of Towns' Commission.* Vol. ii, p. 403.

The value of this mode of agriculture has also been proved on an extended scale, in the Duke of Portland's water meadows at Clipstone Park. The course there pursued has been chiefly one of irrigation, the water being but slightly imbued with Sewage Manure. It is, however, a striking illustration of the still greater advantages obtainable from fluid Sewage Manure.

26. "The land immediately occupied by these meadows was, in its wild state, a line of hill sides covered with gorse and heather—a rabbit warren, over which a few sheep wandered—and a swampy valley below, thick set with hassocks and rushes, the favourite haunt of wild ducks and snipes; through which the little stream, the Maun, wound its way in its descent from the town of Mansfield.

"The whole tract, both upland and lowland, was of very little value. The valley was in many parts from nine to ten feet deep in bog, and almost worthless; the hill sides varied in quality, but 80*l.* a-year would have been a full rent for the 300 acres. Indeed the whole of the Clipstone Park Farm, when taken in hand in the year 1816, containing 1,487 acres, had been let for the sum of 346*l.*

"The effect of this irrigation has been to raise the annual value of this land to 11*l.* 4*s.* per acre."—*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.* Vol. i., 1840, p. p. 356, 367.

V. *Relative fertilizing power of Farm Manure, Guano, Sewer Water, and its principal constituents.*

27. "By an experiment made last season, on a portion of meadow in Lancashire, applying at the rate of 15 tons of farm yard manure per acre, and 3 cwt. of guano to another equal portion, their effects were found to be inferior to the 8 tons of Sewer Water applied to a similar extent of ground."

Cost of manuring one acre with Sewer Water	0	12	9
Ditto with Guano, 2½ cwt. at 8*s.* . .	1	0	0
Ditto with farmyard manure, 15 tons, at 4*s.*	3	0	0
Sewer Water is cheaper than Guano .	0	7	3
Ditto than farm-yard manure . . .	2	7	3
Ditto than the average of the two . .	1	7	3
Cost of manuring one acre with Sewer Water	0	16	6
Ditto with Guano, 5 cwt. at 8*s.* . .	2	0	0
Ditto with farm-yard manure, 30 tons at 4*s.*	6	0	0
Sewer Water is cheaper than Guano . .	1	3	6
Ditto than farm-yard manure . . .	5	3	6
Ditto than the average of the two . .	3	3	6

—*Evidence of James Smith, Esq., of Deanston. Report of Health of Towns Commission.* Part ii., Appendix, p. 328.

28. "In respect to the difference of productiveness of irrigation and top-dressing, instances have been adduced where lands, by the use of stable or town manure as a top-dressing, have only had the ordinary produce increased one-fold under favourable circumstances; whilst portions of the same land lying convenient for irrigation have had the produce increased at the least five-fold by the application of the same manure in the liquid form."—*From the evidence of Mr. James Dean, before the Health of Towns Commission.* First Report, vol. ii., p. 406.

29. "It is, from long experience, an admitted fact among the German farmers, that there are no manures so powerful in their operation as those which are liquids, such as human urine or bullocks' blood; so that no English farmer need fear deception as to their asserted value. This very fact was submitted, some years since, to the consideration of Professor Hembstadt, of Berlin, by the Saxon and Prussian authorities, who were anxious to apply the contents of the city drains towards fertilizing the barren lands in the neighbourhood of Dresden and Berlin. This talented agriculturist undertook, in consequence, a series of valuable experiments, which, varied in every possible way, were carried on for a considerable period: the result of them, so highly advantageous to the prosperity of Germany, Hembstadt then published. They were repeated with unvaried success by Professor Schübler, and the results may be stated in the following order:—

If the soil, without any manure, yield a produce of three times the quantity of seed originally sown, then the same quantity of land will produce—

5 times the quantity of seed sown, when dressed with old herbage, grass, leaves, &c.
7 times when dressed with cow-dung.
9 times, with pigeons' dung.
10 times, with horse-dung.
12 times, with *human urine.*
12 times, with sheep's dung.
14 times with *human manure*, or *bullocks' blood.*

—*Essay on Liquid Manure, by Cuthbert Johnson, Esq. Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.* 1840.

30. One hundred parts of the urine of a healthy man are equal to 1300 parts of the fresh dung of a horse, according to the analysis of Macaire and Marat, and to 600 parts of the fresh dung of a cow. The powerful effects of urine as a manure are well known in Flanders, and they are considered invaluable by the Chinese, who are the oldest agricultural people we know. Indeed, so much value is attached to the influence of human excrements by these people, that laws of the state forbid that any of these excrements should be thrown away; and reservoirs are placed in every house, in which they are collected with the greatest care. No other kind of manure is used for their corn-fields."—*Liebig's Chemistry of Agriculture.*

31. One hundred parts of wheat grown on a soil manured with cow-dung (a manure containing the smallest quantity of nitrogen) afforded only 11·95 parts of gluten, and 62·34 parts of amylin or starch; whilst the same quantity, grown on a soil manured with human urine, yielded the maximum of gluten, namely 35·1 per cent, or nearly three times the quantity."—*Liebig's Chemistry of Agriculture.*

Incidental advantages attending the use of Liquid Manure.

32. "A great, but not sufficiently estimated advantage, which arises from manuring with urine, consists, undoubtedly, in the quicker return effected on the capital of manure, in consequence of its being applied to plants already in a growing state. In the case of

manuring with solid excrements, a period of two or three years may elapse before complete decomposition ensues, and the plants have derived the full advantage. The crops, too, during this period, lose much of the manure, in consequence of its best portions being drained away by the snow and rain water."

33. "Lastly, one of the uses of manuring with urine, which has hitherto been little regarded, consists in this,—that earth-worms, and the larvæ or grubs of various insects, which in many countries, for instance, on the Upper Weser, do such extraordinary injury to the young rye, are destroyed by it; this effect is produced, as my own experiments made expressly on this point have shown, by the ammonia of the urine; for, if we water a field much infested with earth-worms, with a solution of carbonate or caustic ammonia, the worms come immediately to the surface, writhe for some time, and then die. Probably, also, the cock-chafer grub, when not too deep in the ground, might be destroyed in the same manner; a fact that would be of great importance to many districts."—*On Animal Manures, by Professor Sprengel. Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.* 1840.

Applicability of Liquid Manure to different kinds of culture.

34. "I have often employed, with decided effect, in my own garden, for vines, peach, and standard apple-trees, liquid manure, prepared either by mixing one part, by weight, of cow-dung with four parts of water, or the collected drainage of the stable and cow-house; of these, the vine is by far the most benefited by the application; but to whatever fruit-tree the gardener has occasion to apply manure, there is no form so manageable and so grateful to the plant as the liquid."—*Essay on Liquid Manure, by C. W. Johnson, Esq. Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.* 1840.

VI. *Liquid Manure would amply repay the expense of its transport.*

35. "If the contents of all the sewers could be brought to a convenient situation for disposal, it could sell for a very considerable sum, and amply repay the cost of any means that might be used to bring it there."—*Mr. E. Cresy. First Report of the Health of Towns Commission*, p. 152.

Expense of Conveying the Liquid Manure by means of Pipes.

36. "There would be no impracticability or difficulty, if the sewers were collected into shafts, as it could be passed out through loop mains to any districts that it might be required. The expense of doing so would be less than that of passing water through the mains and minor distributionary branches required for supplying a district" (with fresh water).—*Evidence of Mr. Joseph Quick. First Report of Health of Towns' Commission*, p. 396.

Relative Expense of the Conveyance and Distribution of Solid and Liquid Manure.

37. "The cost of transmitting water to a distance of five miles, and to a height of 200 feet, including wear and tear of pumping machinery, fuel, labour, interest of capital invested in pipes, reservoirs, engines, &c., amounts to about 2½d. per ton. The cost of cartage to the same distance and height will, under favourable circumstances, amount to 4*s.* per ton."—*Evidence of T. Hawksley, Esq. First Report of the Health of Towns' Commission*, p. 322.

38. "It is quite clear that a very great weight of liquid material may be moved by pumping, more cheaply than by any other known mode of conveyance."—Ibid. p. 322.

39. "On a full examination of the evidence adduced, and of the evidence indicated, it will, I trust, be found to be satisfactorily established, that the houses of towns may be constantly and rapidly cleansed of noxious refuse by adaptation of drains and public sewers, and that by such an adaptation, for one street or one district cleansed at the present expense, three may be cleansed by the proposed mode; that the natural streams flowing near towns may be preserved from the pollution caused by the influx of the contents of the public rivers, by the conveyance of all refuse through covered pipes; and that the existing cost of conveyance, by which its use for production is restricted, may be reduced to less than one-fortieth or fiftieth of the present expense of removal by hand labour and cartage."—*Report of the Poor Law Commissioners*, &c., p. 63.

40. "By the application of capital and machinery, the cost of conveyance of substances in suspension in a fluid, even at the water companies' prices, may be rendered thirty and even more than forty times as cheap as collection by hand labour and removal by cartage. In the metropolis, where the persons who water the roads may obtain water gratuitously from pumps, the water supplied by stand-pipes by some of the water companies at 1*l.* per 100 tons is found to be twice as cheap as the mere labour of pumping the water into the cart."—Ibid p. 53.

41. In reference to the economical application of liquid manure, Mr. Dean says,—

"The expense of distributing the same quantities of manure, irrespective of the different degrees of productiveness from the different modes of application, would be on the average, for distribution in the solid form, about 3*l.*, and in the liquid form, by irrigation, about 6*s.*"

VII. *Practicability of the Proposed Plan of Conveying the Liquid Manure by Pipes, and Distributing it over the Land by Jets.*

42. "The water could not well be distributed over the open tillage land by irrigation; it would therefore be necessary to resort to some mode of distributing it by jet. This requires the conveyance of the water in pipes, under a pressure of from 100 to 150 feet of altitude, to a number of convenient points in the different farms where it is to be used. In this there is no difficulty: it is a simple engineering question, the success of which is certain, while the cost can be estimated on known data. I made an experiment, on a large scale, at the Southwark Water Works, which satisfied me of the practicability of distribution by the jet. With an altitudinal pressure of 120 feet of water, and using a 2½ inch hose with a discharging orifice or nozzle of one inch in diameter, I found that I could, from one point, distribute water over an area of two statute acres—but, to be safe, say one statute acre. Dividing the quantity so required annually into three portions, for separate applications, one jet of one-inch orifice will deliver each portion in about an hour, as ascertained from data founded on an experiment made the same day to ascertain the quantity of water discharged in a given time from a similar orifice with a similar pressure."—*Evidence of James Smith, Esq., of Deanston. Report of Health of Towns' Commission.* Part ii., Appendix p. 327.

LONDON: Printed by HENRY MORRELL COX, of 74, Great Queen-Street, in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, at his Printing Office, 74 & 75, Great Queen Street aforesaid, and published by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 29, Essex Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster, Publisher, at the Office of THE CRITIC, 29 Essex Street, aforesaid, on Saturday, the 1st day of November, 1845.

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present* and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

TO READERS.

THE present number of THE CRITIC introduces it as one of the established journals of Great Britain to a greatly extended circle of readers. On an occasion of so much moment, an address to friends, both old and new, as to its position and prospects, may, we hope, be excused.

To few is the history of THE CRITIC known, for but a fraction of its present readers have followed its fortunes from its birth. A short account of its origin and progress will serve to make its plans for the future more intelligible, and may help to enlist in its favour the sympathies of those who may approve the line of conduct it has adopted, and to which it will steadfastly adhere.

At its first birth, THE CRITIC was merely a monthly appendage to another journal. But so much was it approved, and so steadily did its circulation grow among others than the class for whom it was originally designed, that we were encouraged to make of it a publication entirely distinct. But nevertheless we resolved to proceed with cautious steps, and only to keep pace with the progress of public favour, always slowly won. With this view, THE CRITIC was, in the first instance, advanced from a monthly to a fortnightly publication, the subscribers being at the same time informed that the arrangement was only temporary, and that it depended upon the growth of public favour how soon should be carried out its ultimate design of assuming the formal position of a weekly Journal. This it was resolved not to attempt until success was assured; until the public voice had declared so unequivocally in its favour that THE CRITIC should appear in the character of an established Journal, and with a certainty of circulation and influence. To advance these, a multitude of improvements were introduced; the shape was changed to its present convenient form; the contents were enlarged in quantity, and we believe we may say, improved in quality; many novelties were adopted, and the result was, that during the progress of the second volume the circulation presented a rapid and steady increase. Advertisements came in with advancing numbers, and the publishers began to recognize its influence, to ask its judgment of their works, and cite its opinions as authorities.

At the close of the second volume, or rather the first volume of the new series, the following was the position to which THE CRITIC had attained, even under all the disadvantages attending a fortnightly issue.

Its circulation was considerably greater than that of the the *Literary Gazette*, and not much inferior in number to that of the *Athenæum*.

But for the purposes of a literary journal, its influence was equal to that of any of its contemporaries. It had succeeded in winning the confidence of the principal book buyers in the United Kingdom, namely, the circulating libraries and the book clubs. Satisfied that THE CRITIC was at least an honest and independent guide in the choice of books; assured that it was connected with no publisher, and swayed by no private interest, they adopted it as their counsellor in their purchases. Many hundreds of private persons have done the like, and at this moment THE CRITIC can exhibit a list of upwards of *five hundred* book clubs and circulating libraries in England, Ireland, and Scotland, besides many in the colonies, who are guided in the choice of publications mainly by advice whose honesty never has been questioned, however its judgment might be disputed.

With such encouragement from the most influential quarters, with fast growing circulation among the general public, with works crowding upon us for notice faster than a fortnightly issue could possibly treat with due regard to their merits, advertisements advancing with each successive number, and readers urging the adoption of the weekly issue, we could hesitate no longer. All the elements of success were assured; THE CRITIC was *established*; and the close of a volume afforded the opportunity for the final step.

One difficulty remained. Should there be a change of price? Hitherto it had been *sixpence*, for a sheet of no less than thirty-two pages. The *Literary Gazette*, scarcely one-half its size, was *eightpence*. Deducting its eight pages of advertisements, the *Athenæum* did not present to its readers for *fourpence* above *one-half* of the reading matter given by THE CRITIC for sixpence, We took counsel of our friends among the booksellers. Their opinions were unanimously in favour of a reduction in price coincident with the more frequent publication, so as to add but a trifle to the annual cost; they expressed their confidence that the increase of circulation thus obtained would more than compensate the reduction of price. Accordingly we resolved to adopt that bold course; to reduce the price of THE CRITIC to *fourpence* only, although the number will never contain less than twenty-four pages, and, whenever advertisements or press of matter demands it, will be enlarged to thirty-two pages.

The success of THE CRITIC is mainly due to two prominent features, which will, we trust, continue to be exhibited throughout its future career; namely, its PRINCIPLES, and its INDEPENDENCE.

In a summary such as this, it would be impossible to present even an outline of its PRINCIPLES, which have been elaborately set forth in so many previous articles, and must continually hereafter form the subject of comment and discussion. But they may be briefly indicated by stating that they are opposed to the *sceptical* philosophy so ably advocated by the *Athenæum*. The aim of THE CRITIC is, on the contrary, to infuse into literature and art the spirit of RELIGION in its highest and holiest meaning; to inculcate a philosophy which recognizes existences and duties above and beyond the material interests which only are taken cognizance of by the misapplied utilitarianism of the times; to assert for MAN, as a living SOUL, the inheritor of an IMMORTALITY, the image of GOD, a respect and a consideration in the eyes of statesmen and of individuals which it has been the unhappy tendency of recent philosophy and legislation to neglect. It is upon this ground that we appeal to the sympathies of the *new* generation, and have sought, not quite unsuccessfully, to gather round THE CRITIC, as contributors and as readers, "the *young* heart and hopes of the country."

Its INDEPENDENCE has been another cause of its success. Established and conducted by private gentlemen, and altogether unconnected with any bookseller, it is subjected to no undue influence of any kind. Every article is written with strict regard to truth; the honest judgment of the reviewer is declared upon every book. It had been long a current opinion in the literary world that an independent critical journal could not possibly exist. THE CRITIC has proved this notion to be a fallacy, and the experience of the past will serve only to make it adhere the more firmly to the same stern independence for the future.

Many internal improvements are contemplated which time only can mature. Its growing resources will be applied to securing the aid of the best writers in all its departments. Foreign literature will receive more at-

tention than hitherto, with its restricted space, has been practicable. It is resolved, however, to adhere to the present method of arrangement, and not to occupy its pages with the proceedings of scientific societies, and the other "dead weight" with which nearly one-half of its contemporaries' columns are burdened, and which is without the slightest interest for the great majority of readers. The aim of the conductors of THE CRITIC is, so to select its contents that every line of it, from beginning to end, shall be interesting to every reader. They hope never to forget that the purpose of such a Journal as this is simply, as was said, we believe, by Lord BROUGHAM, to enable people who cannot read all the books published, to talk about them as if they had read them; to which we would add,—and to inform them what *mind* is doing throughout the wortld.

Still, as hitherto, THE CRITIC must mainly rely upon the personal recommendations of its subscribers to their friends for the extension of its circulation; and if they approve it, they will thus best aid an undertaking which is peculiarly difficult for private persons wanting the advantages of connection possessed by the great booksellers, in whom hitherto all such works have been vested.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon. Forming a sequel to the History of the French Revolution. By M. A. THIERS, late Prime Minister of France, Member of the French Academy, and of the Institute, &c. &c. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq. with the sanction and approval of the Author. Vols. I. II. London, 1845. Colburn.

THE anxiety with which this work, long announced as in preparation, has been looked for throughout Europe, will not be disappointed altogether, although they who expected to find in it the wisdom of a practical statesman teaching by example, will be compelled to exchange their anticipations of such a philosophy for a lively and graphic narrative, which never for a moment permits the attention to flag, even amidst the driest details of statistical facts. M. THIERS is, in reality, a clever journalist; he writes like one practised in the columns of the newspaper and the pages of the magazine, where the brilliant is always preferred to the profound, and the amusing to the didactic. There are other traces of the periodical writer in this history. Ideas are not tersely put, but diluted with abundance of words, and when a good thought is hit upon it is inflated by large expressions beyond its real worth, as if the author were delighted with his own invention and desired to make the most of it. The matter of the history is of necessity important and interesting, and M. THIERS has been permitted access to information which lesser men could not have commanded. In spirit, he is essentially French, and of that class of Frenchmen which seems to inherit a sort of natural antipathy to England. When this prejudice does not come into operation, he is sufficiently candid and impartial in his judgments of men and events; but whenever England is concerned, forthwith he loses his equanimity and his passions so colour all objects to his mind's eye, that "fair is foul and foul is fair" to him; whatsoever England does is ill done and wickedly done; while the deeds of her foes have grace and virtue in his estimation. With these drawbacks, the History, the translation of which now lies before us, will be read always with interest, and generally with profit.

How it is elaborated will be judged from this, that the two volumes conduct the history only through a period of about eighteen months, from Nov. 1799 to April 1801. But the period was full of events of mighty moment to the world. It witnessed the reaction from the revolutionary fever, the formation of a strong government under the Consuls, the establishment of peace at home, and active negotiations with belligerent powers abroad. M. THIERS asserts that these olive branches tendered to the Sovereigns of Europe by the First Consul were in good faith, and prompted by an earnest desire for a general peace. However that may be, they failed of their ostensible purpose, and then followed the memorable campaign of MOREAU, which ended in the entire defeat of the Austrians at Marengo. We are then transported to Egypt, and are there presented with a vivid picture of the country and the people, the hostile forces, the great men engaged, some in the warfare and others in the pursuits of science; the condition of the army, the skirmishes with the Mamelukes, the assassination of KLEBER, are vigorously portrayed, with the ease of one confident in the resources of his knowledge, and intimately familiar with the characters of the parties whose doings he is narrating. Turning from the plains and pyramids of Egypt, he proceeds to the various courts of Europe, exhibits their internal machinery, it may be rightly, but probably as often erroneously, since it can be little more than ingenious guess-work, and he details the negotiations that were conducted so long between France and Austria, that, even while the latter hesitated, the war was renewed, a campaign fought, and more humiliations endured in the disastrous battle of Hohenlinden, and the march of MOREAU upon the very capital of the empire. But misfortune subdued pride—protocols were indulged no longer; peace was concluded, and then M. THIERS reverts to the domestic affairs of France, the sagacious endeavours of the First Consul to restore public credit and reconstruct society; this being, to our taste, by far the most interesting and instructive portion of the two volumes as yet published. They conclude with an account of the gigantic scheme projected by BONAPARTE to close the continent against the commerce of Great Britain, and which will ever be a proof of the superiority of the smuggler to the law, and of the impossibility of regulating trade by edict. The battle of Copenhagen follows, and the renewal of negotiations for peace with England, in which M. THIERS accuses PITT of insincerity, forms an appropriate resting-place.

From such a work so many striking extracts may be made, whether to exhibit the style of the writer, or as being very attractive in themselves, that we are perplexed by their abundance. To attempt any thing like an analysis of this History would of course occupy more space than a weekly journal could venture to devote to it; that task must be left for the quarterly reviews. Our business as journalists of literature is simply to give such a brief account of new publications as may acquaint the reader with their general scope and design, and the manner of their execution, so as to enable him to form a fair judgment of their merits and defects, and whether they be such as tempt him to further acquaintance. And having given such an outline of the History of M. THIERS, it remains only that we present a few illustrative extracts, and conclude with a hearty commendation of it, as peculiarly adapted for purchase by the book-club.

M. THIERS strips of its romance one of the most famous passages in the life of NAPOLEON, which poets and painters have so delighted to celebrate. This is his description of

THE PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

He set out to cross the Col, before daylight on the 20th [May 1800]. He was accompanied by Duroc, his aide-de-camp, and De Bourrienne, his secretary. Artists have delineated him crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout which he usually wore, upon a mule, led by a guide belonging to the country; evincing even in the difficult passes, the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere; conversing with the officers scattered on the road, and then, at intervals, questioning the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life, his pleasures, his pains, like an idle traveller who has nothing better to do. This guide, who was quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt because for want of a little money he could not marry one of the girls of his valley. The First Consul, sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered, arrived at the Hospice; where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note, which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure and deliver it to the quartermaster of the army, who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard. In the evening, the young man, on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveller it was whom he had guided in the morning; and that General Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him immediately, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition. This mountaineer died

not long since, in his own country, the owner of land given to him by the ruler of the world. This singular act of beneficence, at a moment when his mind was engaged by such mighty interests, is worthy of attention. If there were nothing in it but a mere conqueror's caprice, dispensing at random good or evil, alternately overthrowing empires or rearing a cottage, it may be useful to record such caprices, if only to tempt the masters of the earth to imitation; but such an act reveals something more. The human soul in those moments when it is filled with ardent desires is disposed to kindness; it does good by way of meriting that which it is soliciting of Providence.

The First Consul halted for a short time with the monks, thanked them for their attentions to his army, and made them a magnificent present for the relief of the poor and of travellers.

He descended rapidly, suffering himself, according to the custom of the country, to glide down upon the snow, and arrived the same evening at Etroubles.

M. THIERS excels in the sketching of character. He revels in portraits of the many great men with whom he makes acquaintance in the progress of his narrative. Here is

CAMBACERES.

The First Consul prized the plain good sense of M. Fouché, relished the graces of M. de Talleyrand, but absolutely believed neither the one nor the other on any subject; and as for his confidence, had given that, given it wholly and entirely, but not to either of those two men—to his colleague Cambacérès. The latter, with an understanding far from brilliant, had extraordinary good sense, and an unbounded attachment to the First Consul. Having trembled for ten years of his life under proscribers of all sorts, he loved with a kind of affection the powerful master who at length procured him the faculty of breathing at his ease. He loved his power, his genius, his person, from which he had not received, and hoped never to receive, any thing but favours. Acquainted with the weaknesses of men, even of the greatest, he counselled the First Consul, as one ought to counsel when one wishes to be attended to, with perfect sincerity, with extreme discretion, never for the purpose of shewing off his own wisdom, but always to be serviceable to a government which he loved as dearly as himself, always approving of all its acts in public, whatever they might be, and never disapproving of them but in private, in an absolute *tête-à-tête* with the First Consul; keeping silence when there was no good to be done, and when censure could be but a vain pleasure of finding fault; sure to speak his mind, and with a courage highly meritorious in a man so extremely timid, when he was in time to prevent a blunder or influence the general conduct of affairs. And, as if a character which is incessantly under self-restraint must needs be betrayed into some weakness, the Consul Cambacérès exhibited a puerile vanity with his inferiors, lived with some subaltern courtiers, who paid him fulsome homage, walked every day in the Palais Royal in a ridiculously magnificent dress, and sought in the gratification of a *gourmandise* that has become proverbial, pleasures which were suited to his vulgar but prudent soul. Of what consequence, however, are a few foibles, redeemed by superior reason!

The First Consul cheerfully forgave these foibles in his colleague, and made much of him. He appreciated that superior good sense which never wished to shine, but to be useful, and which threw a tempered and true light upon every thing. He appreciated above all the sincerity of his attachment, laughed at his weaknesses, but always with delicacy, and paid him the very high compliment of confiding every thing to him alone, of never being concerned but about his judgment. Hence he was susceptible of no influence but his; an influence scarcely suspected, and on that account very great.

The state papers of BONAPARTE were not the least wonderful of his works. Here is a specimen of a letter from

BONAPARTE TO THE KING OF ENGLAND.

"Paris, 5th Nivôse, year viii. (Dec. 26, 1799.)

"Sire,—Called by the wish of the French nation to fill the chief magistracy of the Republic, I think it fitting, on entering upon office, to make a direct communication on the subject to your Majesty. Is the war which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the globe to be eternal? Are there then no means of coming to an understanding? How can the two most enlightened nations in Europe, stronger and more powerful than their safety and independence require, sacrifice to ideas of vain greatness the blessings of commerce, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness? How can they help feeling that peace is the first of wants, as well as the first of glories? These sentiments cannot be strange to your Majesty, who governs a free nation, and with the sole aim to render it happy. In this overture your Majesty will only discover my sincere desire to contribute efficaciously, for the second time, to the general pacification by a prompt procedure, entirely confidential, and divested of those forms which, necessary perhaps for disguising the dependence of weak states, betray only in strong states a mutual desire to deceive one another. France, England, by the abuse of their strength, may for a long time to come, for the misfortune of all nations, retard its exhaustion; but I dare assert, the lot of all civilized nations is attached to the termination of a war which has thrown the whole world into a conflagration."—Vol. i. p. 76.

Take now a full-length portrait of

THE KING OF SPAIN.

The King of Spain was an honest man; not harsh and blunt like Louis XVI.; more agreeable in person, but less informed, and surpassing him in weakness. He rose very early, not to attend to his royal duties, but to hear masses, and then go down to his workshops, where, surrounded by turners, smiths, and armourers, and stript of his clothes like them, he wrought in their company at all sorts of work. Though very fond of the chase, he liked still better to manufacture arms. From his shops he went to his stables, to assist in dressing his horses, and indulged in the most incredible familiarities with his grooms. After spending the first half of the day in this manner, he took a solitary repast, to which neither the Queen nor even his children were admitted, and devoted the rest of the day to the chase. Several hundred horses and servants were set in motion for this daily pleasure, which was his predominant passion. After riding like a young man, he would return to his palace, give a quarter of an hour to his children, half an hour to the signature of the papers submitted to him by the Queen and his Ministers, sit down to play with some of the nobles of his court, sometimes take a nap with them, till the hour for his last meal, which was followed immediately by his retirement to bed, always at one and the same fixed time. Such was his life, without a single variation throughout the year, unless during Passion-week, which was devoted entirely to religious exercises. In other respects, an honest man, faithful to his work, mild, humane, religious, of exemplary chastity, though not cohabiting with his wife, ever since his physicians had, by her directions, ordered him to abstain from it: he had no other share in the scandals of his court, in the faults of his government, than in suffering them to be committed, without perceiving them, without believing them, during the course of a long reign.

A good specimen of M. THIERS's powers of description is this account of the close of the

BATTLE OF MARENGO.

It was now three o'clock. If no new circumstance intervened, the battle might be considered as lost by the French, unless they could on the morrow, with the troops shifted from the Tessino and the Adda to the Po, retrieve the misfortune of the day. Desaix, however, with Boudet's whole division, had not yet come up. Would he arrive in time? On this circumstance depended the issue of the battle. The aides-de-camp of the First Consul had been galloping in quest of him ever since morning; but, long before they reached him, Desaix, on the first cannon-shot fired in the plain of Marengo, had instantly wheeled about. He had marched the whole of the day, and at three o'clock his heads of columns at length appeared at the entrance into the plain, in the vicinity of San Giuliano. He himself, preceding them at a gallop, rode up to the First Consul. Happy inspiration of a lieutenant equally intelligent and attached! Happy fortune of youth! If, fifteen years later, the First Consul, now so well seconded by his generals, had found a Desaix on the field of Waterloo, he would have preserved the empire, and France her preponderant position among the Powers of Europe. The presence of Desaix changed the aspect of things. He was surrounded; he was made acquainted with the occurrences of the day. The generals formed a circle about him and the First Consul, and discussed with warmth the critical position of the army. Most of them advised retreat. The First Consul was not of this opinion, and he earnestly pressed Desaix for his. Desaix, surveying the devastated field of battle, then drawing out his watch and looking at the hour, replied in these simple and noble terms:—"Yes, the battle is lost, but it is only three o'clock; there is time enough to gain another."

We conclude with a companion picture to those we have copied above.

FOUCHE.

M. Fouché, charged to exercise this power, formerly an Oratorian and a Conventionalist, was an intelligent and a crafty personage, neither good nor wicked, well acquainted with men, especially the bad, and despising them: employing the funds of the police in supporting the agents of troubles as much as in watching them; always ready to procure bread or a place for every person weary of political agitations; thus making friends for the government, and more especially for himself; creating for himself obliged dependants, far superior to credulous and

deceitful spies, who never failed to inform him of every thing that it was his interest to know; having persons under obligations to him in all the parties, even among the Royalists, whom he knew how to manage, and to repress at the right time; always forewarned, never overrating danger, nor exaggerating it to his master; clearly distinguishing an imprudent man from one really to be feared; knowing when to caution the one, to proceed against the other; in short, managing the police better than it ever was managed, for it consists in disarming animosities as much as in repressing them; a superior Minister, if he had had elevated intentions—if his indulgence had sprung from any other principle than an indifference to good and evil—if his activity had proceeded from any other motive than a passion for interfering in every thing, which rendered him irksome and suspicious to the First Consul, and frequently gave him the appearance of a vulgar intriguer. For the rest, his intelligent but ignoble countenance was a faithful mirror of the qualities and vices of his soul.

* * * * * *

M. Fouché, half faithful to the Revolutionary party [Jacobins], took pleasure in shewing indulgence to his old friends, and dared, in reference to them, to contradict the First Consul. Well knowing their moral situation, appreciating more especially the villains of Royalism, he was incessantly repeating that the danger, if there were any, was from the Royalists much more than from the Revolutionists, and that they should soon have occasion to perceive this. He had even the merit, but not for a long time, of insisting that it would be well not to forsake the Revolution and its ideas quite so much. Hearing already the flatterers of the day assert that it was necessary to proceed more rapidly in reaction, to disregard the prejudices of the Revolution, and to return to something that should resemble monarchy minus the Bourbons, he dared to censure, if not the aim, at least the imprudence with which certain persons pursued that track. While admitting the justice of his opinions, given with good sense, but without frankness and without dignity, the First Consul was struck but not pleased with them. He acknowledged the services of this personage, but had no esteem for him.

We shall again have occasion to invite the attention of our readers to the work as the successive volumes make their appearance.

SCIENCE.

Practical Remarks on some Exhausting Diseases, particularly those incident to Women. By Sir James Eyre, M.D. 8vo. London, 1845. Churchill.

This is an eminently useful and practical book. Its author, Sir James Eyre, is a physician of many years' standing, who, in addition to the opportunities for observation afforded by an extensive private practice, has also enjoyed the valuable opportunity of acquiring experience at a well-supported and extensive public charity.

It is the fashion now-a-days for adventurers, empirics, and men commencing the practice of medicine, to adopt some specious and often empty crotchet, or cry up some nostrum which they boldly call a specific, and on the tide of this float themselves at once into practice, regardless of honesty and doubtless often laughing in private at the gullibility of the public. When, therefore, men who pursue the reverse of this course, who force their way to fame and practice unaided by such means, come before the public in the capacity of authors, we may be sure they have something of value to offer—something the result of careful observation and well tested by experience. Such is the case with the work before us. During a series of years Sir James Eyre has been trying the effects of the oxide of silver, especially in cases of hæmoptysis, gastrodynia, pyrosis, menorrhagia, hæmatemesis, and certain uterine diseases, with the happiest of results. Impressed with the extreme importance of this therapeutic, he now lays before the public his opinion of its value, backed by a great number of cases (selected out of some hundreds), which shew its mode of action and the success which has attended its exhibition.

The thanks of the profession equally with the public are due to Sir James Eyre for the honesty and candour, the disinterestedness and liberality, which characterize his conduct in this measure. The result of his experiments has been in the highest degree beneficial to his patients, and, believing that the promulgation of the value of the oxide of silver as a remedial agent will eventually tend to mitigate many of the evils which flesh is heir to, he does not withhold his secret for the sake of emolument, but generously makes it known in the most effectual manner for the benefit of of the world.

Of the judgment, acumen, singleness of purpose, and shrewdness of observation evinced in this book, we feel justified in speaking in the warmest praise. Medical men are seldom good writers; it is rarely we have seen a work of this nature equal in point of literary merit to the one before us. Not only to our medical friends, but to such of our readers as may be afflicted with any of the complaints above enumerated, do we cordially commend this useful and valuable book.

New System of Architecture, &c. By William Vose Pickett. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

This is a bold and original book, and therefore deserves notice. Its design is nothing less than to preach an entirely new system of architecture, founded on the forms of nature, and developing the properties of metals.

The idea has, at least, plausibility. Whatever is founded on nature has a truth for its basis, and the highest art is always that which nearest approaches to the forms of nature. Mr. Pickett so far establishes a *primâ facie* case for our consideration.

He tells us in his preface that the first idea of his system was suggested by a visit to the stalactite caverns of Derbyshire. The forms he there beheld struck him as capable of application to architecture, but he found that *stone* was unfitted for the purpose, and he turned to *metals*. An examination of their capacities satisfied him that by them new forms of beauty might be realized, and their extensive application to shipbuilding, bridges, and other large works, assured him that metals might be successfully employed as a substitute for stone in architectural construction.

His system, therefore, is to substitute *metallurgic* for *masonic* architecture.

We cannot intrude upon our readers the details of the manner in which he proposes to accomplish his bold design. They whom the announcement of it may interest, should seek them in the volume, which describes the materials, the forms of which they are capable, the constructive principle, the economy of the new system, and the advantages it offers as viewed commercially, professionally, and universally.

We are glad to see by the preface that specimens will shortly be exhibited in the metropolis. We hope to inspect them, and then we will report to our readers as to the practice of the ingenious theory before us.

An Essay on Tropical Agriculture, with some Remarks on certain Analyses of Barbadian Soils, &c. By R. Lovell Phillips, M.D. Glasgow, 1845. Hadderwick.

Although the subject of this treatise is foreign, we can assure the scientific agriculturist at home that it is not without interest and instruction for him also, for the author has gone to the foundation of his theme, and described, with singular clearness, the principles of agricultural chemistry. To all who have estates in the West Indies, Dr. Phillips has presented a work of incalculable value, which they cannot too widely diffuse among their agents and managers in the colonies, nor too carefully peruse themselves. Its teachings will be a surer protection to them than an Act of Parliament, and indeed, if the instructions here given be followed, the West Indies may speedily resign the tutelage of the Senate, set up for themselves and beat the world in fair and open competition.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Lands, Classical and Sacred. By Lord Nugent. In 2 Vols. London, 1845. C. Knight and Co.

He whose duty it is to chronicle from week to week the productions of the press is able to appreciate the difficulty experienced by modern tourists in noting any thing new for the entertainment or instruction of readers at home. Every civilized land has been explored so often and so thoroughly, that the most observant wanderer can scarcely find an object that has not been depicted before, and rendered as familiar to the stay-at-home traveller as if he had seen it with his own eyes. In this strait, the aspect of external nature exhausted, the book-making tourist must rest his hopes of popularity upon his portraiture of the ever-changing and inexhaustible

character of man, as modified by climate and institutions; his manners, his habits, his peculiarities. Travels that abound in these, even though the route be the most worn of the highways of Europe, and described a thousand times before, will still have freshness and novelty and worth; must still amuse, still instruct, still be read with eagerness, and take their permanent place in the library.

The country explored by Lord NUGENT has been the subject of at least a hundred tourists before him—Greece, Egypt, Palestine. In themselves these names will offer no attractions to the reader wearied of their continual repetition in title-pages and in reviews. Whatever value there is in these volumes must be sought in the idiosyncrasies of the writer, and the aspects under which he has painted men and the doings of men. To these, as alone possessing novelty, we shall chiefly confine our extracts, contenting ourselves with but one or two of the author's sketches of natural objects, by way of exhibiting his descriptive powers.

The travel here recorded occupied the noble lord from the beginning of December 1843, to near the end of May 1844, and, wisely shunning preliminaries, he starts with his reader on the very second page at the moment of his arrival in Greece.

The noble lord makes the best use of his time. He sees every thing, and brings a great deal of classical knowledge to aid his descriptions. But as Athens and its faded glories have been familiarized by so many preceding travellers, we will pass over the scenes more attractive to the spectator than to the reader, and even the more novel account of the *last* revolution in Greece, and land at once at

ALEXANDRIA.

The impression produced by the first view of the interior of the city of Alexandria is one of melancholy, which deepens into deadly weariness on further acquaintance with its details. The filth of its streets and suburbs, the squalid, unhealthy, and penury-stricken look of its population, the unfinished condition of the new buildings and the ruinous condition of the old,—every thing has an air of neglect, of suffering under a discouragement which has quenched all energy, all power and desire to struggle against it. Some incomplete efforts at modern ostentation there are, but few advances towards comfort or prosperity. In the midst of a spacious square near the eastern end of the new town, into which you suddenly emerge from the narrow dingy lanes of the old, stands a handsome fountain of Oriental alabaster. But no water has yet been conducted to it. On each side is a good and commodious hotel, and the houses of the foreign consuls shew a bold and ample front; and at the further end, the southern, is a large and handsome edifice, the Wekáleh, used as a storehouse for merchandise. It is a fine space; but for many years it has been, and still remains, as when the houses were begun, encumbered with scaffolding and rubbish.

The aspect of the place was altogether so melancholy, that our travellers were glad to depart for Cairo. One of the most graphic passages is the description of

THE NILE.

The whole course of the Nile from hence up to Cairo, a distance of 120 miles, and at this time of the year about as wide as the Thames at Gravesend, is studded with lofty date palms, with straggling villages and marabouts (tombs of Moslim saints), the small white cupolas of which group very agreeably with the rest of the scenery. It presents a succession of scenery, as agreeable and as much diversified as is consistent with low level banks, and a wide expanse of flat country, swelling only here and there into small sand-hills, whose pervading hue, however, is often broken by patches of rich green corn and rice land, and tinted in the distance, at all times of the day, from sunrise to twilight, with ever-varying gleams of glowing brightness and colour. The water, though never clear, is very sweet and fresh to the taste, and runs, during the months between the falling of the inundation in August and its recurrence in June, at the rate of never less than four miles an hour. But the rapidity of the stream very much increases, and the water becomes more turbid and clayey as the season of high flood draws near.

The shores are covered with cranes and pelicans, and its bosom with fleets of ducks, wild geese, and other water-fowl; and troops of falcon-kites sail and hover in the air above your boat, keeping company with it, and becoming more numerous as you approach Cairo. At intervals, the creeking of the water-wheels (Sakhias) gives note of the industry with which the work of irrigation is going on upon the fields on both sides of the river.

Early in the morning of the second day, while our little steamer was aground on one of the vast number of shoals that are always rising up and changing places and delaying the navigation of the Nile, we saw a proceeding very characteristic of this country. A large troop of bullocks, under the guidance of one swarthy driver, came down to the left bank—brought there, as we supposed, only to drink before their morning's feed. But no. They had crossed the Delta, and were on their way to the opposite side, and from thence probably towards Alexandria. They seemed aware of what was required of them. They entered the river, sliding down the muddy bank without reluctance; and no sooner were they all fairly in the water than the driver stripped off his clothes. He then tied them in a bundle on his head, and, addressing a shout to the beasts, which they seemed to understand as encouraging them to cross, he followed them; and the whole party began their swim together; the man often seizing one of the bullocks by the horn or by the tail, to enable him to keep pace with the troop. They reached in about ten minutes the opposite side, having crossed this rapid current to a point very little below that from which they started, and then pursued their journey with every appearance of considering the feat they had just performed as an incident of travel which they had been prepared for, and which had taken none unawares.

Egypt is not yet, it seems, exempt from the plagues brought by the children of Israel. Still is it subjected to

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

The swarms of flies, which collect upon the open sores of the beggars in the streets, leave them for the eyes of the children, and from thence carry infection from one to another of a people who, from habit, if not from religion, inure themselves to the attacks of these filthy insects, and appear to have no sense either of torment or disgust to induce them to brush away an annoyance which to any but Egyptians would be absolutely intolerable. The mosquito is bad enough, in all conscience; but, at all events, he sets to work with an appetite that to a certain degree must be admitted in extenuation of the outrage. Your blood is his banquet, and he helps himself; and, having satisfied nature's craving, he leaves you. But the unceasing, endless, and objectless importunity of a fly, running across you in one direction, for no purpose, as it appears, unless it be to gain space to run across you in the opposite the moment after, leaving the filth and corruption, which is his natural pasture, to rush, full buzz, to your eye, your nose, your mouth, your food; and then to see your fellow-creature, the Egyptian, offering his whole body patiently as a refuge and college for the encouragement of these creatures.

The people of Cairo are passionately fond of buffoonery. The amusements reserved by our countryfolk for fairs and revels are here enjoyed every day in the public streets. Lord NUGENT's account of the great ruler of Egypt is the most precise we have seen, and contrasts advantageously with that we have taken from the conceited pages of Prince PUCKLER.

MEHEMET ALI.

The manners of Mohammed Ali, his mode of receiving, addressing, and conversing with strangers, are full of dignity, courteousness, and well-bred ease. He converses with Europeans always through an interpreter, who speaks in the French language, and translates what is said to him into the Turkish, the only one which the Pasha professes to understand. Yet the expression of his quick eye and whole countenance, while the person with whom he converses is addressing the interpreter in French, gives often the impression that he understands more of that language than he owns to, and prefers, as many official persons in the East do, to communicate through a third person, in order to give himself more time in this double process to consider his replies. His style of conversation is agreeable. He speaks in short terse sentences, often almost epigrammatic—never without a meaning, even when they are phrases of mere ceremony. Like all men, he is fond of a little flattery, and invites it; but, like all men of sense, he requires that that little shall be administered with judgment, and is earnest and skilful in searching for subjects on which others are able to answer his inquiries with information; and on such topics he delights in shewing you by no disagreeable interruptions how quickly he has apprehended their full meaning, and how well he could enlarge upon it. Like all persons of high station in the East, he begins the conversation with a phrase or two of compliment and welcome, and answers the first compliment paid to him in return by a sentence which he uses, I believe, to everybody, whatever his age may be, or to whatever European country he may belong, with very little variety: "You are a young man from an old country; you find me an old man in a young country." Then he generally goes on thus: "I have worked hard to improve this country, and have done something. But all my youth was spent in war. The works of peace take more time than those of war; and, when I began to govern, my time was too short to do as much as I wished. I had every thing to begin. I had weeds to pluck out, as well as seed to sow. In your country the ground is prepared for you; you

require only a very light plough. I had to begin with the hand; then I took to the spade, spade, spade, spade! I have hardly got to the plough yet." Then he asks his visitor what he thinks of Egypt, as far as he has seen of it; of the country, and of its government: a tolerably compendious question. He desires him to speak up and criticize freely; and then from his answer he judges of what are the topics on which he is most competent to carry on the conversation. I received a hint, before my first interview with the Pasha, that it would gratify him to be asked his age, and, after he had told it, to be *reminded* that he was born in the *memorable* year 1769, which produced also Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. But these are weaknesses in which he is a sharer with all other men. It is when the phrases of mere ceremony are past, and conversation has begun, that he shews that he is no ordinary man. He shews that when he challenged a free criticism of the institutions and government of Egypt, he did it sincerely, and takes in good part a frank compliance with the challenge. Not that, when hard pressed upon what he knows to be wrong in the system, he will not dissemble a little, and endeavour to make you doubt the truth of the view you have taken on the information you have received; but when he finds you strong in your facts, and that they do not admit of a colourable denial or justification, "in sese redit senex." He taps you on the knee, and with a good-humoured smile makes the best defence he can on the rights of the question.

A curious specimen of the Pasha's mode of dealing was witnessed accidentally:—

PAYMENT OF WAGES IN EGYPT.

I saw, one Thursday afternoon, the day before the Musulman Sabbath, the Pasha's labourers receiving their week's wages, as I was going out from the garden gate of the palace of Schoubra with a party of English gentlemen. The gardeners and their workmen were leaving the garden at the same time, some forty or fifty of them, and thronged the gateway. I waited to see the process. A clerk was sitting in a little lodge at the gate, writing these assignats in very neat Arabic characters, and sealing each of them with a signet ring dipped in ink—some for eight, some ten, some twelve piastres. Each was a longish instrument, and took up some time in writing and sealing. Arabs and Turks do nothing quickly, and the Arabic character cannot be very quickly written. Each paper was then folded with great deliberation, and given to each separate claimant, who was to carry it (but not on the next day, the Sabbath) to some merchant's house to be discounted. The only explanation I could obtain upon inquiry as to why the men were not hired at once at a rate minus the discount, and paid that amount in cash, seemed to be that ready money ran short; that it was therefore more convenient to pay in paper, and that it would be deemed unbefitting his Highness's dignity to borrow a sum from a merchant on a large bill at a discount to pay them.

Lord NUGENT visited the Pyramids, of course, and he relates an amusing anecdote, which is worth extracting. Among other inscriptions in the Great Pyramid is the name of CHATEAUBRIAND. It seems, however, that the Viscomte never visited the place in person; he only *intended* to go there. Here is the history of this

VICARIOUS VISIT.

He informs us in his *Itineraire*, that, having been obliged to leave Cairo, on his return to France, without seeing the Pyramids, he delegated to M. Caffe, the French consul there, the following commission: "Je chargeai M. Caffe d'écrire mon nom sur ces grands tombeaux, selon l'usage, à la première occasion; l'on doit remplir tous les petits devoirs d'un pieux voyageur!" (Vol. ii. p. 213.) M. Caffe, it appears, very naturally declined the vicarious performance of this little duty of a pious traveller; to wit, the inscribing the Viscomte's name, in testimony of his having been where he had not been. Some years afterwards, however, an English traveller thought it a little duty of his own to fulfil, uncommissioned, those intentions of the Viscomte's which M. Caffe seems to have thought were best left unfulfilled. Accordingly, there is the name. But a French traveller since has trimmed the balance of truth, by writing in large letters beneath, "Le Viscomte n'était pas ici." And thus the record rests for the amusement of posterity.

Among other marvels the traveller was induced to make trial of the famous magician of Cairo, whose feats, as narrated by Mr. LANE, have perplexed the reading world of Europe. They proved an utter failure, and Mr. LANE, who was present, candidly admitted that he had been imposed upon. It seems that a Scotchman, who had turned Mussulman, and played the part of interpreter, instructed the pretended magician in the answers he was to return. When this said Osman was absent, the oracle was dumb.

After their curiosity had been satiated with Cairo and its neighbourhood, the party undertook a journey across the desert, which produced a few adventures, enough to give zest to the tour. Lord NUGENT's opinion of "the ship of the desert" differs widely from the picture poets have tried to paint.

CHARACTER OF THE CAMEL.

I spoke, awhile ago, of the patient, long-suffering expression of the camel's face; but your opinion of the camel will, I think, change, as mine did, upon further and more intimate acquaintance. The truth is, he is but an ill-conditioned beast after all. What you took for an expression of patience becomes one of obstinate, stupid, profound self-sufficiency. There is a vain wreathing of the neck, a self-willed raising of the chin on high, a drooping of the lack-lustre eye, and sulky hanging of the lower lip, which to any who have faith in the indications of countenance and action betoken his real temper. Then that very peculiar roar of his, discordant beyond the roar of any other beast, which continues during the process of his being loaded, from the moment that the first package is girded on his back to when he clumsily staggers up upon his feet to begin his lazy journey, is a sound betraying more of moral degradation than any I ever heard from any other four-legged animal: a tone of exaggerated complaint and of deep hate, which the shape of his open mouth well assorts with. The dromedary is said to be to the camel what the thorough-bred horse is to the hack. But he who has ridden a dromedary will never again profane the qualities of the thorough-bred horse by using his name in any such company. The dromedary, it is true, is lighter than the camel, and capable of going much faster; but in temper and spirit he differs from him in nothing but in being even more obstinate.

And as a companion portrait, take the

CHARACTER OF THE CAMEL DRIVER.

Every Arab, whether of the town, or the fields, or the river, or the desert, is an indefatigable talker. He is lazy about business; but his real relaxation from labour, and his comfort while labour is going on, is in loud and rapid talk, accompanied with the most painfully restless gesticulation. All day, if travelling, his joy is to double himself up upon the top of the other burthens his camel has to bear, and there, with his pipe in one hand, and his beads in the other, to mutter and crone himself into a comatose state. While he is walking at his camel's tail, he pours forth an endless dreary song, always composed by himself for the occasion, always to the same air, if air it can be called, and relating to the number of travellers and place of destination. For the first day or two we thought it was some sacred canticle, or prayer. It had a tone of psalmody. But all our respect for it was at an end when our dragoman thus translated it: "We are twelve—four are Hawadjis—go on, camels, to Gaza—why should we not go on to Gaza?—we are twelve—four are Hawadjis." κ.τ.λ. This, set to never more than three bars of very sad music, the singer repeats, over and over again, to the selfsame tune and words, in which his companions alternately relieve him throughout the day.

But when the season of natural repose arrives, and every thing invites to it, when the bread has been baked, and the rice boiled, and the evening repast concluded, and more fuel collected, and the fires made up for the night, and the groups of men and camels are well and snugly established round them, and the Hawadji, or travelling gentleman within the tent, is wrapped up in that chrysalis state in which every man who feels he has a hammock or a blanket, hopes after a long day's ride that he may remain undisturbed, at least from midnight till sunrise—'tis then, sad man! that his Arabs who surround him have fairly entered upon active life. They shout, they sing, at the highest pitch their voices can attain. If there is a pause, it is that one of them may tell a long story about nothing at all a dozen times over; beginning, continuing, and ending, each time, to the same effect, and in the same words; how certain travellers, or how a certain sheik or pasha, or how a certain camel—but no matter what—the whole troop applauding as vociferously as if the story was a new one, which it never is, or had a point in it, which it never has. And thus they go on, sometimes breaking off for a firing of pistols and muskets and a general howl, to inform the desert that they have arms. Then comes morning, and then the preparations to renew the journey. Then, after the violent debate, which every morning recurs, about how the camel loads are to be re-adjusted (an operation on which daily discussion and practice have been expended in vain), those who ride fall asleep, as the day before, and those who walk resume the former chaunt about the number of the party, and where they are going, and the question—why should they not go there?

The second volume comprises the exploration of the Holy Land, and the return. Every nook of this region has been so thoroughly ransacked, that really we can find nothing suffi-

ciently new to interest our readers, and Lord NUGENT, though a sensible, and, doubtless, an accurate describer, has not the faculty which, in the author of *Eöthen*, and in STEPHENS, and a few others, enabled them to give an air of originality even to the most familiar objects by their manner of sketching them. They take no colour by passing through Lord NUGENT's mind, but are given to the world just as they were daguerreotyped on his note-book. Hence has his Palestine something of the wearisomeness of a twice-told tale, save where mere description is varied by an incident of personal adventure. Two or three of these must suffice :—

POLICE AT JERUSALEM.

Whilst I was at Jerusalem, one of our party was sketching on the Mount of Olives. Some of the Arnaout police were on the opposite wall of the city, one of whom sent a musket-shot at him, that whistled over his head; which, when he complained of it, he was told, for consolation, had in all probability not been fired in anger, or from any motive of personal ill-will, but in consequence only of his having offered to the Arnaout a temptation too strong for an ambitious marksman to resist; and that his best mode in future was to be provided always on such occasions with a good double gun, which might prevent any like experiment from being made, or return it with two shots for one.

Not much above three years ago, one of the first-fruits of the restoration of what was called the lawful authority of the Porte in the East was this.—A gentleman officially connected with one of the Christian governments of Europe was walking, with his niece, in the open street. They were met by a band of these drunken Arnaouts, one of whom having offered some outrage to the girl, and being struck by the uncle, drew a loaded pistol and instantly shot—not him who had stepped in to protect the girl from brutal insult, but the poor girl against whom the insult had been directed. The uncle bore his dying niece to his house. He applied to the Turkish authorities to prevent, by punishing the murderer, a like calamity being inflicted on other victims. He was told, with many expressions of regret, that his testimony to the fact could not be judicially taken; that the religion of Mahomet was the law of the Mohammedan courts, and that, conformably with it, no oath of a Christian or Jew could be taken against a true believer. In vain was other evidence sought. Mohammedans had seen the murder, but not one of them could be brought to give true evidence in the case, and the crime has to this day been followed by no legal consequences. Only this was done: the Arnaout was removed by the arbitrary order of the Governor, who was convinced in his own private judgment that the accusation was true.

The party were invited to an

ARAB ENTERTAINMENT.

Carpets were spread, and coffee and pipes duly presented, accepted, and consumed, in fellowship with our host. The whole force of the tribe then assembled round us. Mrs. J.,—I mean the lady of our friend Jusuf,—I speak of her familiarly, she was very kind to us,—Mrs. J., I say, sat among us. She smoked with us, she asked us where our wives were, seemed perfectly satisfied with our answers, and then asked us again the same questions for conversation's sake. She did all that hospitality could suggest, except take off the towel which covered the whole of her face but the eyes, eyebrows, and as little of her mouth as she could conveniently smoke from. And the glimpses we had of these features, and of her hands and arms, left nothing further to be wished for. The supply of kohl, I suppose, had run short in the wilderness, and lamp-black, fixed with grease, had fully supplied its place upon her eyelashes and eyebrows. And there was undoubted evidence left upon her hands, that thay, and no other, had done this. After many messages, to and fro, between her and the adjoining apartment of the ladies, her daughter-in-law also joined us,—the wife of one of her sons,—clad and adorned like her mother-in-law, not only with the advantages of paint, but also like her with rich strings of silver Turkish coins, hung wherever necklaces and bracelets could conveniently be made to reach. Then the children of all the principal persons of the tribe were brought in and set round us; and then dinner was brought in and set before us.

The noble lord and his party enjoyed the pleasure of being in some peril once. But, perhaps, after all there was more of fear than danger in this

ENCOUNTER AT JACOB'S WELL.

We had an encounter at Jacob's Well,—not a conflict, for it ended instantly, and very whimsically, in our merely shewing that we were armed. It was near sunset when we reached the well; and we had sent our moukris with the horses and our servants, to make ready our tents for the night under the protection of the town walls. We were four together, and, by good hap, each of us had a double-barrelled pistol in his pocket. Whilst we were occupied in sketching, two or three persons came round the foot of the mountain to us, and very civilly offered to hold our sketch-books and pencils; a kind of enthusiasm for the fine arts it appeared to be. We observed, however, that each had a long gun across his shoulders. And, after they had remained with us for some time, seeing that others had joined them, and that their number had become five, and that more amateurs might be expected, we thought it prudent to bring our occupations there to a conclusion before our company of visitors should further increase; and we accordingly rose to walk towards the town.

One of them now shouted out the important word "Bakshcish," which we, of course, affected not to understand, and did not reply to. After repeating it several times, the spokesman unslung his musket, and was proceeding to level it at the hindmost of us, one of the Mr. Pollens, who instantly grappled with him for it. Our four other visitors now ran up, and were in the act of unslinging their muskets too. No time was to be lost on our parts; and the next moment presented a perfect parody on that stage incident which Sir Fretful in the play calls the "Dead Lock." The five assailants, each with a single barrelled gun, looked round, and beheld eight barrels opposed to them. A pause and a difficulty ensued. All extremity of war and all menace of it was now manifestly at an end. Nobody wished for fight; but it was an important question which party should first break ground, assailants or defendants. For, as it was, each kept the adverse party in check. "Rhua ma Saleem el Allah" (Go, with the peace of God")), kindly suggested our first assailant; an invitation which required to be well considered. For, decisive as our advantage then was at close quarters, the circumstances would be much changed upon our retiring to a distance convenient for a long shot, which we could but ill have answered with pocket pistols. After a short parley, the question was solved. With the best Arabic we had at hand accompanied by appropriate action, we stipulated that oneof the, attacking force should depart round the foot of the mountain whence he had come; then, after he should be well out of sight, a second; then a third; and so on, until, having thus marched them off successively, when the last was fairly gone we ourselves marched to the town, "thanking heaven we were rid of scurvy company."

Lord NUGENT notices the singular fidelity of Mr. ROBERTS's Sketches of the East. He concludes with a remark upon the cheapness of Eastern travel. Nothing, he says, is costly, but the steam-boats. "From Corfu, which I left on the 20th of Dec. to leaving Beyrout on the 10th of April, all the expenses of travelling and living, inclusive of steam-packets, for myself and my servant, stood me in just 140*l*."

We trust that this is not the last tour with which we shall be favoured from the same pen.

Egypt under Mehemet Ali. By Prince PUCKLER MUSKAU. London, 1845. Colburn.

PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU is a literary dandy. He is full of conceits and affectations, for ever talking humility and acting the extravagance of vanity. So greedy is he of applause, that, flatter him, and there is no limit to his laudation; wound his pride, and he can find in the offender, whether an individual or a nation, nothing praiseworthy. This weakness exposes him to incessant blunders. He sees every thing through the false medium of the atmosphere with which he encircles himself, and very little reliance indeed can be placed upon his observations, and still less upon his opinions.

Having, in his estimation, exhausted Europe of its sights, the Prince some years since proceeded to Egypt, and on his return he published, in Germany, the results of his tour; but why it was not translated before, or why translated now, we cannot tell, for assuredly it is not a work worthy the pains and cost of being done into English and printed at Mr. COLBURN's prices. Amusing it is in parts, for the Prince has a lively manner of story-telling, which imposes itself upon the unpractised for genius. He is a pleasant gossip, and, when there is nothing better to be had, his volume may well enough amuse an idle hour; and, if not wearied of his egotism and his continual discourses about eating, the reader may return to him again to cull the scenes wherein, as a shrewd note-taker, he may be deemed a satisfactory authority.

Amid the many claims upon our columns at this season, we must be brief with a work that can scarcely be called a new one, and limit our extracts to three or four passages that have

some novelty, and will sufficiently exhibit the style of the author. It is not, however, a book we could advise any cautious librarian to order.

The Prince was cordially received by the extraordinary old man who has regenerated Egypt. Thus he describes his

INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI.

His highness received me in one of the lower apartments of the palace, which was filled with a respectful crowd of his courtiers and officers of state. When I had made my way through the midst of them, I saw the viceroy standing on the platform, before his ottoman, with only Artim Bey, his dragoman, at his side. My surprise was great, for, judging by the bust which I had seen at Alexandria, and some portraits which are considered as likenesses, I had pictured to myself an austere, nay, harsh-looking man, in a splendid oriental dress, with features very closely resembling those of Oliver Cromwell. Instead of this there stood before me a friendly little old man, whose vigorous, well-proportioned frame was set off by nothing but a freshness of complexion, and a cleanliness, which might almost be called coquettish, but whose features were equally expressive of calm dignity and benevolent good-nature, and who, though his sparkling eagle eyes seemed to penetrate my inmost thoughts, yet the grace of his smile and the affability of his manner inspired me with involuntary partiality, without the slightest tincture of timidity. He was dressed in a plain brown pelisse, with the white trimming of which his venerable beard of the same colour was singularly blended; on his head he wore a simple red tarbush, without any shawl or jewels to ornament it; he had no rings on his fingers, nor, what is so usual in the East, did he hold a valuable rosary in his hand, which, by the bye, is in general so beautifully shaped, that a lady might envy it.

I afterwards found that my first impression of this great man was perfectly in unison with the behaviour of his courtiers, who, though full of respect, are very familiar and easy in their intercourse with him; and, while he treats individuals with a nicety of distinction, he always manifests urbanity to all around him. Nothing is more easy than to obtain an audience of the viceroy; it is impossible for any governor to be more accessible, or to adopt fewer measures for his personal security than Mehemet Ali, who fearlessly exposes himself every day to the attacks of any fanatic who might aim at his life.

Very lively is this sketch of

DROMEDARY RIDING.

It was the first time in my life that I had mounted a dromedary. I must observe, by the way (for what is quite common and well-known here, is not always so among us), that what is here called a dromedary, is not a different animal from the camel, but identically the same beast with one hunch: and the difference between a dromedary and a camel is like that between an elegant saddle-horse and a clumsy cart-horse. It is not by any means difficult to mount them, because the animals are accustomed to kneel down when they are saddled, while one of the forelegs is bound fast with the long bridle, and the leather holds it by the head to prevent its rising too rapidly, by which the rider might easily be thrown upon the sand. These singular animals have three joints in their hind legs, and require three movements to rise as well as to lie down; this action always appears very violent to the unpractised rider, who must be exceedingly careful to bend forwards and backwards with precision, or he will inevitably lose his balance, of which we had more than one diverting instance among our party.

The pace of the dromedary in walking is very inconvenient, jerking, jolting backwards and forwards; but he is generally made to go at a pretty quick pace, which gives the rider much the same sensation as what we call the short jog trot of a very hard-trotting horse. Hence riding in this manner six or seven miles, and often longer, without intermission, is very fatiguing, but for a short distance it is not by any means disagreeable, and the uniform continued shaking is certainly advantageous both to the health and appetite. The seat itself on the wooden frame of the saddle, round the high pummel of which the rider must lay his legs crossways, is likewise not a little inconvenient to a European till he has become accustomed to it. It is therefore advisable for every one coming hither in his boat, so to arrange matters that the first stages of his journey may be very short, in order to wean himself after the long repose which makes a voyage, on the Nile at least, on account of this want of exercise, a truly indolent life.

The dromedary, when going as slowly as possible, travels nearly five miles an hour; in its quick trot, twice or thrice as much, and continues at this rate for ten or twelve hours without resting. Mehemet Ali once accomplished the journey from Suez to Cairo, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles, on his dromedary, in twelve hours, in order to prevent a conspiracy of the Mamelukes; and his sais, holding on by the tail of the animal and running on foot, reached Cairo at the same time. Sonnini affirms that the Nedshi dromedary can travel a hundred leagues in twenty-four hours; but it strikes me that this must certainly be an exaggeration.

Both dromedaries and camels are ill-tempered and disagreeable animals: I never mounted mine but it testified its displeasure by a snarling noise, and sometimes even by an attempt to bite me. Yet when once set a-going, I found it, like its leader, to be always docile and tractable; and a slight touch with a kurbatsh on its long neck was sufficient to excite it to the most rapid trot. The bit of the bridle is not in the animal's mouth, but it is drawn through one nostril, and there fastened by a wooden peg. When the rider wishes to dismount, he must make a kind of hoarse groan, which it is extremely difficult to imitate, on hearing which the dromedary immediately lies down. No sign is necessary to make it rise again, for it invariably does so of its own accord as soon as ever the rider is mounted and has taken the bridle into his hand.

The prince throws some light upon a topic on which we are wont to hear very contradictory opinions—

THE CONDITION OF THE FELLAHS.

Having still a little spare time, we proceeded to the railway, which had been lately constructed for the purpose of conveying stones to the buildings which were in the course of erection along the shore. Here we found a great number of Fellahs, men, women, and children, at work. The viceroy had just increased the wages of all employed on the public works half a piastre per diem.

As most of the accounts of Egypt which have fallen into my hands are filled with the most dismal lamentations of the misery of this unhappy class, I was not a little surprised at finding, for the most part, vigorous, healthy, and cheerful-looking men, who performed their work amid song and jest, were most indulgently treated by their overseers, and seemed only in joke when they solicited us to give them a bakshish, an odious habit, which prevails in other countries as well as here. They were ragged enough, to be sure, and barely clad; but where do we find it otherwise in the East, nay, even in Greece? The climate requires so little, and order and cleanliness are certainly not indigenous in these parts. I have since paid much attention to this subject, and am fully persuaded that the Fellahs of Egypt are infinitely better off than many of their class in Europe. Take, for instance, the Irish peasants, who are subjects of the most enlightened government in the civilized world, or take the poor weavers in Vogtland, of whom I read only this very day, in the newspapers, in the year 1843, that the utmost which they can earn is twopence a day; and that when potatoes, their only staple article of food, fails, they are ready to perish with famine; hence I maintain that these Fellahs, though unquestionably exposed to much harsh and arbitrary treatment, are nevertheless in a situation which might excite the envy of many of our country-people.

He falls in with one of the wise men of Egypt, and they discourse about eclipses of the moon. The learned pundit disclaims vulgar prejudices; he forsooth knows better than to accept the absurdities of the common people. He has a more rational theory of his own. Hear him:—

"Only the ignorant people," said he, "believe that it is a dragon which endeavours to swallow the moon. The moon is a living being as well as we, but a very exalted potentate in the kingdom of heaven, which is governed by God exactly in the same manner as the earth is by the Sultan. When, therefore, one of the governors there does not do his duty, the Lord of Heaven, like the Sultan here, has his head cut off, or sends him the bow-string. Now, it is evident that the moon had incurred such a punishment, and therefore when his countenance began to be darkened, we fired lustily and uttered tones of lamentation, to testify our desire to help him, and our compassion for his situation, for he might still obtain pardon; but as we soon observed there was no more grace for him, and that he at length totally vanished, we set up a louder noise, mingled with demonstrations of joy, in order to recommend ourselves as much as possible to the new moon, whch, accordingly, scarcely two hours after the execution of the last, appeared in more splendour than its predecessor had ever done." We see that the people of rank here understand as well as ourselves what is beseeming a good courtier—"*Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!*"

Has not this anecdote a parallel in more civilized lands?

FICTION.

Ann Hathaway; or, Shakspere in Love. By EMMA SEVERN. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

THERE is danger as well as daring in the attempt to take as the hero of a fiction a personage whom fame has made so

familiar that every reader has in his own mind an image of the genius he adores—an image idealized out of all the elements of greatness of which the character was compounded, and exempt from the human frailties with which the man appeared to those who knew him in the flesh. The novelist must paint the ideal genius, and so destroy the *vraisemblance* of his fiction, or sketch the real man, frailties and all, and so offend the prejudices of his readers that they pronounce the portrait a libel, and turn from it with anger and disgust.

This is precisely the dilemma into which Miss SEVERN has fallen in her attempt to make a hero of SHAKSPERE, and she has sought to evade it by a contrivance that only serves to destroy any remnant of interest the name may have excited. She is entirely unequal to the task of portraying SHAKSPERE the poet; she wants the skill to describe SHAKSPERE the man, and so she introduces him as SHAKSPERE, a shadow, a contemptible nobody, without individuality of character, without soul, and with very little sense. Nor has she done much better with the other names and abstractions she has introduced merely for their names' sake,—Sir THOMAS GRESHAM, SPENSER, Lord BROOKE, and Queen ELIZABETH. Sir THOMAS LUCY figures in the tale as a rival of the dramatist for the love of ANN HATHAWAY, who is somewhat more life-like than the rest. But as a romance of real life, a quasi-historical romance, the work is an utter failure, and we cannot, with good conscience, recommend any one of the five hundred and seventy-eight circulating libraries that have at this present writing adopted THE CRITIC as their guide in the selection of the books for their shelves, to pay a guinea-and-a-half for it. When they can procure it at eighteen-pence a volume, they may add it to their stores for the occasional service of very hungry readers; but it is not worth present purchase.

Lost Happiness; or the Effects of a Lie. A Tale, By Lady CHATTERTON. London, 1845. J. Burns.

A LITTLE volume for children, which proposes, under the guise of an interesting story, to inculcate a detestation of falsehood. Lady CHATTERTON has been completely successful in her endeavours to engage the attention of the child by a narrative ingeniously constructed, and told with that air of truthfulness which constitutes the charm of fiction. We cordially recommend this volume, which is exquisitely got up, with the well-known good taste of Mr. BURNS, to all papas and mammas purposing a present or a reward.

The Blacksmith's Daughter. An Historical Novel. By the Author of "Walter Clayton." In 3 vols. 1845. Newby.

ALTHOUGH there is a wondrous similarity of structure and style in all historical novels since SCOTT made them popular, they seldom fail to please. If the epoch be an interesting one; if the plot be contrived with moderate skill; if the characters be not quite unnatural, the dialogues reasonably lively, and the language void of offence against grammar, an historical romance may count upon a goodly share of patronage from the subscribers to the circulating library.

Therefore the *Blacksmith's Daughter* would be entitled to the notice of the libraries whose range is pretty extensive, even were its merits less than in truth they are. An imitation of SCOTT it is indeed; but so are the popular fictions of COOPER and JAMES; only this is so good an imitation that it may take rank with the best of the productions of these latter prolific writers. The period at which the scene is laid is at the middle of the sixteenth century; the place, partly in Flanders, partly in France. The principal historical incidents are the revolt of the burgesses of Ghent against the taxes imposed by CHARLES the Fifth; their endeavours to transfer their allegiance to FRANCIS the First; the failure of the negotiation, and its fearful consequences. With these are interwoven the adventures of the Blacksmith, a brave leader of the revolted men of Ghent, and his daughter, the heroine of the romance. Her beauty brings many lovers to her feet, and their rivalries and jealousies produce the usual and necessary variety of difficulties and dangers, and changes of scene from camps to courts, from Ghent to Paris, from "high life to low life," from the palace to the artisan's dwelling. These are managed with ease and skill, so that nothing appears too strained or unnatural, and the manner of the telling is lively and graphic, and keeps the attention on the stretch from the first page to the last. It is one of the few readable novels of the season.

The Martyr of Carthage. A Tale. By EDWARD WILSON, B.A. Rector of Topcroft. London, 1845. Burns.

MR. WILSON having found in the history of the decline of the Roman empire much which he imagined to be paralleled by some of the social evils that mark the condition of society in this country at this time, has sought to embody his views in a fiction, hoping that warnings, which would probably be unheeded if uttered avowedly by a preacher, might penetrate many a deep heart when conveyed under the alluring guise of a narrative. His design is indicated in his Preface. He conceives the distinguishing feature of the days of that mighty empire's decline to have been the decay in the popular mind of all vital interest in faith of any kind; religion, in its proper sense, being in truth dead within. Hence, while the pagan superstitions were cherished as forms, they were not believed; they were forms only; even as symbols they had lost their charm. The easy and indolent people, senseless to faith themselves, were careless of it in others, provided only they thrust it not obtrusively upon their slumbering consciences. Toleration was extended to every creed, save one. Christianity alone was persecuted, proscribed, oppressed. Why? Because Christianity alone disturbed the placidity of the pleasure-seeking generation; denounced their self-indulgences; pricked their consciences; was earnest when they were careless; and condemned their uninquiring conformity to a superstition they did not believe. Therefore they endeavoured to extirpate Christianity, not so much because it was another faith, as because it was to them a perpetual source of mental discomfort.

Mr. WILSON does not directly avow the similarity between this state of society and that which we now witness about us, nor does he distinctly state how he would amend the evil. But we cannot avoid seeing the end at which he is aiming, and what it is that he intends to teach. If we rightly opine, Mr. WILSON is of that section of the church which has received the name of Puseyite. They, he assumes, are the faithful among the faithless, the earnest among the indolent, just as were the early Christians among the voluptuous pagans, who clung to forms long after the spirit that once animated them had vanished. The rest of the world, of our British world, is in Mr. WILSON's view, like the Roman world at the period he treats of, tolerant of all creeds, because having no faith of its own, and combined to persecute the only earnest and zealous band possessing a faith, a religion, to wit, the said Puseyite section of the English Church, to which the author belongs.

Such, if we do not grievously misunderstand what we have read, is the design, indicated rather than avowed, in this tale of the *Martyr of Carthage;* and without offering any opinion by way either of assent to or dissent from his religious or social views, we must say of the manner in which he has embodied them, that, as a literary work, the *Martyr of Carthage* is a production of very considerable merit. It displays great historical knowledge; the characters that figure in it are well conceived and sustained. The composition is plain, but vigorous; the style pictorial; the interest of the story ingeniously supported, even in spite of controversial dialogues, more frequent than good taste will approve.

We have often before expressed our aversion to theological novels; however excellent their purpose, or able their execution, they always appear to us a desecration of a theme which should be addressed entirely to the reason, without seeking to enlist prejudice and passion. But reason is only to be approached by calm argument, which the very nature of fiction forbids, while the temptation it offers for appeals to prejudice and passion is so strong that he who could resist it must be more than mortal.

Self. By the Author of "Cecil." In 3 vols. London: Colburn.

MRS. GORE has grievously disappointed expectation in this supplement to *Cecil*, whose faults are reproduced with exaggerations, and of whose excellencies many are wanting. The philosophical novel is now proved to be beyond her powers. *Cecil* gave some promise that the writer might possibly, by

dint of practice in thinking, achieve something like the metaphysical fiction; it displayed glimpses of genius, shadows of thought, which time might have fostered into plain, palpable, unmistakeable realities. If such hope was entertained, it has been destroyed by the appearance of her third essay in this class of fiction. *Self* is a flashy, but flimsy production; its sparkle is that of paste diamonds, its glitter of tinsel. Throughout there is manifest a painful effort to be wise or witty, as the case required; and even where it sounds well in the ear, upon closer examination the wisdom is found to be shallow, and the wit small. Mrs. Gore is given to moralizing in these pages; but there is a want of genuineness that detracts from its worth; there is no heart in it: when she affects the good, she is prudish, and when she descends from the stilts, she is lax. Consistency is wanting throughout, and it is evident to us that she has not any decided principles of philosophy, but having caught some phrases, has mistaken them for a system.

Nor in the construction of the novel, as such, has she exhibited her wonted skill. The plot is improbable, beyond the permitted improbability of novels, and the characters are unnatural, because inconsistent with themselves and with circumstances. The time chosen is the commencement of the present century, when the Regency ruled the manners of the world of fashion. These the novelist has succeeded in representing in the lively manner that recommended so many of her former fictions to the popularity they have enjoyed. Here and there too we discover traces of her better moments. We are surprised by scenes true to nature that suddenly come upon us even amid the most unpleasing incongruities, and fairly make captive our feelings. Such are those between Evelyn and Selina, when the hand of death is upon the mother; few, indeed, could read these powerful touches of genuine nature without being melted into tears. The title is embodied in Philip Askham, whose selfishness and its consequences are the groundwork of the tale. But he is not a consistent creation; actions attributed to self-love are, in fact, the result of other influences; and certainly he is not the same person in the first volume and in the last, and the change is not accounted for by any circumstances revealed to the reader. Evelyn, the widow of an old fellow for whom she pretends to be inconsolable at the very moment she is listening, well pleased, to the proffered love of a young suitor, is any thing but a pleasing specimen of stern virtue. Lord Askham is a well-drawn portrait of a proud, bigoted, tyrannical peer. But though this novel is not quite worthy of Mrs. Gore's reputation, and inferior to most of its predecessors, the name of the authoress will insure for it a pretty general perusal. Our duty is done when we candidly inform our readers what is our own opinion of it, and tell those who are obliged by their restricted leisure to limit their novel reading to the very best productions, that this is not one we could recommend to *their* perusal. They whose time will permit a wider range will yet find *Self* to be better than three-fourths of the novels of the season.

The Cock and the Anchor; a Tale of Old Dublin City. In 3 vols. London: Longman and Co.; Dublin: Curry and Co. 1845.

We are sorry to say that this novel has a glaring fault, which so entirely eclipses its merits that we are compelled reluctantly, but in the discharge of a solemn duty imposed upon us as the adopted guide of so many hundreds of readers who rely upon our recommendation, to pronounce of it that it is unfitted for admission into the family. We are not prudish; we do not affect to denounce as vulgar scenes in low life, merely as such. But there is a manner of painting them upon which their character will depend. It is not necessary to put into the mouths of the people who figure in them the very language of their class, however coarse and brutal. That is not wanting to verisimilitude. Not so seems to think the author of *The Cock and the Anchor*. He literally revels in the language and dialogue of the pothouse. He takes us from den to den of villany in the Irish metropolis, and sups us full of their profligacy, their coarseness, their profanity.

We much regret this, for the author is not wanting in power either for the framing of a plot or the sketching of character. Many of the scenes thus marred are marked by broad, life-like touches and genuine humour. The materials of a clever book are here, and, without the alloy we have indicated, *The Cock and the Anchor* would not unlikely have made a *sensation*. As it is, it cannot be sanctioned, nor, we fear, could it be amended in another edition. If the author would direct his undoubted abilities to a theme which might afford less temptation to indulgence in coarse talk, he might hope to take a high position among the novelists of our time; but his best friends will tell him that *The Cock and the Anchor* must be offensive to English *taste*, at least, even if it be acquitted of the charge of sinning against decency and morals.

POETRY.

Lays of the Heart. By W. J. Brock. London: Biggs. Mr. Brock is a smooth and careful versifier. He does not cripple through his stanzas, now a hobble and now a halt in rhythm, but he keeps the "even tenor of his way," and proves thereby that his ear has been attuned to the melody of sound. For an author to be classed above mediocrity is a mark of praise, but only *comparative* praise. The mediocrity of one age may be the superiority or the inferiority of another age. Every poem has two characters, individual and comparative. The individual cannot be judged by analogy. It must stand by its own strength, without the fictitious aid of what is, or what has been, written. But very different from this is the comparative character of a poem. *That* must be rated by the value of other poems of the time; they must all be estimated, measured, and weighed together. But the comparative value of poetry never gains for it universal reading. Poets who were lights in their day, would find, could they peep from their graves, that their volumes are the mere lumber of our libraries, hid in a dusty and a dusky corner. The reason is, that their verses had no intrinsic greatness, but were valued—and properly so—as being the choicest fruit of the age. We are naturally inclined to judge literature by comparison, as we do the forms of creation; so the common dandelion is valued when it is surrounded by less beautiful flowers, but the odds are against it when the violet is by. It is but justice to judge Mr. Brock after this fashion; and therefore we affirm that he is not the *least* among his living brethren who attempt to ride the fiery Pegasus, but who find him as unmanageable as Phaeton did his father's chargers. Here, however, the comparison ends. For the very merit our author possesses we will not measure him by a thousand men who have laid down their lives at the shrine of poetry. Mr. Brock is a moral writer, we may say a religious one; but he does not pervert the high purpose of poetry by making it the advocate of any sectarianism. He writes with a Christian spirit, and his "Lays of the Heart" are a simple history of his Christian emotions. "The Young Pilgrim" has a warmth and freshness, characteristic of poetry and devotion:—

"Young pilgrim in life's early years,
Bright golden dreams are thine,
No cloud across thy path appears
To check thy joy divine;
The voice of Hope with pleasing sound
Is heard, and round thy young heart bound
Affection's tendrils twine.

Warm is thy heart and bright thine eye,
Piercing through future scenes;
All, all seems tinged with brilliancy,
Nor teardrop intervenes
To check the blissful dreams which cheer
Thy heart, like waters bright and clear
Wandering o'er meadowed greens.

Yet think not it will always be
As bright as it is now;
Rising from life's uncertain sea
Some cloud may mark thy brow,
The fairest flower may yield a thorn,
And thy unwary bosom torn,
May mourn a broken vow.

The Tempter with a syren's voice
And thousand honeyed charms,
May offer pleasures, promise joys
Within his treacherous arms;
But heed him not, death lingers there
In ambush, thy young soul to tear,
Mid danger's vain alarms.

Let not false pleasure's painted flowers
Allure thee from the road
Which leads to Canaan's fadeless bowers,
The Christian's blest abode;
With faith's keen eye uplifted there,
With heart engaged in ceaseless prayer,
Seek, seek thy father's God.

O 'tis a noble pilgrimage
To seek that better land,
And when those locks are grey, and age
Thy blooming brow shall brand
With furrows deep, e'en then thy guide
Will lead thee o'er life's ebbing tide
With an unerring hand.

Mr. Brock has little imagination; he is a teacher of the useful, and never wanders after the speculative. He has measured his strength, and not, like "little wanton boys who swim on bladders," ventured beyond his depth. In not attempting much, he has accomplished the more, because in the endeavour to grasp too large a substance he probably would have caught only a shadow. With another creditable extract we leave this little volume.

THE POET'S BRIDE.

O wouldst thou be a poet's bride,
Think not his eyes are always bright;
Think not that joy's all rapturous tide
For ever laves his soul with light;
The sweetest strains to music given
In lowest breathings oft are played,
The bird that nearest soars to heaven
Reposes in the silent shade.

So he who sometimes blithely soars
Far in the bright and sunny clime,
Whose harp its sweeping numbers pours,
And present brings the bygone time;
Whose mounting spirit loves to roam
In thought-built worlds where none may rest,
Wearied with soaring seeks a home
Upon affection's peaceful breast.

A poet is a human shrine,
Lit up at times by heavenly fire,
And, wouldst thou call the poet thine,
In silence oft may hang his lyre;
His wounded spirit oft may need
Love's hand to stanch the bleeding tide;
Say, wilt thou make that tide recede?
Then mayst thou be a poet's bride.

EDUCATION.

A Course of English Reading adapted to every taste and Capacity, with Anecdotes of Men of Genius. By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A. Author of "The Student's Guide," &c. London: Longman and Co.

In reply to a request from a young lady, Mr. Pycroft presented her with a course of reading. It was found efficacious, and he was induced to enlarge this sketch and publish it in its present form.

And a very sensible work it is. The course of reading recommended is sufficiently comprehensive, without being too large for persons engaged in the business of life. There are few indeed who might not master it within a reasonable period by the simple process of doing a certain quantity every day. The course comprises History, Philosophy, the Fine Arts, the Scriptures, Poetry, and Natural Philosophy. They who have ever tried it will acknowledge the vast advantage systematic has over desultory reading, and the arrangement proposed by Mr. Pycroft is in accordance with the natural evolution of the mind, saving only that he puts physical science *last* when it should be *first*. The chapters are devoted to naming the best books and parts of books under each division which the reader should peruse and the order in which they should be taken up, and these instructions are rendered exceedingly amusing by scraps of anecdote and information with which the author relieves his catalogue as he goes along. We heartily recommend this very sensible and useful volume to the regards of all who desire to pursue a rational and systematic course of reading.

School Catechisms. By the Rev. T. Wilson. London: Darton and Clark.

In our school-time, Pinnock's *Catechisms* reigned supreme. They were our first instructors in science, and pleasant teachers they were. But science does not stand still. Mighty changes have been wrought, and the books that were authorities then would be misleaders now. Besides, some progress has been made in the art of conveying knowledge. Pinnock was far from perfect in this respect. He was not quite master of the art of putting abstruse ideas in a familiar shape. He fell into the fault of taking too much for granted, assuming that the child knows a great deal more than he does know, and forgetting that terms intelligible enough to him were mysteries to the learner.

Mr. Wilson's *Catechisms*, which have superseded those of Pinnock, appear to have avoided the defects of the ancient pedagogue. They are written by a variety of hands, each subject having been wisely intrusted to a person peculiarly conversant with it; but all have worked together in harmony with the common design, and the result is a series of catechisms for schools and families which not only bring down the information to the present state of knowledge in every branch, but convey it in a form adapted to the comprehension of those who have to perform the double task of learning both the meanings of words and the things those words are intended to describe. With such recommendations, Wilson's *Catechisms* have deservedly taken the place of Pinnock's, and we can confidently recommend them wherever they may be yet unknown.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart. on the Education of the Middle Classes, &c. London, 1845. Hatchard.

The purpose of this pamphlet, whose title is too long to be copied entire, is to urge upon the Government the necessity for legislative interference to remedy evils of no trifling magnitude, resulting from the notorious incompetency of schoolmasters and tutors. The author argues his point with considerable ability, and with the earnestness of profound conviction. His suggestions for curing the evil complained of are as follow:—

1. That no person be allowed to act in the capacity of a teacher, whether as schoolmaster or tutor, so as in any way to instruct children for fee or reward (except in cases of masters instructing pupils or apprentices, in any trade or profession), until he have first obtained a certificate, giving him due authority to act as a teacher.

2. That a board of examiners be formed, consisting of gentlemen of erudition, who (either as a committee appointed by Government, or as a corporate body, duly chartered, like our Universities, or some of our public societies) should devote much of their time to the general improvement of education among the middle classes, and particularly to the examination of candidates for the office of teachers.

3. That, in future, all schoolmasters be required, previously to their performing any of the functions of public teachers, to undergo a strict examination before such committee, or board of education, in those branches of learning respectively, of which they should severally propose to become teachers. And that each candidate, who should be found qualified, be furnished with a *certificate*, specifying the particular branches of education in which he should be deemed competent to teach.

4. That no schoolmaster, having such certificate, should be allowed to teach in any other branch of education than that for which his certificate should declare him qualified, unless he should first duly qualify himself by passing a further examination, and so become furnished with the additional certificate. And,

5. That these examinations be conducted upon similar principles to those pursued at our Universities and public schools; whilst, in order to afford every facility to candidates offering themselves for examination, a list of standard authors might be published, comprehending those books which might be judged to contain the best information on the various subjects respectively, and out of which the several candidates would have to be examined.

We submit this scheme to the consideration of our readers. We have neither space nor leisure to review the merits and defects that are apparent upon the face of it.

Speech of Thomas Wyse, Esq. M.P. on the Extension and Improvement of Academical, Collegiate, and University Education in Ireland. With Notes. London, 1845. Simpkin and Co.

The unwearied zeal with which Mr. Wyse has devoted himself to the cause of education entitles his opinions to the most respectful consideration. His singleness of purpose lifts him above all party and sectarian influence, and in whatever he says touching upon education, we have the sincere expression of a judgment based upon observation, reading, and reflection, systematically conducted for a long series of years,—in fact, the fruits of the undivided labours of a life.

The speech of such a man upon such a theme, at this moment of excitement, deserves a more substantial record than the columns of a newspaper. In the pamphlet form, with the notes appended, it will doubtless be attentively perused by all who take an interest in the great question of our generation—How shall the people be educated?

The Formation of Words of the German Language, &c. By H. Apel. London: Simpkin and Co.

All who have made a study of the language of Germany will have experienced great difficulty from the absence of a knowledge of the formation of words. The purpose of the volume on our table is to help the student over this obstacle; it teaches, in fact, the etymology of the language; the plan is, first, to shew the radical words, but so that the pupil may be able to repeat together with the Infinitive also the Imperfect Tense, and the Past Participle, thus resting his knowledge in the Verb, the most significant word the language contains. From the Radicals he proceeds to the Derivatives, both primary and secondary, repeating the article with the substantives, so that the gender may be learned with the word; and thus the composition of words is readily acquired, and indelibly imprinted upon the memory. Some questions for examination are appended, whereby the student may test his own attainments. We can recommend this little book as a valuable guide to a knowledge of German.

An Elementary Grammar of the German Language. By Heinrich Apel. London: Simpkin and Co.

This grammar appears to be written after a simple and rational plan, and to be well adapted for self-tuition. It is founded on the system of Dr. Becker, but Mr. Apel has adapted it to English needs.

PERIODICALS.

But few periodicals have come to hand since our last, and they contain nothing peculiarly deserving of notice.

The *seventh* number of *The Classical Museum*, published by Taylor and Walton and edited by a society of noblemen and gentlemen, contains seven articles, all very learned, and to profound classics doubtless very interesting, although to us, who confess to a greater regard for the world *as it is*, than the world *as it was*, most of them are dull enough. Mr. Yates discourses elaborately on the use of the terms Acanthus, &c. The Rev. W. Linwood reviews a new edition of *Æschyli Supplices*. Dr. Smith's new mythological dictionary is noticed and approved by Mr. T. Dyer, and Professor Long renews his examination of the passage in *Appian's Civil Wars* which relates to the Licinian law. Other brief notices of new classical works make up the number.

George Cruikshank's Table Book, for April, is as excellent in its pictorial, and as wretched in its literary, department as its predecessors. How full of genius is the *Young Ladies' Vision of the London Season*, twenty pictures in one, and each a gem. This alone is worth more than the price of the number, and for this alone can it be recommended to the reader's notice; for nothing can be more vile than the productions of the pen with which the few pages of type are disgraced.

A new periodical, entitled *The Illustrated Family Journal*, has been forwarded. In size it is a fac-simile of *Chambers's Journal*, in price a halfpenny more; but then it is abundantly illustrated with woodcuts of considerable merit. The literary contents are various in their style, mingling essays, tales, poetry, science, and gossip. Some of the articles are original, but the greater portion of them are extracted from modern works. We cannot say much for the original papers; they are the productions of inexperienced writers, and we would recommend the editor to confine himself wholly to extract, unless he can obtain the contributions of the *best* pens. A great deal of taste is displayed in the selections, especially of poetry, and if the illustrations continue to be as well executed as hitherto, we have no doubt that this new periodical will prove a successful attempt to establish a cheap journal in which literature and art combine their efforts towards the same end. But the conductors must be satisfied with nothing short of the *best* of both that money can procure. Thus, and thus only, amid so much competition, can success be assured; but with that and perseverance, it is certain nothing really good fails in the end to reap its reward.

Sealey's Western Miscellany is a small monthly magazine, published at Bristol. Its contents are prudently localized as much as possible, and the graver has aided the topographer in describing some of the most curious and interesting objects in the surrounding country. Tales, poetry, and essays are mingled with the topography, and help to vary the reader's enjoyment. But from experience we say to the Editor, give as much of the latter, and as little of the former as possibly you can. Local periodicals can subsist only by catering local matters which cannot be procured elsewhere.

RELIGION.

A Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity. In a letter from the Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe, late Chief Justice of the King's Bench. *With a Preface and Notes*, by the Rev. James Wills, A.M. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

As a relic of so excellent a man and so sound a lawyer as the late Chief Justice Bushe, this volume will interest his friends, and may attract some attention from the busy public. Its merits, as a literary composition, are not, however, of a very high order. The great subject the learned author had undertaken to treat was not one, perhaps, calculated to call forth much congeniality of thought, even had the writer possessed any. In fact, it is a furbishing up of old arguments; a sort of abstract or brief of what his predecessors have said, and it will serve the purpose at least of recalling their reasonings and presenting at a glance the collected evidences that prove the truth of Christianity. In doing this the Chief Justice availed himself of his experience as a lawyer, and the hand of the practised analyst of proofs is apparent throughout. It might be advantageously given to youth as a useful assistant in theological study, or as a preparatory step to more elaborate writers.

Mores Catholici; or, Ages of Faith. Parts IV. and V. London: Dolman.

We have already noticed the characteristics of this publication, and especially its eloquence of language, simplicity of thought, and poetry of sentiment. These new numbers exhibit the same earnestness of purpose and the same extensive learning, the copious quotations with which they are studded being gathered from the entire range of literature, ancient and modern, home and foreign. It cannot fail to interest even those who dissent from its doctrines.

MISCELLANEOUS.

American Facts, Notes, and Statistics, relative to the Government, &c. of the United States of America. By George Palmer Putnam. London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

In the present relationship of the two countries, a collection of *facts* relating to the Government, resources, engagements, manufactures, &c. of America will be acceptable in England. But where are *facts* to be found? Brother Jonathan has a natural tendency to exaggeration, especially on all matters affecting the repute of "the smartest nation in all creation." An American writing for America must employ the language of praise, swell the schedule of advantages, and dwindle the category of evils to the smallest span, or he will be exposed to the vengeance of the insulted majesty of the sovereign people. If, on the other hand, he writes for the information of stranger countries, forthwith his personal vanity counsels to make out the best case he can for the society of which he is an unit. Hence the difficulty always experienced by the inquirer in ascertaining the exact truth relating to the power and resources of the United States.

Mr. Putnam's volume is, perhaps, as fair a compilation of American statistics as could have been expected from a citizen of New York. They were, as the editor admits in his preface,

hurriedly thrown together amid the pressure of business; but still preserving something like a methodical arrangement, which serves materially to assist research, and helps, by association, to bring the more important facts readily back into the memory.

Mr. PUTNAM's professed object is to enlighten Englishmen as to the real greatness of the Union, of which he declares we have very imperfect notions. For this purpose he treats successively of its extent and resources, of its constitution and government, of its religion and philanthropy, of its education, its literary and scientific institutions, its literature, fine arts, society, and manners.

The second part consists of documents, notes, and statistics, being mere reprints of state papers, and articles in magazines and reviews.

In an Introduction, the author ridicules very fairly that ignorance of the true condition of America and of the character of its people which undoubtedly prevails in England, even in circles otherwise well informed. He remarks that he has seen surprise expressed that a Yankee could talk good English, although the truth is that the purest English is more generally spoken in America than in England. The most vague conceptions exist as to the *extent* of the country. An inhabitant of one state is expected to know all about those of another, in utter forgetfulness that they are further separated than is England from Italy. But while he protests against the absurdities of English notions, he rebukes the opposite folly into which his own countrymen have fallen, of talking so big about "our glorious republic." "This," he says frankly, "is getting to be a nuisance to sensible men of all countries, and especially when it is the mere vapouring of a braggadocio."

He expresses his abhorrence of slavery, but he reminds the English who are so fond of making it the subject of their sneers, that it is to England after all that America is indebted for her plague-spot; moreover, it is quite forgotten that a part of the United States, equal in extent to all Great Britain, Ireland, and half of Europe, *has no slavery at all;* and in many of these states slavery was abolished long before emancipation could command a decent minority in the English Parliament.

Repudiation is another theme for prejudice to sport withal. But the dishonesty of one state should not be saddled upon all. The Union pays its state debts; and with as much reason might the English Government be charged with dishonesty because some turnpike trusts, become insolvent through bad management, are unable to meet the interests on their bonds.

Mr. PUTNAM reminds his English readers that the matter is not so very bad, when it is considered that in twenty years the United States have paid to Great Britain for merchandise no less a sum than *two hundred millions sterling!*

The area of the United States is 2,300,000 square miles, or 650,000 miles more than the whole of Europe, excepting Russia. The single state of Virginia is one-third larger than England. The population of the Union was, in 1840, 17,062,666, nearly doubling itself every twenty years.

Slavery exists in thirteen out of the twenty-six states; but even in the slave-holding states it is admitted to be an unmitigated evil, which the inhabitants would gladly abolish if they could be shewn how it might be done with safety to the white population.

The revenue is derived chiefly from duties on imports and the sale of public lands. The income exceeds the expenditure by seven millions of dollars:—

In 1837, the Government, after paying off the whole, principal and interest, of the national debt, contracted during two long wars, was enabled to distribute among the different States no less than 37,468,859 dollars of surplus revenue. The subsequent decrease in customs, owing to the commercial revulsions, compelled the Government again to incur a small debt. The loan, however, was promptly taken at home, and the stock, by the last quotations, was sold at a premium of fourteen per cent.; *i. e.* 114 dollars in money were given for 100 dollars of stock.

The modest scale of salaries to officials will astonish an Englishman:—

The salary of the President is 25,000 dollars (5,000*l.*), with an official residence; of the Vice-President, 5,000 dollars (1,000*l.*); of the Cabinet (except Attorney-General), 6,000 dollars (1,200*l.*) each.

Congress consists of the Senate and House of Representatives, resembling the two Houses of Parliament.

The Senate consists of fifty-two members, two from each state, chosen, not by the people, but by the legislature, for a term of six years; and, to prevent sudden changes of policy, one-third are elected every year.

The representatives are chosen for two years, by districts in each state. The present number is 225.

The following is a sketch of

THE JUDICIAL INSTITUTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The judicial power of the United States is vested in a Supreme Court, consisting of a chief justice and nine associate justices; nine district courts, consisting of a judge of the Supreme Court, and a district judge; and thirty-four district courts, held by a district judge alone; from whose decisions there is, in certain cases, an appeal to the Circuit Court, and from this to the Supreme Court. All these judges are appointed by the President, subject to the approval of the Senate. They hold their offices "during good behaviour;"—in other words, for life, unless impeached for misconduct,—a case which has happened but once with a judge of the Supreme Court, and rarely, if ever, with a district judge.

These "United States' District Courts" have only jurisdiction in cases affecting the general government—such as those connected with the customs and revenue, offences on the high seas, &c.

The Supreme Court meets annually at Washington. It is a tribunal eminently calculated to command respect. The judges have always been those of the highest legal ability, and of unimpeachable character. Appointed as they are for life, not by the people, but by the President and Senate, and holding office usually during many successive administrations, they are far removed from corrupting influences and popular control. Their decisions are, of course, final. They have the power of cancelling any act of Congress, even though signed by the President, if they decide it to be at variance with the principles of the constitution. To them also lies an appeal upon all judicial questions arising between the citizens or governments of the different States. "In the nations of Europe," says De Tocqueville, "the courts of justice are only called upon to try the controversies of private individuals; but the Supreme Court of the United States summons Sovereign Powers to its bar. When the clerk of the court advances on the steps of the tribunal, and simply says—'The State of Ohio *versus* the State of New-York,' it is impossible not to feel that the court he addresses is no ordinary body; and when it is recollected that one of these parties represents one million, and the other two millions of men, one is struck by the responsibility of the seven judges, whose decision is about to satisfy or disappoint so large a number of their fellow-citizens."

At this moment the reader may like to learn something of the warlike resources of the Union.

The regular army amounts only to 9,012 men; but the States are provided with a militia, which numbered, in 1841, 1,587,722 men, of whom 300,000 are regularly armed and trained several times a year.

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The navy of the United States, though comparatively small, is said to be unexcelled in the completeness and efficiency of its appointments. It consisted in 1841 of eleven ships of the line; thirteen frigates of the first class; two frigates of the second class; twenty-three sloops of war; four brigs; eight schooners; two steam-frigates, and several smaller steam-vessels. There are six commodores, commanding squadrons; seven commanders of navy yards; three post-captains; two commanders of naval stations; a governor of the naval asylum; and sixty-seven captains.

England might take example from the state of

EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The provision for public schools and elementary education in most of the States, and more particularly in New England and in New York, is liberal and ample. The general statistics are thus given by the census of 1840:—3,248 academies and grammar schools, with 164,270 scholars; 47,207 primary schools, with 1,845,113 scholars: scholars at the public charge, 468,323; white persons above twenty years of age who cannot read or write, 549,905. Of this number it is estimated that two-thirds are foreigners.

In Cincinnati, a place which was a wilderness only sixty years since, a single publisher has printed in six years 650,000 school books.

The condition of literature in America will especially interest our readers:—

SALE OF AMERICAN BOOKS.

Reference has already been made to the American historical publications and collections of materials for history. As illustrative of the demand in the United States for original works of this character, it may be repeated, that of Mr. Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, in three expensive octavos, nine editions were called for in four years; and of his *Conquest of Mexico* 5,000 copies were printed as the first edition from the stereotype plates. Each of these works is elegantly printed, and costs about a guinea and a half per copy.

The first volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States* was published in 1834; and the last edition was the tenth. The three volumes cost the same as Prescott's.

The writings of Washington, collected by Mr. Sparks, form twelve illustrated octavos,—an expensive set; those of Franklin fill ten large volumes; yet no less than 6,500 sets of the former, and 4,500 of the latter, have actually been printed, and purchased by the not ungrateful countrymen of those two great men.

A similar taste and demand exist for good books of travels.

The first two works of Stephens, although published anonymously, and the subject not very novel, had an immediate and extensive sale worthy of their subsequent reputation; and no less than 12,000 copies of his expensive work on Central America were called for in less than three years.

Of Dr. Robinson's *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, in three octavos, which even the *Quarterly* was ready to praise, the first edition consisted of 2,500.

In poetry about 120 original works, and in fiction about the same number, were published between 1830 and 1842.

America is ahead of us in its patronage of

ETHICAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Ethical and political philosophy receive some little attention in the United States, as would appear by booksellers' lists. The works of President Edwards (whose name as a metaphysician has been heard of abroad), and those of recent writers, such as Upham, Tappan, Schmucker, Rauch, Wayland, Marsh, Day, Bowen, Adams, and Emerson, may afford some proofs that Americans occasionally indulge in 'speculation' of another sort, than that for mere money-getting. Added to these *original* treatises, are original translations of the works of Cousin, Jouffroy, De Wette, Gall, Spurzheim, and others: and it is a rather curious fact, that Americans have *first* collected and *first* printed complete editions of the works of such English writers as Cudworth, Bolingbroke, Burke, Paley, and Dugald Stewart; and first printed in a book from the essays and reviews of Carlyle, Macaulay,* Jeffrey, Talfourd, Stephens, and Professor Wilson. They have also reprinted the works of Bacon, Dr. Brown, Reid, Coleridge, Bentham, Abercrombie, Dymond, Adam Smith, Chalmers, Isaac Taylor; and yet a learned historian, already quoted, says that in America "works on the higher branches of speculation and philosophy are *unknown*."

The general results are thus stated:—

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

A list for about twelve years, ending 1842, gives the following particulars, viz.:—

	Number of Works. Original American.	Reprints.
Biography	106	122
American History and Geography	118	20
Foreign History and Geography	91	195
Literary History	—	12
Ethics	19	31
Poetry (in separate volumes)	103	76
Novels and Tales	115	—
Greek and Latin Classics, with notes	36	none
translated	—	36
Greek, Latin, and Hebrew Text Books	35	none

Medical, law, and miscellaneous—not ascertained.

Nor is literature a barren pursuit in the States:—

PROFITS OF AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

American authors are not always deprived of just remuneration for their writings. The Harpers, of New York, are said to have paid Mr. Prescott 7,500 dollars (1,500*l.*) for the *first* edition of his *Conquest of Mexico*, and to have offered double that sum (which was declined) for the entire copyright. In two years the sale of *Barnes' Notes* yielded the author alone more than 5,000 dollars. President Day has received more than 25,000 dollars (5,000*l.*) for an Algebra; and Dr. Webster had about the same sum for a spelling-book (!); and all these yet retained their copyright in future editions. A Philadelphia publisher paid to authors 135,000 dollars in five years.

* The whole of Macaulay's Essays, in two volumes, are sold in New York for 50 cents (2*s.* sterling). This is giving *literature* "to the million." 5,000 copies, at least, have been circulated.

There are in all 227 periodicals, 138 daily newspapers, and 1,266 weekly or semi-weekly papers. Some of the magazines enjoy a circulation of from 20,000 to 30,000 copies.

Mr. PUTNAM asserts that American publishers never suppress the names of the authors of the English works they reprint, or change or disguise the titles to pass them for originals. Not so the English publishers. He prefers great and just complaints against the piracies of English publishers:—

THE TABLES TURNED.

Two or three articles from the *North American Review*, at different times, have been appropriated entire, as *original*, in the pages of a London Review, whose age and respectability should have discountenanced such an act. The transplanting of American magazine articles into English periodicals, frequently in so disguised a shape that the exotic loses its identity, has become an ordinary occurrence. Some works of fiction, in their new names and English dress, would scarcely be recognised by their own fathers. The transformations of *Burton* into *Quebec and New York*; of *The Infidel* into *The Fall of Mexico*; of *Probus* into *The Last Days of Aurelian*; and *Letters from Palmyra* into *Zenobia* herself; of *Young Maiden* into *English Maiden*; and *American Traveller* into *African Traveller*, are as sudden and ingenious as the changes of a pantomime.

Charcoal Sketches jump into the *middle* of London orthodox 'three volumes,' and leave their own name and their father's on the other side of the ocean. The Londoners take a Natural History from Dr. Harris, a translation of Heeren from Mr. Bancroft, a Greek Grammar from Mr. Everett, and a Law of Bailments from Judge Story, not only with no "by your leave," but with a false assumption of paternal honours. And more recently a bulky Greek Lexicon of high standing, by an Edinburgh professor, has copied page after page from the American work of Mr. Pickering, without so much as alluding to the existence of such a work in its list of authorities.

It appears from a catalogue that in ten years no less than 382 American works have been reprinted in England: many of them have found an immense sale. Of DANA'S *Two Years before the Mast*, there were *four* rival editions, and of one of them no less than 15,000 copies were sold.

The statistics of the Fine Arts in America are curious, but too long for investigation in the columns of THE CRITIC.

The chapters on the state of Society and Manners are interesting, but we must pass them over, and conclude by recommending this volume to those who seek the best collection of American *Facts* that has yet been made, and which forms a basis upon which in future editions a work of high value and authority may ultimately be constructed.

A detailed Report of the Proceedings in the Trial of the Eighteen Parsee Prisoners for Murder, before the Supreme Court, Bombay, on Wednesday, July 17, 1844. London, 1845. Clarke.

IT is our duty as Journalists of Literature to record the publication of this trial. But it has so little interest for the bulk of our readers that we should not be justified in doing more than announcing its appearance.

The Modern Orator. Parts I. to IV. Aylott and Jones.

THESE parts complete the speeches of Lord CHATHAM, which are to be followed by those of SHERIDAN. We have already observed, that the design of this publication is a very promising one; but, considering that copyright costs nothing, the price is much too great. A sheet of sixteen pages might well be afforded at twopence, and the printing might be a little closer. We are satisfied that a consequent increase of circulation would soon repay the added cost, and thus within a reasonable time might there be a collection of British oratory; but at the present rate of publication, it will be a work of years to gather it together. We make these remarks in the most friendly spirit, and simply because we are anxious for the success of an enterprise that is really wanting to our libraries.

The Spirit of the Polka; being an Historical and Analytical Disquisition on the prevailing Epidemic, its Origin and Mission. By Captain KNOX, Author of "Hardness," &c. London, 1845. Ollivier.

A *jeu d'esprit*, suggested by the polka-mania, now rapidly on the decline. We cannot compliment Captain KNOX on

his performance; it was not written in one of his happiest moods. The humour is too often coarse, and the wit far-fetched. It does not flash upon you on the instant: you have to ponder upon the page to find out the point, and often when found it is not worth the search. This *brochure* might have served well enough for the pages of a magazine, but it scarcely deserved the honour of separate publication.

ART.

THE PANORAMA OF NANKING.

In the magnificent and greatly admired panorama of Hong-Kong, we thought Messrs. Burford and Selous had attained to a pitch of excellence, beyond which, in this kind of painting, it was impossible to reach. We were, however, deceived; for in the unique and splendid picture now under notice, they have surpassed all previous efforts, and produced a work which, for fidelity, character, colour, and general artistic management, stands unrivalled by any ever produced in this country. This indeed is saying much, but not too much; it is high praise no doubt, but not extravagant.

This view of Nanking occupies the large circle, where was last exhibited the panorama of Hong-Kong. It is taken from a height overlooking the city and the extensive plain in which it stands. In the immediate foreground to the south is a meeting between Sir Henry Pottinger, Sir Hugh Gough, and other British officers, and the three Chinese Imperial Commissioners, the Tartar General, and other natives of distinction. Near these are groups of Tartar cavalry, Chinese gamblers, peace-keepers, and idlers. To the north stands the famous and beautiful Porcelain Pagoda—a structure which, though foreign in style, when compared with European architecture, cannot be viewed without eliciting admiration, so exquisite is its form, and such the harmony of its parts. Beyond this, surrounded by wide and lofty walls, embracing an extent of several miles, stands the city of Nanking, with its narrow streets, its canals, and public buildings. Between the walls and the spectator lies the grand canal, enlivened by shipping and crossed by curious bridges; leading out to the west it joins the noble river Yang-tse-Keang, on whose broad surface rides the British fleet securely at anchor. On three sides the vast plain stretches away into the distance, and is bounded by lofty mountains, whose abrupt lines and pinnacle-shaped peaks indicate their substance to be granite, or some similar hard material. The roads are enlivened with natives of divers costumes and following different pursuits; the canals, with boats and craft characteristic of the country. The fields, bountifully irrigated, present a charming verdure, though beneath a scorching sun, and waving with crops of rice and grain, convey a notion of the perfection to which, stimulated by the necessities of a redundant population, the industrious Chinese have pushed the art of agriculture. An abundance of trees of tropical and many other shapes lend their valuable assistance to complete the picture.

Fidelity of detail, without which works of this nature are nothing worth, has been carefully attended to throughout every part of this panorama. The broad outline of the city, its suburbs and surrounding country, has been truthfully preserved; nor is there a single accessory introduced which has not its original in that curious and interesting country. To the accuracy of the first we have the testimony of a gentleman who was present with the British forces, and for the latter the assurance and respectability of the artists. The local colour is everywhere good, in some places—such, for instance, as the flat plain extending to the river on the left—it is exquisite; there is a passage of sunlight from the east, which startles by its vividness; the atmosphere is clear, warm, and (akin with the subject) suggestive of a fragrant foreign odour; the trees stand out prominently and with actual substance; the effects are skilfully thrown in, and for the extreme care bestowed on the finish throughout this vast picture the artists deserve especial commendation.

We have spoken in flattering but most certainly in well-deserved terms of this noble panorama. So striking are its merits and so few its defects, that we cannot find it in our heart to suggest a fault. A more picturesque view we have often seen in this place, but one more interesting or novel by its nature, or one more *magically real*, we have never had the gratification of inspecting. After this, it were a work of supererogation to recommend to our readers a visit to this Panorama; the attractions it offers are of a nature to force their way with the public; and it will next be our office, no doubt, to congratulate the artists on the golden harvest they will reap, and which most undoubtedly they deserve.

Encouragement of the Fine Arts in France.—The *Moniteur* publishes an account of the number of pictures, &c. executed by order of the Minister of the Interior in 1843, and distributed in the churches and other public buildings throughout the country. From this statement it appears that, in 1843, 224 pictures and 12 busts and statues were placed in different public buildings. The expense of sculptures and bronzes amounted to 103,000 francs, of pictures 215,000 francs, and of medals 8,000 francs. Besides this, large sums were given by the government towards the expense of erecting monuments to public men; as, for instance, to Joachim Murat at Cahors, to Kleberger at Lyons, and to Deasix at Clermont. And immense sums were laid out in the restoration of the cathedrals of Velazy, &c. and of the celebrated Roman theatre at Arles. All this is independent of the pictures and sculptures painted by order of his Majesty for Versailles and the palaces, and of the improvements made under the directions of the Prefect of the Seine. We should be glad to see the liberality of the French Government, in all that regards the arts, imitated nearer home.

MUSIC.

The Musical Treasury, Vocal and Instrumental, &c. Parts XXII. and XXIII. London, Davison.

This is a collection of really *good* music, published at a surprisingly low price. It contains a variety of subjects—dance, song, glee, vocal and instrumental, sacred and secular, English, German, French, Italian—the best compositions of the best masters of all ages and nations—with sometimes original productions of living composers. Part XXII. for instance, is devoted entirely to sacred music, and contains Handel's *I know that my Redeemer liveth*; two Easter hymns; *Seek ye the Lord*; an air from *The Creation*, with new words; and an air from a MS. oratorio by Mr. H. West. Part XXIII. contains the *Norma Quadrilles*; a comic song, by Mr. W. L. Rede; Schubert's *La Poste Quadrille*; and the celebrated old Irish song, *The Green Bushes*; and all these for a shilling! We can heartily recommend this publication to families desirous of possessing a collection of good, useful, practical music, at a very trifling cost. To them it will indeed be a *treasure*.

Fede, Speranza, Carità; cosi a tre voci. Poesia di Manfredo Mazzioni; Musica di G. Rossini. Cramer and Co. Regent-street.

The eager anticipations of delight with which we first seized upon these compositions have lost none of their freshness upon a close and frequent intimacy. It is something to have to acknowledge a new obligation to this great master; and it is to find that obligation increased immeasurably when the occasion is so intrinsically valuable as the present. As we observed lately, the sacred music of our country is either too profound or too meagre to find its way into the use of general society. It comes upon us in the furred gown (and not very becoming cap) of the Mus. Doc. or in the gorgeous apparel of the Italian hierarchy, or else denuded at once of the dignity and splendour of both these, and cast into the world in the most humble guise of puritanical simplicity. To retain, therefore, the graces of the *lay* school of composition with so much of *sacred* feeling as should keep before the mind the character of the subject treated of, would appear to be no less a novel than a most acceptable service. How it has been achieved by Rossini a single hearing of these beautiful trios (for they are as effective with three single voices as well as with a choir) will serve to shew. There is a difference in the style of the two first and of the last, which is referable to the date of the compositions. *La Carità* has all the breadth of the style which broke upon us in the "gran maestro's" *Guillaume Tell*. The others are of an earlier period and of greater simplicity.

As these delightful creations of Rossini's genius are the discovery of some friend to whom the composer permitted an

inspection of his portfolio, we hope before long to find new treasures from the same source bursting upon us.

We must not omit to congratulate Signor MAZZIONI on his admirable adaptation of the Italian words to the music, which was, we believe, originally composed for the French verses which are given in this edition, the inspiration of which we should hardly have considered potent enough to kindle the musician to that fervour of expression which pervades these compositions.

MELODIST PRIZES.—The adjudication of the prize offered by the Duke of Cambridge, patron of the Melodist Club, for a convivial duet, took place on Thursday after dinner, at which his Royal Highness presided. Four compositions from candidates were very well sung by Mr. Manvers and Mr. Machin; and the prize, an elegantly chased silver salver, was awarded and presented to the respected Mr. Parry, honorary secretary to the club, by the royal chairman. A premium of five guineas, for the second-best duet, was awarded to Mr. C. E. Horn. Solos on the horn and violin, by Puzzi and Vieuxtemps, were most excellently performed; and several vocal pieces were sung in the course of the evening. Lord Saltoun, Sir A. Barnard, and a very numerous assemblage of amateurs and professors of music, passed a most harmonious and sociable evening at the Freemasons' Tavern.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

IT is with feelings of disgust and shame that we commence a record of the dramatic doings in the metropolis of England. One of the national theatres degraded to the purposes of a bazaar, a lottery, and meetings of Christians to vilify their fellow Christians; from the other the legitimate tragedy, comedy, and farce proscribed utterly, and opera dancers disgracing the boards once trodden by a KEMBLE, a SIDDONS, and a KEAN. The Haymarket and Sadler's Wells alone preserve a shadow of the British drama. Comedy reigns in the former, but it is not the true comedy, holding the mirror up to nature; but a sort of elaborate farce, caricaturing nature to excite a momentary laugh, and leaving no lasting impression upon the mind of the spectator. At the suburban theatre it is somewhat better. The legitimate drama has there found a refuge, and is received with honour, proving that the love of it is not quite extinct in the public heart, and that even yet it might be revived, were the attempt made with due reference to the peculiar circumstances of the time.

In such a condition of the genuine drama, which only is the proper theme for a critic, our duties in relation to it will be very light. We will not insult the taste of our readers by dwelling at any length on the performances of the theatres, until something shall arise more worthy the notice of criticism. In the matter of the vile ballets, and spectacles, and farces, borrowed from the French, of which nine-tenths of the playbills of the week are composed, we shall prefer simply to record as intelligence the fact of their various doings, with short accounts of the plots or most striking features of the new pieces brought out from time to time, that our readers may be informed what is doing in the theatrical world. When, however, any thing shall chance to appear bearing sufficient relationship to the true drama to deserve formal criticism, it shall be given to the best of our ability—at least with an honest expression of opinion as to the literary merits of the work, and the skill with which it is embodied by the actors. Nor shall we omit *any* opportunity of urging upon the English public the propriety of making some effort to restore the national drama to its proper place, by means which we have already indicated, which we shall repeat again and again, and of the success of which we feel more assured the more we reflect upon them.

We believe that by the course above described we shall more please the readers of THE CRITIC than if we were to adopt the fashion of our contemporaries, and fill with tedious notices of bad plays columns which may be more usefully occupied with instructive and interesting material, that will exhibit the progress and proceedings of the real *mind* of the age we live in.

It will be as well to begin with a brief statement of what is doing at the principal theatres, and thenceforth to record the new pieces that make their appearance in the course of each week.

At DRURY LANE the opera and the ballet reign without a rival. *William Tell* and *The Bride of Lammermoor* take their turns. Her Majesty visited the theatre in state on Thursday se'nnight, and was right loyally received. *William Tell* and *Clari* were the pieces commanded. DUPREZ exerted himself to the utmost, and the Queen and the Prince expressed themselves much delighted with his fine voice.

At the HAYMARKET a new comedy, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, has been produced successfully, entitled, *Time works Wonders*. The *Times* thus describes the plot. But as we must go to press this week some days earlier than usual, that the applications for the 1st of the month by persons ignorant of the change may not be disappointed, we must reserve formal criticism and more details for another week. "There are two plots, which may be told in very few lines:—*Clarence Norman* has eloped with *Florentine* from a boarding-school, accompanied by *Bessy Tulip*, and stops to change horses at a road-side inn; but the marriage is broken off by the arrival of *Miss Tucker*, the schoolmistress, and the young man is sent by his uncle to the continent to be cured of his passion. Five years afterwards, *Sir Gibert*, meeting *Florentine*, the death of whose father has placed her in a state of independence, falls in love with her, and offers her his hand, which she accepts in a momentary fit of indignation at what she conceives the coldness and fickleness of *Clarence*, who has just returned from Italy. A reconciliation, however, takes place between the lovers, and the baronet perceiving that even he, with all his prejudices in favour of rank, is not proof against the attractions of *Florentine*, consents to the marriage of his nephew, after—not without a struggle—withdrawing his own claim. The *Goldthumbs* are the heroes of the other plot. *Felix*, on his father obtaining a large fortune, runs into all sorts of dissipation, and is sent to Java to get out of mischief and make his fortune. However, at the Cape of Good Hope he meets *Bessy Tulip* on her way to Trincomalee, marries her, and brings her back. The great point is to obtain the forgiveness of old *Goldthumb*, who is perpetually tormented for his cruelty by his wife (Mrs. W. CLIFFORD). He is a strange mixture of a wish to emulate the stern virtue of the Romans, of whom he has read in his trunks, and of an extravagant admiration for the genius of his son. A dream which terrifies him, and an accidental meeting with his son, whom he takes for a ghost (this is the weakest point in the piece), at last induce him to give his pardon. The circumstances of the elopement are all contained in the first act, which might with propriety be called an 'introduction,' and the 'wonders' which 'Time works' are the changes which take place in the four other acts, which are separated from the first by an interval of five years."

Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY are proceeding flourishingly with the LYCEUM. The great attraction is the very clever, sparkling, and admirably got up extravaganza entitled *Whittington and his Cat*. Mrs. KEELEY is inimitable as *Dick Whittington*. Everybody should see this lively, laughing burlesque. Last week a new one-act farce was produced under the title of *A Good Name*. The plot was slight, the situations were good, and it was played with much spirit by Mr. FRANK MATHEWS.

At the PRINCESS'S THEATRE, Miss CUSHMAN, the American actress, alternates in tragedy and comedy with translations of light French operas. There has been no novelty during the last week. But the lady has power and expression, and with many obvious faults mingles undoubted genius.

At the ADELPHI, the play, entitled *Green Bushes*, continues to draw crowds of delighted spectators. Some new pieces are in preparation, which will be noticed in due course on their appearance.

At SADLER'S WELLS, Mr. PHELPS and Mrs. WARNER continue their career with undiminished prosperity, presenting the best of our English dramas, and Shakespeare frequently, with so much ability, that the audience never departs unsatisfied; and the remembrance is a higher source of pleasure even than was the moment of enjoyment. This is the test of true excellence, and hence the undiminished interest of the public in the performances at this theatre, whose remoteness does not deter the real lovers of the drama from resorting thither from all parts of the metropolis.

The theatres on the other side of the water, and those which are so scattered about the far districts of London, as almost to be *provincial* in their character, are not of sufficient importance to claim a formal record, save on occasions when they produce something peculiarly novel or attractive.

With such a preface, we shall be enabled to preserve a sort of continuous catalogue of the dramatic doings from this day for the future. But, as we said before, unless there be real merit to entitle new works to formal criticism, our notices will be brief, and rather by way of *narrative* than disquisition.

ACTRESSES AND MANAGERS.—We have given an account of the pleadings before the Tribunal of Commerce in the suit of

Mademoiselle Grisi against M. Vatel, the manager of the Italian Theatre, for a month's salary (10,000f.), which M. Vatel had kept back as a part of a sum of 11,000f. claimed by him as the estimated receipts for the performance of the *Matrimonio Segreto*, which was prevented by the refusal of Mademoiselle Grisi to take what she regarded as a secondary part in the opera, and which is so regarded by some of the most eminent composers of the day, as was shewn by the certificates produced at the trial. The Tribunal yesterday gave its judgment in this case. The plaintiff's claim is rejected, and M. Vatel declared to have been justified in refusing to pay her the month's salary; but, as regards the remaining 1,500f. claimed by him, the tribunal estimates that the expenses of the performance in question, if it had taken place, would have amounted to that sum, and therefore the 10,000f. kept back from Mademoiselle Grisi by M. Vatel must be taken as the set-off against her claim of 10,000f. for a month's salary. The Tribunal, in its judgment, admits as a general principle, that a prima donna can only be called upon to play first-rate characters, but that there may be exceptions to this rule, and that the public are not to be deprived of the *chef-d'œuvres* of great composers by the refusal of any actor or actress to take a particular part, if it be not beneath the talent of the person to whom it is assigned by the manager. The judgment adds that, in the case of Mademoiselle Grisi, her having performed frequently, in London and Paris the part which she refused to fill for M. Vatel, was to be taken as a circumstance favourable to the decision of the defendant.—*Globe.*

THE COSMORAMA.

We have pleasure in welcoming the re-opening of this interesting and favourite exhibition. The views it comprises are—*Mount Libanus; Ancient Temple at Palmyra; Ostrogk, Kamtchatka; Quebec; Interior of St. Germain; Devil's Bridge; Pass of St. Gothard; Lake of Thun;* and *Passage of the Quindici.* Of these, perhaps the best are *Palmyra*, the *Church Interior*, and the *Swiss Lake;* all, however, are interesting. There is a chilliness of colour—produced very probably by the lenses, for we have always witnessed it in exhibitions of this kind—which is a slight drawback from the merit of these pictures; this, however, is more than compensated by an ingenious contrivance which gives the effect of motion to certain parts of the view. In the Kamtchatdale scene the volcano Klootchefsky is seen belching forth volumes of flame and smoke, and the effects of reflection and shadow pass and shift on the neighbouring mountain with a reality quite illusive. The waters, too, of the Reuss, in the pass of Mount St. Gothard, are seen to rush down with amazing velocity, throwing up clouds of spray in their passage through the rocks. A very agreeable hour may be spent at the Cosmorama.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

Dr. Ryan has commenced a series of very interesting lectures on domestic chemistry, in which he expatiates on the importance of ventilation, the doctrines of heat and light as applicable to the common concerns of life, and in a more recent lecture he treated of the chemistry of the table. His lecture on Thursday week was exceedingly well conceived; its topic the chemistry of the breakfast-table, Dr. Ryan commenced by citing Dean Swift's remark, "that so great was the extent of modern epicurism, that the world had to be encompassed before a washerwoman could sit down to breakfast;" and the learned lecturer said he would shew that this was not exaggerated; for to provide this most simple meal requires more than ordinary labour and skill. To use his own words, "Upon a table formed of the rare woods of Honduras is spread the snow-white damask of our own land. Before us is placed the beautiful ware of China or of Staffordshire, and the lustrous silver dug from the bowels of some distant land. To gratify our palates we have the fragrant tea-leaf from the Celestial Empire, and the aromatic coffee-berry from Mocha, Ceylon, Berbice, and St. Domingo. Nor must the luscious produce of the sugar-cane of the West India colonies be forgotten. Thus to supply the breakfast-table art and ingenuity must be taxed, and dangers by sea and land encountered." On each of these topics the doctor dwelt with much effect, from the bleaching the damask table-cloth to the laws of heat developed during the maceration of a cup of tea. The learned doctor was greatly and most deservedly applauded for the very able manner in which he treated his subject, so agreeably blending science and amusement.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of The Critic is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF MESMERISM.

As the present number of The Critic will introduce it to so many new readers, it may be desirable to repeat in few words what is the constitution and purpose of the Society whose proceedings are recorded in its columns.

It is composed of gentlemen associated for the express purpose of investigating the alleged phenomena of Mesmerism. There are two classes of members; town members and country members. The meetings of the Society are held at the residences of the town members in succession, the eatertainment being strictly limited to tea and coffee. Country members are exempt from this duty, and in lieu of it pay a subscription of half-a-guinea annually. Visitors are admitted on the introduction of members. The meetings are held on each alternate Saturday at eight o'clock.

By an express rule persons practising Mesmerism professionally are inadmissible as members, although their presence as visitors is always welcome.

At present the Society comprises sixteen town members and nine country members. All are gentlemen following various pursuits, but curious to ascertain by actual experiment, and by the application of every test the united ingenuity of the physician, the lawyer, and the man of science can suggest, the reality of the singular phenomena said to be exhibited in that peculiar condition of existence to which the name of Mesmerism has been given. They meet expressly to detect falsehold if it exist, as well as to give the sanction ofu nprejudiced inquirers to whatever they may ascertain to be true.

The competency of the Society to form a judgment upon the matter, and the value of their testimony, may be in some measure gathered from this fact, that its members comprise the following classes, namely—Six Barristers, one Physician, two Clergymen, eight Solicitors, three Officers of the Army, and six private Gentlemen.

The many new readers of The Critic who have been introduced to it for the first time on the occasion of this its new volume and weekly publication, are now in a position to estimate aright the interest and value that may attach to the proceedings of the Society, as from time to time they will be submitted to them in these pages.

The sixth meeting was held on Saturday, the 12th ult. Two new members were elected. The secretary related a very singular case which had accidentally fallen under his observation on the previous evening; as a full report of this is preparing, and will be duly published, it is not desirable to state it here.

Among the visitors was Mr. Spencer Hall, to whom the Society was indebted for the most novel and interesting experiments of the evening.

Mr. Spencer Hall first introduced a boy, named Robert Marsden, and the very remarkable features of his case were for the first time witnessed by the Society.

The experiments were conducted with him in the waking state; that is to say, without previously inducing the mesmeric coma. At will his extended arm was made rigid; against his most resolute efforts he was compelled to obey the will of the Mesmeriser. A stick was put into his hand, and involuntarily the arm was thrown into rapid motion, which continued until subdued by the command of the operator. But the strangest phenomenon was the entire subjection of the senses of the *waking* patient to the silent will of the Mesmeriser. Sight and hearing were destroyed and restored instantaneously. A handkerchief presented to the eyes assumed a variety of colours in succession, appearing to the patient to be white, and blue, and green, and yellow by turns. The same stick in his hands imparted a sensation as of burning, so that he was obliged to let it fall. Many other experiments of a like nature were made, but the description of which would be tedious.

Another boy, named Henry Wigston, was then introduced by Mr. Hall. He was thrown into the sleep in about three minutes. In this state he exhibited the following interesting and beautiful phenomena:—

His state was evidently that of dreaming, the dream being either suggested or modified by the Mesmeriser. But Mr.

HALL followed the directions silently given by the members of the Society as to the dream that should be excited, and the modification of it that should be introduced, thus rendering any thing like collusion impossible.

He was told to fancy himself a locomotive. Forthwith he imitated with singular correctness the noise of the engine working up the steam; his arm waved slowly, and presently the sound and motion simultaneously grew more speedy, until the arm was whirled round with a rapidity which, in the ordinary state, could not have been accomplished. On touching *cautiousness*, he imitated the railway whistle, as if to give notice for a look out, and so forth.

It was next proposed by one of the members that it should be suggested to him to dream himself a town crier. The suggestion was made by touching *imitation*, and telling him the character he was to assume. The change was complete and instantaneous. He rung an imaginary bell, took from his pocket an imaginary paper, and made proclamation in due form, inventing the subject as he went on. But the most curious and interesting portion of this experiment was the following:

The object was to influence the character of the dream by exciting various of the mental faculties, and to mark the effect of these complications upon the language and manner of the dreamer. To prevent the possibility of pre-arrangement, the organ to be excited was suggested to Mr. HALL by the members present, and communicated either in writing or by a whisper.

All the particulars of this singular experiment in mental physiology could not be detailed within any reasonable compass. Only a few can be narrated by way of example. For instance—when *veneration* was excited, he made proclamation of a sermon to be preached at some church; changing to *philoprogenitiveness*, and his cry was for a lost child; before he had completed the sentence, *mirth* was excited, and he added with a most comic expression of feature, "the said child being of the early age of fifteen years, and unable to take care of himself, and whoever shall restore him to his parents shall receive the large reward of one shilling, being sixpence more than the property is worth." *Combativeness* produced a cry touching some fight that was to come off, and *cautiousness*, a notice relating to a dangerous road that was to be avoided. And these inventions were not slowly pondered, but instantaneously produced as fast as the finger could be applied to the organ which the Society directed Mr. HALL to excite.

The effect of music was next shewn. The effect was to throw the boy into an ecstasy, in which he displayed the most intense emotion. He fell upon his knees, wore an expression, and took the attitudes, of devotion and hope, such as the best actor the stage has ever produced could not have approached in perfection. An eminent artist, who was among the visitors, declared that the finest of Raphael's conceptions fell short of the emotions displayed in this entrancing ecstasy.

Suddenly, at a signal given, the music was changed to a lively air. The expression of the face and the whole manner of the boy changed with it, and he danced and acted the sentiment of the music with perfect precision.

At whatever point the music was suspended, even when he was in a posture the most inconvenient, the whole body was instantaneously as rigid as if it had been suddenly changed to stone, and he could be lifted by the leg or the arm without changing the position of a muscle, or without the face losing the least of its ecstatic expression; and when replaced on the floor, the posture was precisely the same as before, nor were motion and sensation restored till the music began again.

In like manner, when poetry was recited, the boy acted its sentiments as fast as the speaker uttered them, even though it was perfectly new to him.

He was afterwards awakened without much difficulty, and was entirely without consciousness of what had passed during the evening.

Some of the above experiments were then tried by Mr. HALL upon one of the members of the Society, whose case has been already reported, and very nearly the same effects were produced on him, both when in a waking state, as in ROBERT MARSDEN, and in the sleep, as in HENRY WIGSTON.

At the close of the evening the thanks of the Society were unanimously voted to Mr. SPENCER HALL, for the very interesting and satisfactory phenomena he had been the means of introducing to their notice for the first time, as also for the readiness with which he had communicated some of the results of his great experience in the practice of Mesmerism.

The Society then separated.

EDINBURGH.—REMARKABLE CURES OF BLINDNESS.—The authoress of *Geraldine of Desmond* (to whom we owe an apology for having on the last occasion mis-stated her sex), has transmitted to the *Polytechnic Review* the following account of two remarkable cures of blindness by means of Mesmerism:—

Having heard that Dr. Montgomery Arnott, of this city, has been for five or six years an advocate of Mesmerism—which *he* calls Vital Magnetism—and understanding that, having performed several remarkable cures, he was (under Providence) giving and restoring sight to the blind, I desired to investigate the subject. For that purpose I was introduced to Dr. Arnott on the 25th of this month. The facts I then witnessed appear so interesting, and seem to establish so unquestionably the truth and power of Mesmerism as a therapeutic agent, that with Dr. A.'s permission, I send a plain statement for your perusal and subsequent publication in the *Polytechnic Review*. The two cases which came under my observation are only in progress of cure, and briefly are as follows:—

Miss Thew, a young lady between sixteen and seventeen years of age, is a native of Alnwick, in Northumberland, and was born all but actually blind. At seven years old she could barely distinguish night from day, but since that period she could not perceive the brightest sunshine differ from the darkest night, until the 11th of October last. Dr. Arnott commenced to vitally magnetise her by manipulations on the 4th of that month. This was continued morning and evening for an hour and a half each sitting, *no other remedy being applied*. She subsequently perceived the light of a candle with the right eye only, which occurred after the sitting of the 11th. The same treatment alone was continued until the 16th, when she got sight in the left eye also, the right having made surprising progress during the interval. After this period, in addition to vital magnetism, Dr. Arnott experimented with electricity, mineral magnetism, and the fumes of hydrocianic acid, each of which, he has reason to believe, accelerated the cure so far as it has gone. Miss Thew is now able to see her own features in a looking-glass, can distinguish the head-line of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and can trace with her finger the scroll heading of the *Scotsman* newspaper. She can see people walking in the street from sixteen to twenty feet from her; and on the 12th instant, during a drive to Newhaven, on passing along George's-street, she observed from the carriage-window people walking on the pavement, and was able plainly to distinguish ladies from gentlemen; she also pointed out two dogs running along in an opposite direction to that which she was taking. In passing Inverleith-row she saw the evergreens before the doors, being the first trees she had beheld. At Newhaven stone pier she observed a fishing-boat between her and the sun when still at the distance of eighty yards at least, and asked what was the long dark object upright in it; she was told that one of the men was standing on the seat of the boat. When it came within a few feet of the pier, upon looking down, she distinctly saw the three men who constituted the crew. The dip and drip of the oar seemed to please her much. Her delight upon beholding the sea, the waves, and the light reflected from the water, was intense; she frequently exclaimed, "This is, indeed, a day in my life which I can never, *never* forget! there is nothing I longed so much to see as the great ocean; when I used to hear it while at sea-bathing quarters, from time to time, rippling and murmuring, dashing and roaring, how little did I think then that my wishes were so soon or ever to be gratified! Oh, what a difference I feel now, when compared with my former existence! Every day I get new ideas, that remain food for afterthought, and which I never could have had but for the blessing of sight." Miss Thew is an exceedingly interesting, apparently thoughtful, and accomplished girl. A lady who has heard her play on the piano and sing, and who is herself a proficient in music, informed me that her talent and acquirements in that charming science are far beyond what could be expected in one so young and labouring under the same bereavement. Her almost *total* want of sight at birth was said to have been from amaurosis. When Dr. Arnott undertook her cure she had a large cataract in both eyes, with opacity of the cornea, especially in the left. This eye was much sunk; the coloured part of each organ of vision, as far as could be seen in consequence of cataract, looked like a transparent sack half filled with muddy water, receding, and quite soft to the touch. Her eyes are now firm and full, the one nearly as much so as the other. The cataract in both has disappeared, excepting a very minute portion close to the upper and inner edge of the iris. The right eye is a pretty, clear hazel, and the left, although not yet so translucid, will evidently soon be of the same colour and brightness.

The other patient of Dr. Arnott is a servant girl named Ellen Skelley, aged eighteen, who was introduced to his notice on the second of November last, by the Rev. H. Carr, curate of Alnwick. Since childhood her sight was defective from chronic purulent inflammation of the eyes, and latterly her vision had all but gone, from amaurosis and opacity of the cornea. The pupil is now of the natural size, the opacity has left one eye, and has almost entirely disappeared from the other. She has for several weeks been able to read a book at the usual distance from the organs of sight, and also to write, and to sew. Her treatment has been the same as that of Miss Thew.

As Dr. Arnott intends to publish the full details of both cases when their cure is completed, I shall offer no comment on the subject, and merely send the above rough notes, exactly as they

were taken down—*currente calamo*—in his presence, in the hope that the facts which they communicate may be of service in establishing mesmeric truth.—Jan. 26, 1845.

MR. SPENCER HALL.—This gentleman, unquestionably the most experienced of the practitioners of Mesmerism, as will be seen by his advertisement, has returned to London, where he purposes to pursue the curative practice of Mesmerism, in which he has achieved such wonders in the provinces.

As we receive continual applications from persons desirous of making trial of mesmeric treatment for diseases which have baffled the skill of the physician for information where they may look for aid, we take this opportunity of commending to such Mr. SPENCER HALL as a gentleman in every way qualified for the task. Not only has he enjoyed a large experience, but he is a man of no ordinary intellect, accustomed to reflect as well as to act; and, above all, is he a person of high moral and earnest religious character; and they who are acquainted with the process of Mesmerism will at once recognise the value of such a recommendation. The report of the Society will probably contain some account of two of his cases. But no description can approach the reality. They must be seen to be appreciated. We perceive that an opportunity for personal inspection and examination is afforded by him to those who desire to make acquaintance with some of the most curious and beautiful, if not the most wonderful, of the phenomena of Mesmerism; and we can with the utmost confidence recommend them to visit Mr. SPENCER HALL, assured that they will be equally pleased with him, and delighted by his novel and instructive experiments.

ADOLPHE THE CLAIRVOYANT. (*From a Correspondent.*)—Some phenomena were elicited at an exhibition of the faculty of clairvoyance on the part of Adolphe, at the British and Foreign School-rooms, Pentonville, on Monday, the 21st ult. which are worthy of notice. A gentleman, who had never seen either Adolphe or his Mesmeriser, Mr. Vernon, before, and who had not even witnessed any experiment in Mesmerism, was placed *en rapport*. Adolphe, being in a state of somnambulism, was asked if he would accompany him to his house. The mind of the inquirer being strongly fixed on the route to be taken, Adolphe was asked which way they should turn on going out? He said to the right. He then said they went along the New-road, which he described as a wide road, not by name, again turning to the right. When they came to King's-cross, where the gentleman resides, the latter had that architectural abortion, the statue of George IV. now removed, strongly on his mind. Adolphe was asked, did he see any thing particular. He replied "Yes." "What?" "A building with a figure on its top." "Now, how do we go into my house?" "Across a garden, up some steps." "Right." "What sort of a room do you see?" "It has two windows." "Right." "Between the door and the windows there is a piece of furniture standing on another piece of furniture." "Right." "It ascends to the ceiling." "Right." "It has windows." "Right." "And doors to open." "Right." "It is full of things, but I cannot say what. Those at the lower part are about the length of this" (from the wrist to the tip of the fore-finger). "Right." "Above those are others, so long" (about eight or nine inches longer, marking on his arm). "Right." The article was a bookcase, and the smaller or 18mo volumes are at the bottom, while octavos and quartos are above. So far was evidently a case of mental transfer. He then said, that at the side of the large piece of furniture was a machine of copper, about eighteen inches high, and on it was something round, like a globe. Now this had entirely escaped his questioner's recollection, and, consequently, it was not at all present to his mind. However, it was quite correct, for beside the bookcase stood a table-lamp, with a globular shade. I do not stop to detail the previous experiments, in which he succeeded, viz. playing at écarté, and reading through an envelope, as well as the words "Timber Yard," and "Manufactory," on a card, having his eyes bandaged over cotton wool; conceiving that the fact of his describing an object which he never could have seen, and which was not even present to the mind of the stranger *en rapport*, is of so extraordinary a character as to call for especial observation. I should, however, add, that there were about 150 persons present, to some of whom the questioner was well known, and who all expressed their approbation and surprise in the most unequivocal manner.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

[The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is 5s. each.]

DEATHS.

PHILLIPS, Thomas, esq. R.A. F.R.S. on the 20th ult. at his house, in George-street, Hanover-square, aged 75.

SAUSSURE, M. de, the distinguished naturalist, a few days ago, at Geneva, aged 77.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

POETIC FEELINGS.

I can yoke rich words together,
Using fancy as their tether;
Utter syllables in rhyme
As if they were bells in chime.
Though for thee 'twere easier far
To unloose a silver star,
And to quench it in the seas,
Than to do such things as these.
Never fret and never pine
That thy skill is less than mine.
Though I have a magic rod,
Thou and I are of one clod;
Therefore libel not thy God,
With the false belief that He
Heeds thee not, but favours me.
Hast thou sunlight watched and shower,
Sea, and shell, and field, and flower,
Living insect, beast, and bird?
Hast thou for one moment heard
Children on their mother's knee
Prattle with untrammelled glee?
Or the wind sing in the tree?
Hadst thou so, and only cried,
"*Oh! how beautiful!*" and died,
That last hour had come to thee
With a flash of poetry.
Canst thou kiss a beggar's child,
And thyself think undefiled?
With no proud unchristian qualm,
Canst thou shake the horny palm
Of the meanest in the land
Freely as a jewelled hand?
Canst thou smile when others smile?
When they sorrow, weep the while?
Holding love a holy thing,
Would'st thou blush to stain his wing?
Canst thou search on history's page
For the men of every age
Who have dared the tyrant's ban,
And upheld the weaker man,
And while sounding fame records them,
Feel thy heart-strings stretch towards them?
If thy soul be formed for this,
Sigh not for the Muse's kiss,
Since the bird that sings the best
Feels no deeper than the rest.
Though thou hast no words to preach
Beauty unto all and each,
Never fret and never pine
That thy skill is less than mine;
Give thy Maker praise, and bow;
Shakspere felt no more than thou.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THIS number commences the weekly issue at the reduced price.

We repeat that no change will be made in the privilege allowed to Booksellers and Keepers of Circulating Libraries, who will be supplied with a stamped copy regularly, direct from the office, on prepayment in postage stamps of a *quarter's* supply (at the least), at the cost of the stamp and paper only, viz., *twopence* per number, or 2s. 2d. for the quarter.

Again we ask the Booksellers who feel an interest in the success of THE CRITIC, to aid it by circulating its prospectuses, as well as by their personal introduction of it to their customers. For this purpose, any quantity they may name shall be transmitted to them through any medium they may be kind enough to suggest; or, if they prefer it, a parcel shall be sent to them through some inexpensive conveyance, at our cost. But as all have agents who forward parcels regularly, perhaps they would inform us how some prospectuses may be inclosed, by stating where they may be sent.

The weekly numbers will go to press regularly on *Thursday* night, so that all Advertisements must reach the office by Thursday's day post at the latest. The

numbers may be had on Friday, so as to be inclosed in the parcels of that day, and received in the country on Saturday, the day of publication.

We beg to suggest to Booksellers throughout the country that THE CRITIC, as the now most widely circulated organ of the trade, is the best medium they could find for all Advertisements relating to the Book Trade; such as the sale of businesses, assistants wanted, second-hand book lists, and so forth.

We further hope that the Booksellers will make it the medium for their correspondence on matters relating to their interests.

To the Keepers of Circulating Libraries we have a request to prefer.

We want accurate information as to the class of books most sought after by the reading public, for the purpose of making it the basis of some articles that will have much both of interest and utility. By none could it be so well supplied as by the Keeper of a Circulating Library.

We ask, therefore, of any such who may be willing to aid us, to forward a sort of statistical return of the number of each of the following classes of books lent by them during any period of time they could conveniently make the basis of a calculation, namely—

Voyages and Travels, History, Poetry, Historical Novels, Fashionable Novels, National Novels, Domestic Novels, Humorous Novels; also, what number of volumes of each of the principal novelists have within the same period of time been borrowed.

The value of such a body of information will be obvious at a glance. We want only the total numbers, not the details. It is scarcely necessary to add that the names of the persons supplying such information will be held in strict confidence, and no use made of them.

The weekly issue will enable us to bring up by degrees a heavy arrear which has been accumulating upon our table for a long time.

It will be observed that the present number of THE CRITIC contains 32 pages. Its usual size will be, like the *Athenæum*, 24 pages; but whenever there is a press of matter or of advertisements, it will be enlarged to 32 pages, without any additional charge. Thus it will be the *cheapest* respectable periodical of the time. Its other claims to support must be judged by its readers.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From April 16 to May 2.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnold's School Sermons, new ed. 12mo. 5s. cl.
Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia, by Lieut.-Col. Cameron, C.B. employed on a special service in Persia, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.
Bechstein's (J. M., M.D.) Natural History of Cage Birds, 12mo. 7s. cl.
Bloxam's Gothic Architecture, 7th ed. improved, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Boys's (Rev. E. G.) Sermons, Short, Plain and Practical, 1 vol. 12mo. 7s. cl.
Castle's (H. J.) Treatise on Land Surveying and Levelling, with Tables of Logarithms, &c. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Christian Class-Book, 1 vol. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Coghlan's Hand-Book for Italy, 12mo. 10s. cl.
Connoisseur, The, a Journal of Music and the Fine Arts, 4to. 1s. sd.—No. I.
Dissenter's Plea for his Nonconformity, exhibited in a Course of Lectures by the Rev. W. Jones, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Distinction; a Tale, by the author of "The Baroness," 2 vols. royal 12mo. 16s. cl.
Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland; comprising an Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland, by G. Petrie, R. H. A. Vol. I. 4to. 52s. 6d. cl.
Geijer's History of the Swedes, trans. by J. H. Turner, M.A. Part II. (Whittaker's Popular Library), royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. sd.
Gibert on Diseases of the Skin, translated by Edgar Shepherd, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Glossary of Architecture, 4th ed. enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12s. cl.
Grammar of the Latin Language, by C. G. Zumpt, Ph. D., translated from the 9th German ed. by L. Schmitz, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, by J. Parkhurst, M.A. with the more valuable parts of the works of some later writers, added by the late H. J. Rose, B.D., new ed. carefully revised by J. R. Major, D.D. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 4s. cl. let.
Hubert; or, the Orphans of St. Madelaine, a Legend of the Persecuted Vaudois, by a Clergyman's Daughter, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Illustrations to Adventure in New Zealand, by Edward Jerningham Wakefield, esq. imp. fol. 63s. plain, bds. col. 92s. 6d. bds.
Johnson's, Mrs. L.—Every Lady her own Flower Gardener, 18mo. 2s. cl.
———Principles of Gardening, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Jonah's Portrait, by the Rev. T. Jones, 9th ed. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Jonathan Sharp; or, the Adventures of a Kentuckian, written by himself, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.
Lands Classical and Sacred, by Lord Nugent, 2 vols, cn. 8vo. 18s. cl.
Mary Aston; or, the Events of a Year, 1 vol. cn. 8vo. 6s. bds.
Memoir of Power Le Poer Trench, last Archbishop of Tuam, by the Rev. Josh. d'Arcy Sirr, 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.
Modern Cookery in all its Branches, by Eliza Acton, 2nd ed. illustrated, 12mo. 17s. 6d. cl.
New British-French Gender Guide, by T. Pullan, 4to. 2s. 6d. swd.
Penrose's Lectures on the Pentateuch, 12mo. 5s. cl.
Physiology of the Human Voice, by Francis Romer, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Plain Lectures on St. Matthew, by the Hon. and Rev. C. G. Percival, Vol. II. 5s. 6d. cl.
Practical Companion to the Work Table, containing Directions for Knitting, Netting, and Crochet Work, by E. Jackson, 18mo. 1s. 9d. cl.
Practical Guide to the Study of German, by C. A. Feiling, 12mo. 5s. rn.
Recent Improvements in Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, being the 2nd edition of a Supplement to the 3rd edition of his Dictionary, by Andrew Ure, M.D. 8vo. 14s. cl.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From April 13 to April 30.

NEW BOOKS.

American Factories and their Female Operatives. By the Rev. W. SCORESBY.
On the Origin and Ramifications of the English Language. By HENRY WELSFORD, Esq.
Lands Classical and Sacred. By Lord NUGENT. In 2 vols.
School Catechisms. By the Rev. T. WILSON.
Summary View of the Evidences of Christianity, in a Letter from the Right Hon. C. K. Bushe L. C. J.; with Preface and Notes. By Rev. J. WILLS, A.M.
The Cock and Anchor. In 3 vols.
Course of English Reading. By Rev. J. PYCROFT.
The Bokhara Victims. By Captain GROVER.
Lives of Men of Letters and Science in the time of George III. By Lord BROUGHAM.
Letters from the Orient. By IDA, Countess HAHN HAHN.
An Exposition of Common and Vulgar Errors adapted to the Year of Grace 1845. By THOS. BROWN REDIVIVUS.
Diary of Travels in France and Spain. By the Rev. T. FRENCH. 2 vols.
Love's Legends. By A. GURNEY.

NEW EDITION.

Mortimer's Observations on Children's Teeth. 2nd edit.

SERIALS.

The Dutch in the Medway—History of the Dog. By W. C. L. MARTIN. (Knight's Weekly Volumes.)

PERIODICALS.

Sealy's Western Miscellany. Parts I. to III.
Illustrated Family Journal for April.

PAMPHLETS.

Report of the Trial of Eighteen Parsee Prisoners for Murder.
Essay on the Necessity of Revelation.
Manual of the Cure of Nature, as applied to Relief of Diseases.
Spirit of the Polka. By Captain KNOX.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The Title-page and Index to the First Volume of the New Series of THE CRITIC *are given with this Number.*

The volume, thus completed, will be handsomely and strongly bound for 5s. if the numbers be sent to the Office with directions how, when bound, it shall be returned. The binder has so arranged that all the subsequent volumes will be bound uniformly with the first, without the inconvenience of transmitting a pattern.

A Portfolio, for preserving the current numbers of THE CRITIC *for reading and reference, on a new and convenient plan, may now be had at the Office, or by order of any bookseller in the country, price 4s. 6d.*

The subscription for the half-year, if paid in advance, for a stamped copy, to be sent regularly by post, is 8s. 6d. only, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

ADVERTISING.

MANY of the subscribers to THE CRITIC, especially the country Booksellers, have repeatedly requested information as to the best papers in which to advertise, and their various charges and circulations. The subject is one of considerable interest and importance, upon which very erroneous notions prevail, and therefore we propose, in a series of articles, to convey to readers the result of our own experience upon this subject, together with the principles which should guide the advertiser in the selection of journals for his purpose.

The advertiser, or his agent, should first consider the purpose of the advertisement. Is it addressed to a class? It should be sent to a periodical devoted to that class. Is it for the eye of the general public? Then another question arises,—is it addressed exclusively to the higher or to the lower classes, or indiscriminately to both? for a very different set of journals would be required in either case.

Suppose the advertiser to require a *class* circulation, his choice will not be difficult. Every profession has now its own periodicals, and can be readily addressed.

If he desire to communicate with the clergy, three good clerical journals present themselves. The *Ecclesiastical Gazette* has the largest circulation of all of them, a copy being *given* to every clergyman in England and Wales. Its charges, however, are very high,—at least threefold that of the daily papers; still, as its circulation is thus necessarily great and respectable, it is perhaps, upon the whole, the best medium for an advertisement addressed specially to the clergy. The *Church and State Gazette* is perhaps the next best medium, and its charges are moderate; but it is not so exclusively clerical in its circulation as the other. It is also a prevalent opinion in London that the *John Bull* is a good organ through which to find access to the eyes of the clergy; but for our own part we much doubt the correctness of this popular notion, which, we suspect, was once more justly founded than now. The journal in question enjoys a sort of posthumous reputation in this particular; but it may be as well to inform those who may share the impressions produced by the reminiscences of a former generation, that its charges are by no means extravagant, and if not so much into clerical, it certainly passes for the most part into respectable hands.

Does the advertiser desire to attract the special attention of the Medical Practitioners? He has a choice of three, to wit, the *Lancet*, the *Medical Times*, and the *Medical Gazette*. The prudent course would be to advertise in all of these, for between them it is probable that nine-tenths of the Profession would see the advertisement. If, however, a choice must be exercised, the *Lancet*, as having the largest and most influential circulation, should be first preferred; then the *Medical Times*, and lastly the *Medical Gazette*. The charges of the two former are moderate; those of the latter we have never tried; and in these commentaries we purpose only to state the results of personal experience.

It should be observed, that we reserve the Magazines and Quarterly Reviews for a distinct notice. In this and some subsequent articles we limit our remarks to the daily and weekly journals.

There are *three* media also for procuring access to the Lawyers: they are, the *Law Times*, the *Jurist*, and the *Legal Observer*. Of these, the *Law Times* has the largest circulation, and is the most resorted to by advertisers; and it usually contains four or five fold the number of advertisements found in either of its contemporaries. It is the only journal in England directly employed as the medium for advertising sales of estates, money, and legal notices; for which purpose it is largely resorted to by the principal Auctioneers and Solicitors in the metropolis and throughout the country. It shares with the *Jurist* advertisements of legal publications, and with the *Legal Observer* advertisements of clerks wanting places, insurance offices, and professions wanted or for sale. The charges of these three legal periodicals are very nearly on the same scale; but the *Law Times* receives sales of estates at a charge considerably below its regular scale, in consequence of their unavoidable length and frequent repetition. All these journals, of course, pass into the very best hands; and it is surprising that more use is not made of them by the general advertisers, and especially by Booksellers, seeing that they are read by the most wealthy and book-buying class in the kingdom.

Besides the learned Professions, various other classes have their journals.

The *Builder* is devoted to architecture and subjects associated with its title. Its circulation is great, and it is extensively employed as a medium for advertisements relating to building and the arts and trades connected with it. Its charges are likewise moderate.

The special value of an advertisement in a *class* periodical consists in this, that it is sure to be seen and read, a result which cannot be secured anywhere beside. And for this reason: the professional man takes a professional journal as a matter of business, because he finds there collected all the information needful for him in his practice. Not the least interesting to him are the announcements in the advertisements, the greater portion of which are professional, and consequently require to be examined as a part of the regular intelligence of the journal. Hence every subscriber cons every advertisement, to be assured that nothing of special importance to him shall escape his notice. With a general newspaper it is very different. Advertisements there are seen only by chance; they are rarely looked for; and not one reader in fifty even glances his eye over the advertisement columns, which are held by him as so much waste paper. Some striking proofs of this have occurred within our own experience. A harp for sale was advertised five times in the *Times*, and twice in the *Chronicle* without an application. A single advertisement in the *Law Times* brought six applicants, and a purchaser was found in two days. Some books were advertised in the daily papers frequently without an offer. A single insertion in the *Lancet* procured a buyer by the next post.

A friend advertised a picture in each of the four morning papers, but no reply. He inserted it in the *Law Times*, and it was sold in two days. Not long since a Governess, who had advertised in the *Times* and *Post* for a month in vain, obtained a situation from a single advertisement in the *Law Times*. A Profession, repeatedly announced for sale in the daily papers, was immediately disposed of when advertised in the *Jurist*. These are a few of many striking instances of the value of class periodicals for advertisements, which have occurred within our own experience, proving how erroneous is the prevalent idea that they are good only for purely *professional* announcements.

But we must pause for awhile. The subject is a large one, and shall be resumed from time to time, should it prove as interesting and useful to our readers as we anticipate.

LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

An Exposition of the Vulgar and Common Errors, adapted to the Year of Grace 1845. By THOMAS BROWN REDIVIVUS. London, 1845. Pickering.

THIS is the eighth volume of the very valuable series of *Small Books on Great Subjects*, portions of which have been already introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC. A world of wisdom has indeed been condensed into this little book. The author has adopted the quaint style of BROWN in his *Vulgar Errors*; but though the phraseology is antique, the thoughts are modern, the teachings, not so much of the study as of experience in active life; not merely the echoes of dead authors, but mingling with them the harsher but truer tones of living men.

The *idea* of this work is a happy one. Some two centuries since good THOMAS BROWN wrote a book on the *Vulgar Errors* prevailing in his day. If Mr. BROWN could step from the grave and write another edition of his famous book, how much of it would he expunge as exploded? how much would he have occasion to add? Some man of kindred mind has taken upon himself this task. He supposes himself for the nonce to be the veritable THOMAS BROWN, "a man of another age stepping onward into this," and noting the changes time hath wrought. And what is the result?

Within the last two hundred years the very face of the world is changed; and he who should rise at once from his grave, passing through no intermediate stage, and look on the nineteenth century with the eyes of the seventeenth, would go near to expire again with amazement at what he saw; and would despair of ever, in the short span of one life, attaining to the knowledge of all the discoveries which have graced these later times. But let the same man go into society, and he will find things far less changed there, than, with such a change in all else, there would be good cause to expect. True it is, that there is more of refinement in expression and manners: but the unthinking many have gained, on the whole, far less from the deep-thinking few, than,—taking a theoretic view of the case,—might in fair reason have been looked for.

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Neither do I find that the great advance of science hath done much in the rendering pædagogy more facile and pleasant, either unto the teacher or the learner: for I perceive youth to be instructed much in the same guise as was the practice of two centuries back; by the influence of fear rather than love. Neither, though somewhat hath been done towards the affording to the poor a slight taste of letters, hath such advance been made towards elevating them to that state of mental enlightenment which is the birthright of every human being, as becometh a great and wealthy state, such as England doth now boast itself to be. Neither do I see that the state of woman-kind is such as becometh a period wherein the empire of mind over matter is so loudly proclaimed. For those disabilities and obstructions of law which were laid upon women in semi-barbarous times, by reason of their lack of physical strength for martial exercises, remain unaltered; and their education is for the most part conducted in such sort, as to debar them from that instruction in liberal science, which shall best fit them for the performance of their many and great duties: nay, it is not rare to hear such as have freed themselves from the shackles of idle prejudice so far as to acquire a competent knowledge of science, ancient and modern, rather flouted at, as if they had done some evil thing, than marked as an ensample for others. And in these things I judge that this age hath not made the advance which it claimeth to have done, in the policies of civil life, and consequently that it walketh lamely as it were, seeing that on the one leg it standeth high, while the other is curtailed of its just proportions.

The first essay is, "Of Vulgar Errors in the Way of Common Sayings." The fallacy of the popular expressions, "A young man must sow his wild oats;" "A good fellow nobody's enemy but his own;" "We must do as others do;" "He that spareth the rod spoileth the child;" "Children should not ask questions;" "A boy should be manly;" "A man is not responsible for his belief;" "Women have no concern with politics;" "Marriage is a lottery;" "A little learning is a dangerous thing;" "I will retire from business, and prepare for another world;" "It is only a white lie;" &c. is happily exposed. For instance, thus does our author discourse on

MARRIAGE IS A LOTTERY,

To them that choose to make it so; for if a farmer going to a market where samples of corn or beeves are exposed for sale, shall determinately shut his eyes, and purchase the one upon which some chance shall cause him to lay his hand, I know no law to prevent it; save that, if it were often done, his next of kin might perchance sue for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo:* but since marriage is, for the most part, done once for all, the individual can, if he will, make this kind of lottery of it: for however great the folly, it would want that succession of proof which would enable the chancellor to allow relations to interfere in the way of restraint. How the saying arose, I am at a loss to tell, unless it were in those times when parents selected husbands for their daughters, and wives for their sons, in their nonage: it might then be held a lottery what the infant thus betrothed might prove to be when grown to maturity: and perchance, as sayings last long after the circumstances which gave rise to them, this, which was a true condemnation of a bad practice in its first use, hath now grown into a proverbial justification of a practice equally bad: for to take him or her who is to be the companion of our future life, by mere chance, and without inquiry, bringeth us back to those times whereof this saying was the reproach. Yet we do not see that a servant who may at any time be discharged at a month's notice, and trouble us no farther, is received into our houses without a strict inquiry into former conduct, ability, and disposition: a strange instance of prudence in the lesser matter, coupled with carelessness in the greater. And though something might be said in excuse on the part of the man, inasmuch as the law of this realm of England, as I have before noted, giveth him a kind of mastership over his wife which savoureth of that law of the strongest which barbarous times do affect, and thus he may think her temper and conduct of the less import,—what is the woman thinking of when she taketh to herself a master whose character she hath not sought to ascertain! Is she ignorant that, by the sanction of this same law of England, he can imprison her in any room in his house, so long as he himself is an inhabitant thereof;—that he may strike her, so long as he inflicteth no severe bodily injury; that he may leave her and live in adultery with another, but if, when thus abandoned she can earn money to support herself, or come into an inheritance from her family, he can claim and take it from her, for the use of himself and his paramour? Knoweth she not this? and if she do, what term shall we find for the folly of her who maketh it a lottery whether all this may not be her lot?—I speak not here of the law, which surely hath strange and ugly features for an age that boasteth itself as a polished one; but I do say that whilst the law is such as to make marriage a legal slavery for the woman, lightened only of its burthensomeness by the temper and just feelings of a good man, who would abhor to use the wicked privileges thus allowed him; it behoveth her, ere she so bind herself, to know thoroughly the habits and principles of him whom she trusteth with such large authority over her. A Christian in principle would not avail himself of such a law; as indeed he blusheth now to see it recorded among those of his country: but the world's code of honour affordeth no security against it, as daily experience too sadly sheweth. Let every woman then beware, and take heed that her future peace be not thrown away in this "lottery:" and let every man beware also, lest with all these privileges of law, he should find that a bad woman can make them all of none avail, and bring him to confess that he had better have looked ere he made that headlong leap, led thereto by a fair face hiding an evil heart.

In treating "Of Genius," he shews the folly of the vulgar opinion that it is an especial gift from heaven whereby men become accomplished in science or art, without any sweat of their own brows. Much learning is displayed in the essay on "Some Errors respecting the Nature of Evil Spirits." The reader is next tempted to "An Inquiry if Ignorance be requisite to Innocence," on which it is justly observed—

Plausible errors be like wild roses: they bear indeed here and there a pleasant blossom, but it soon falleth; and their thick offsets do choke the growth of better things. Among these well sounding errors, I reckon the notion held by some, that innocence is only to be preserved by ignorance of evil. Truly it were a pleasant thing to him who is weary of contemplating the vices and miseries of mankind, to think that there were means of closing eyes, and ears, and understanding, so as never to have cognizance of these ills: but it is childish to sigh after what is clearly impossible; and even were this possible, I doubt much if our happiness, either present or future, would be so great as now it may be, if we do only avail ourselves of the real use of knowing the evil, by choosing of our own free will the good, and persevering in the pursuit thereof. For to *know* evil, and to *do* it, are two widely different things.

The author is averse to the system of keeping a child from all knowledge of the evil which must inevitably assail him in

riper years. He argues justly and forcibly that it would be better that the knowledge should be communicated to youth by a judicious parent or teacher, who could accompany the exhibition of the bane with an antidote, than that he should first discover it when tempted by his passions, and ignorant of the dangers that attend indulgence. "We are wont," he says, "to keep the knowledge of ill from our children as long as possible, so as for the most part to leave it to be instilled into them by those who have a design to corrupt, and therefore paint it in fair colours."

I do most assuredly think that more make shipwreck of their virtue out of a childish and natural curiosity, and inquisitiveness after new things, than out of any inherent love of evil, and that were the constitution of animal nature early set forth to the child by parents or teachers, with that gravity which becometh them; and none of those allurements of sensual pleasure held out, which are the great weapons of the tempter; the child, knowing all that he wisheth to know, at a time when as yet the passions are not awakened, would turn his thoughts to other objects of more import, and greater nobleness; and feel disgusted rather than allured by the conversation of the impure and vicious in after-life: and this I say from experience and conviction, no less regarding youth of one sex, than the other.

"Errors in Grammar" are the theme of another essay. The prevalent confusion of the pronouns, the misuse of adverbs, &c. are exhibited, and thus does the author complain of an affectation which has done much to destroy the force of our language.

Then again we find all writers and teachers eschewing with especial care, the placing of a preposition at the end of a sentence: yet in the *Hoch Teutsch*, or German, which is the younger sister of English Saxon, it is a rule that under certain circumstances it shall be so placed; and in the racy, idiomatic language of our elder writers, it is frequently found to be so; though perhaps few discover why this style to our ears soundeth better and more forcible. *Inclined to,—hoped for*, and the like, are phrases of this nature, and as happily this old Saxon form retaineth its hold in the spoken, though it be losing it in the written language, we may peradventure hope that writers will at last find out that when addressing English ears, they should use the English tongue.

"Errors in regard to Disease and Medicine" are handled in a similar strain of strong good sense, and the volume concludes with an essay on "The Condition of Society as Touching the Female Sex," in which the author contends that the position of woman is a false one; that she is debarred from employments she might profitably pursue by a foolish prejudice and defective teaching; that by custom she is brought to believe herself incapable of independence, incompetent for self-support, and that law, as well as opinion, scarcely deems her a rational and individual agent.

But herein, nevertheless, prejudice holdeth its own, maugre God's will: for law and custom having debarred females from profitable employment, a father looketh only to the fitting his daughters for the market, seeing he can no otherwise rid himself of the charge of their maintenance than by shifting the onus from his own shoulders to those of a husband: and for this cause he holdeth that a form which may captivate some roving fancy in the dance, is of more value than those qualities which may make the possessor useful, and consequently happy: therefore female children are right early taught that the care of the *out*side is of more consequence than that of the *in*; and that if the surface of the cranium be daintily ornamented, it matters not what may be the state of the brain beneath it. If such teaching bear its natural fruit, what is the wonder? One who hath for fifteen years been taught that the catching of a husband is the great business of life, and who hath to set before her eyes what is to please man rather than God,—when she hath succeeded in her chace, affordeth small comfort to the prisoner she hath taken; who may be ruined by her extravagance, deprived of his peace by her ill humour, or disgraced by her misconduct.

We have dwelt at more length upon this little volume than its size would appear to justify. But in books, worth is not always to be measured by bulk, and indeed condensed wisdom like this is a welcome relief from the words—words—words—unfreighted by a grain of thought, which make up most of the massive tomes that lumber THE CRITIC's table. The reader will have gathered enough to be assured that this is a worthy addition to the series of "Small Books on Great Subjects."

SCIENCE.

A Treatise on Corns, Bunions, the Diseases of the Nails, and the General Management of the Feet. By LEWIS DURLACHER, Surgeon Chiropodist to the Queen. London, Simpkin and Co. 1845.

How few are exempt from the plague of corns; yet how few have the slightest knowledge of their physiology. Aided by Mr. DURLACHER's useful treatise, we proceed to convey to our readers some information upon a subject that interests everybody, and of which nobody seems to know any thing.

The skin is an extended tissue, composed of tendinous fibres, felted together like the texture of a hat. It is densely supplied with pores. "The cuticle, or outside skin, is composed of round scales, so minute," says LEUWENHOEK, "that one grain of sand would cover from 200 to 250." He considers that the perspiration does not penetrate the scales, but oozes between them. These scales are not permanent, but come away in clusters.

The friction and pressure to which all prominent parts of the extremities are exposed, cause, by the local irritation they produce, the effusion or secretion of a larger quantity of epidermis than can be got rid of by the ordinary processes of nature. The scales consequently accumulate, and lie layer upon layer, forming indurated masses of larger or smaller size, constituting corns, callosities, or other diseases of the part, according to their situation, and the severity of the pressure or friction.

The predisposing causes of corns are *pressure* and *friction*, and this is

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CORNS.

Improperly made shoes invariably produce pressure upon the integuments of the toes and prominent parts of the feet, to which is opposed a corresponding resistance from the bone immediately beneath; in consequence of which, the vessels of the dermis are compressed between them, become injured, congested, and, after a time, hypertrophied; a larger quantity of lymph is thrown out than is required for the formation of the normal cuticle, so that layers are generated considerably sooner than the outer lamina is worn off, thus forming layer upon layer, which become interwoven, and adhere together.

If the cause be removed, the inflammatory action ceases, and the result is simply an external induration of superficial irregular scales or laminæ; if continued, the irritation keeps up the increased action of the papillæ, more epidermic secretion is poured out upon the under surface of the already thickened cuticle, where it coagulates, producing bulbs or projections, generally of conical shape, descending into corresponding cells or follicles of irregular depths, according to the injury caused upon the immediate parts, where the external pressure is most severe. In this manner the process continues to the full development; the surrounding congestion ceases, lymph is thrown out, which becomes organized, and forms a protective sheath or sac round each bulb to its apex, and thus the formation of the corn is completed.

These bulbs are composed of layers, decreasing more and more in size as they approach the secreting point in the dermis, where they become condensed and opaque by compression, visible as white or yellowish specks, according to the colouring matter of the skin, when the outer portion of the induration has been removed.

These irregularities, or projections, are what have been incorrectly called stems, or roots.

Corns produced by friction alone, are generally superficial, and seldom painful.

After dealing skilfully with malformation of the toe-nails, bunions, and other diseases of the foot, Mr. DURLACHER proceeds to the hands, and his tenth chapter is devoted to

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FINGER-NAILS.

According to European fashion, they should be of an oval figure, transparent, without specks or ridges of any kind; the semilunar fold, or white half-circle, should be fully developed, and the pellicle, or cuticle which forms the configuration around the root of the nail, thin and well defined, and, when properly arranged, should represent, as nearly as possible, the shape of a half-filbert.

The proper arrangement of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers; they should not be allowed to grow too long, as it is difficult to keep them clean; nor too short, as it allows the end of the fingers to become flattend and enlarged, by being pressed upwards against the nails, and gives them a clumsy appearance. The epidermis which forms the semicircle around, and adheres to the nail, requires particular attention, as it is frequently dragged on

with its growth, drawing the skin below the nail so tense, as to cause it to crack and separate into what are called ag-nails. This is easily remedied by carefully separating the skin from the nail by a blunt, half-round instrument. Many persons are in the habit of continually cutting this pellicle, in consequence of which it becomes exceedingly irregular, and often injurious to the growth of the nail. They also frequently pick under the nails with a pin, pen-knife, or the point of sharp scissors, with the intention of keeping them clean, by doing which they often loosen them and occasion considerable injury.

The nails should be cleansed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular skin should not be cut away, but only loosened, without touching the quick, the fingers being afterwards dipped in tepid water, and the skin pushed back with a towel. This method, which should be practised daily, will keep the nails of a proper shape, prevent ag-nails, and the pellicle from thickening or becoming ragged.

When the nails are naturally rugged, or ill-formed, the longitudinal ridges or fibres should be slightly scraped and rubbed with lemon, afterwards rinsed in water, and well dried with the towel; but if the nails are very thin, no benefit will be derived by scraping; on the contrary, it might cause them to split. If the nails grow more to one side than the other, they should be cut in such a manner as to make the point come as near as possible in the centre of the end of the finger.

Warts are sometimes troublesome companions, and always unsightly. They are hard, indolent tumours, or tubercles, differing in structure from corns, as they arise from the true skin, and are composed of an elongated bundle of its papillæ, inclosed in sheaths of cuticle; whereas corns are a disorder of the epidermis alone.

The reader is aware of the many superstitious cures for warts. "ETMULLER seriously mentions as a remedy the green moss gathered from the skulls of persons who have died a violent death; this is to be exposed to the air, and made into a paste; and JUNCKER states that a thread drawn from the shirt of a dying criminal from near the armpit, is equally valuable. As many knots are to be tied in the thread as there are warts to be destroyed, and each knot is to be rubbed on the corresponding wart, after which the thread is directed to be buried in a moist place. As the knots rot away, so says JUNCKER, will the warts consume and disappear. He adds, he has never known it to fail." But quitting these amusing absurdities, let us see what our author prescribes for

CURE OF WARTS.

The general methodic treatment consists in the application of caustic alkalies, acids, and escharotics, or else their removal by the ligature or the knife.

The pendulous or sessile wart, which is connected with the integuments by a small foot-stalk, is readily removeable by the application of a ligature of horse-hair or waxed silk thrown around and drawn tight, and secured with a surgeon's knot. When deprived of the access of blood, by which its vitality is sustained, the wart will gradually shrivel up and separate. If there should afterwards appear any remains of a root, it must be touched with nitrate of silver until destroyed, for if any portion remain, the wart is certain to be reproduced.

The caustic alkalies may be frequently applied for the removal of the round and flat warts, but they will not always be successful. The best treatment is to cut the wart as close as possible without giving pain, and, while yet bleeding, freely to rub the lunar caustic on it. This operation is to be repeated until the whole is entirely destroyed. In some cases nitric acid may be used instead of the nitrate of silver, but great care is requisite in using either of these escharotics, when the wart is seated near or upon a joint, where the skin is thin, as considerable mischief may follow their indiscriminate application.

A concluding chapter on the management of the feet abounds in useful suggestions. Mr. DURLACHER recommends that care be taken to have the stockings of proper length; he thinks if they could be made like gloves, with a separate place for each toe, corns might be entirely prevented. Shoes should always be a size larger than the foot. The feet should be washed every day. Here are some

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

Sportsmen, during the shooting season, ought to wear woollen stockings, and change them daily; the shoes should be made right and left, and to fit firmly over the instep and round the ankle, so as to prevent the foot from slipping about in them; the soles ought to be considerably thicker than are usually made, with a full tread, and the waist narrow: the outside should not be too much twisted, but be made straight until above the little toe, and then shaped to the foot; the upper leather should be very pliable and soft, lined throughout (instead of the usual narrow pieces pressing on the toes), and properly fitted, so as not to have any ridges or uneven surface. If the shoes can be depended on as waterproof, it would be preferable.

The foot of the stocking, as far up as the ancle, should be well rubbed over with common yellow soap, to prevent the feet from being chafed or galled. Stockings thus prepared ought to be worn constantly during the season. Half-a-dozen pairs may be prepared at once, so as to have them always in readiness. When the stockings are changed in the evening, of course the clean ones should be worn without soap.

After the day's fatigue, the feet should be kept for ten or fifteen minutes in hot water, in which two large handsful of salt have been previously dissolved, then wiped thoroughly dry, and well rubbed with Eau de Cologne, brandy, or other spirit.

We now close Mr. DURLACHER'S volume, which we can commend to all who have a painful interest in any of the topics it treats so sensibly.

Observations on the Growth and Irregularities of Children's Teeth, &c. By W. H. MORTIMER. Second edit. London, 1845. Highley.

THE teeth are much more manageable than is generally supposed. During the period of their growth they may be moulded into shape and order, however great their natural tendency to deformity; hence the importance of closely watching the teeth of children. A little attention then might save them years of pain and disease in after-life. Mr. MORTIMER has taken especial note of this branch of his art, and he has in these volumes given to the world the results of his long experience. If his advice be read, remembered, and followed by parents, England will be less famous for her bad teeth than hitherto she has been. It is a sensible and useful treatise.

Practical Observations on the Diseases most fatal to Children, &c. By P. HOOD, General Practitioner, &c. London, 1845. Churchill.

IN this volume Mr. HOOD has sought to treat, in a popular form, of a class of diseases of which everybody sees a great deal, and nobody knows any thing. If he can but prevail upon parents and nurses to read his pages, he will work a reformation in the nursery. But we fear they will not be terrified into so unaccustomed an employment of their brains, even by the formidable tables of infant mortality contained in his preface.

The mode of treatment developed in this work is founded on the principle "that the diseases of children, and of adults also, proceed from irritation, and, considered in a general sense, as distinct from inflammation, and indicating an opposite course of treatment."

It is not our province to follow him in his application of this theory to the various ailments that afflict the nursery. We have only to introduce the subject to our readers, and if it interest them, they will certainly find it more intelligibly and sensibly treated by Mr. HOOD than in any book we ever chanced to light upon.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Hot-water Cure, sought out in Germany, in the Summer of 1844. The Journal of a Patient. London, 1845. Saunders and Otley.

OUR patient is a gentleman of happier temper than is usually found in travelling Englishmen, especially such of them as are troubled with dyspepsia. In other respects he is a true Briton, "upright and downright," as himself tells us; and, we believe, few who have visited the Continent will hesitate to pronounce an English gentleman superior, in all that becomes the man, to the best specimens of French finikin *politesse* or German formality and selfishness.

Doctors at home differing as to his ailments and their cure, our patient resolved to seek health at foreign spas. Forthwith he took his carpet bag, and departed for Aix.

The steam voyage to Antwerp, the aspect of that old city, the visit to Brussels and Waterloo, the slow passage by railway to Aix, are too well known to permit of extract. Established there, we must, however, permit him, in his lively manner, to sketch

A GERMAN TABLE D'HÔTE.

The carving department was admirably and promptly performed by the landlord, who rose from table when the joints or fowls came in. A thick wooden tray, a yard long, by half a yard broad, is placed upon the side-table; and upon this the joints, chickens, ducks, &c. are taken from the dishes by shanks, legs, or other convenient handles. Here they were sliced, chopped up most dexterously, shovelled into dishes, and sent round with surprising despatch, while all the time another current of dishes was passing from hand to hand amongst the guests themselves. Although the taking of meat from the dishes and putting it upon a board to be cut up, appears at first unseemly, it is, in point of fact, cleanly enough, for the tray is beautifully white, and frequently changed. But the landlord's dexterity is a thing to see. Angelo himself could not slice an imaginary antagonist to pieces quicker than he does a fowl. "Left cheek—right cheek—wrist—leg—chop, chop, chop"—and the fowl is in six parts, with both feet amputated. It is done at the rate of a chicken in five seconds, or twelve a minute.

I wish I could speak as favourably of the manners of the guests as of the excellence of the dinner. A gentlemanly-looking man seated next to me, and having a lady on the other side, committed the first solecism. Wheeling suddenly half round, he hawked most audibly, and then sent a shot diagonally along the backs of the line towards the door. This signal was promptly taken up, and a smart fusillade passed round the table. The firing, however, was heaviest towards the close of the dinner. But this was not nearly so disgusting to me as the silent expectorations of an elderly gentleman opposite, with a narrow green ribbon in his button-hole. Raising the fluid to be discharged by a most unpleasant hydraulic process, he proceeded quietly to eject it between his knees upon the floor, holding up a hand which was far from an effectual screen. There was a long contest between the force of gravity and the cohesive nature of the fluid; and though the former did eventually prevail, it was not until a line had been spun reaching nearly to the table-cloth. When I say that this gentleman took snuff—but I forbear—I never in all my life saw people, both male and female, eat more enormously; and there was an anxiety and excitement to obtain a favourite dish that they did not attempt to hide. Such a shovelling up of buttered beans upon the blades of knives; such a pitching of trusses of salad into mouths, "and talking through it;" and such a mopping up of gravy, and polishing of plates with great sponges of bread, I never did see. Soon after the ice had passed round, and before a single lady had left the room, a gentleman drew forth his cigar-case, another did the same—candles came in—and a pretty general "blowing of clouds" took place round the table. The ladies, I suppose from habit, seemed quite reconciled to this custom; indeed, the smell of the fullest flavoured Cuba—the most pestilent rat-tail—is a delicious perfume to the odour of the cold dirty pipe which most Germans carry in their pockets, and which they inhale all their lives.

He dedicates the intervals between bathing and drinking fetid water to a close inspection of the various *sights* of Aix, the notes of which offer no novelty. We prefer his graphic pictures of men and manners. The perpetual bow of the Germans sadly perplexes him. "It is impossible," he says, "to pass a day in this country without being called upon to execute some dozen of bows somehow." He was compelled to take lessons in the art. The bow simple was easy enough; but a much more difficult affair was

THE COMPOUND BOW.

The compound bow is more difficult; like skating, it must be learned young. For instance, a gentleman meets two parties—and ladies should be amongst them—at ten or fifteen yards apart; then it is that you see the triumph of the adept. If the two parties are more than fifteen yards from each other, there is time to resume the hat, and merely repeat the same bow to the second party. If, on the contrary, they are at less than ten yards, the same bow might be made to serve for both. But in the critical interval of the five yards, what does the German do? He warms up his first bow, and throws in a little more spice; raising the hat as if to put it on after passing his first friends, he gives it a slight lift higher than the head with a second motion, and then, diving forward lower than at first, he sweeps the hat round to the rear, so that the crown may just clear the ground.

Our patient amused himself with imagining moot points in bowing. Here is

A PERPLEXITY SOLVED.

I have sometimes wondered what a German gentleman would do if he were to receive a bow, and not be able to take off his hat in return. This I had an unexpected opportunity of putting to the proof. Residing at this hotel, and dining with us, there is a little elderly gentleman of rank (either a count or a baron), and I have understood a diplomatist. He is, at this moment, the great man of the company, and treated accordingly. At table he looks well; wears his ribbon with an air, as if conscious that he deserved no less; comports himself with cheerful dignity to his neighbours, and now and then unbends into a rosy state of enjoyment, when he has a waggish twinkle of the eye, as if he felt that he could turn the flank of old Metternich himself. But in the morning, the case is sadly different. He seems to lay aside his spirit with the ensigns of his order, and a more wretched object at the well I never saw. Seedy, pale, tottering, slow, he toddles helplessly about between his tumblers, a pitiable example of dyspepsia. * * * * But it is his bow that I have to do with. Returning, this morning, along one of the passages which connect the hotel with the bath-house, I saw the baron coming towards me with his hat on, a tumbler full of water in one hand, and something like a dressing-case in the other. I had never before met him, face to face, in a passage, or, indeed, been within good bowing range of him anywhere; and this was an opportunity not to be neglected. I gathered myself together for the effort; thought for one second of George the Fourth (I was getting above the landlord), and at precisely four paces and a half commenced the execution of No. 1 in my best style. The baron was startled, but not taken aback; bending forward gracefully, he raised the dressing-case to shew the impossibility of doing as he wished, and then with a second, a lower, and, if possible, a more graceful dive, he slided past, half-turning towards me as he did so, and at the same time raising the tumbler to his breast.

In the fields near Aix he stumbles upon

A BLACK BROOK.

Walking through a meadow near the railway viaduct, I came upon the hot brook, flowing from Borcette towards the millpond; it had a singular appearance, smoking amongst the haycocks, and is a most repulsive-looking stream. The water deposits a black slimy substance, which completely covers the bottom and sides of the brook, and which, hanging in flaps, is called "Jew's ears." Though the water itself is clear, it looks like a river of ink. Half way up the field, is a small spring, of a still more repulsive appearance, more fetid smell, and a nastier taste. If the ancients had called such a stream as this a river of Hell, there had been something appropriate in it. I disturbed some large rats, who took to the hot water gallantly. The Germans have some strange mystical notions about the composition of these mineral waters; they imagine them full of living animalculæ, which die at a temperature lower than 28° of Reaumur, and refer the undoubted fact of the animal matter they contain, to countless millions of insects. In this case, we are drinking a curious kind of living broth.

There is true Young Englandism in his comments on

SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

The courtesy towards people of different ranks in this country is pleasing to see; servants are not bullied or spoken harshly to as with us; but the hotel waiters are of a higher caste, and are put in that situation as a kind of apprentice, to learn the science of innkeeping; they have their quiet jokes with the company, as they hand the dishes, and press upon your notice what they have observed you like: "*Mais c'est bon ça, Monsieur, goutez-en c'est ce que vous aimez.*" Sometimes, when a good workman's plate is over-loaded with his chips, they add a little quiet satire, in offering him the same again. This is better than the vulgar self-sufficiency of an English waiter. One day, at the table d'hôte, a lady handed a glass of wine to one of the young waiters, who drank it reverentially behind her chair; it was her son; and she kept a respectable hotel in Cologne.

A broader philosophy than the immediate subject teaches is suggested by this lively and truthful sketch of

DINNER-TABLE CONVENTIONALITIES.

It is amusing to watch the conventionalities of different people at our dinner-table. One day a Frenchman picking his teeth with his fork, gently reproved a young German for noisily and offensively collecting his saliva, and dropping it on the floor. "J'en conviens," said the other, good humouredly, "but I really was obliged; it was either that or swallow it." A Belgian who regards with disgust the conveying of peas to the mouth on the point of a knife, has no scruple in combing his head at table, completing his toilet with a small mirror, with which he examines the state of his back teeth. An Italian, who affects the fine gentleman, and looks contemptuously upon the holiday clothiers of Verviers, who come to spend their Sunday here, will not only spit and do worse, but help himself to strawberries with his well-worn toothpick. A German sits at breakfast with his wife with his hat on, though out of doors he can hardly keep it on his head for bowing. Yesterday, a gentleman helping a lady to cham-

pagne, saw something in the wine, and dipped his finger into the glass to remove it; then filled up the glass, and politely presented it. On all sides you see the old principle of "fingers before forks," amply carried out in these days. Some of the ladies pick their bones with relish, and forgetting that napkins are liberally supplied, scrupulously lick their fingers afterwards. Even the pretty young lady will persist in dragging her cullets off the dish by the bone. I believe I am the only person who gets the knife and fork changed at every change of plate; but this affectation I mean to discontinue. The practice is, after carefully wiping and polishing the plate with a piece of bread, and swallowing it, to take another piece and wipe the knife and fork: this, at any rate, is better than having them polished up by a common towel, which must happen if every one sent them away with their plates. I am sorry to observe that our guests of all countries lose all sense of restraint or decorum when there is a chance of a favourite dish escaping them. Waiters are then vehemently called to, seized if possible, but wearing no coat-tails, this is not easy; and quietly but deeply cursed if they miss an expectant. After a man has well-heaped his own plate, I have known him turn to a neighbour with an "En voulez-vous, Monsieur?" I was much amused one day with a fat plethoric fellow who came in late and sat next to me. The bouillie was going round, but had passed him while eating his soup. However, as soon as he could get his plate changed, he helped himself to cauliflower, and looked out sharp for the meat, which came not, and was rapidly vanishing, my neighbour on the other side having just cleared one dish at his second helping. Unluckily, two waiters in succession, not noticing that he was already provided, handed him vegetables again, when he started up, and in a state of great excitement shouted, "Fleish, fleish!" continuing the sentence with what I should consider, from the tone and manner, to be the heartiest curses I ever heard in my life. I have generally been unlucky in my neighbours. Hardly had I ceased to congratulate myself upon the departure of the gentleman opposite, noticed before for his habit of letting fall perpendicular fluid, when his place was occupied by a lady of rank, whose powers of mastication were but indifferent. She could get through no meat that was not very tender. But she was persevering: she gave it a fair trial on both sides of her mouth, and brought every grinder into play; then, if she found her efforts unavailing, she was wont to take the mouthful of half-masticated matter in her hand, and shy it with an impatient gesture under the table. As I have the weakness to pride myself upon the polish of my boots, I was at first greatly disconcerted at this under-hand attack, but discovering from experience the usual course of the invisible shells, I managed to slew myself round, and let them ricochet past to my neighbour. Without any affectation of gallantry, I mentally repeat the compliment that Frederick II. paid to one of his distinguished opponents:—"Placez vous ici (Madame), j'aime mieux vous avoir de mon côté que vis à vis."

A Dutchman, I observe, is disgusted with one who, rinsing his mouth after his coffee, spits the contents into the cup.

They may call our countrymen rude and bearish—and there are some curious specimens go abroad—but I am satisfied no person from Wapping, or St. Benet Sherehog, would do these things. Nay, I am equally sure that, for genuine, real politeness, that does the civil thing without any flourishing, they are not to be matched abroad. It is much to be wished that they could get rid of their cold and apparently sulky manner: these I dislike, because we hate our own faults in others.

Our patient notices that the Germans never talk politics with each other, though they are pleased to do so with strangers. He has evidently a military taste, and every thing in the shape of soldiery attracts his special observation. Of the Prussian troops he remarks that if he had not seen the Belgians, he should have pronounced them the most slovenly he ever encountered, that is, not so much in dress as in movements.

Perhaps the reader may be curious to learn something of the ordeal to which the frequenters of the spas are subjected. Behold then

THE DOUCHE BATHS.

The douche baths are excellent and well arranged here, at the Emperor's bath-house. The water is pumped up to a reservoir very much higher than the baths, and is guided down upon you with very considerable force, in a stream as large as your arm. Leaning down upon the steps upon your hands as low as possible, you receive the hot stream like a shower of lead upon your neck and shoulders, from whence it is slowly guided down each arm and leg, and even upon the soles of the feet, while the man vigorously rubs where the spout is playing. When one side is done, you are turned, and the same process gone through on the other. I cannot say that it is agreeable, but the sensation afterwards is highly so; and good spirits invariably follow. The douches in the other bath-houses are very feeble in comparison with this; but even this one sinks into insignificance when compared with the douches at some of the cold water establishments in this country. There the cold mountain stream comes upon you from a height of thirty-five feet in a stream the size of a cable.

However uncomplimentary, there is strict truth in his description of

DRESS IN GERMANY.

No people are so entirely unaristocratic in their appearance. The air *distingué* is not to be found here. The young are overdressed; the old slovens. The reverse of Brummell's maxim is their aim, and the more people turn to look after them, the better dressed would they fancy themselves. Their dress is without "keeping" or consistency—long hair, exaggerated whiskers, ferocious moustaches, heaps of bad trinkets, and a flaming stock with a dirty shirt; a bad hat with a new coat; ill-cleaned boots with well-made trousers, and either no gloves at all, or the brightest primrose. No people more servilely follow the fashion without regard to its suiting them. Because, just now, high-crowned, sugar-loaf hats with broad brims are the mode; everybody has them; and a more unbecoming head-dress, especially combined with a peaked beard and hair over the ears, it would be difficult to invent. I fear, too, that they sadly neglect Brummell's fundamental law—"Fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing."

From Aix he wanders to Wiesbaden, where the springs are still more various in taste and quality.

THE WATERS OF WIESBADEN.

In front is the "Wein Brunnen," a circular basin, in which nature sends up a light white wine of a peculiar vintage, considerably charged with gas. It is cold and deliciously refreshing, better than selter water, and a little less "fruity" than the weaker kinds of Rhenish. It is a spring to tempt a man into a vow of total abstinence from all liquors but those of nature's providing. I have tasted the wine spring of St. Galmier, in France, which I think inferior to this, though sweeter. After a couple of bumpers, I hastened to the bath-house, anxious for a plunge into the Mulligatawny soup we have heard so much of.

Strange tricks we play with the stomach and person in this country. I began the day with four tumblers of natural chicken broth, and a bath of the same, at Wiesbaden. This was followed by a couple of glasses of mineral wine, and a plunge into Mulligatawny soup at Schwalbach: more natural wine after dinner, for finding the "ordinaire" very ordinary indeed at the hotel, I adjourned to the well to conclude my potations, and I proposed to finish the evening with a good wash in snake broth at Schlangenbad.

A shrewd observer of men, he notices this

TRAIT OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

No guide is so easily understood as a Frenchman: the German, even if his language be intelligible, confines himself to a dry detail of your course, which is forgotten in the next street; but the Frenchman catches you by the elbow, and thrusting out an arm before you, indicates with his fingers bent to an angle, or his thumb thrown back, or by easy curves of the wrist, the way you have to go. If, after all, he detects a doubt upon your features, he is as likely as not to finish with "Tenais, je vais vous montrer!"

Like all his country folk, our tourist is disgusted at the treatment of

GERMAN WOMEN.

In my way from Spa, I saw a woman threshing in a barn with a man; she beat her time well, and laid it on as hard as her partner. This, I think, nearly makes up the list of female accomplishments. Brick-making, stone-breaking, wheat-sowing, reaping, mowing, threshing, and carrying heavy loads, are pretty little additions to the burdens that nature lays upon the sex. I have not yet seen any female postilions, or top-sawyers, but I live in hopes. In the evening band at the Brunnen at Aix, a woman plays the violoncello.

And however primitive they may be, he makes complaints, as being veritable nuisances to those who cannot sleep so profoundly as the dense natives, of

GERMAN WATCHMEN.

There is one great nuisance in these German towns—the watchman. His habitat here is in the old tower of Granus, opposite my window, where it is his duty to look out for fires and ring the alarm bell; and to prove that he is awake, at least once an hour, he takes up the time of night from the clocks, and blows it upon his cowhorn; and again, a second time, to prevent mistakes, hooting out the notes like an old owl, as he is, longer

and longer in the repetition, as if he took a wicked pleasure in having as many companions in his watchfulness as possible. The small hours are a bore to this fellow: but he dwells upon midnight with a depraved enjoyment. I observe that he does not wait for the old cathedral clock, which, indeed, is in a helpless state of dotage, and proclaims the time in a churchyard cough.

He takes farewell of the country with this pithy

SUMMARY.

The Germans are cried up as an honest people. I should be the more inclined to accord this character to them, if their shopkeepers had not two prices; one for their own countrymen, and another, from 25 to 50 per cent. higher, for their English visitors. It may be said that this is common in all countries; perhaps it may, but it is not honest. The highest and lowest classes are much the same everywhere; it is to the middle, the shopocracy, therefore, that we are to look for the national character, and I do not think that this class can take a higher ground than their neighbours. I have been robbed in London, more robbed in France, and most robbed in Germany. The English robbery is plausible, cringing, pliant; you are "*shaved*," and you suspect it. The French robbery is a pleasant process, and perpetrated, as it usually is, by a pretty woman, we are ready to undergo it again. The German is a hard, civil, unyielding "do." You are half imposed upon by their heavy frankness, and you yield the other half rather than try the same thing in another shop. They are a heavy people. Heavy in their manners and their amusements—in their persons and their pipes—in their dinners and their jollifications. Drinking alone makes them gay, and then there is a coarseness in their cups. To see a German dancing is ridiculous; you are reminded of the old story, of one being discovered furiously jigging upon a table by himself, and being questioned, answered, "he was learning to be lively." You are convinced that the lesson must have been thrown away. A German never talks politics with another German. They are absolutely without political liberty, and this perhaps, makes them ashamed to broach the subject; but with foreigners they are not quite so reserved. I very much suspect that ten years will see a mighty change. I trust that the "New generation," amongst other changes, will change their shirts and wash their heads, curtail their pipes, and eschew public expectoration. It is a delightful country; and I know not which most to praise, the wines or the water; gratitude whispers the latter; for I AM CURED; but I took both freely, and of all kinds that came in my way. Nature has been indeed bountiful to this favoured people; she has given them the finest wines and the noblest river in Europe; and above all, provided them with baths, which are the attraction of the world, as if

> "To shew by one satiric touch,
> No nation wanted them so much."

And here we part company with our cheerful valetudinarian, whose recovered health will, we hope, be dedicated to more extensive travel, that he may bring back to us observations of men and things equally shrewd and amusing with those which he has here presented to his countrymen, and illustrated with very clever sketches, by the pencil, which he wields with quite as much ability as the pen.

Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the Year 1845. By the Rev. FRANCIS TRENCH. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

DESIROUS of acquainting himself, by personal investigation, with the state of religion in France, and chiefly on two points, viz. on the hold which the Romish faith and ceremonies have on the population of the country at large, and on the degree in which the doctrines of the Protestant Church prevail at present in the land, the Rev. FRANCIS TRENCH purchased a phaeton and a pair of ponies, and in this pleasant and unprecedented equipage set forth upon his travels through the South of France.

Slow as necessarily was his progress upon the road, and frequent as were the rests at towns and villages, abundant opportunities for observation were enjoyed by our tourist, who not only took notes of all that he beheld as he went along, but carried away with him a portfolio of sketches drawn with artistic skill, and which the engraver and lithographer have transferred for the adornment of the volumes wherein those notes are given to the world.

The route selected was one very little traversed by English tourists; some portions of it are indeed altogether new to us. The pony-carriage gently bears our traveller and his wife and servant from post to post, as weather permitted, or inclination prompted, and wherever he rested for a day or two he made it a rule to seek out the English residents, and affording them the ministrations of his sacred office. Scarcely a Sunday passed in which he was not thus enabled to perform the sublime services of his Church to a company of his countrymen, delighted thus to renew the memories of home and youth. Thus, with an object in view, his narrative assumes a character, and notes, that otherwise would have been dull and uninteresting, excite our sympathies, and trivial incidents assume a meaning that excuses their introduction.

The form of the Tour is that of a Diary, a shape more convenient to the author than agreeable to the reader. It compels repetitions, breaks up the narrative into isolated sentences, and prevents its being held in memory as a whole. Besides, it tempts to a chronicling of small matters, which, at the moment of their occurrence seemed important, but which afterwards, recalled in connection with the whole tour, often become relatively uninteresting. On the other hand, we gain somewhat in accuracy of detail, the impression of the moment being seized and committed to paper while it was yet fresh, and the description could be compared with the object,—whereas, in writing from memory, the imagination is apt to colour the reflected image and to supply defective observation.

Still here we have Mr. TRENCH'S note-book little changed from its original form; with no other corrections, indeed, than were needful to shape it for the public eye; and a pleasant, readable book it is, because it is written by a sincere man, who has an eye for nature and a heart for humanity.

As we read, we had scored some thirty or forty passages, as peculiarly worthy of extract, for some novelty of place or person, or some incident of interest; but since these are more than other claims upon our columns will admit, we must be content to cull from them a few specimens for the entertainment of the reader, and that he may learn something of our tourist's manner.

He opens his note-book at Dieppe, where they started with this

EQUIPAGE.

Our little equipage, when brought to the door in the morning, caused the greatest curiosity and admiration, from being of a kind quite unknown in France. It was merely a light, low cane-bodied little phaeton, with a seat behind. Thirty or forty spectators formed a circle round it to-day, when brought to the door of the hotel. The ponies, also, from their small size and breed, received their full share of attention. Various were the favourable and endearing epithets bestowed upon them, and many were the discussions between their respective admirers as to the comparative merits of "*la petite grise*," and "*la petite rouge*," one being grey, and the other bay.

After a short stay at Paris, they proceed to Orleans, and thence to Tours; at this latter place he sketches a trait of

PHILOPROGENITIVENESS IN FRANCE.

The French, in all classes, seem to have the greatest delight in dressing up their children to the highest possible degree. Some of those belonging to the wealthier classes are clad most expensively; and the fit of the little frock coats, in which boys of six or seven years are seen parading about, is sometimes perfect. We saw here the same fancy exemplified in a humbler station. As Mrs. T. and I were walking along the street we could not help stopping to observe a little fellow of about four or five years old, who was pacing up and down by himself in the middle of the highway. Every thing he had upon him was new, from his broad-brimmed glossy white hat to his jet-black wooden shoes, which he was displaying well forward at each step with manifest self-approbation. Presently we heard a loud laugh of complacency, and turning round saw the mamma standing on some stone steps nigh at hand. Half addressing the little fellow, and half addressing us as his admirers, she exclaimed, "C'est le premier jour de ses culottes, le petit! Il marche comme un roi, le petit bonhomme." We were much amused by the little domestic scene.

Angers was their next halt, and he notices here the brilliancy of the flowers. A visit to the Hospital informs them of a peculiarity, which will interest our lady friends, in

FRENCH LAUNDRY.

In the laundry were four enormous cauldrons, full of the linen at wash, under the process adopted in this country, but so unlike our own. The linen is first put into these boilers. Then a layer of wood ashes is placed over it, but separated by a strong cloth. Hot water is then poured in from above, which filters through the linen, and passes out through holes in the bottom. The water is then repeatedly pumped up again, heated, and passed through

as before. The linen is then taken to the river side, which is here close at hand, and washed very slightly with soap and cold water. I was told by a lady of our party that the general mode of washing in the country was very similar, and that the idea of making linen white by soap and water only is reckoned quite chimerical. However, an Englishwoman is rather in alarm for her wardrobe when she sees the washers at the river side battering the clothes with small instruments like wooden spades, perhaps one on each side, repeating blow after blow with immense noise and rapidity.

From Angers they proceeded to Nantes, and among other reminiscences of this place, we are presented with an anecdote, related to him by the English consul, touching the then prevalent

ANGLOPHOBIA.

I was amused by the account which he gave me of a visit which he had received during one of the temporary excitements and ebullitions against England. A party of 1,200 men came to his house one night, and sung the Marseillais hymn under his windows. He is personally popular in the town, and they accordingly made a very accurate distinction between the official station of the individual and the individual himself, crying out, "*A bas le Consul Anglais*," and in the next breath, "*Vive Monsieur N*——." By way of giving more solemnity to their chant, they had gone down on their knees at some other station where they had sung their song; they were going to do the same at the English consulate, and were just in the attitude of dropping down, when some one exclaimed, "What, go on your knees to the English consul!" At the thought thus suggested they all sprang up *en masse*.

He notices also a unique

FEMALE COSTUME AT SABLES.

There are two portions of female costume in this place of a most singular character, indeed I believe unexampled elsewhere. One is a kind of small and very graceful lace cap, ending in a point above, and widening downward, in the form of a small cone. The other article of dress was really quite extraordinary; nothing less than an enormous cape of coarse worsted fringe, at least a foot thick, and so worn on the shoulder that the head appeared emerging from a great blue bee-hive. Two or three old women were sitting in the church thus apparelled, and presenting of course a strange spectacle to a traveller. I believe that this enormous hood was first used by the fish-women who were much exposed to cold and wet.

Passing a very fine country, they reach Bourdeaux, to which some days were devoted. In the neighbourhood they witness the process of

COLLECTING RESIN.

Above our heads, and far as the eye could reach, were pines, not growing up bare and straight, but wide and free, so as to form with the copse below a variety of picturesque foregrounds. One side of these trees was generally laid bare by the axe for about twelve feet from the ground, and out of this bare white gash the resin was plentifully exuding, and dropping down into an oblong cavity cut in the bottom of the tree. When the trees bent much, boards were added in the proper direction to catch the fluid. This resin is collected every week. Each proprietor has his *resinnier*, as this functionary is called. A first-rate tree will produce fifteen pounds weight per year, worth three or four francs. The price varies from sixty to eighty pounds the *barrique*.

Here also he takes an opportunity to visit the courts of law, and witnesses

A FRENCH CRIMINAL TRIAL.

The assizes were going on during our stay. The doors of the court stood wide open, two soldiers keeping order within. In the most conspicuous place was a crucifix. Below in large letters was the just and excellent inscription, "Tous les Francais sont égaux devant la loi." The President, in scarlet robes, sat with two or three other judges in black. When I visited the court, so far as I could ascertain, a man was under a charge either of fraudulent bankruptcy, or of removing goods for his own benefit which ought to have belonged to his creditors. He sat in the middle of four *gens d'armes*. Shortly after I entered, the President beckoned the prisoner to approach. He obeyed, and had to mount a little wooden platform raised about two steps from the ground immediately in front of the judge. Then began that scene so strange to our notions of criminal jurisprudence, so natural to those of the French. I mean the examination and cross-examination of the prisoner himself. The President asked him several questions, sometimes taking him up and saying, "You stated just now," &c. Some of the jury then questioned him; then one of the judges, then the President again, and to my great surprise, none of these personages waited till another was done, but spoke out abruptly, and even eagerly, before the unhappy prisoner was out of the hands of his previous examiner. None of those officiating seemed surprised at this part of the proceeding, though I must say it seemed to me not only most unfair to the prisoner, even in the principles of the system, but also most irreconcilable with the order and dignity of a court of justice.

At Tulle, and indeed wherever they went, the ponies were special objects of admiration.

I must say also that the ostlers were very gentle towards the ponies, and indeed they were so small and harmless, notwithstanding their unwearied spirit and endurance, that they were quite treated as pets by all who came near them. Not only did gentlemen pay them visits, but mammas came and put their children on their backs! One lady, who was an invalid, had the little grey absolutely led into her room, and another handsome and sprightly young landlady was so charmed with them on our arrival at her door, that she called out, patting them and summoning the household to see them, "Les amours!—Les amours!"

They reached Toulouse in time to witness the famous Floral Games, established by an illustrious lady named CLEMENCE ISAURE in 1502. They commenced with an animated panegyric on the benefactress. The address concluded, a deputation from the academy quitted the hall and proceeded to the church of La Daurade for the prizes—gold and silver flowers of considerable value. The secretary then rose and delivered the report for the year.

Before I speak of it farther, I must mention that the prizes are offered for compositions in verse and prose. And not only those which gain the prize are printed, but also those which are thought to deserve commendation. This year three poems received prizes. Twenty-four pieces were printed in the Annual Report. The Academy exercises the right of free comment and public criticism on all the compositions sent in; and in the exercise of this right, the literary judges present their able, searching, and instructive Report.

Twenty-five poems were sent in, thirty-seven epistles, and elegies without number. The remainder of the proceedings of the day we give in the tourist's words.

JEUX FLORAUX.

While the Report mentioned above was being read, martial music was heard in the court below. This was the band which attended the deputation, sent for the purpose of bringing the prize-flowers from the church, La Daurade. The music accompanied them into the room where we were all sitting, and a file of soldiers, as a guard of honour, following the deputation, marched up the middle of the room. The flowers, thus carried in state, were large gold and silver ornaments of considerable value.

The sensation caused by this arrival being over, the Report was finished. Then the three successful poems were read with much spirit and taste; not by their authors, but by persons deputed to act for them. Neither were the prizes given to the three successful candidates personally, though they were called on to receive them, if present. No answer being given to this summons, it was publicly asked whether any individuals present were appointed to appear for them. In each case a young boy came forward with much grace in their behalf. One was the son of the successful competitor, and of course was cordially welcomed. Music concluded the proceedings of the day.

Soon after quitting Bourdeaux, they found themselves on the frontiers of Spain, the scenery growing more and more magnificent and the people more Spanish in manners and costume. They had scarcely crossed the frontier when they were reminded of the change by the passing of

A SPANISH CART.

I heard to-day, for the first time, that most extraordinary discord so well known to travellers in Spain; I mean the creaking of a Spanish cart. As we were proceeding along the high road we heard all at once a distant sound, perfectly new to our ears. My first impression was that it proceeded from a saw-mill, or other similar machinery, among the trees of the neighbouring valley. One of the ladies had, however, heard it before, and said that it was only a cart! The noise approached nearer and nearer—izz, izz, izz; then a deep groan, then a loud, hollow rumble, then the shrillest of all shrill screams prolonged to an indescribable length, then—but it is really quite in vain to represent the other accompaniments, and I give up the endeavour. "Rough music," indeed! All the marrow-bones, cat-calls, and cleavers of a town—all the noises used at a "skimiting" or "charivari" for bad husbands in a Hampshire village, would

prove almost harmonious when brought into comparison with the tones of a Spanish cart.

The remainder of their time was among the sublime scenery of the Pyrenees, and we shall not trace them through the mountains, but conclude with a few of the most attractive passages of the note-book. Here is a lively sketch of the mode of

HORSE-CLIPPING IN THE PYRENEES.

All the horse's legs were tied together with strong cords, and besides this, four men were holding him, one pushing at one side, a second at the other, a third twitching his ear, and a fourth pulling at his tail. Four or five others, sometimes mounting on chairs, were clinging about him like bees, and clipping away with the greatest celerity and most alarming noise. I never saw a poor animal, and a very quiet one too, more cruelly treated and apparently on system. No less than three times he threw himself down on the stones during the few minutes that my curiosity induced me to look on. When he did this, all the operators formed a circle, looked on the struggling creature till, tired with exertion, he got up again; and the moment he was up, they closed in again with their shears, and proceeded as fast and as noisily as before, till the horse again struggled and fell, when exactly the same scene was repeated. One very handsome and gaily-dressed youth, a thorough gipsy in every respect, was as active as he was inhuman in his proceedings. When any very cruel measure was to be adopted, he immediately put it into execution; *e. g.* in order to get the head down for clipping about the ears, he jumped up, seized one ear, and hung from it with his whole weight, till the poor horse yielded from pain, dropped his head down, when a rope immediately fastened it to the fore-legs. What cruelty to accomplish a work done in our country without alarm or pain by one man alone, with a small comb and scissors!

At Pampeluna they were much amused by the following specimen of the

CURIOSITY OF THE COUNTRY-FOLK.

On my pointing out the scene, our two friends immediately resolved to draw it; and in the cool of the evening took their position under some trees near the public walk, and began, without the least notion of the stir, curiosity, and excitement which was soon to follow their proceedings. Having obtained for them chairs out of a neighbouring house, and seen their few first strokes, I strolled down the garden, and was away perhaps for half an hour before I again came in sight of them. To my great surprise I saw a large crowd gathered around them, and hastened on in apprehension that something unpleasant might have happened. However, as I drew near I saw that the by-standers were all quiet, and was quite gratified by the cool and undisturbed ease with which my countrywomen went on with their engagement, looking up to their subject and down to their paper with as much equanimity as if they had been in the most complete retirement. The fact was, that sketches being unknown here, not only had a few children gathered around them—common in such circumstances everywhere—but grown-up men, half of them soldiers, and women had assembled in such numbers, that at one time there were not less than eighty or ninety in the circle; all behaving with perfect civility and quiet, and with no other annoyance except that of their extreme curiosity to see what was going on. During the scene the Baron —, who is mayor of the town, either passed by accidentally or was told of the circumstance. However, he came forward, and evidently anxious that the ladies should not be annoyed, begged the people to disperse. A great many acted according to his direction; but their places were soon filled up again; and on this, the mayor seeing that it was impossible to do more, absolutely sent two policemen, who walked about and kept the people in such a semicircle as not to interfere with the view in front, the mayor himself walking about within reach to see that his orders were executed, and the convenience of the ladies, so far as was in his power, secured. The crowd remained, and the police also, until they had finished their intended sketch.

Quack doctors at home might take a lesson from the ingenuity of

SPANISH QUACKS.

A curious scene took place opposite our window this evening. A small covered van had been standing in the road during the afternoon, but was not made use of till night-fall. A few candles were then lit up on a small stage at one end, and a well-dressed man began beating a drum to collect an audience. This was easily accomplished, and a large crowd soon assembled in front. A sharp and humorous youth then came forward, and a kind of scenic representation took place, which reminded me of Horace's account of the early waggon theatricals. The youth recited to the man of the drum a love adventure in Paris, he of the drum occasionally putting in his remarks. Songs were interspersed, and the people around seemed much amused with many parts of the narrative. This went on for nearly an hour, when all at once we discovered that all this was a dentist's advertisement. The drummer announced himself as a dentist, descanted on his own professional merits, and offered to operate at once and *in publico* on any one present who needed his art. Two lads immediately took advantage of the offer, and mounted on the stage. The mouth of the first was opened, and something done—what I cannot say: "Encore une autre opération," said the performer, and the same was repeated with the second youth. Then Eau de Cologne was announced for sale at six sous a bottle, for which there were thirty or forty candidates. I suppose that the results of the performance were satisfactory, for a "feu de joie" was then given in the shape of a handsome fire-work. The candles were then extinguished, and the crowd dispersed.

At Clermont they visit a remarkable natural curiosity—

A PETRIFYING FOUNTAIN.

It is so efficacious in operation, that articles subjected to its dropping and spray become completely encrusted with stone in the course of forty days. A kind of saloon is filled with such objects as small baskets containing fruit, flowers, and leaves of every description, birds' nests, and various small animals. On a grass-plat outside stand a real horse and a cow, both thus encrusted with stone. The stream is conducted into a wooden building, and scatters the waters about on the articles subjected to the process. Medallions, too, succeed extremely well. A cast of any design, taken in fit material, is put under the spray. The deposit of the water forms an exact resemblance in stone. This is removed when sufficiently thick, and is perfectly smooth and delicate. The colour varies a little, but is generally a light buff or cream colour.

Two formations of rock have resulted from this spring, not far distant from each other. One is a complete bridge over a lower and a larger stream—the other half a bridge. They are both absolutely made by the water itself dripping over the edge of the stream, and casting out by degrees a mass of stone at right angles to the current. The half bridge exemplifies the process most clearly. I was told that its advance was about two inches in each year. These bridges are parts of a large ridge similarly formed.

We have been tempted beyond our intention by these agreeable volumes, which we can commend to the regards of the library and book-club.

FICTION.

Clarence de Manfrédo. Traduit de l'Anglais de Lord Normanby, par Emily Newton. Paris, 1845, Lacrampe. London, Dulau.

The authoress informs us in her preface that during a visit paid to her by a French lady, the latter, in turning over her books, found one which attracted her attention. She placed it in the hands of her English friend, and asked information as to its contents. Mrs. (or Miss) Newton promised a translation. But she was tempted to do more than transcribe. "The indulgence," she says, "with which she treated my first essay induced me to attempt the development of the ideas of the original. I did more; I appropriated them in such manner that the little work is neither a copy nor a translation, but almost a new edifice erected on the old foundations."

Unacquainted with the original, we cannot form a judgment of the design thus indicated, nor how far it has been successful; but of the tale, as it now presents itself to us for the first time in its French dress, we may observe, that it is interesting in its incidents, is written with remarkable ease and elegance, and, but for the name upon the title-page, would have passed as the production of an accomplished native of France. It is more beautifully printed and got up than Parisian publications are wont to be, and altogether it is a curiosity in its way.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Edwin the Fair, and Isaac Comnenus. Historical Dramas. By Henry Taylor. Second Edition. London: Moxon.

The drama is the history of man expressed in the refined language of a poet. While it shews the manners of a particular time and the mental features of a particular people, it exhibits the manners of all times and the mental features of all people. This arises from the unity of mind, and thus the

drama, displaying man the individual, displays the universal MAN. EURIPIDES, SCHILLER, and SHAKESPEARE are three dramatists, but only *one* historian. Each coloured his characters with a national philosophy, but this colour, like *rouge* on the cheek, affected not the vitality beneath, for the feelings of man have been always alike, entirely distinct from geography. Love is ever shewn as made up of the same faith and the same faithlessness, the same exquisite sensibility, and the same fretful jealousy, though exhibited by the poet of Greece, Germany, or England. So the despot of one kingdom is a type of the tyrant of another kingdom; and so it is with the courtier, the hero, the beggar, and the fool. If this be true—and we believe it to be so—the drama is necessary to a highly moral and intellectual education, because in the solitude of the closet it shews a miniature world where the actions of men are as perfect and as true to humanity as they are in the actual universe without. One advantage in the drama is its speedy mode of teaching. It ushers us at once into the sanctuary of the human heart; it lays bare to our vision the whole machinery of action, by exposing to us the naked motive to that action, since its principal aim is to make visible the hidden springs of thought and feeling.

This second edition of *Edwin the Fair* and *Isaac Comnenus* has our cordial greeting, and we welcome it in this age of dramatic indistinctness of purpose and performance as we do a new edition of the sun every morning. The fame these dramas have gained is not greater than their merits deserve. It is a luxury to lavish praise on Mr. TAYLOR, for of late our mind has grown somewhat out of tune, as we have been called upon often, and much, to blame a host of illegitimate poets who have wilfully and incessantly struck the

> Creaking lyre,
> That sandstone of the teeth, monotony in wire.

Mr. TAYLOR has a quick perception of the distinctive marks that individualize the objects of nature. He has equal genius to preserve in his writings the individuality of inanimate as of animate things. This very variety is the grand arch on which poetry is built. It is the keystone of light and shadow. Objective character is not antagonistic to the general affinity of objects. A man, a stream, or a flower is only a portion of all other men, streams, and flowers, and in proportion as a poet preserves the distinctness of each, and the unity of all objects, so in proportion does he give us the genuine history of Nature. To illustrate our arguments, we take Mr. TAYLOR'S beautiful description of

THE WIND.

> The tale was this:
> The wind, when first he rose and went abroad
> Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
> Wanting a voice; and suddenly to earth
> Descended with a wafture and a swoop,
> Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,
> He wooed the several trees to give him one.
> First he besought the ash; the voice she lent
> Fitfully with a free and lashing change
> Flung here and there its sad uncertainties.
> The aspen next; a fluttered frivolous twitter
> Was her sole tribute. From the willow came,
> So long as dainty summer dressed her out,
> A whispering sweetness; but her winter note
> Was hissing, dry, and reedy. Lastly the pine
> Did he solicit, and from her he drew
> A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,
> That there he rested, welcoming in her
> A mild memorial of the ocean cave
> Where he was born.

It was the ear of the musician that detected such sounds in the trees when the wind was among them, but it was the hand of a true poet that could alone transfer such notes to paper. The "lashing change" of the ash, the "fluttered twitter" of the aspen, the "hissing dry and reedy" tones of the winter willow, and the "constant soft" voice of the pine, agreeably to the poet's fine description, have four modulations, but only one melody. This proves the same of sound as of forms, and shews Mr. TAYLOR'S intimate knowledge of the isolated and universal marks of creation.

Our readers will be more delighted by a few choice extracts from *Edwin the Fair* and *Isaac Comnenus* than by the longest review we could pen on the excellencies of Mr. TAYLOR.

THE POWER OF TIME.

> You find me here discoursing to the sea
> Of ebbs and flows; explaining to the rocks
> How from the excavating tide they win
> A voice poetic, solacing though sad,
> Which, when the passionate winds revisit them,
> Gives utterance to the injuries of time.
> Poets, I told them, are thus made.

PHILOSOPHY PECULIAR TO THE AGE.

> For philosophy itself
> Smacks of the age it lives in, nor is true
> Save by the apposition of the present.
> And truths of olden time, though truths they be,
> And living through all time eternal truths,
> Yet want the seasoning and applying hand
> Which Nature sends successive. Else the need
> Of wisdom should wear out and wisdom cease,
> Since needless wisdom were not to be wise.

GRACE OF ACTION.

> Ah! she is peerless! Happy were that man
> That should enthral her though she were a peasant!
> What in another might have seemed amiss
> In her was but a freshness and new charm
> Loosed from the graceful nakedness of Nature.
> She ate but half a pigeon, and did you mark
> How with her tiny fingers and her teeth
> She gnawed and tore the bones, talking 'twixt whiles,
> With such a lively and a pretty action,
> That appetite itself and all its ways
> Seemed mainly spiritual.

THE FALL OF EVE.

> The original snare;
> Perdition came of woman, and alway since,
> When Time was big with mischief and mischance,
> He felt his forelock in a soft white hand.

LOVE UNFORTUNATE.

> I loved you once; dearest Elgiva, yes,
> Even now my heart doth feed upon that love
> As in its flower and freshness, ere the grace
> And beauty of the fashion of it perished.
> It was too anxious to be fortunate,
> And it must now be buried, self-embalmed
> Within my breast, or living there recluse,
> Talk to itself and traffic with itself;
> And like a miser that puts nothing out,
> And asks for no return, must I tell o'er
> The treasures of the past.

CAUSE OF INSURRECTIONS UNKNOWN.

> No, not altogether.
> When things of evil aspect are to do,
> The first cause is not named; but commonly
> Some slight, remote, co-operative cause,
> Whereto the people knit them soul and body,
> Unknowing that which stirs them up to act,
> Which is the mover's cause and not the multitude's.
> The mover finds them reasons, they him hands.

AMBITION IN WOMAN.

> *Athulf.*—Beware, my sister, that ambition's weeds
> Choke not the garden where thy love should grow.
> In Man of questionable quality
> Ambition has been holden; but in Woman—
> Oh! 'tis the veriest beggary of the heart
> That winter ever witnessed!
> *Elgiva.* Athulf, no;
> A weaker to a stronger love may yield;
> But not in me will love or weak or strong
> Yield to ambition ever.
> *Athulf.* Oh, this head!
> So shapely and by nature so adorned!
> Far rather would I see the glossy braid
> Of its own golden tresses circle it
> Than England's jewelled crown.

CHANGE.

> *Alexius.*—But for that hair that's twisted in the grain,
> I had not known thee.
> *Comnenus.* Youth, Alexius,
> Knows nought of changes; age hath traced them oft,
> Expects, and can interpret them. Thou too
> Art somewhat alter'd, but the few years more
> Of time which I have travell'd through have taught
> The art to know what has been from what is,
> What's like to be from both. Change is youth's wonder:
> Such transmutations have I seen in men
> That fortune seemed a slow and stedfast power
> Compared with nature.
> *Alexius.* There is nought thou 'st seen
> More altered than art thou.
> I speak not of thy change of outward favour,
> But thou art changed in heart.
> *Comnenus.* Ay, hearts change too:
> Mine has grown sprightly, has it not, and hard?
> I ride it now with spurs; else, else, Alexius ....
> Well is it said the best of life is childhood;
> Life is a banquet where the best 's first served,
> And when the guest is cloyed comes oil and garlick.
> *Alexius.*—Hast thou forgotten how it was thy wont
> To muse the hours away along this shore—
> These very rippled sands?
> *Comnenus.* The sands are here,
> But not the foot-prints. Wouldst thou trace them now?
> A thousand tides and storms have dash'd them out;
> Winds brushed them, and waves worn them; and o'er all

The heavy foot of Time, who plods the shore
Replenishing his sand-glass, trodden down
Their vestiges and mine. Look, here 's a rock—
His seat or ere he push'd it from the cliff,
And which shall now be ours; a goodly seat.
He 's worn it smooth—smooth as a woman's cheek
Whilst yet untaught to dimple into lies.

RUIN OF MIND.

My good Macrinus,
There 's more mortality about this frame
Than known to those who tell its term of years.
The worm within may make the building weak
Ere Time has leant his weight upon the walls.

AGE.

'Tis true
The sharpness of our pangs is less in age,
As sounds are muffled by the falling snow;
But true no less, that what age faintly feels
It flings not off. I'll pray for your success.

To be a successful dramatist, a poet must walk beyond the door of his closet. He must wander abroad with a keen eye and a quick ear. His world is a world of life. Face to face he must confront all passions—fears, pride, jealousy, hate, love, pity. It is by beholding the evidences of each or all of those feelings, that an author is enabled to shew us the same, though modified by time, place, and circumstance, in the Roman or Saxon of the Past.

We believe Mr. TAYLOR has accomplished this to a superlative degree. The extracts we have given are taken from a number of others equally good, and we hope by presenting our readers with a few of such pearls they may be induced to purchase a string of them which they are sure to have in Mr. MOXON'S cheap reprint of *Edwin the Fair* and *Isaac Comnenus*.

The Druid's Talisman, and other Poems. By the Rev. J. MARSHALL, A.B. London: Painter.

DID we pledge ourselves to notice books according to their bulk, we should be compelled to give the *Druid's Talisman* a review of many columns. But for the public benefit, and for the advancement of sterling literature, such is not our plan. Did genius conceive but a single poem, that could be written and hidden in a nut-shell, it would receive at our hands a longer notice than a thousand penned by the mere versifier. Genius is not known by how much it performs, but by what it performs.

Had Mr. MARSHALL asked himself the question, What is poetry? and been able to answer it aright, we should not now have had the unpleasing task of condemning his work. We believe there is an uncharitable notion abroad, that critics love to find fault; that, being armed with a sword, they are ever ready to use it at an advantage, like a contemptible warrior, for the injury of others. This we deny; and, in answering for ourselves, we hope we answer for our contemporaries when we say, that a reviewer worthy the name finds all his pleasure in praising, and never in blaming, an author.

Mr. MARSHALL is a learned man, but poetry has a life distinct from learning. Learning is often a drag-chain on the chariot-wheel of poetry. It is so in *The Druid's Talisman*, and while we acknowledge Mr. MARSHALL'S research into history, and the information he has given in the notes to his poems, we are compelled to say that he is of no kin to the family of the poets. *The Druid's Talisman* is founded on the obscure history of PENDA, a Saxon king, who governed the least kingdom in the Heptarchy, and is designed to shew the beauties of religion. The design is undeniably good, but Mr. MARSHALL has failed to work out the great truths he intended. Religion, to be universally taught, must be taught in a simple and unmistakeable manner. But in *The Druid's Talisman* it is made so indistinct, by being mingled with poetry more indistinct, that the desired end is frustrated and poetry and religion suffer alike together. Mr. MARSHALL has a relish for chivalric poetry, as we judge from his ballads. So far as facts are concerned, he is acquainted with the savage habits and modes of fight which our forefathers adopted, but he lacks the genius that could describe them so truly to the life that imagination can start upon the wing, and the reader hear the rattle of weapons and the shouts of victory. But it matters little that Mr. MARSHALL has failed in *this* portion of his undertaking. SCOTT is still with us in spirit, and he can more than fill the gap which is made by the literary deaths of a thousand such writers as Mr. MARSHALL.

EDUCATION.

The Teacher's Companion; designed to exhibit the Principles of Sunday School Instruction and Discipline. By R. N. COLLINS. *With an Introductory Essay*, by the Rev. D. MOORE. London, 1844. Houlston and Stoneman.

THIS is by far the most complete and elaborate manual for Sunday-school education that has yet been published. A glance at the course of study recommended will shew that Sunday teaching embraces a far wider field of instruction than is commonly supposed. This treatise minutely describes the best methods of teaching—an *art* only to be acquired by study and practice; sets forth the class exercises, the engagements of the teacher, the discipline that should be observed, rewards and punishments, and the order to be maintained. All this invaluable information is imparted by Mr. COLLINS in a plain, intelligible style, and with an earnestness that indicates his own solemn convictions, the result of long practical experience as the superintendent of St. Bride's Schools. We can with entire confidence recommend this work as an invaluable companion to the Sunday-school teacher, and as interesting to all who concern themselves in the support, as patrons, of those excellent institutions.

PERIODICALS.

ONE new periodical only invites notice, and certainly the design is unique. It is entitled *The Historical Record*, and is intended to collect papers on history, science, inventions, travels, discoveries, &c. But though this variety of topics is to be admissible, history will be the principal field of its exertions, and it will endeavour to preserve in a collected form the researches of eminent writers upon isolated questions which could scarcely be made the themes of distinct publications. The first number exhibits a fair specimen of the scheme. It treats of the "Policy of European Nations towards the Jews;" "Guillemand's Adventures during the French Revolution;" "The Ancients and Moderns compared," and so forth. These are handled with considerable learning and ability. Whether a periodical of so grave a cast will find a sufficiently extensive sympathy to secure success, we have some doubt; but certainly it will deserve support if conducted in the same spirit as it has commenced withal.

The Dublin University Magazine has been well named "the Irish Blackwood." It is like in price, uniform in politics, and little, if at all, inferior in talent. Often, indeed, are the contents more various and readable, and such is the case in this May number. It excels in foreign literature, and continually presents its readers with masterly translations from the continental poets. Here we have the first of a series of specimens of Spanish romances and songs, and an article on TASSO. The poetical remains of the late Mrs. JAMES GRAY will be welcome to the admirers of genius. Some personal recollections of CAMPBELL the poet, and another of the "Tales of the Trains," are also extremely interesting. Two or three of the reminiscences of CAMPBELL will doubtless be acceptable to our readers.

THOMAS CAMPBELL—A PORTRAIT.

I had not been many minutes in the room, when there suddenly came up to the spot in which I and my friend stood, a small thin man, with a remarkably cunning and withered face, eyes cold and glassy, like those of a dead haddock, a brown wig neatly fitted on, a blue coat, not of the newest, with brass or gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat. He had no gloves, and his hands were coarse and wrinkled. His eyebrows were thick and slightly grey, and though the lines of the face denoted an inner man of much sagacity and shrewdness, their outward expression was the most vacant and unmeaning in the world; and it was painful to look and *think* how heartbroken must be the spirit that animated so cold and cynical a countenance. The wan light of the features was to the purple fire of youth and heartiness what the dull and misty exhalations of the fens are to the enchanting lustre of the stars. There was something remarkably mean and vulgar in his face; the lips were thin, and the reverse of juicy or joyous; but the brow was good, though not high, or indicative of great mental power; and he came into the room with more of a smirk than became a person of his years, and with an evident

contempt for the company which he was about to join. He singled out my friend immediately, apparently glad to find a gentleman present, approached and accosted him; and when the first greetings were over, the former electrified me by introducing me as "a distinguished friend of Poland," to Mr. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL ON SHERIDAN.

I asked him whether he had seen much of Sheridan. "Yes," said he, "and drank much with him. It was glorious. His intoxication was like the madness of the Sibyl, something wonderful and grand and splendid. He was the only man I ever saw who was truly great in his cups. Byron was the most wishy-washy, disgusting creature in the world when he had swallowed a couple of bottles of claret: but Sheridan—oh, he was superb! The *School for Scandal* is but a faint reflection of what he spoke. In fact, Sheridan spoke a comedy every night. His sarcasms were awful. I have seen the rich Whig lords tremble before this magnificent animal like an infant in the presence of a giant. Sheridan knew his power over them, and never, unless highly provoked, abused it. Poor Lord Holland shrank to a mere pigmy in his presence. I once dined with Sheridan, Madame de Staël, and Curran. The first of the three was indubitably the *first* in every thing. He did not perhaps speak as much poetry as Curran, but in every other quality of conversation and mind he out-topped him. Curran was a jester, like Foote and Quin—his gestures were highly arch and dramatic, and his humour owed not a little of its success to his queer monkey face, which was capable of the strangest transformations, and was never at rest. It shifted perpetually, like the scenes in a pantomime. He was as great a jester as Scarron, and indulged much in quaint, fantastic humour; like the clown in the show, he cared not *how* he made you laugh. But Sheridan was *always* a gentleman and finished courtier, and never forgot the elegant refinement which he had learned at the prince's parties. I once got a letter from Madame de Staël, telling me she was very ill, and confined to her bed, and begging me to call to her and talk to her. I went, wrapped up in one of my old plain coats, expecting a philosophic *tête-à-tête* with the author of *Corinne*. When I went up stairs, I was shewn into a drawing-room magnificently lighted up, and beheld the Staël resplendently dressed, lounging on a crimson sofa. Two or three people of fashion were present. I started back with horror and affright (like the man in the Æneid who had trodden on a serpent), conscious of my old coat and uncurled wig; but the baroness beckoned to me, seated me by herself, and made me the lion of the party. I was never so confused in my life. In about an hour, who should walk into the room, fully attired in a magnificent court suit, breeches, buckles, sword, and cocked hat, &c. &c. but Sheridan, who afterwards told me that he had got a note precisely similar to mine. I was thunderstruck, and the Staël was nearly as surprised at the apparition as I was sixty minutes before to find *myself* in the middle of the party. We left Madame de Staël's together, and supped at a tavern in Covent-garden, where we remained until four o'clock in the morning. It was in the middle of June, and Sheridan walked home to his residence, with his long sword clattering on the pavement, and his cocked hat rather awry on his head, followed by a large mob of admirers, and pelted with cabbage stumps, and the offal of the streets.

CAMPBELL ON PETRARCH.

"You are right," he replied, "quite right; Petrarch was a detestable donkey, and though I have edited his memoirs, I say it. The fellow must have been mad, or a fool, or a liar. The latter is the most probable. There really *was* no such person as Laura. She is throughout a type of the *laurel* for which he panted, and all the romance about his hopeless passion is rank falsehood from the beginning to the end. It is more charitable to him to suppose him a liar than the puling ass we must believe him to be, if we credit the story of his love for this fat woman with a large family for such a number of years. I don't mean to cast any reflection on Petrarch for this device. Our own Cowley, who was a perfectly virtuous man, adopted a similar deceit, and pretended to all the world that he was dying for love. Nor did he confine his particulars on the subject to lie-creating poetry, but he put them forth in plain matter of fact prose.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine proceeds in the spirit of its prospectus to advocate the cause of the poor, but in no puling strain. Its language is manly; its tone wholesome; its philanthropy practical, beginning *at home*. Such are the essay entitled "How will it look?" the graphic paper called "Impressions of a late Trial for Murder;" and the right-principled, sound-thoughted article on the "Temptations of the Poor." Gladly, would our space permit, should we have taken largely from this latter paper; but as the magazine itself is so cheap, the reader had better seek it there, amid so much beside that will interest and improve him.

Wade's London Review appears to flourish; evidently some vigorous pens are enlisted in its service. The articles on "Mercantile Respectability," on "Increase of Crime and Pauperism," and on the "State of Literature and Academical Learning in England," are of present interest, and are treated with vigorous good sense. There are other papers of scarcely inferior merit, and the spirit of the review is altogether liberal and *English*.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine contains the usual variety of information relating to the colonies, and the new part of the *Modern Orator* continues the speeches of SHERIDAN.

POLITICS.

Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland. London, 1845. Moxon.

THE purpose of this volume is to "present an intelligible narrative of the policy which England has pursued towards Ireland throughout the whole period of their connection, with its changes, its inconsistencies, and its effects."

The author professes to have exercised the most perfect impartiality in the performance of this task, and he appears to have kept his promise more faithfully than is often found in political treatises.

Our steadfast resolution personally to take no part in religious or political controversy, while we endeavour honestly to present the views of all books on all sides, forbids commentary upon the opinions expressed in this volume. As a literary work it is worthy of very high commendation. It is written in a peculiarly pleasant, lively, readable style. The author evidently enjoys an intimate acquaintance with official movements and cabinet secrets. He has been behind the scenes and knows the petty strings by which the affairs of nations are so often directed. He has studied the history of his country, and reflected profoundly upon the past as well as upon the present, and they have helped him to the keen insight of a philosopher into the future. The volume will amuse as a narrative even those who may dissent from its principles and arguments, and there is scarcely any person of any party who would not rise from the perusal of its pages with enlarged knowledge, and ample food for anxious thought. We propose to trace in outline the order of his argument, and extract such passages as may appear best fitted to exhibit his manner and to interest the reader; to which end we shall prefer those that are the least imbued with party politics, and therefore calculated to be acceptable to all.

The author opens with a succinct view of the history of Ireland, from its invasion by England in the reign of HENRY the Second to the close of the seventeenth century. It was the policy of conquerors seeking the extermination of the rightful owners of the soil for the purpose of territorial aggrandisement; in short, the policy of brigandage. It failed, because it was not pursued with sufficient vigour, and the eighteenth century witnessed the adoption of another system thus described by BURKE:—

"Their declared object (says Mr. Burke, speaking of the penal laws) was to reduce the Catholics of Ireland to a miserable populace, without property, without estimation, without education. The professed object was to deprive the few men who, in spite of those laws, might hold or obtain any property amongst them, of all sort of influence or authority over the rest. They divided the nation into two distinct bodies, without common interest, sympathy, or connection. One of these bodies was to possess all the franchises, all the property, all the education; the other was to be composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them."

The system, then, that was avowed and acted upon was this: that Ireland should neither reap the benefits of union, nor the benefits of independence, but should be maintained in a condition of political subordination and inferiority to England; and that the government of this subordinate province should be administered by a Protestant minority, invested with full power to load with incapacities, and keep in a permanent state of degradation, the great majority of the people, without any reference to their behaviour as citizens or as subjects, and for no other cause of disqualification than their profession of the Catholic faith.

The penal laws began in the reign of WILLIAM the Third, against the personal inclination of the king; his influence held the spirit of bigotry in some sort of check, but it burst forth with intolerable fierceness in the reign of his successor, and

that terrible code was enacted which, from its persecuting severity, has no parallel in the history of civilized nations. Throughout the reign of ANNE it was executed with unrelaxing severity. This policy was not Whig or Tory, but national; and the result is thus described by Lord CLARE:—

On one of the debates on the Union, a rival orator objected to the plan of union, that "they were very well as they were:"—"We are very well as we are!" exclaimed Lord Clare. "Look to your statute book; session after session you have been compelled to enact laws of unexampled rigour and novelty, to repress the horrible excesses of the mass of your people; and the fury of murder and pillage and desolation have so outrun all legislative exertion, that you have been drawn to the necessity of putting your country under the ban of military government. . . . . Look to your civil and religious dissensions: look to the fury of political faction, and the torrents of human blood that stain the face of your country! and of what materials must that man be composed who will not listen with patience and good-will to any proposition that can be made for composing the distractions, and healing the wounds, and alleviating the miseries of this devoted nation."

Mr. PITT, whose statesmanship becomes more apparent as time vindicates the propriety of the liberal policy he pursued to the very verge of public endurance, recognized the wrongs of Ireland, and saw clearly the true mode of restoring tranquillity. He proposed to emancipate the Catholics, when an act of justice would have been accepted as an act of kindness.

MR. PITT'S PLAN.

It was part of Mr. Pitt's plan to pay the Catholic clergy, and if this had been done, a connection would have been established between them and the state; the most urgent of practical grievances, affecting both clergy and laity, would have been removed, and a habit of contentment might, by possibility, have been created, affording the best chance of allaying the enmity with which the Protestant establishment was regarded. It is reasonable to speculate upon what might have been the issue of such moderate and healing counsels. History is said to be philosophy teaching by examples, and history furnishes no example of any country, in any age, which has been governed with tolerable justice, and ordinary prudence, and has at the same time exhibited a state of chronic disease, moral and political, like that of Ireland. We have always had the justest perceptions of the bigotry and impolicy of other nations and governments, and an abundance of pity and contempt for the various manifestations of Spanish or French misrule; but we have shut our eyes and our ears, and closed our understandings, against all the frightful consequences of our own. For years, we attributed the miserable state of Ireland to every cause but the true one; and the great majority of Englishmen preferred to believe that the disorders of that country were assignable to some natural propensity in the people to turbulence and crime, rather than to the system of Protestant ascendancy and Catholic exclusion, by which they were alienated from British connection, and all the sources of improvement were obstructed. What might have been the result of a different system, we are left to conjecture, but we have before us, in appalling reality, all the actual consequences of that which was maintained.

PITT quitted office because he could not carry out his liberal designs. When he returned to place, it was under other circumstances; the king was decidedly opposed to his views, and he yielded his private judgment to the royal will.

The history of the Catholic question is narrated at considerable length, and some information is given relating to the cabinet and the king, which will be new to our readers.

On the formation of the regency, the Catholics entertained high hopes that the great obstacle to their liberation, the prejudices of the sovereign, would be removed, and that in the regent they would have a fast friend; but bitterly were they disappointed.

THE PRINCE REGENT.

The fact is, that the prince never had any political convictions, nor was in reality impressed with the truth and justice of the liberal sentiments he had been in the habit of professing. He had allied himself with the Whigs, because they were in opposition to his father; but when he got into his father's place, a very short experience of Tory government was sufficient to extinguish the slight attachment he had ever felt for the Whig party, or for Whig principles, and to give him a decided inclination for the persons and the policy of the existing cabinet. Finding the ministers exceedingly respectful and compliant, he soon got over the resentment which the restrictions had at first excited in his mind. For the chief Whig leaders he had no predilection—he was awed by the austerity of Lord Grenville, by the dignity and independence of Lord Grey, and he disliked them both. The Whig doctrines, which were suitable enough to an heir-apparent, in opposition, had little attraction for a sovereign in possession; and although, like his grandfather and his great grandfather, he had put himself in constant opposition to his father, he was, nevertheless, in a great degree impressed with the same feelings of awe and veneration for the king, which were common to all his family.

In the debates and discussions that followed, Sir R. PEEL appeared among the most energetic opponents of the claims of the Catholics.

When all hope of a successful appeal to the justice of the legislature had passed away, and not till then, the people of Ireland resolved to rely upon themselves; and they commenced that system of agitation and confederacy which has been continued with almost unvarying success to this day. It was in 1823 that Mr. O'CONNELL and Mr. SHEIL met by accident at the country house of a common friend, and laid the foundation of

THE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The first summons which they issued was treated with scorn or neglect, but the discussions to which it gave rise speedily atttacted public attention and excited public feeling. The association was formed; and though consisting at first of only a few individuals, it rapidly increased, and soon comprehended all classes of Catholics in the list of its members. The nobility, the gentry, and the clergy forgot their former feuds and dissensions, and zealously united in promoting the common cause—the people were appealed to with entire success—the rent was established, and the organization of this mighty power was rapidly completed in all its perfection and extent.

Nothing had ever been seen before like this popular, general, and enthusiastic, but peaceful insurrection—it was the object of the leaders to make a great display of their power, and to exercise it beneficially for the country; at the bidding of the association a tranquillity and abstinence from outrage were produced, such as all the authority of government and all the penal and coercive acts of Parliament had never been able to effect. But while they inculcated peace and good behaviour to the people, the debates in the association itself were to the last degree intemperate and audacious. In England the proceedings of this self-constituted, but formidable body, were regarded with a mixture of astonishment, anger, and fear; the Government, however, resolved to take the matter up with a high hand, and fancied they could quench the new-born spirit by suppressing the association—as soon as Parliament met, a bill was brought in for that purpose, against which the association petitioned to be heard by counsel. This was refused; and after four nights of debate in the House of Commons, the bill was carried by large majorities through both houses.

The association dissolved, and immediately re-formed on a more comprehensive plan, and under another name, completely baffling their opponents, and by their vigour and spirit drawing upon them the eyes of the whole world, who watched the struggle with an interest proportioned to its importance.

The influence of the association was brought to bear upon the elections with a success that surprised themselves and terrified their opponents.

The Parliament met, and the battle was renewed with increased vigour. CANNING was placed at the head of the government, making the Catholic question an open one in his cabinet. Death terminated his short career, and in July 1828 the Duke of WELLINGTON and Mr. PEEL returned to power.

Both had been vehement opponents of the Catholic claims, and their accession appeared to be a death-blow to the hopes which the ministry of CANNING had raised. The Clare election followed; Mr. VESEY FITZGERALD was ousted from his seat by Mr. O'CONNELL, and this event decided the wavering resolutions of the ministry.

This is the author's interesting

SECRET HISTORY OF CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

It is certainly impossible to overrate the difficulty of the position in which the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel found themselves placed, and it is only just to give them credit for their conduct at this eventful crisis. They were now convinced that only two alternatives remained; either to put down the Catholics by force, or to emancipate them; and they resolved that it was better to do the latter than incur the danger of a civil war. But the king, the Tory party, and a majority of the people of England, were still confirmed in their pertinacious resistance to the Catholics, when the ministers, under the sense of an imperative necessity, were about to advise the adoption of the very measures they had so long inveighed against and opposed. Nor

was any adequate cause apparent to vulgar apprehensions for so great a change; for there seemed no such striking difference between the Waterford and the Clare elections, as to justify the refusal of emancipation after the one and to render the concession of it indispensable after the other. There is not a doubt that, if they had followed their own inclinations and consulted their own merely personal interests, they would have resigned, and left the Whigs to carry out the measure they had so long laboured to promote; but they soon found that the work could only be done by themselves, and that they must either expose the country to enormous danger, or undertake a task full of difficulty and humiliation, which could not fail to expose them to the bitterest obloquy and reproach, to the disruption of old friendships and connections, and every sort of unpopularity. They at once flung aside all personal and selfish considerations. They did not hesitate to sacrifice their own characters for consistency; and what was a still greater sacrifice, they did not scruple to adopt the means and expedients (repulsive as they must have been) by which alone success could be insured. The first thing to be done was to impart their designs to the king, and having obtained his consent, to conceal them from the rest of the world. The king was in the highest degree disgusted at the intimation; but he declared that he would only give his consent upon the condition of their *all* remaining in office, and *themselves* carrying the measure through Parliament; and to this, therefore, they made up their minds to submit. He also required that the matter should be revealed to no human being out of the cabinet, well knowing the personal annoyance to which he should be exposed if it once got wind. The ministers also were aware that it was essential to prevent a no-popery agitation being got up in England, and they were, therefore, fully agreed with his Majesty on this point. But the inevitable mischief of this secrecy was, that they were compelled to conceal from their best friends and most faithful adherents the intended change in their policy, and to allow those friends to commit themselves by language and conduct which afterwards exposed them to much mortification and embarrassment. It was not long, however, before the ministers began to get in trouble with the king. In August, at a public dinner at Derry, Mr. George Dawson (Mr. Peel's brother-in-law) announced his conversion to the Catholic cause. This declaration made a prodigious sensation; and though he declared that the government were as ignorant of his intentions as he was of theirs, all the world inferred from his speech that the reports, already rife, of the Duke of Wellington's favourable intentions to the Catholics, were well founded. The king was outrageous, and refused to believe that the secret had not been divulged; the ministers were extremely annoyed with Mr. Dawson, who was all the time quite unconscious of the embarrassment he had caused; and the necessity of counteracting the effect of this premature declaration compelled them to maintain a greater reserve than ever in all their communications both public and private. In the course of the autumn, Mr. Peel was entertained at several dinners and breakfasts in various great manufacturing towns in Lancashire, but on all these occasions he carefully abstained from uttering a word from which it was possible to draw any inference as to the views or intentions of the government.

But the measure was not yet safe. The King wavered. This was the

VACILLATION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

A call of the House had been ordered on the 5th of March, on which day Mr. Peel was to bring the Emancipation Bill before the House of Commons; but in the meantime the Duke of Cumberland, backed by Lord Eldon and the old anti-catholic party, had contrived to work the king's mind into a state of frenzy. He passed his days in railing against the bill and its authors; and he went so far as to desire a person high in his intimacy and confidence to tell all his household, that he wished them to vote against it, a command which the individual to whom it was given was, fortunately, too prudent to obey. If his Majesty's ill humour had been confined within the walls of his palace, and had there evaporated, it would not have much signified, but as the time drew near when the irrevocable step was to be taken of proposing the Relief Bill to Parliament, he exhibited very alarming symptoms of a disposition to waver and draw back.

On the 3rd of March it was generally known that the bill was in the greatest jeopardy; and nothing could exceed the consternation which prevailed among the friends of government and emancipation. On Sunday the king sent for the chancellor, pretended that he had not been aware of all the provisions of the bill, said that the securities did not satisfy him, and he would not consent to it. The chancellor could do nothing with him, so, instead of returning to town, he proceeded to Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was gone to receive the judges—there he arrived at three in the morning, and communicated to the duke what had passed. On Monday the duke went himself to Windsor, and told the king plainly that it was too late now to recede, and if his Majesty made any more difficulties he would instantly resign. The king began whimpering, said he thought the duke would never desert him in any circumstances; but finding him totally deaf to his appeals *ad misericordiam*, told him he would take a day to consider of his final determination, and communicate it to him. The government considered themselves out, and thought every thing was at an end: meanwhile, the king sent to Lord Sidmouth, and proposed to him to come and help him to overthrow the bill, and set the Duke of Wellington and O'Connell at defiance. But Eldon's "young master" did not inspire the confidence which his old master might have done—Lord Sidmouth would not trust him;—he refused, saying to his confidants that he would have done it for the father, but could put no reliance in the son. The king had nothing now left but to surrender at discretion, and he accordingly did so.

The remaining chapters are devoted to a consideration of the lessons to be learned from the history reviewed, and the author proceeds to shew what, in his judgment, should be the future policy of England towards Ireland, founded upon this experience of the past. Into that portion of his volume we will not follow him. At this moment of excitement it would be difficult to obtain credit for neutrality, however scrupulously observed; we therefore close by recommending the work to all who take an interest in the topics that are now agitating the Parliament and the country.

RELIGION.

Sermons chiefly practical, preached in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall during the years 1843, 1844, *and* 1845. By the Rev. JAMES HILDYARD, M.A. &c. London, 1845. Parker.

THE design of these sermons was "to set forth the paramount importance of religion, not only as an individual, but as a national concern, more especially in an age like the present, of great national enterprise and unprecedented accumulation of wealth." They are twenty-five in number, and treat of such topics as "Worldliness incompatible with Religion," "Christian Love," "The Law of Christ and the Law of Liberty," "Moral Courage the result of Faith," "Gratitude to God for national Greatness," "The Mission to China," "Believing without seeing," and so forth. The characteristic of the preacher's style is richness of thought and of expression. His command of language is extraordinary, and in vigorous bursts of eloquence he often reminds us of the great divines of a former age. He does not much indulge in poetical imagery, and he shuns sedulously the vice, so conspicuous in many pulpit orators of our day, of over-indulgence in exclamation and interjections, often employed to supply vacuity of thought or poverty of tongue. His tone is always temperate and tolerant; he delights to inculcate the philanthropy of Christianity. His hand is open to all good men of all sects; charity is his motto; the religion of love speaks to us in every page. Seldom have we read more *wholesome* compositions, and so little tinged are they with sectarianism, that there are few who call themselves Christians, whatever their forms of worship, who might not peruse this volume with pleasure and profit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Dictionary of Dates, and Universal Reference, relating to all ages and nations. By JOSEPH HAYDON. 2nd edition. London: Moxon, 1844.

No little skill was requisite to cast a work of this nature into alphabetical form. If the date of an event be required, are we to look to the name by which it was best known, or to that of the country in which it occurred? The editor has adopted both plans; under the names of countries setting forth their respective chronologies, and also placing events of extraordinary magnitude under distinct headings, thus avoiding some, though not all, of the difficulties that meet any attempt to frame a dictionary of dates. For instance, in the article "England" are given the dates of the principal incidents of its history; but if more particular information be required upon minor points, it will be found in some of the subdivisions, under such headings as "Battles," "Navy," "Commerce,"

&c. Nevertheless, though the dictionary contains upwards of 15,000 articles, the editor might do much to its improvement by further facilitating reference. We extract a few passages, which will shew the manner of the work, and convey some useful information to our readers.

Railroads.—There were short roads called tramways in and about Newcastle so early as the middle of the 17th century; but they were made of wood, and were used for transporting coals a moderate distance from the pits to the place of shipping. They are thus mentioned in 1676:—

"The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rollers fitting those rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."—*Life of Lord-Keeper North.*

They were made of iron, at Whitehaven, in 1738. The first considerable iron railroad was laid down at Colebrook Dale, in 1786. The first iron railroad sanctioned by Parliament (with the exception of a few undertaken by canal companies as small branches to mines) was the Surrey Iron Railway (by horses), from the Thames at Wandsworth to Croydon, for which the act was obtained in 1801. The first great and extensive enterprise of this kind is the Liverpool and Manchester Railway (by engines), commenced in October, 1826, and opened September 15, 1830.

NAVY OF ENGLAND.—The first fleet of galleys, like those of the Danes, was built by Alfred, A.D. 897. The number of galleys had increased under Edgar to 350, about A.D. 965. A formidable fleet was equipped by the public contribution of every town in England, in the reign of Ethelred II. 1007, *et seq.* when it rendezvoused at Sandwich, to be ready to oppose the Danes. From this period fleets were occasionally furnished by the maritime towns and the cinque ports, and were usually commanded by the King, or an Admiral under him. Such was the fleet of Edward III. at the siege of Calais, in 1347; it consisted of 40 ships, badly equipped, under no public fixed regulations. The date of the commencement of the Royal or British navy may therefore be placed 4 Henry VIII. (1512), when the first navy office was appointed, with commissioners to manage naval affairs, and a number of stout ships of war began to be permanently kept on foot by the Crown.—*Gibson's Camden.*

In the time of Henry VIII. the navy consisted of one ship of 1,200 tons burden, two of 800 tons, and six or seven smaller. The largest was called the *Great Harry.* Elizabeth's fleet, at the time of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, consisted of only 28 vessels, none larger than frigates. James I. added 10 ships, of 1,400 tons each, and 64 guns, the largest then ever built.—*Gibson's Continuation of Camden.*

ACCOUNT OF THE PROGRESSIVE INCREASE OF THE ROYAL NAVY OF ENGLAND, FROM HENRY VIII.'S REIGN TO THE CLOSE OF THE LAST WAR, 1814.

Year.	Ships.	Tons.	Men voted.	Navy Estimates.
1521	16	7,260	—	no account.
1578	24	10,506	6,700	no account.
1603	42	17,055	8,346	no account.
1658	157	57,000	21,910	no account.
1688	173	101,892	42,000	no account.
1702	272	159,020	40,000	£1,056,915
1760	412	321,134	70,000	3,227,143
1793	498	433,226	45,000	5,525,331
1800	767	668,744	135,000	12,422,837
1808	869	892,800	143,800	17,496,047
1814	901	966,000	146,000	18,786,509

In 1814, Great Britain had 901 ships, of which 177 were of the line; and in 1830 she had 621 ships, some of 140 guns each, and down to surveying vessels of two guns only. Of these, 148 sail were employed on foreign and home service. On Jan. 1, 1841, the total number of ships of all sizes in commission was 183.

SHIPS TAKEN OR DESTROYED BY THE NAVAL AND MARINE FORCES OF GREAT BRITAIN IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY WAR, ENDING 1802.

Force.	French.	Dutch.	Spanish.	Other Nations.	Total.
Of the line.....	45	25	11	2	83
Fifties.....	2	1	..	..	3
Frigates.....	133	31	20	7	191
Sloops, &c.	161	32	55	16	264
Grand Total..	341	89	86	25	541

NUMBER OF SHIPS TAKEN OR DESTROYED IN THE WAR AGAINST BUONAPARTE, ENDING 1814.

Force.	French.	Spanish.	Danish.	Russian.	American.	Total.
Of the line.....	70	27	23	4	..	124
Fifties.....	7	..	1	..	1	9
Frigates.....	77	36	24	6	5	148
Sloops, &c.	188	64	16	7	13	288
Grand Total..	342	127	64	17	19	569

It thus appears that in the two last wars, extending over a period of 21 years, our navy had taken or destroyed 1,110 ships of the navies of our enemies.

On the Origin and Ramifications of the English Language. Preceded by an Inquiry into the primitive Sects, early Migrations, and final Settlements of the principal European Nations. By HENRY WELSFORD, Esq. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

MR. WELSFORD asserts that all modern philologists have been misled by two theories founded in error: 1st, that the barbarians who overthrew the Roman empire came from Scandinavia, and that Scandinavia was situate in the north of Europe, and limited to the modern kingdoms of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark; 2nd, that the people called the Celtæ and Cynetæ were a distinct race, speaking a distinct language from those called Scythians or Thracians, who are still regarded as the sole progenitors of the Gothic or Teutonic race.

The object of the very learned work before us is to expose these errors, and then to shew, from a view of the real circumstances, the true history of the origin of the European languages, and especially of the British tongue.

An analysis of such an essay, however important and interesting, would be impracticable within the limits a weekly journal could assign to any single volume; and, indeed, from the nature of the subject, consisting as it does so much of reference to authorities and close reasoning, no mere abstract of it would be intelligible. The reader who desires to master the learning so diligently collected by Mr. WELSFORD should seek it in the work itself, which will be an invaluable addition to the historical and philological library. It will be enough for us briefly to indicate an outline of the author's large views upon the important topic to which he has devoted so much zeal, research, and reflection.

Having treated of the genealogical origin of the names of the tribes and nations in the ancient world, and the causes that gave rise to them, which he considers as proceeding from climate, locality, abode, food, religion, and habits, he proceeds to illustrate the operation of the principle of population, the primary and still active cause of the dispersion of mankind. In this he adopts the views of MALTHUS, contending that the fundamental law of the principle of population establishes a moral necessity that the world shall be fully peopled in a long succession of ages.

The fourth chapter is devoted to the Celtæ and the Celtic language, who, he says, are identical with the Scythæ; the Gauls and Germans are essentially the same people, both being Celtæ. The Sarmatians and the Slavonic language are next treated of; then the Massa-Getæ, Getæ, Mysians, Mæso-Goths, or Goths; then the earliest inhabitants of Greece, the Pelasgi, the earliest inhabitants of Italy and Sicily; then those of Great Britain and Ireland.

The tenth chapter discourses of etymology in general, whence he passes to a consideration of the sources of the English language, its genius, its close analogy with the Persic, the structure of its sentences—and he shews that this is very similar to the Mæso-Gothic, of which he considers our language to be the eldest daughter.

Mr. WELSFORD concludes with a review of the genius of the languages of Asia as compared with those of Europe. This is illustrated by a comparison of passages from an oriental historian, from SMOLLETT and from Lord BOLINGBROKE. He expresses an opinion that ultimately all the inferior races will be annihilated by or absorbed in the Caucasian, and that the English language will become that of one-third of the human race, opening an unbounded career for the genius of England, whose influence, through the medium of the press, will surpass

any thing that imagination, in its wildest dreams, has yet ventured to suggest.

We have reserved extract for the conclusion of our short notice of this singularly learned essay, and we select a few passages from the concluding chapter, as best adapted for the general reader, such being the invariable practice of THE CRITIC, which aims to adapt all its contents for universal, not for class, information.

ORIENTAL MAGNIFICENCE.

The English reader can form no conception of the extent to which the most gaudy ornaments of poetry are introduced into historical works by Oriental writers, and I shall therefore adduce two or three more short illustrations. The two first are from the History of the Life of Nadir Shah, a work written in Persic, and translated into French by Sir William Jones, for the use of the King of Denmark. The following passage describes the commencement of the year of the Hegira, 1139, and of the Christian era 1726:—"On the 26th of the month Regeb the Sultan of the Celestial Luminaries (the Sun) transported himself into the city of the Ram (the sign Aries). The half-blown buds of the roses, resembling beautiful youths, and clothed in the mantle of spring, sported in the recesses of the gardens, and on the banks of the streams. The tulip, the bride of the smiling season, and the odoriferous shrubs, opened and vied with each other in the abode of the groves. The skilful hands of nature painted with the most splendid colours the cheeks of the wild roses and the jessamine. The nightingale, enamoured of the rose, sharped the sword of his tongue to vanquish his rivals. The dove, amorous of the cypress, sighed tenderly on the branches of that beloved tree, whose leaves appeared to assume the sharpness of daggers, to serve as so many guards to her pleasures." (Jones, vol. xi. p. 97.) Here we have a poetical account of the opening of the following year:—"The Sun, that monarch crowned with gold, after having displayed his magnificence in the house of Pisces, passed into that of Aries on the 7th of the month Chaaban. The spring, followed by the floating clouds, and armed with the lances and javelins of the rays of the Star of Day, marched against the troops of Winter, and wrote on the plains the decree of the expulsion of Dei (January). The verdant plain again put forth her branches in the garden of roses, and the feast of the new year was celebrated with pomp and splendour." (Jones, vol. xi. p. 111.)

PROSPECTS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The English language appears to be rapidly extending itself over every part of the vast continent of North America, as civilization pursues its march from the Atlantic towards the Pacific Ocean; in another century hardly a vestige will remain of the aboriginal Indian race, to whom an encroachment on their hunting-grounds is as much a virtual sentence of annihilation as if they were doomed to be shot through the head with rifles; and in two centuries from the present time, supposing the population of America continues to increase at its present rate, the English language will probably be spoken by one-third of the human race. We can picture to ourselves the western coast of that vast continent, with its cities rivalling the New Yorks, Bostons, Philadelphias, and New Orleans' of the eastern, and a new and unbounded career opened to the master minds of whom England is now so justly proud. The *Wealth of Nations* of Smith—a man born less for his particular country than for the world at large—may teach them that commerce does not, like war, enrich by fraud or force, but by equal and legitimate exchange, and that in the utmost advance of other countries in population, industry, art, and refinement, we ought only to regard them as so many new customers, who will not merely demand the production of our manufactures and foreign commerce, but, what is of equal importance, have a valuable equivalent to give in exchange for what they desire; as fellow-labourers, who will add to, instead of jealous rivals, who seek to deprive us of our wealth; the *Essay on the Principle of Population*, by Malthus, incomparably the ablest of Smith's successors, may demonstrate to them the necessary and eternal connection between individual morality and national happiness, and how little even the best government can do for any people compared with what the people must do for itself; the beautiful discourses of the amiable and elegant-minded Reynolds may inspire them with a taste for those fine arts which soften manners and embellish life, to which he was devoted with so ardent an enthusiasm, and in which he became so distinguished a proficient; the speeches of Fox, which contain so much that is vigorous in intellect, sound in feeling, and practical in wisdom, may teach generations yet unborn, and states yet unformed, to steer their course in troubled times, should such arise, by the steady beacon lights of liberty, justice, and humanity; and, finally—"the greatest is behind"—what shall be the fate of our darling Shakspeare, the poet of mankind, the instructor of nations and of ages? I cannot answer better than by quoting a passage which indignantly and eloquently repels some of the charges of Voltaire: "The Apalachian mountains, and the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciota, shall resound with the accents of this *barbarian*: in his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of *Lear* be alleviated, or the charms and wit of *Rosalind* be abated, by time." (*An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*, by Maurice Morgan. London, 1820, p. 69.)

ART.

GUIDE TO THE GALLERIES.

IN pursuance of a plan commenced last year, and much approved by the public, THE CRITIC proposes to comprise in two numbers a complete guide to the three galleries now open; so that for *eightpence* the reader will obtain the information of three catalogues.

The design is as follows:—

All who have visited a picture-gallery must have felt how valuable would be a companion who, with some taste for and knowledge of art, would walk round and point out the pictures most worth looking at, without the waste of time and attention upon such as have no merit. An intelligent friend would not merely criticize, but describe, directing the eye to beauties that might otherwise have escaped unnoticed amid the crowd; and more real knowledge would be thus gained in one hour than might be gathered in three by the unaided visitor.

It is the purpose of THE CRITIC in these notices in a great measure to accomplish for the visitor the objects of such a guide: with this in his hand, he may traverse the galleries and see all that is worth seeing, with vastly less expenditure of time, and infinitely more pleasure, than if he has to choose unaided amid acres of canvas.

This week we take

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Exhibition of this year is, as a whole, inferior to those of many previous years. There are few pictures of first-class merit, although perhaps there are fewer mere daubs. Nor does it introduce to us any rising genius. Old names and familiar styles meet us everywhere. COPLEY FIELDING, and BENTLEY, and GASTINEAU, and FREDERICK TAYLER, and COX, and WRIGHT, and HUNT, occupy between them well nigh half of the walls, and none of them surpass their former doings, even if they can be said to equal them. Altogether it is a disappointing exhibition to those who desire to see progress in art; and although there are a great number of pictures that will please the visitor, when viewed with a consideration of their individual merits, the remembrance of the entire show, as compared with the recollection of preceding exhibitions, does not inspire that confidence in British genius as promising a future of greatness to which the present is but a step. Rather does it give rise to the apprehension that already the limits of excellence have been gained, for none here have made even an endeavour to pass beyond the old boundaries.

It will be impossible to pass a separate criticism on each of the pictures that deserve attention, because for the most part they proceed from few hands, and present no variety of style or subject. BENTLEY has a host of sea-pieces, and TAYLER crowds of horses, and HUNT lots of boys and girls and candles, and FIELDING a multitude of downs, with sheep in the foreground, and a storm in the distance, and PROUT a sketch-book of quaint houses and market-places, and so forth. We propose to comment on such as possess some novelty only, and to name as noteworthy those which resemble the other works of the same master. And here also we will review them in the order of the catalogue, beginning at the entrance with the left wall.

No. 2 is *Tremadoc, North Wales*, a BENTLEY, not quite after BENTLEY. There is water, indeed, but it is a secondary object, and really he appears to master land with as much ease as sea.

A bit of genuine nature is P. DE WINT'S *Stacking Hay* (3); the composition and colouring are good alike, and there is a fine specimen of delicacy of hue in its neighbour, No. 4, a *View near Ryde—Autumn*, by TURNER.

HARDING has brought home a romantic scene from *Beilstein, on the Moselle* (9), which he has preserved with truth; and next to it is a HUNT, in a new character, *Romish Devotion* (10), a kneeling peasant with the prayer upon his face.

No. 13 is shewy, but substantially good. It is the *Eagle's Nest, Glengariff*, a wild mountain glen, only spoiled by the deformity of the stag, whose figure is wofully distorted. NESFIELD is the artist, and he has here proved himself a man of imagination as well as an artist. Just beyond it is a view by CALLOW, of *Gochem on the Moselle* (16), a happy subject, ably handled.

Exquisitely natural is No. 18, an *Interior of a Cowhouse*, by F. TAYLER. He is certainly the LANDSEER of this gallery. There is *affection* in that face. And the visitor must not pass in haste its neighbour, No. 19, a *Collier on a Sand-bank*, by BENTLEY. He is indeed the prince of marine painters. His sea is the most veritable salt-water we have ever seen, save in the gallery at Frankfort, where a Belgian artist has two pictures with waves almost as real as his. One expects to hear them dash, and they dance before the eye as we gaze.

Just beyond is a PROUT, a *Street View in Nuremberg* (22), a spot we remember well, and for the accuracy of which we can vouch. PROUT preserves his full vigour, and long may he live to bring home to us the quaintnesses of continental architecture —for no man can do it like himself.

No. 23 is a life-like group, *Plough Boy and Horses*, by F. TAYLER.

From this let us turn to by far the finest picture we have yet seen. It is a view of *Berne*, No. 26, by HARDING, and represents an effect of morning as it sometimes wakens among the Alps. The artist's pencil has succeeded in catching the gorgeous hues that are lighted up by the rising sun upon the long range of Alpine peaks, and the result is a glorious picture, upon which the eye must ever dwell with delight, and in which new beauties will be developed with every inspection. It is decidedly a work of genius.

No. 30 will claim a look, because it is a PROUT,—*Café de la Place, in Rouen;* and 33, *Rievaulx Abbey*, is remarkable for being a COPLEY FIELDING without a storm.

H. RICHTER presents us, in No. 41, with a *Peasant Girl*, well drawn, but red as a brick. Did he ever see such flesh?

No. 46 will be admired, because it is another dash of BENTLEY's waves; and No. 47, the *Oratory, Naworth*, by RAYNER, is a bit of drawing after nature, which has the merit of being nothing more.

No. 50, *Distant View of Christ-Church*, is one of DE WINT's happiest efforts. His bold dashing brush has succeeded in producing here its most striking effects,—a fine picture is the result.

Some more may now be passed over; but there must be a pause before 60, the subject of which is *Market People crossing the Lancaster Sands*, by D. COX, an interesting composition, wonderfully truthful; the tone of sky and sand, the attitudes of the groups coming and going, and a certain crispy look of the atmosphere, all telling the tale of a keen March wind, where it would be felt most keenly.

No. 67 is another PROUT, the *Hôtel de Ville, St. Quentin;* and 69, another of D. COX's transcripts of nature, a *Distant View of Brough Castle*. Nor must BENTLEY's *Quillebœuf, on the Seine* (74), be passed by.

No. 75 must attract a longer gaze. It is a fine morning view of *Dansenau*, by T. M. RICHARDSON, jun. Water and air are perfect, and the composition is artistic. It is one of the most *promising* pictures in the room.

At No. 80 also, there should be a rest, and it would not be amiss to take a chair and look at it steadily for awhile, as it will certainly grow upon the spectator. It is *The Groves of Yew Trees, a part of the Downs near Chichester*, by W. TURNER, in which a vast range of country is depicted with wondrous accuracy, and the trees and heath in the foreground seem to rise from the paper. It is one of the few first-class pictures in the exhibition.

No. 85 is a clear, well-drawn, and truthfully-coloured *View on the Canal of Ghent*, by CALLOW.

No. 86 is a busy group by WRIGHT, called the *Afternoon Nap*, a slumbrous schoolmaster surrounded by mischievous urchins, availing themselves of his closed eyes. But though attitudes and occupations are various, there is a disagreeable monotony of feature, as if they were all of one family. This is a fault Mr. WRIGHT should shun.

Near it is No. 87, a *Boy fetching Water*, by OAKLEY, of whom it must be said, that he is one of the most advancing contributors to the gallery. His various works exhibit an originality and a truth to nature that stamp him a man of genius, and give proof that he must become yet a much greater man if he labours assiduously, and stoops to learn of the only safe guide—nature. What a true boy is this, even to the minutest parts of his dress; nothing is stiff or affected.

One of COPLEY FIELDING's *Downs*, is No. 92, with all his mannerism; and 95 is a BENTLEY, again—a true BENTLEY, and therefore noteworthy.

No. 97 is another product of RICHARDSON's pencil—*Derwentwater*, exhibiting an effect after a shower, exquisitely transferred to paper. Nor must the visitor fail to look at 101, D. COX's *Knaresborough Castle*, or at 106, FIELDING's *Greenwich from Blackwall*, a variation from his wonted subjects, but yet very beautiful and masterly.

A singular specimen of what may be done by a heavy brush, flung about seemingly with careless hand, and quite blotchy when seen close, is D. COX's *Cloudy Day* (112), which will more please the artist than the public.

A pretty composition is No. 119, *Sir Roger de Coverley with the Gipsies*, by HARRISON. It is rustic in its accessories, but some parts are not sufficiently finished. The gipsy group is capital. And next to it do OAKLEY's *Italian Boys at a Cottage* (120) demand attention. What fire in those eyes, what ease in those attitudes! And its companion is one of FIELDING's best works, a view of *Snowden* (121), with less of his mannerism than usual, and therefore more of nature.

No. 123 is a BENTLEY again—*Granville*, more waves—and No. 127 is OAKLEY's *Guernsey Fishing Boy*, a sketch from life and of life—a living picture. J. NASH has, in No. 130, given us a bit of country seat *At Bingham's Melcombe, Dorset*. No. 133 is another BENTLEY, and one of the best, *An Indiaman in Distress;* and No. 137, a PROUT again, presenting us with some *Ancient Tombs at Verona*.

Once more must the visitor halt to enjoy *A Gleaner*, by OAKLEY (139), drawn in his happiest mood, and then move on for some steps, passing a crowd of less interesting works, the greater portion of which are mere repetitions by the artists of themselves, nor need he pause until he arrives at 151, a fine expansive *View of the South Downs, near Lewes*, a COPLEY FIELDING in theme and handling, but yet one of the best specimens of his manner, and a very fine picture in design and drawing. No. 160 is a sketch of *Bolton Abbey*, by P. DE WINT, effective for the freedom of its handling.

No. 167 is OAKLEY's ablest work—*Vagabond Intruders*, a pack of idle, black-eyed, ragged Italian boys chased by a servant from the steps of some grandee's house. In every part of it this picture is worthy of the warmest commendation, and must secure for the artist higher honours than he has yet attained.

G. FRIPP's *Mill at Taplow* (168) is a nice bit of colouring—a nook of nature's greenery, and very truthful. It might rival some of CRESWICK's cool shades.

No. 172, *Isola de San Guilio*, by H. GASTINEAU, is an exquisite scene, selected with good taste, and drawn with the hand of a master. The water is real, and the island has a dreamy look of an object seen in the midst of a transparent lake.

F. NASH has presented to us, in No. 177, *A Cottage near Worthing*, very perfect in its details; and, in No. 183, we have another sea-piece by the indefatigable BENTLEY. *Cardigan Bay*, (188) is a clever *View from Bolton Abbey*, by TRIPP.

In No. 195, S. RAYNER has elaborately sketched an interior of the *Retainer's Gallery, Knowle*. The minuteness of the drawing is worth looking at.

No. 200 is an extraordinary picture by STEPHANOFF. The subject *An Assemblage of Works of Art in Sculpture and Painting, from the earliest ages to the time of Phidias*, in which they are grouped as if on a tomb. It is more curious than beautiful.

No. 203 is *The Parting of Romeo and Juliet*, by RICHTER. Romeo, a nut-brown youth; Juliet, more fair than pretty. What is the artist's warrant for representing her in her night-gown, we know not. Just beyond it is a more pleasing picture, some *Ruins and an old Elm Tree*, by F. NASH—a delightful transcript of nature; and 211 is a *Stable-boy*, by HUNT, the very *beau ideal* of that functionary.

In No. 221, P. DE WINT has pictured most truthfully a *Corn Field;* and 222 is an equally genuine table of *Fruit*, by BARTHOLOMEW. To look at those ripe grapes and melting melon is to long for them.

No. 226 is HUNT's best, because most characteristic contribution—*A Mishap*—a boy upsetting his plate in his lap. The dismay and disappointment depicted upon his face are admirable. Next to it is another delicious picture, by TURNER, a *View near Gillingham;* and with PROUT's *La Grosse Horologe, Rouen* (231), the visitor will turn from the walls to the screens.

Here are the drawings of smaller size, of which we shall notice only the most remarkable among the crowd.

No. 233 is a bit of *St. Mark's Place, Venice*, by PROUT, and therefore to be looked at. Adjoining is HUNT's *Writing* (234), a boy working away at his pen for very life, and sorely troubled to get on—either he can't spell, or is not sure of the form of the letters, or has a bad pen, for perplexity and trouble are painted upon his face. By the same hand we have *An Interior* (246), and *Birds' Nests* (256), the perfection of copy.

No. 266 again is HUNT's also. Its title a *Paper Lantern*, and its design to exhibit the effect of that homely shade upon the features. F. TAYLER's *Gipsey Girl* (268) is excellent; the face has the spirit of the tribe upon it. Another of his contributions (274) will deserve close inspection; *Counting the Game Bag* displays many of the features in which he excels.

J. CORSTALL's *Market Day* (277) bears marks of promise, and is interesting and able in itself. HUNT's *Drawing by Candlelight* (279) is one of his effects, cleverly produced. And in 283 we have an extremely beautiful *Landscape*, a composition by FINCH, that reflects great credit upon him.

WRIGHT's *Ill Omens* (293) is a lovely female face, which has been selected for the first number of *Finden's Beauties of the Poets*. No. 298, the *First of September*, by F. TAYLER, would do no discredit to LANDSEER. There is astonishing life and

meaning in that earnest painter, whose fine action is caught with singular accuracy.

HUNT'S *Hollyhocks* (301) are real flowers. WRIGHT'S *Morning Occupations* (303), a sweet domestic picture, introducing three charming girls. Again, in 312 and 319, that indefatigable painter, HUNT, exhibits two more sketches of *Candle-light Studies*.

No. 331 introduces BENTLEY on land, and though not so great as upon his own element, where he is certainly without a rival, he is yet worthy of very high commendation. His *Traeth Mawr* is a grand and truthful sketch of a mountain range full of colour.

Lastly, STONE'S *Evening Walk* well deserves a passing glance for its careful finish and fine drawing, although his subject is by no means an attractive lady.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The exhibition-room of this society indicates progression. There are finer works of art than we ever saw there before; finer compositions, if not more artistic in colouring. For convenience of criticism, we should notice the works of each artist in groups; but for the purposes of a guide this usual plan of reviewers will not do. We must notice the pictures in the order of their numbers.

The first on which the eye should rest is (3) CALLOW'S *Fishing-boat off Lowestoff—Sunset*, full of atmosphere, and exhibiting a fine effect. Further on is (12) *Cabin Fare in Connemara*, a clever sketch of Irish life, by TOPHAM. It is very real. Next to it hangs (13) OLIVER'S *Louvie val d'Ossau Pyrenées*, one of a series of delightful views which the artist has brought with him from his tour, and in which he has successfully caught the peculiar aspect of mountain scenery. Just beyond is YOUNGMAN'S *Brook*, which would not disgrace CRESWICK. This rising artist promises well. All his pictures here have great merit. The next that attracts the eye is DAVID COX'S *Distant View of Hever Castle*, like all his drawings, exquisitely true to nature; every touch tells with him. Another sketch from Ireland, *The Cabin Door* (25), instantly betrays the congenial hand of TOPHAM, and will deserve a passing gaze. And so will ABSOLON'S *Judgment of Midas* (27), if it be only for the beauty of the girl, and the miniature-like finish: but it has the fault of too great monotony of colour; the brick-dust hue is always disagreeable. Still it is a picture of great merit, and full of promise. The next that claims notice is PENSON'S *Fishing-Boats on the Beach—Hastings* (35); so full of atmosphere and so truthful; and so is D'EGVILLE'S *View outside the Walls of Pola, Istria*. DUNCAN almost rivals BENTLEY in depicting the waves. His *Gale off the Skerries* is remarkable for its reality of sea.

But now there must be a pause—you cannot help pausing, attracted by No. 40, *A very Particular Confidence*, by Miss FANNY CORBAUX, a charming picture. Two beautiful girls, one fair, the other dark, one sweet-tempered, the other intellectual, are perfect models of female loveliness; and the expression which the artist has thrown into their faces as one confides to the other her secret is portrayed with masterly skill.

Another great picture immediately attracts the eye, when it can be removed from the fascination of the last. H. WARREN'S *Crusader's First Sight of Jerusalem* (55), the foremost work in the Exhibition, and undoubtedly a triumph of water-colour. No. 61 is worth inspection. It is *The Prisoner of Gisirs*, by WEHNERT; the countenance of the prisoner is powerfully expressive of despair. No. 67 is another by the same accomplished hand; its title *An Unexpected Visitor*. It abounds in truthfulness, and tells its story distinctly.

No. 77, *A Dish of Grapes*, by Mrs. MARGETTS, makes the mouth water; there is a richness of ripeness rarely seen out of nature, because so difficult to be copied by art.

No. 79 is *Cottages at Streatham*, by DAVID COX, Jun., standing out sharply against the background, and coloured to perfection.

No. 81 is *Ferdinand visiting Rubens at Antwerp*, by LOUIS HUGHE. The grouping is good, and the colouring magnificent. Such brilliant hues are rare, even in water-colour, and they are so well contrasted that they do not offend the eye by glare or unnatural prominence.

H. LAPORTE'S *Pointers* (88), may arrest the step for a moment. They are very life-like, and there is pleasing freedom in the drawing, which reminds us of LANDSEER.

A beautiful picture is *The Compliment* (96), by ALFRED TAYLOR; and RIVIERE'S embodiment of the legend related of Pope Gregory on seeing some Saxon youths exposed for sale, that they ought to be *angels*, not *Angles*, &c. (112), is a clever production both of head and hand.

No. 119 is another of OLIVER'S charming pictures of Pyrenean scenery, and 120 is *A Trout Stream*, by JUTSUM, a delicious bit of greenery, that would do honour to CRESWICK: the water is so crisp, one expects to hear it gurgle in those hollows.

No. 124 is a sketch of Irish life, *Tipperary Market Folks*, by CAMPION, full of life, redolent of jollity, and overflowing with Irish humour.

There is a solemn grandeur and a truth to nature to which all acquainted with mountains can testify, in the dark abysses of RENLEY'S *Lochin-y-gair* (129), and by way of contrast, the visitor should turn from it immediately to MAPLESTONE'S *Water-mill near Streatly* (136), so bright and quiet, so cheerful, and so clear in atmosphere.

We scarcely know in what terms to speak of 138, a large picture by CAMPION—subject, *The Battle of Waterloo:* composition, a mighty maze of figures in red and blue coats. It must have been a work of vast labour, beyond its worth.

No. 142 is another fine picture by WARREN,—*Christ and the Woman of Samaria*. It is a remarkable production, though we have certainly seen both figures before, if we rightly remember, in some of HERBERT'S paintings. The expression is masterly, and the colouring worthy of the artist.

Although LAPORTE'S *Resting from Ploughing* is marked *sold*, we must own that the newly-turned earth is not at all like clods, nor are the ploughboys like clod-hoppers.

No. 146, PENLEY'S *Maude Castle—Sunset*, is a magnificent *effect*. Seldom has the glow of evening amid mountains been more happily caught than here.

HARDWICK'S *Market-place at Frankfort* (149) rivals PROUT, with more regard to accuracy. OLIVER'S scene *From the Black Dwarf*, representing the bleak and barren moor, and the rude, self-erected hut, is a highly-poetical composition, admirably coloured.

The visitor may pass over several intermediate frames without notice, pausing at 164, *An Outward-bound Indiaman shortening sail*, by ROBINS, a bit of veritable sea and shipping, pleasing to look upon, because so rare; and from that proceed straightway to 170, *The Ring*, by ALFRED TAYLOR, a story well told, faces and forms exquisitely painted.

Few works in this exhibition have so much pleased us as 180, *A Canal Scene near Tring*, by MAPLESTONE. It is a misty morning, and never did we see the *effect* of mist so perfectly portrayed. The tone is subdued to the subject, and it is one of those pictures which make an impression; once seen, they are never forgotten.

No. 183 is entitled *Le Tombeau du Pêcheur*, by JENKINS. The weeping widow is a figure full of grief, expressed in attitude and face.

No. 187 is another of DAVID COX'S transcripts of nature, *Hever Castle*, and just beyond it, No. 192, *Tonbridge*, by the same hand, is one of the best, if not the best, of the landscapes in the gallery. There is atmosphere and space into which we look, ever finding some new object growing upon our vision as we gaze.

The next that really deserves inspection is 202, *Stonehenge by Sunset*, painted by PENLEY, and preserving a singularly fine effect witnessed by the artist in June last. The glowing sky, as seen betwixt the arches of the huge pile, itself slightly coloured by the warmth that irradiates the whole heaven, is quite a triumph of art.

No 207, *Merchant Ship in a Strong Breeze*, by CALLOW, is another very creditable sea-piece, proving the great progress which has recently been made by many of our artists in this favourite class of subject. The water is water, and herein CALLOW may almost claim companionship with BENTLEY.

There is a bold but effective handling of the brush in 208, *Washing in the Rocks on the French Coast*, by BENTLEY; and DUNCAN'S *Sheep-washing* (212) is a delicious bit of English landscape, so green and cool, and the light so subdued.

No. 215 again introduces CALLOW in his finest production of the year, a *Frigate—Sunrise*. The light, as it falls upon the sails, illumines the waves, and gilds the air, is caught by the artist, and reflected with astonishing skill. It is a work of great skill, a marvel of the art.

No. 220 might be mistaken for a PROUT, did he exhibit here. It is, in fact, by OLIVER,—a view of the *Cathedral and Market-place at Nismes*, accurate as a daguerreotype, with perfect truth of colouring.

HICKS'S *Youth assisting Age* (224) shews some good drawing, and JENKINS'S *Sunny Moment* (232) is clever; but for freedom of touch, and many of the qualities that give promise of future eminence, the *Village Watercourse* (239), by YOUNGMAN, is one of the most pleasing pictures in the Gallery. There is no affectation of effect about it. The artist has been content to give us nature, and not his own theory of what she ought to be.

A scene from the opening of "The Wandering Jew," which he has entitled *The Travellers* (244), has been embodied by E. CORBOULD, with good effect. It presents Rose and Blanche, and the old Guardsman; and the artist has caught the spirit of the novelist and summoned his creations bodily before us.

PENLEY'S *Scene on the Wye* (246) ; *Liege* (248), by BENSON; *Haddon Hall* (249), by CHASE, will each reward examination.

No. 253, a *Study of Trees near Cheltenham*, by PENLEY; a clever drawing, truthfully coloured. Redolent of frolic and the spirit of the dance is CAMPION'S *Irish Dance*, a ragged group in the mountains, Glengariff, tripping it with exuberance of glee, and every limb and feature inspired by the music and the mirth. There is a great deal of talent in this picture, which ought to have sold long ago. The man who could draw that has genius in him, and should be encouraged.

We pass over some ten or twelve of inferior merit, as not worthy to detain the visitor, and request him to pause next before 269, *Setters*, by LAPORTE, and worthy companion to the *Pointers*, noticed before, and from this the eye may be, nay, must be, turned to Mrs. MARGETTS' *Japonicas* (273), which are veritable flowers; and Mr. YOUNGMAN'S *Landscape—Evening* (276), which will make the gazer feel cool and composed as he looks upon it.

Turning now to the screens, upon that nearest the door there are two notable pictures, to wit, *A Cottage at Upton* (291), by ARCHER; and a *French Diligence* (298), by CAMPION, the latter full of life and motion, a spirited energetic sketch.

On the other screen are DAVID COX'S *Cæsar Tower at Kenilworth* (301), worthy of himself; *The idle Page* (306), by DODGSON, a summer scene sweetly painted; "*A distant View of St. Malo* (308), by PENSON, in his best manner; and *The Garden Walk* (318), by JENKINS.

Of course there are many having some merits, of which no notice has been taken, because the object of this guide is rather to aid the visitor than the student or the connoisseur, and therefore we introduce him only to the best, and such as are really worth the devotion of a portion of his valuable time to inspect.

New Publications.

Finden's Beauties of the Poets. Moore. Part I. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

IT has been ever the artist's delight to embody the creations of the poet's fancy, as if the attempt were not one of extraordinary difficulty and danger. The reader frames out of the suggestions of the verse, in his own warm imagination, an image whose loveliness is so purely ideal, that the finest painter the world has ever seen would be unable to transfer it to canvas. Hence it is that works professing to put into shape the visions of poetry have ever been eagerly sought, and as invariably produced disappointment when seen. Never has artist done justice to the poet, or rather, never has he succeeded in equalling the imaginations of the poet's readers.

We fear lest something of this kind of feeling should attend upon the bold project of the Messrs. FINDEN for embodying the beauties of the poets. Charming as are the creatures here presented to the eye, they are yet veritable women, and may not endure comparison with the ethereal beings existing in the fancy. So we would recommend to those who desire to enjoy thoroughly this magnificent work of art, to forget MOORE altogether—to put out of mind that it is in any way associated with his verses, and view it with an eye to its intrinsic merits as a collection of exquisite engravings of so many pretty women. The first is entitled "Black Eyes and Blue Eyes," after FORTH—a pair admirably contrasted in character and countenance, each with a charm of her own, and perplexing the gazer which to prefer. "St. Jerome's Love" is from a sketch by O'NEIL—an engraving of singular excellence by E. FINDEN. The sad face is expressive of the couplet it embodies:—

> Wan and sunk with midnight prayer
> Are the pale looks of her I love.

"Young Kitty" is a charming creature, taken from a drawing by WRIGHT, now in the Water-colour Exhibition; the face pale, thoughtful and full of intellect, but most beautiful. "Laughing Eyes" is not so happily chosen. The lady is *not* a beauty, though with tale-telling glances. The engraving, however, is a very gem of art.

Besides these, there is a frontispiece containing a portrait of MOORE, set in a fanciful frame, the extreme elegance of which cannot be conveyed by words. It is unique, and must be seen to be appreciated. Nothing like it has hitherto appeared in English art. Indeed, all the subjects are set in borders of the most various and beautiful designs, in themselves a curiosity; and altogether this is certainly one of the most beautiful as well as one of the cheapest publications of the time.

Report of Proceedings and Observations by Henry James Townsend, Esq., during a visit to Paris in September, 1844.

THIS very full and interesting report has been presented to the Government School of Design by Mr. TOWNSEND, an artist of great reputation, one of the second-prize men at the Cartoon exhibition, and recently appointed to the high and responsible post of Professor in the Government schools. In the autumn of last year Mr. TOWNSEND was commissioned by the council to visit Paris, for the purpose of reporting upon—first, *The system of Education adopted in the pursuit of Art*; secondly, *The Works and Methods of the Modellers in Paris.*

His report is now before us, and we propose to present to our readers some of the more interesting parts of it.

ORDER OF STUDY.

Admitted at any age, and without previous examination or preparatory study of art, the student is at once made to draw from "the round,"—from busts, portions of the face and figure, or statues, according to circumstances. Drawings or prints are placed, as copies, before those only whose dulness is supposed to require such an exemption from the usual mode of initiation. The sole material at first permitted to the draughtsman is *charcoal*, the use of the chalk being reserved for more advanced stages. This employment of charcoal alone may be supposed to check the self-love that would place value on "first attempts," while the ready erasure of markings offers every facility for the attainment of true drawing. It is said, moreover, that from this early period and practice the designer may date the free handling of so useful an instrument in after years. Be this as it may, drawing after drawing is made in charcoal, the most earnest attention being directed to the main indications of surface, and especially to the "*mouvement*," as it is termed,—that is, the balance of the body, and of parts among themselves. Thus tutored, the pupil enters early on that which constitutes the most prominent characteristic of a French artist's education —namely, *the continuous application to studies from the Life.* For this purpose, models attend *four hours each day*—the same model, in the same attitude, during that period, for a week together! The care with which these drawings are executed, the anxiety with which the play of surface is imitated, and the use of the chalk and the charcoal with so much patience over an extended time, may be regarded as the true source of that power of "*modelling*," as the painter terms it, which the French students pre-eminently display. This power is, indeed, an object of so much solicitude, that clever figures often remain incomplete at the end of the week. Both in painting and in drawing from the life, the *à peu près* system is thoroughly discouraged by the masters, their constant demand being a pure outline and most careful filling up. Anatomy, as a study, is not said to be much insisted on; Houdon's figure of the muscles and the traditionary science of the atelier being the principal stock in this department of an artist's inquiry. On commencing to *paint*, studies are made of heads and portions of the figure, both small and colossal; and it is then that the professor enters more generally upon the known rules of art, enlarging his communications according to the progress of the pupil, until he at length gives him a hint that he should commence a picture, and pursue an independent path. It is just preceding this stage, however, that the class is engaged often in the principles of composition, "subjects" being proposed which are treated by all, and the results of which undergo a critical commentary. The duration of these studies is various.

THE PRIX DE ROME.

The "*Prix de Rome*" is the grand mainspring of the ambition of the *élèves*, and offers to the successful competitors the most substantial advantages. The conditions are—age under thirty, and French birth; but it is not necessary that previous studies should have been pursued at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. In this institution the competitors assemble, generally to the amount of one hundred and fifty. On their meeting, a subject is proposed, from which a sketch in oil colours, 18 inches by 6, is to be made at once. Twenty are selected, who are considered worthy of undergoing further trials. The figure, in three-quarter size, from life, is painted by these chosen ones, and a reduction is then effected to ten. To these ten the field is left for the ultimate contest, and each receives, as an equivalent for his expenses, a sum of one hundred and fifty francs. A subject is then proposed, and the same day a sketch is made, and "stamped;" and from the general tenor of this design the subsequent painting must exhibit no departure. Models are allowed, but neither engravings nor unstamped sketches are permitted, and the process of the picture now advances during seventy-two days. The prizes, which consist of a "*Grand Prix*" and two secondary ones, confer exemption from the "Conscription." The winner of the

chief prize in the present year was said to be freed from the ranks by his successful effort made under leave of absence? To the two second prizes also is given a reward of five hundred francs. The chief prize, however, brings with it the honour of a *Laurel Crown*, bestowed either by the Institute, or in the "*Hemicycle*" Theatre at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. The victor is then sent to Rome on his studies, where he is lodged and maintained at the French Academy, under an eminent Director, and with a further allowance of 60*l.* per annum.

Competition is the prevailing system at Paris. Mr. TOWNSEND is naturally led to inquire what are its effects. Upon the whole, he approves it; but he submits that the prize should be followed up by after encouragement.

Such is the case in France. The *Grand Prix de Rome* carries with it, for the time, unbounded public estimation. Thousands flock to see such works; and the painter or sculptor, if left to wander about as an undirected travelling student, might rest contented with the dream of his past renown. At Rome, however, he is provided with a residence,—a home, where his instructor and guide is always one of the foremost of his distinguished countrymen, who exercises a well-rewarded duty in stimulating young ambition among the inspiring relics of former ages. Thus, year after year, talented men are fostered under a nation's care, and when high genius springs forth, it repays this valuable nurture by the grateful tribute of a lofty work. The production of the "fifth year," if merely respectable, is generally purchased by the French Government, at about 200*l.* The work of M. Papety, thirty feet long, was rewarded with 1,000*l.* It was called "*Un Rêve de Bonheur*," in which the artist gave way to imaginations, the high poetry of which was equalled by the skill with which they were presented.

Mr. TOWNSEND devotes a considerable portion of his report to works of sculpture, models in clay and wax, collections of casts in plaster and in *carton pierre*, and to working in metals. He attributes the good workmanship, knowledge, and taste exhibited by the moulding of French works, to the fact that what is done in England by *workmen*, is done in France by *artists*. The hint should not be lost upon our manufacturers. Surely the mighty commerce and enormous wealth of England might worthily rival France in the

EMPLOYMENT FOR ARTISTS.

It is astonishing how many are the outlets, in Paris, for a superfluity of artistic talent of a certain order. Occupations very puerile in themselves, influence, nevertheless, the studies and destination of youths with an artistic turn of mind, by the certainty of employment they offer. The following is one specimen of the demands supplied by such a class as the "*Modelleurs en cire*," taken from an advertisement:—"Bustes pour coiffeurs, figures, enfans Jésus, avec bras et mains mouvans, saints et saintes, bustes pour poupées, fleurs et fruits montées, corbeilles, vases, assiettes, &c." The application of decoration to the exteriors of houses is also much greater than in London, —ironwork in railings, &c. seldom appearing, even in the poorer streets, except in a beautiful form. Among the employments which engage the talents of the working class, sent out from the Schools of Design, there is one to which London as yet offers no parallel, either in the quantity or quality of the works achieved, or in the number of establishments in which the occupation is pursued. I allude to the fabrication of bronzes.

Mr. TOWNSEND was informed that at such establishments artists are remunerated at high prices for original designs, while the artificers are selected from nurseries of real art.

The report concludes with the following summary of the results of the reporter's investigations.

What, then, are the hints to be derived from the system pursued in the development of art in the French metropolis? They appear to be suggested, most peculiarly, from these sources:—

The earnest studies *after nature* in the ateliers;
The system of *competition*, and the consecutive patronage of the higher prizeholders;
The *extensive range of acquirements* contemplated in the schemes of education in Schools of Design; and, finally,
The exquisite care and finish of the *modelling*, as preliminary to the operation of *casting*.

We trust that the admirable hints conveyed in this pamphlet will not be unheeded by the noblemen and gentlemen to whom they are addressed, and that they may have the effect of helping the advancement of our countrymen in that in which alone they are surpassed by their rivals—the arts of design.

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

SALE OF SIR G. HAYTER'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.—On Saturday the valuable collection of works by the old masters, formed during a long series of years spent on the Continent, and selected from different celebrated galleries by Sir George Hayter, principal painter in ordinary to her Majesty, were disposed of by auction at Messrs. Christie and Manson's rooms, King-street, St. James's. The number of pictures for disposal was 83, but the prices they fetched formed a striking contrast to the sums realized on the previous Saturday, at the disposal of some works by modern artists. On the former day 950 guineas was given for a landscape by Sir A. Calcott, whilst on Saturday a Corregio, valued by Sir George Hayter at 3,000 guineas, was knocked down for 150 guineas. In order to shew the great depreciation of the value of Italian paintings, the following are noticed for example, being those upon which Sir George set a large price. Lot 59, "The Dead Christ, and Magdalen weeping," by Agostino Caracci, sold only for 68 guineas. The auctioneer stated that the Rev. Howell Carr, to whom the National Gallery was so greatly indebted, offered a considerable sum for this picture; but Sir George Hayter considered it such a beautiful specimen of the master, that he refused to part with it. Lot 65, "St. John the Evangelist," a fine specimen by Parmegiano, sold for 36 guineas. The auctioneer stated that this picture was brought to this country by Mr. Day, and sold for 800 guineas. It was sold twice afterwards for the same price, and was bought in 1824 by Sir George Hayter, and was greatly admired by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Lot 75, "The Woman taken in Adultery," by Guercino, brought from Florence, sold for 140*l.* 14s. There is a duplicate of this picture in the Dulwich Gallery. "St. Simon," by Rembrandt, sold for only 102 guineas, the value put upon it by the late possessor was 500 guineas. Lot 81, "St. Christopher," a large painting by Annibale Caracci, sold for only 52 guineas. This picture was brought from a convent at Seville by Count Sebastiani, during the war in Spain under Napoleon, from whose collection it passed to that of Cardinal Fesch. Lot 82. Portrait of "Cornelius Von Schrevellier (Schrebillius, translator of Homer)." This picture was formerly in the possession of Sir Edward Hume, and was bought at that gentleman's sale by Count Carlo Marescalchi for 600 guineas. On Saturday it only fetched 250 guineas. Lot 83, "L'Homme Sensual," the finished picture from the Guazzo in the Louvre, and companion to that unfinished in the Palazzo Pamfili at Rome, by Corregio, sold for only 150 guineas. Both subjects were engraved in 1676 by Picart, and the paintings are mentioned in the life of Corregio by Georgio Vasari. The auctioneer stated that this was one of the pictures mutilated by the Regent Duke of Orleans, during the minority of Louis XV. The part taken away by him being the head of the fawn at the bottom, and one of the eight heads painted by Corregio, which he swore he would have. Sir George Hayter valued it at 3,000 guineas, and put a protecting price of 150 guineas upon it. That was the only sum offered, at which it was knocked down. The other lots fetched equally low prices.—*Herald.*

SIR AUGUSTUS CALCOTT'S PICTURES.—The pictures of this artist, whose lamented death was announced a short time back in our columns, have been exhibited during the week at his house in the Mall, Kensington Gravel-pits. The collection comprehends 80 pictures by himself, and consists of paintings and sketches in oil-colours. To speak of the merits of this artist would now be unnecessary, and perhaps invidious; the public have long since formed their opinion of his talents, and their judgment must decide upon them. The pictures are offered for view or exhibition as a means of their being sold by private contract. Many of them have been already sold, and there is little doubt that the whole will soon be disposed of. The subjects of these 80 pictures are very various; they are landscapes, both foreign and domestic; views on Dutch and Flemish rivers, and in England, and views in Italy. There are also copies or pictures after several of the old masters, viz. Rembrandt, &c. exceedingly clever, and some sketches very full of spirit. On the staircase of the house of the deceased Academician is an unfinished painting, full of character and expression, of the Witches in *Macbeth*. This painting represents on canvas the wild, yet powerful imaginings of Shakespeare, with great accuracy and great vigour. The collection—with the exception of this picture, which is a gallery one—consists of cabinet pictures; just such paintings as would form a suitable collection for the owner of a moderately-sized house and tolerably liberal fortune.

DRAWINGS BY THE LATE SIR A. CALCOTT, R.A.—The auction-rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, in King-street, St. James's-square, have been crowded by the nobility and gentry, to view the collection of original drawings and sketches of the late Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., which are about to be sold by auction. Some of the drawings are most beautiful little specimens of the deceased gentleman's talent, and are expected to fetch large sums. Among those which attracted the greatest

notice were "The Castle of Chillon," a very pretty little drawing in colours; "The Light-house at Leghorn;" and an English landscape, with a village in the distance, and cows watering in the foreground. The number of lots for disposal is near 600, comprising upwards of 1,000 drawings, sketchings, &c. The sale will last four days.

THE FESCH GALLERY.—Extract of a letter from Rome, April 19:—"Presuming that a brief account of the pictures, and the prices they sold for at the sale of Cardinal Fesch, might be of some interest, I beg to forward the following. The manner in which the sale is conducted gives universal dissatisfaction. Notwithstanding the positive assurance that the sale was to continue without interruption, every week there are two or three days' interruption; in fact, we do not know when it will end. Yesterday we reached the sixteenth day's sale. Hobbima, a very grand landscape, 44,520f., bought by the Marquis of Hertford; Berghem, a winter scene, 6,399f., Harrington; N. Poussin, the Dance of the Seasons, 33,223f., Marquis of Hertford; N. Poussin, the Riposo, 9,460f., George; Cuyp, a river scene, 9,460f., George; J. Weeninx, a game piece, fine, 10,295f., George; a pair by Snyders, hunts, 7,067f., Williams; B. Luini, the Holy Family, very fine, 22,371f., Claret; J. Steen, the Siesta, a little gem, 11,185f., Claret; Backhuysen, a Squall, 5,898f., Tarral; A. Vandyk, Virgin and Child, very elegant, 7,791f., Artaria; Giulio Romano, Holy Family, 6,789f., Prince of Canino; Greuse, le Miror Casse, 18,693f., Marquis of Hertford; Backhuysen, a Grand Marine, ships of war, 10,517f., Walsh; Albano, a pair of Landscapes, with Holy Family, 12,298f., George; Rembrandt, a pair of fine portraits, Lipsius and his wife, 24,792f., Blaine and Harrington; Ruysdale, a pair of Waterfalls, excellent pictures, 11,630f., Harrington; Metsu, Crucifixion, 5,843f., Duke of Bracciano; Andrea Mantegna, Christ's Agony, fine, 6,844f., Artaria; Leseur, Martha and Mary, 15,395f., Passavant; Beato Angelico, of Fiesole, Last Judgment, 17,808f., Prince of Canino; G. Zerburgh, a Conversational Scene, fine, 15,888f., Detuit; K. Dujardin, le Charletan, fine, 16,165f., Zami; Giorgione, the Adoration of the Shepherds, 9,794f., Tarral; P. Wouvermans, the Return from the Chase, very elegant, 68,727f., Kolb, Wurtemburg Consul; Claude, Seaport, with sunrise, a gem, 28,103f., Artaria, for England. These prices include the 5 per cent. for expenses of sale. I have only enumerated the pictuures sold above 1,000 scudi (5,300f.); the others sold for sums averaging from 200 to 800, but the greater part at very insignificant prices; in fact, only the star pictures obtain high prices."—*Galignani's Messenger.*

THE LATE MR. KNOTT'S PICTURES.—Sir Augustus Calcott's English Landscape, which formed a portion of Mr. Knott's celebrated collection, was sold on Saturday se'nnight by Messrs. Christie and Manson at the advanced price of 950 guineas, the original price having been 400 guineas.

THE ART UNION.—We are requested to state that we were misinformed as to the connection of Mr. S. C. Hall with this periodical. That gentleman has been from its commencement and still is its editor. We hasten to contradict the rumour that he had abandoned its management.

MUSIC.

MRS. SALMON.—A subscription has been opened for this celebrated vocalist, who is now in the most indigent circumstances. Her Majesty, and several persons of distinction, have come forward on the occasion, and Mr. John Oxenford has been appointed treasurer of the fund.

M. LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—This distinguished pianist arrived in London on Saturday morning from Paris.

Herr Staudigl, Mdlle. Schloss, Madame Meyer, and Mr. Card, are at present on a professional tour in the provinces. They visit Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bolton, and Birmingham.

Duprez is engaged at Liverpool and Manchester, with a French company, for a limited number of performances of French operas, commencing about the 9th of May. Duprez is also engaged by Mr. Calcraft for a few nights in Dublin.—*Musical World.*

Signor Sivori arrived in London on Monday evening from Hamburg, to fulfil the various engagements he has entered into for the musical season here, among which the most novel and interesting is that of performing at the remaining meetings of the Beethoven Quartet Society, as it will exhibit this accomplished artist in a new line of excellence, which is said not to be inferior in any respect to his solo playing. Mr. and Madame Balfe, with Madame Thillon, are expected in the course of the week; also M. Leopold de Meyer, the celebrated pianist, who proved so attractive last year.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

The LYCEUM alone has produced a novelty since last we reported of the drama. As we are not favoured with the usual press privilege at this theatre, and do not feel inclined to *pay* for a ticket for the pleasure of writing a criticism, we take the best notice of it we have seen from one of the morning papers.

A new comedy, in two acts, under the title of *Our New Governess*, was produced at this theatre last night; and a lively, sparkling little "*piece du théâtre*" it was; but to the dignified title of a comedy it had no pretension; for if the object of a comedy be to "paint a moral or adorn a tale," it fell far short of it, lacking both the one and the other; tale, we could discover none, and as to moral, it pointed not at it. It was, however, full of "*plaisanteries*," with attacks at the Premier for the desertion of his party and effecting his "rise" by the machinery of his tools; with a slight glance at the effect of a mesmeric influence in a system of school education, which *Our Governess*, under the able impersonation of Mrs. KEELEY, most effectively brought into full light. KEELEY, as the dupe of a man about town (impersonated by Mr. WIGAN), was, as he always is, irresistibly droll and provocative of "laughter holding both its sides." With its cognomen alone we quarrel; in every other respect it was good, and will doubtless bring many a full house at full price to sustain the coffers of the exchequer. It was received with general applause, and Mrs. KEELEY, with her better half and Mr. WIGAN, appeared before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience.

THE COLOSSEUM.

AFTER being long closed against the public, this magnificent edifice has been reopened with multiplied attractions, its whole interior renewed, and the resources of art and science lavishly employed to render it again one of the wonders of the metropolis.

And it has reopened under the happiest auspices. On Saturday last it was visited by the QUEEN and Prince ALBERT, who expressed themselves as greatly pleased with all that they beheld. On Tuesday the Duke of CAMBRIDGE was there. On Thursday was a private view, at which the greater portion of the nobility were present. Everywhere we heard only expressions of surprise and pleasure; and it was evident that, in this instance at least, anticipation had fallen far short of the reality.

A brief description of the most striking features of this unique exhibition will shew the changes and improvements which have been wrought in it under the auspices of the present tasteful and spirited proprietor.

The visitor is first introduced to the museum of sculpture, which has been entirely furnished with new decorations; indeed we may say altogether transformed. A dome of richly-cut glass has been placed in the centre; beyond the circle of columns is placed another of as many pilasters, dividing and supporting arched recesses, in which are placed a multitude of works by British and foreign sculptors, many of them of great beauty, and which must form the subject of future notices.

Ascending, as of old, by the moveable chamber, the Panorama of London is seen as renovated by Mr. PARRIS, the laborious artist by whom it was painted. The sky and distance have been much improved, and the vast scene is depicted in a clearer atmosphere. An upper gallery exhibits it from a still loftier elevation.

Descending by means of the same convenient machinery, the visitor will next proceed to the conservatories, which have been elaborately embellished in the arabesque style, and supplied with fine tropical plants and flowers. A very elegant fountain in the midst gives an air of coolness and cheerfulness to the scene, which adds greatly to the charm. Here we come suddenly upon the Gothic Aviary, an octangular room, richly decorated with Arabesque painting, filled with fountains and gold fish, and beautiful and rare birds, and surrounded with mirrors that produce the illusion of endless vistas of equal beauty wherever we gaze, together complete a work which is more like a vision of the Arabian tales than any thing ever before realized to the waking sight. Thence a few steps conduct to an excellent representation of Grecian and Roman ruins, and we descend to another fountain singularly tasteful. Returning we proceed to a chalet or Swiss cottage. Before us rises a rugged mountain; far in the distance is Mont Blanc; at

least, so perfect is the allusion that it is difficult to assure ourselves that it *is* an illusion. Finally we enter the stalactite cavern, an exact copy of that of Adelsberg, in Austria; a work, of which we can only say, that it is astonishing as an effect of human ingenuity and skill—a masterpiece of art; the stalactites are imitated with such accuracy that they would certainly deceive even a practised mineralogist; and so admirably is the cave contrived, that as we wander about, long vistas of glistening spar appear to open upon the view and make a scene that seems more like the creation of an enchanter's wand than the slow production of labour directed by consummate taste.

We would recommend no reader coming to town to omit a visit to the Colosseum; and sure we are there is not one who will not afterwards thank us for having directed his attention to this most interesting of the sights of London.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.—The tragedy of *Virginie*, in which Rachel plays the principal character, makes the fortune of the "Comédie Française." At the Opera Comique a new work by the *Arcades ambo*, Scribe and Auber, has been eminently successful. The extraordinary tragedy of *Les Pharaons* has been succeeded at the Odeon by *L'Eunuque* (from Terence). Madame Doche has reappeared with good effect at the Gymnase.

NECROLOGY.

PROFESSOR DANIELL.

The late John Frederick Daniell, professor of chemistry in King's College, London, Lecturer on Chemistry and Geology at the Hon. East-India Company's seminary at Addiscombe, one of the examiners in the University of London, foreign secretary of the Royal Society, D.C.L. (Oxon.), &c. was born in Essex-street, Strand, March 12, 1790. At an early age he became a pupil of Professor Brande, in whose society he made several tours, and of whom he spoke as one endeared to him by kindred pursuits and early recollections the day before his death. In 1816, associated with this gentleman, he started the *Journal of the Royal Institution*, the first twenty volumes of which were published under their joint superintendence. He married in the following year (September 4), Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir W. Rule, surveyor of the navy, and subsequently became managing director of the Continental Gas Company, to forward the interests of which he visited the principal cities of France and Germany with Sir W. Congreve and Colonel Landmann, making those arrangements by which many of them have since been lighted. On the formation of King's College, in 1831, he was appointed professor of chemistry, and found himself at length in the position he was so well suited to occupy. His inaugural lecture, eminently characteristic of the Christian philosopher, gave a good earnest of the spirit in which his instructions would be conveyed. Of the extent of Professor Daniell's scientific labours some idea may be formed from the fact that, independently of his *Meteorological Essays*, and *Introduction to the Study of Chemical Philosophy*, he communicated to various scientific periodicals upwards of forty original papers; of these thirteen relate to meteorological subjects, nine to electricity, and the remainder to chemistry and other branches of physical science. Of their intrinsic importance some notion may be obtained from the circumstance that he received all three of the medals in the gift of the Royal Society. In 1820 he published an account of his new hygrometer—an instrument which, for the first time, rendered regular and accurate observations on the dryness and moisture of the air practicable. It has since been extensively employed in all climates, and has enabled hygrometry to take an exact and definite form. It still remains the only accurate instrument for making such observations. In 1823 appeared the first edition of his *Meteorological Essays*, of which he was engaged in revising proofs of the third edition at the time of his death. This work was the first synthetic attempt to account for meteorological phenomena as a whole, the known laws of which regulate the constitution of gases and vapours. In the following year (1824) appeared his essay on artificial climate in the *Horticultural Transactions*, the practical bearing of which on culture in general, and particularly of plants grown under shelter, is daily becoming better appreciated, and which, according to Dr. Lindley, has done more for the improvement of this art than any single circumstance besides. He received the society's silver medal for this paper. In 1830 and 1831 he published his new pyrometer, an instrument still the best for measuring high temperatures, such as those of fusing metals, and furnaces in general. The Royal Society deemed this an invention of such utility and importance, that they, in 1832, conferred on him the Romford medal for the most important discovery relating to heat that had been made throughout the civilized world during the three preceding years. In 1836 appeared a paper of his in the *Philosophical Transactions*, describing his valuable improvement in the voltaic battery, by which he shewed the means of obtaining a constant and unlimited supply of electricity. The importance of this discovery was recognised immediately throughout the whole scientific world. In appreciation of its merit the Royal Society, in 1837, honoured him with the Copley medal, for the most important scientific discovery of any description made in any part of the world during the previous year. Several other valuable papers appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* for the following years, and for two of these he, in 1842, received one of the Royal medals.

THE LATE THOMAS DUNCAN, R.S.A. AND A.R.A.

Last week it was our melancholy duty to announce the departure from this world of that very distinguished artist, Thomas Phillips, esq. R.A. We have now to record, and certainly with no less feelings of regret, the unexpected decease of that highly-gifted painter, T. Duncan, of Gloucester-place, Edinburgh, at an unripe age, for he was only in his 39th year; and a few months since he appeared to possess a constitution, a frame of body, and a stock of health, mental and physical, sufficient for at least forty years to come; in fact, nothing in his appearance indicated the most distant appearance of an inferior constitution, yet an insidious disorder must then have set in. This, it appears, was an internal tumour, which fixed its action near the optic nerves, and, gradually affecting them, nearly reduced the sufferer to a state of blindness. This affliction was, however, by skilful treatment, nearly removed, when it appears the original malady attacked the head, and finally the brain itself, producing all the usual symptoms of brain fever, under which he gradually sunk, in defiance of all the efforts that his talented medical friends could devise to save his valuable life. And what adds to the bitterness of this affliction is, that he has left a widow and six helpless orphans wholly unprovided for. But for this state of things he is blameless. He was industrious, sober, and frugal, and had only for a few years received the reward of his talented productions. He was, in fact, twenty years of age before he commenced the elementary studies of art, and the strides he made towards excellence in painting were surprising, as his later works shew unequivocally, as, for instance, his Sir John Falstaff, Sweet Anne Page, &c.; the Entrance of Prince Charles Stuart into Edinburgh (engraved); the Cave Scene (of Prince Charles) in Glen Morison (which is now engraving by Ryall), &c. These display the powers of a mind highly endowed with pictorial powers of a very high order. The natural arrangement of groups in composition, correctness of drawing, truth of expression, a fine distribution of the masses in *chiaro 'scuro*, with an exquisitely sweet and masterly finish in working out the details, and a fine eye for harmony in colouring. Duncan came originally from the vicinity of Perth, and had but lately received an order from the Marquis of Breadalbane for a picture, for which the artist was to be paid 1,000*l*.—*Herald*.

MRS. GILBERT.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of Mrs. Gilbert, relict of Davies Gilbert, esq. M.P., F.R.S. and for many years president of that society. Mrs. Gilbert expired at the family residence in this place, on the evening of Saturday last, at an advanced age. The deceased lady, actuated by an earnest desire to improve the condition of the labouring classes, has for several years devoted her energies to agricultural affairs, and was a zealous supporter of the allotment system, which she carried into practical operation to a large extent on her estate in this parish and the neighbourhood. The benefits resulting from her benevolent proceedings we believe have fully realized the expectations which the supporters of this system anticipated. Self-supporting industrial schools have also been instituted by her, and the plan appears worthy of imitation. We fear her loss will be severely felt in this place.—*Sussex Express*.

GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

MAGNIFICENT PRESENT TO HER MAJESTY.—The operative jewellers of Birmingham intend to present her Majesty and Prince Albert a valuable and unique specimen of their handiwork. The present for the Queen consists of an armlet, a brooch, a pair of ear-drops, and a buckle; and that for Prince Albert of a seal, key, and chain, after the substantial fashion of the "fine old English gentleman." The centre piece of the armlet is a diamond sprig on blue enamel, with a border of nine pearls, set in blue enamel, and surrounded with a wreath of acorns and oak leaves. The band is composed of solid gold, delicately elastic, and ornamented with the emblems of peace and plenty,

gracefully interwoven with the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the leek. The fastening-buckle is a ruby hand, similarly ornamented and studded with diamonds. The brooch has a centre similar to that of the armlet, with the addition of an outer border, with the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock most gracefully blended. The back is engraved, shewing the Warwick vase, surrounded with scroll ornaments and the national emblems. The ear-drops are made to match, and are massive, without being either heavy or laboured. The buckle is a blue enamel and gold, to match the armlet. Notwithstanding the variety of design and the multiplicity of incident which characterize the productions, they are yet simple and expressive in idea, and full of the most pleasing and profitable sentiment. The workmanship is elegant beyond description, and can only be appreciated by those who are initiated in all the intricate ramifications of the jeweller's craft. Accompanying the present there is an address to her Majesty, setting forth the grounds on which it is respectfully offered, and honestly anticipating that it may, in use, be made subservient to the revival of the trade. The address commences by stating the fact that the goldsmith trade is at present in a very distressed condition; then it shews that, from its nature, it depends much on royal patronage; next it gratefully acknowledges the Queen's considerate regard for all classes of her operative subjects—reminds Prince Albert of his patronage of the fine arts, and prays that her Majesty would wear the articles, that others may thereby be induced to copy her example. The remarkable fact comes out in this address, that no fewer than twenty-two trades or callings were engaged in the execution of these presents, while the operatives represent five thousand families, or twenty thousand persons!—*Birmingham Pilot.*

Zoological Gardens, Regent's-park.—It will be interesting to the lovers of natural history to learn that an American sea eagle (*Halicetus leucocephalus*) is now engaged in the process of incubation, the male occasionally taking his place on the nest, and shewing the utmost attention to his mate. A specimen of that extraordinary animal, the Australian ant-eater (*Echidna histrix*), the first that has been seen alive in Europe, has just been added to the collection.

An astrologer sent a letter to the *Bradford Observer*. The editor said he would believe that "there was something in astrology, if the writer could tell him whether he would ever insert the letter; and if so, when." The cunning astrologer replied that he had consulted the stars, and found that the letter would never be inserted. The editor, by way of undermining astrology, published the communication immediately; and the "wise man," having carried his point, "laughed in his sleeve."

Statistics of Suicide.—There were 901 ascertained suicides registered in England in 1840—viz. 618 males and 283 females; 28 of the male and 35 of the female suicides were less than twenty years of age. The proportion of the male suicides to 1,000,000 persons was 80, and of the female suicides 35.

The Eclipse of the Sun.—The annular eclipse of the sun on Tuesday morning, in consequence of the very cloudy state of the atmosphere, was but imperfectly seen. The only time that any portion of the obscuration of the sun was visible, was from 20 minutes past eight o'clock (about half an hour after the commencement of the eclipse) to half-past nine o'clock.

Monster Chinese Mortar.—The present age is considered by many as far advanced in the arts and sciences compared with former ages; but occasionally discoveries are made which place modern inventions in the shade when compared with the gigantic specimens known to have been in existence centuries ago. In the Royal Military Repository at Woolwich is a model of an Oriental piece of ordnance, the original at Beejapoor, in the East Indies, weighing 42 tons, and of another at Agra, weighing 23 tons, and capable of discharging a ball of 1,500 pounds weight. During the past week the Somerset ordnance sloop brought round from Devonport to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich a Chinese brass mortar brought home in the *Cornwallis*, and weighing 8 tons 17 cwt. having a diameter of bore of two feet three inches, and a chamber of twenty inches, the depth of the whole being about five feet. The mortar was found in the bush in China, and partly concealed underground. It is composed of apparently very fine metal, and the trunnions being corroded to a considerable extent afford evidence of the mortar being of great age. It appears also as if the part where the vent is, which is very perfect and little worn, had been cast again and inserted in its present position. There is also an appearance of a nut and screw in the centre of the breach of the chamber; but if they are really what they appear to be, a large quantity of fused metal must have been poured into the chamber, as the top of the nut is even with the metal, and could not have been screwed into its present position. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the mortar, and the size and weight of shot or shells which it would require to be used in it, when it is known that the large guns cast about two years ago for Mehemet Ali, were only fifteen inches in diameter, and yet they required shot weighing upwards of 400 lbs.

Cheap Trip round the World.—There will soon be no such thing as an unexplored country. The rage for travelling, with more or less speed, has seized "each man and mither's son," and ere long the world will own no such thing as a novelty, unless it be an untravelled Englishman. All classes may now move to all quarters of the globe, and the grand tour already confers no distinction, when it may be made by the humble denizens of fortune in thousands. We have cheap trips of all sorts; and those to London, Birmingham, Bristol, and Hull are common and "plenty as blackberries." Similar projects in the direction of Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece will now become equally so, a jaunt to Paris having already opened the way in this direction. But why do we speak of such small affairs as these, when, as we have heretofore announced, an enterprising individual of Hamburg has arranged for a cheap trip round the world? This, no doubt, is but the beginning of a series of circumnavigations which will carry hordes of curious, eager, and inquiring Europeans into every corner and nook of the globe, civilized and uncivilized. If the nations will but have the sense to keep from war, the vast and wonderful changes in manners, modes, and customs effected in the past twenty-five years will probably be greatly exceeded by the advances of a quarter of a century now before us. The Hamburg expedition, we may observe, leaves that city on the 15th of August. The route has been so arranged as to secure a continual summer to the voyagers.—*Liverpool Albion.*

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of The Critic to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

Polytechnic Institution.—Life Preserver.—We see every day new inventions added to the already numerous and valuable scientific models, works of art, &c., and among one of the most recent we with pleasure mention an excellent appendage to a coat, which makes it an admirable life-preserver. This coat is certainly a very happy idea, as a man runs no risk of being drowned by the upsetting of a boat, or having the misfortune of falling through the ice while skating, which so frequently happens, and for this it proves an immense advantage, for he would not only preserve his own life, but keep afloat several others till help could be obtained. The coat is not injured in appearance, as the air-bags are in the body of it, and are inflated by small blow-pipes, which the wearer can do in an instant, should he find himself suddenly immersed, and calmly and philosophically brave the impending danger in all the air-tight consciousness of security. We have seen very many inventions for security from drowning, and more particularly a belt, which, though very smart in its appearance, does not meet our approval, and reminds us of an anecdote related a few days since by a most distinguished and facetious Admiral, of an old tar who always provided himself with two pocket handkerchiefs, one good and the other bad, which he called blow and show; the belt, like the latter, looks very pretty displayed in a shop-window, but when, like the former, it comes to *blow*, there is nothing like Mr. Wilson's pilot-coat or jacket. All persons who may wish to see the experiment tried may have their curiosity gratified by visiting the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and may daily see the diver swimming breast high in the tank of the Great Hall. Numbers of gentlemen of the various yacht clubs have provided themselves with this most safe and useful garment.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of The Critic is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

Gloucester.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Defeat of Mr. Rumball.—A short time since Mr. E. T. Hickes, a lecturer on Mesmerism, delivered a lecture on, and exhibited experiments in, Mesmerism at the Tolsey, Gloucester, on which occasion, at the close of the lecture, one of Mr. Rumball's adherents

handed a challenge to Mr. Hickes from Mr. Rumball to discuss the subject, and to test his cases before him. Accordingly, on last Thursday evening the discussion took place at the theatre, all the medical practitioners being invited to attend. A surgeon (Mr. J. P. Heane) was called to the chair; and four other gentlemen were appointed a committee (viz. Messrs. Clutterbuck, Hickes, Higgs, and Kendall, the two former of whom are surgeons, all residents of this city); two of whom were nominated by Mr. Rumball, and two by Mr. Hickes. They, together with Mr. Rumball, and many other medical gentlemen and students, were on the stage during the proceedings, Mr. Rumball being allowed to test any experiments he pleased.

The first person mesmerised was Mr. White, minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, a gentleman on whose veracity the strictest reliance could be placed. He sat down, and in five minutes his eyes closed, and his vain efforts to open them, when asked, were obvious to the audience. His limbs were catalepsed with equal success. On being questioned as to his sensations, he said that he first felt a weight over his eyes and forehead, and a stiffness in the limbs, insomuch that he could not rise from the chair when he attempted to do so. Mr. Rumball being satisfied as to the truth of this statement, two or three other citizens were asked to come forward, but refused, as they were apprehensive of danger. One of the committee then introduced Reuben Doyle, a lad who travels with Mr. Hickes. He sat down and within a few moments was fast asleep; two handkerchiefs were folded up as pads to cover each eye, and another handkerchief was tied over them by the committee. Mr. Hickes, surgeon, a member of the committee, held one arm, and Mr. Clutterbuck, surgeon, another of the committee, held the other, to test the raising and lowering the pulse by mesmeric influence alone. The statement of each gentleman being committed to paper, and then handed to the other members of the committee, the result was that their corresponding calculation, prior to Mr. Hickes making any passes, was a pulse of eighty. Several attempts were then made to mislead the patient by saying aloud, that the pulse was to be raised, and so forth; still it kept at eighty. One of the committee then held up a paper behind the boy, and of which he could not possibly be cognizant, with the words "raise the pulse." Mr. Hickes then made some passes over the region of the heart of the patient, and the corresponding testimony of the two surgeons holding the pulse was that it was accelerated to ninety-three. This the medical gentlemen described as a most important phenomenon. The boy being in a state of rigidity, Mr. Rumball, mistaking it for catalepsy, tested it as such by fastening a string about a foot in length, with a weight of some eight or ten pounds, suspended upon the wrist of one of the extended arms. The result was, that the arm continued in the same position for about a minute, and then gradually fell till the weight was within about three inches of the ground, the arm from the shoulder-joint retaining its rigidity, when Mr. Rumball advanced, and suddenly cutting the string which suspended the weight, the arm instantaneously took the position in which it was previously to the weight being suspended from it. The organ of self-esteem was then excited, the Mesmerist (who stood behind the boy) placing his finger over, but not touching the organ, and instantly the boy rose from his seat, and strutted with much assurance about the stage. The organ of firmness was then excited, and the patient was asked, "What are you doing?" (which, to prevent any collusion with the Mesmeriser, was the question agreed to be asked invariably when any of the organs were excited). His reply was, "What is that to you?" Several other organs were also excited with the same satisfactory result, Mr. Rumball, who held a phrenological bust, pointing to the respective organs on it to shew Mr. Hickes which he was to excite, so that the patient could not possibly be aware of their proceedings, and the audience were not informed what organs had been excited, till the results, respectively, were known. The experimentalist then extinguished the mesmeric influence in the usual manner.

The next patient called upon was James Meek, a little boy introduced by one of the committee, about ten years of age, a native of this city. The Mesmerist had never seen him before He took his seat, and in the course of half a minute was in a sound sleep. The Mesmerist then made a few passes, and called out, "James, where are you?" but he was speechless. Mr. H. then made a few reverse passes, and on the question being again asked, "James, where are you?" the boy replied, "I don't know, Sir." Other questions were put, which he readily answered. Mr. Hickes then wakened him, and the chairman, to satisfy the audience, inquired of the boy "if it was his wish or if he pretended to go to sleep?" He said "No." One of the committee then requested him to walk across the stage. Mr. H. then made a few passes down the legs, and the boy was desired to move, but though he strove hard to do so, he could not stir. Mr. R. then requested Mr. Hickes's permission to lift the boy, which Mr. H. consented to. Mr. R. endeavoured to raise him, but was unable, although the boy was of very slender make; he then actually took hold of the body of the boy, and tried, by endeavouring to twist it, to force his legs from the floor, but this attempt was equally vain; and such was the agony it caused, that the boy burst into tears and his nose bled profusely. At this part of the proceedings Mr. R. was loudly hissed for his rough usage. Mr. H. and Mr. R. then respectively deduced arguments on either side, at the conclusion of which one of the committee proposed a motion to the effect that the meeting was satisfied that Mr. Hickes's experiments had been successful, and that the doubt as to his veracity had been entirely removed. On a show of hands, the majority was declared to be in favour of the motion, there being but two or three dissentients, although the theatre was densely crowded; and the majority of the audience left the theatre in the full conviction of the truth of Mesmerism.

The following graphic description of some of Mr. SPENCER HALL's experiments is, we believe, from the pen of WILLIAM HOWITT, and was published in the *Atlas*:—

MR. SPENCER HALL, THE MESMERIST, IN LONDON.—Mr. Spencer T. Hall, who, we hear, intends to deliver some lectures on Mesmerism in London and the vicinity, on Monday evening, at a large party at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Howitt, Clapton, showed several striking experiments in that science, to the high interest and satisfaction of the company assembled, amongst whom were a good many persons of literary and scientific distinction. The first was upon Henry Wigston, a boy of about fifteen years of age. This boy, who has been from an early age suffering from an affection of the head, which, besides the constant pain induced, had stunted his growth, destroyed his appetite, and threatened to terminate seriously, had been for some time under Mr. Hall's care on that account. By the regular application of the mesmeric influence, all these alarming symptoms have vanished. He has continued entirely free from pain, he has recovered his appetite and health, his countenance has in a great measure resumed its liveliness and intelligence of expression, and, in a word, all those who know him regard him as completely recovered by mesmeric aid. But in the course of this process he has become thoroughly subjected to Mr. Hall's mesmeric influence. He is thrown in a few seconds, by a mere pressure of the hand, into the mesmeric sleep, and in this responds to many phrenologic touches in the most beautiful and extraordinary manner. The effects produced on him by music are in particular striking. They throw him into attitudes corresponding to the sentiment of the piece played, which could only be acquired by a first-rate actor, after long and arduous practice, if they could be reached at all, and which would form the finest models for the sculptor or painter. His countenance undergoes equal changes, and at times acquires a pathos, a tenderness, a sublimity, or an expression of fun, that are singularly beautiful. Several pieces were played by a German gentleman present, which he could not possibly have heard before, but to the spirit of which he responded in the most inimitable manner, being sunk into sadness, raised into holy adoration, and kindled in an energy of martial or patriotic ardour, accompanied by the finest correspondent attitudes and action. His organ of imitation being tested, he threw back any sound issuing from the company as the most perfect echo would do, as a rock or a wall having the power to fling back sound would do. He was addressed in various languages, and threw back every sentence with the most perfect pronunciation, and generally without the omission of a single syllable. While the company were occupied in conversation on this matter, and he was left standing unobserved by the majority, those who had kept their attention upon him saw, to their astonishment, that he continued to reflect all mixed and multiform sounds that arose from their conversation. It was now a strange murmur, now a clear utterance of a sentence, as some one spoke out louder and more distinctly than the rest. Coughs, laughs, and even a low whistle, introduced by a silent watcher of him, all had their place. After the manifestations made by this interesting boy, a servant girl, introduced by her master, a medical man, at her own request, as she had not been very well, and thought mesmerising, from what she had caught from conversation in her master's house, would do her good, was in a short time thrown into the Mesmeric sleep, and on the playing of a lively air began to beat time with her feet, and attempted to dance. This young woman appeared naturally agitated on being placed in the midst of so large a company; her pulse being felt by a medical man, was 120, but when in the mesmeric state it was found to have sunk to its natural beat of 75. The most decisive case, however, was the third and last. It was that of a gentleman of the party, whose character and position in society place him far beyond any suspicion of feigning or acting. He had never been mesmerised before, or attempted to be. He was in about ten minutes thrown completely into the mesmeric trance. His arms rendered rigid as two poles, and extended at length, so that it required the utmost force to bend them down in any degree, and so that the operator, by forcibly using one of them as a lever, swung his

whole body round in a perfect gyration. The gentleman was internally conscious, and gave perfectly clear answers to any questions, but though entreated by Mr. Hall to open his eyes, could not in the least do it. His arms were then released from their rigidity, and one of them, on his grasping a walking cane by the middle, was rendered again so rigid, that he could not let it fall, though requested earnestly to use all his energy to do so. On being recalled to full possession of his limbs and waking consciousness, he expressed himself highly delighted with the sensations it had occasioned him, and appeared rather refreshed and enlivened by it than otherwise. This case gave universal gratification even to the most sceptical, and the whole of Mr. Hall's demonstrations were, even by the members of the medical profession, of whom several were present, pronounced to be highly satisfactory. Mr. Hall gave moreover a sketch of the causes which had led him to practise Mesmerism, which added greatly to the pleasure of the spectators.

LEICESTER.—(From a correspondent.)—Seeing in your journal an account from a correspondent, of some mesmeric experiments with metals, I beg to send you a brief account of a few experiments I have made on the same subject, the results of which, however, *do not agree* with those of your correspondent, and it is for that reason I send them, as I think that it is only by the accumulation of a variety of facts that an explanation will be found. The patient is a boy of about fourteen, of a sanguine temperament, and displays all the usual phrenological and cataleptic phenomena in great perfection. No single metal appears to have any effect upon him, not even gold. *Any two* metals in contact have a most decided and powerful effect. I have tried with gold, silver, copper, zinc, and iron. If any one of these is in the patient's hand, on being touched with any other he immediately drops it, complaining that it hurts and burns him. He can hold any two in different hands, or in the same hand if they are not allowed to come in contact with each other. Wood or stone with a metal produces no effect. From these facts I think it appears a fair conclusion, that the effect is produced by galvanic action to which, in the mesmeric state, the body appears extremely susceptible.

Any two metals in contact with each other and held in the hand do undoubtedly, by means of the moisture of the hand, form a galvanic circuit, and a galvanic circuit cannot be formed without two metals, or two different fluids.

The effects of gold alone, or any single metal, which I have not witnessed, must be owing to a different cause.

The patient who exhibits the phenomena shews the sympathy of feeling very distinctly. If three or four persons take hold of hands, and are connected with him through me, on the last person being pinched he instantly complains and exhibits most unequivocal signs of feeling.—ALFRED R. WALLACE.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

No incident of interest calls for special notice this week.

It is pleasant to be enabled to announce that the change in the mode of publication of THE CRITIC has given general satisfaction. Very few indeed (only eighteen) of our old subscribers have withdrawn in consequence, and there has been a large and gratifying influx of new ones.

It will be observed that the present number also exceeds the standard size. Whenever advertisements or press of interesting matter require it, the additional pages will be given as now, the object of the conductors of THE CRITIC being influence rather than profit.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE SYDNEY SMITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As publishers for the late Rev. Sydney Smith, we have been authorized to state that the "Memoirs" of that distinguished person, with selections from his works, announced in your paper of (this day) the 26th instant, as about to be published by Mr. Bentley, will, if they appear, be wholly without the sanction of his family; and we have further to add, that measures will be taken to prevent the copyright of his works from being encroached upon. We hope to be able speedily to announce the publication of a memoir of Mr. Sydney Smith, written with the full concurrence and assistance of his family and friends. We are, sir, your obedient servants,

LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 150.—We do not notice this number of the best-circulated review with the view of enumerating its nine articles, the selection of which we must confess is not entirely to our taste, but in order to draw the attention of our readers to an article on the poems of Mrs. Butler (late Fanny Kemble), which, if the style do not deceive us, is from the pen of Miss Rigby, the talented authoress of the *Letters from the Baltic*, which delightful publication, by the way, now forming one of the "Home and Colonial Library," we strongly recommend to such as have not yet perused it. We must confess that we felt flattered, on referring to our review of the same work, to find such a similarity of sentiment between Miss Rigby and ourselves, and to see the poems, which we *first* of any periodical in England introduced to the favourable notice of our readers and selected for their beauty, again adorning the pages of the *Quarterly*. Of the love verses selected and praised so highly by us, "I would I knew the lady of thy heart;" "O turn those eyes away from me!" &c. &c. the reviewer says—"It is a long time since we have met with any love verses equal to these. We pity the oldest who does not feel young again as he reads—who does not also feel the warm blood mantle?" Such community of ideas and views between *us* and the *first literary periodical* of the day must be gratifying to our many kind friends, while to the public it must afford a striking proof of the manner in which we are fulfilling our pledge, so often given and again repeated, to *seek* out merit and sound its praise, regardless whether it blaze on in the magnificent tomes of Messrs. Longman or Murray, or in the more humble though not less praiseworthy publications of a Clarke or a Chambers.

BIBLIOTHECA SUSSEXIANA.—Lately, Messrs. Evans, of Pall-mall, commenced the sale of the fifth part of the library of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. This part consists of the collection of books made by the late Duke in the several departments of poetry, drama, polygraphy, Latin classics, belles lettres, biography, law, and bibliography. There are a number of rare and curious copies of books, not only in English, but likewise in foreign literature; such as a first edition of Shakspere's Plays (printed in 1623); a first edition of "Cicero de Officiis, et Paradoxa" (Mogunt. Fust et Schoyffer, 1465), &c. Yesterday's sale included some of these rarities, and several of the lots realized high prices, and were objects of a good deal of animated competition. Among these the following may be mentioned:—(115.) "Ciceronis Opera Omnia," 9 vols. most beautiful copy, ruled, in old blue morocco, gilt leaves, from Renouard's collection, said to have been formerly Maioli's copy. Par R. Steph. 1543-44, 6*l*. 2s. 6d. (136.) "Auctores Classici in Usum Delphini," in all 63 vols. in calf, with joints and gilt leaves. The Rev. Dr. Douglas's copy, 22*l*. 10s. (182.) "Apulei Opera," first edition, very rare, in blue morocco, with morocco lining, joints, and gilt leaves, Romæ in Domo Petro de Maximo (per Sweynheim et Pannartz), MCCCCLXIX. "The curious," says Dr. Dibdin, "are sufficiently aware of the great value and rarity of this first impression. This is the only ancient edition which presents us with the legitimate text of the author uncastrated by inquisitional authority," 16*l*. (242.) "Cicero de Officiis, et Paradoxa," first edition, very rare, in old red morocco, with morocco linings, gilt leaves, Mogunt. Fust et Schoyffer, MCCCCLXV. This edition derives an additional interest from being the first classical work ever printed. At the end is a leaf containing the ode of Horace, "Diffugere nives," 16*l*. 16s. (243.) "Cicero de Officiis, et Paradoxa," first edition, printed upon vellum, extremely rare; at the end is the Ode of Horace; the last eight leaves are discoloured. Moguntiæ, MCCCCLXV. 31*l*.

Monday concluded the sale of the fifth part of the library of the late Duke of Sussex. This section of that curious collection consisted of works in poetry, the drama, polygraphy, Latin classics, belles lettres, biography, law, and bibliography. The sale, which commenced on the 22nd ult. has lasted twelve days. The following are a few of the more curious and interesting lots of the last days:—(2,744) Catalogue of the library of Miss Currer, by Stewart, privately printed, 1833—5*l*. 5s. 6d. (2,760) Dibdin's Bibliomania, illustrated with a series of portraits, and a portrait of Dr. Dibdin, drawing by Behnes, bound in five volumes, blue morocco, with joint and gilt leaves, 181.—9*l*. 15s. (2,763) Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron, 3 vols. large paper, proof plates, uncut, 1817—17*l*. 5s. (2,889) O'Conor's descriptive Catalogue of the MSS. in the Stowe Library (the Duke of Buckingham's), 2 volumes, and appendix. Privately printed, 1818-19—11*l*. 15s. (2,893) Pettigrew's Sussexiana, a Descriptive Catalogue of the Bibles and Theological MSS. in the Library of the Duke of Sussex, 2 vols. in 3, large paper, with three sets of plates, plain India paper and coloured, vols. 1 and 2 sumptuously bound in blue morocco by Clarke, vol. 3 in boards (1827-39). This copy is unique, being the only one which has the plates coloured—15*l*. 10s. (2,910) Assemanni Bibliotheca Orientalis, 4 volumes, Romæ, 1719—8*l*. 5s. (2,928) George III. Bibliothecæ Regiæ Catalogus, 5 vols. London, 1820; catalogue of maps, prints, drawings, &c. in the library of George III.

1829, together 6 vols. red morocco, with joints, and gilt leaves —20*l.* (2,929) Gray (Lord), Catalogue of the Gray Library at Kinfauns Castle, by D. Morrison, with lithographic borders, privately printed at the Kinfauns Press. Presentation copy, with an autograph inscription, blue morocco, gilt leaves, 1828—5*l.* 15s. 6d. (2,954) Todd's Catalogue of the Archiepiscopal MSS. in the Library at Lambeth Palace. Privately printed, large paper, very scarce, bound in blue morocco, with joints, gilt leaves 1812—8*l.* 10s. (2,956) Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, 2 vols. 12mo. inlaid in folio, and illustrated with 140 portraits, prints, and drawings, in Russia, gilt leaves, 1759—5*l.* 10s. The produce of the 12 days' sale was altogether 2,557*l.*

Shaksperian Documents in Worcester.—An erroneous statement has been published by some of our contemporaries, to the effect that the writ issued against William Shakspeare, by Sir Thomas Lucy, the original *Justice Shallow*, for deer-stealing, is in the possession of the present Bishop of Worcester. From inquiries made, we cannot ascertain that any such document exists, but suppose the statement originated in the fact that the direct evidence of Shakspeare's marriage with Ann Hathaway is in a bond discovered in the registry, in this city, and which seems to have been given for the security of the bishop if he granted a license for the marriage, the banns being only once proclaimed. An antiquary of some celebrity has suggested to us that it is not Sir Thomas Lucy's *writ*, but his *writing*, which is in the Worcester registry, and states that some time ago, when searching some documents there, of about the date of September, 1583, he discovered the autograph, of which he made a *fac-simile*. We observe that at a recent meeting of the Cheltenham Archæological Association, a highly curious contemporary manuscript of Shakspeare's play of *Henry IV.* was exhibited by the Rev. L. Larking, by whom it had been discovered in the muniment chest of Sir Edward Dering, Bart. of Surrenden-Dering, in Kent, one of whose ancestors had interlined and altered the original copy in many places. This manuscript is, we believe, shortly about to be published by the Shakspeare Society of London.—*Worcester Journal.*

The Shakspeare Society.—The fourth annual meeting of this society was held on Saturday, the 26th ult. in the council-room of the Royal Society of Literature, St. Martin's-place. Mr. J. P. Collier presided, in the absence of the president, the Marquis of Conyngham. The report of the Council was read by the secretary. It congratulated the members on the continued prosperity of the society, and then went on to enumerate the various works which had been published during the past year, and to point out others which were in preparation for the present year. The report of the auditors was next read, from which it appeared that the receipts during the last year amounted to 787*l.* 13s. 8d. including 270*l.* 8s. for subscriptions for the current year, and 278*l.* arrears of subscriptions; whilst the expenditure had been 486*l.* 10s. 7d.; thus leaving a balance in hand of 301*l.* 3s. 1d. The report was unanimously adopted, and a vote of thanks passed to the council and officers of the society. Sir Andrew Barnard, Mr. B. Botfield, M.P. Mr. J. Forrester, Mr. Macready, and Mr. S. Naylor were elected on the Council for the ensuing year, in the room of Mr. J. Bruce, Mr. B. Field, Mr. J. Heywood, Mr. J. Oxenford, and Mr. T. Wright, who retire. Thanks having been given to the chairman, the meeting separated.—*Globe.*

Percy Society.—The anniversary meeting was held last week in the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, Lord Braybrooke, president, in the chair. The report announced a very favourable improvement in the operations of the society. The receipts of the past year were 379*l.* 10s. 6d. and there remained a balance in hand of 23*l.* 17s. 4d. Twelve publications had been issued during the past year, and several others were in preparation. The thanks of the society were awarded to the University of Cambridge for the kindness with which the manuscript of the "Seven Stages" was placed at the disposal of the editor, and for the permission to print from it.

Zoological Society.—On Tuesday, the 29th ult. the annual meeting of the members of this society was held at Willis's-rooms, King-street, St. James's; the Earl of Derby, the president, in the chair. The receipts amounted to 11,997*l.* and the expenditure to 10,999*l.* Amongst the donors of preserved specimens to the museum were Lord Saye and Sele, Colonel Owen, the Norwegian consul, and the Countess of Mansfield. Her Majesty had presented to the menagerie a beautiful Albanian deer, and many valuable animals had been received from Colonel Warrington (Consul-General at Tripoli), Professor Schomberg, Captain Chalmers, the Hon. Miss Hardy, the Hon. Miss Singleton, Captain Richardson, the Hon. William Ashley, &c. The plan recently adopted of exposing the carnivora to the open air, instead of keeping them in dens warmed by artificial heat, had been attended with the best results, there having been a diminution in the number of deaths, and a great improvement in the health of the animals. The report was adopted, after which the officers for the ensuing year were appointed, and the meeting separated.

London University.—Distribution of Prizes.—On the 30th ult. the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes in the medical department took place, at the Medical College, Gower-street, Dr. Paris, President of the Royal College of Physicians, in the chair. There were also present Lord Auckland; Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, bart.; Mr. Christie, M.P.; and other gentlemen. Dr. Williams, the Dean of the Faculty, read the report, from which it appeared that 306 pupils were now attending the medical classes, 94 of whom commenced their studies this session at the college. Several had distinguished themselves at the examinations for honours in the University of London. Prizes were then distributed for proficiency in medicine, anatomy, physiology, chemistry, midwifery, and surgery, the successful candidates for the first prizes being Messrs. Littleton, Ransom, Wilks, Henry, Park, Wood, Cadge, and Jackson. As the candidates for the clinical medals had not finished the requisite papers, no prizes were awarded. Dr. Paris congratulated the successful competitors on their proficiency, and complimented the professors on the subjects taught, and the manner in which information was communicated. On the motion of Lord Auckland, seconded by Mr. Christie, M.P. a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to the chairman, who briefly acknowledged the compliment.

Horticultural Society.—The 36th anniversary was held last week, at the rooms of the society, in Regent-street, Mr. R. H. Solly, F.R.S. in the chair. There was a good attendance of members, among whom was Mr. Maher, the father of the society. The report of the auditors announced a very great improvement in the finances of the society, the outstanding debt having been reduced to the amount of 1,579*l.* 5s. 9d. and the income improving in a very satisfactory state. The property belonging to the society in Regent-street and Chiswick much exceeded the liabilities. The total receipts of the past year were 7,352*l.* 13s. 4d. and there remained a balance in hand of 250*l.* 9s. 3d. The amount of debt standing due was stated as 9,557*l.* 19s. The receipts of the garden exhibitions for the past year were 5,621*l.* 8s. 6d.; the expense of the medals, 902*l.* and the profits resulting therefrom were 2,518*l.* 14s. The Duke of Devonshire was re-elected president; Mr. Thomas Edgar, treasurer; and Mr. J. R. Gowen was appointed secretary, in the room of Dr. Henderson. The other vacancies having been filled up in the council, the meeting adjourned.

Rights of Authorship.—The *Presse* states that during his residence at Paris, Marshal Bugeaud received a visit from the deputies chosen by the dramatic authors, who demanded that the contribution levied on the French theatres for the benefit of dramatic writers should be paid also by the theatres of Algeria. Marshal Bugeaud replied that on his return to Algiers he would occupy himself with their demand, and that a favourable answer might be expected.

The Scotch papers announce an addition to the periodical literature of that country, remarkable as being the first of the family in which the lunacy of editor or contributor is frankly avowed. The Governor of the Royal Lunatic Asylum of the town of Crighton has conceived—as a means of appealing to the early sympathies and intellectual memories of the more highly educated among his patients—the design of a publication to be edited and printed entirely by themselves; and under the significant title of *The New Moon*, the first number has just appeared, containing a variety of fugitive poetry, short prose articles, and a treatise of some length on the influence exercised by parents over their children. The pecuniary proceeds are to be applied for the comfort of the sick poor of the same establishment; and the director declares that some of his patients have already experienced the beneficial effects of this diversion to their brooding thoughts.

A valuable collection of books, presented by the French Chamber of Deputies to the Congress at Washington, has just been sold by auction, at the Custom House of New York, to defray the duties, which no party had taken the trouble to satisfy. It will, probably, create no great soreness, happening where it has, —the Senate having taken the necessary steps to disavow all participation in the insult on the part of the Americans or their representatives, and the press being unanimous in its indignation. The directing committee of the Congressional Library has been ordered to investigate the causes and authors of this singular mistake, to reclaim the books, and to offer thanks and explanations to the French government. Speaking of the interchanges of national literature, we may mention a fact, stated by the Brussels *Globe* in proof of the extraordinary activity of the Belgian literary pirates. The house of A. Wahlen and Co. although unable, it is said, to procure a copy of the *History of the Consulate and the Empire* until the 15th ult. published the first numbers of that work, in four different editions in the course of the 16th.

VISITORS TO THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Rogers, the celebrated poets, visited the Royal Exchange yesterday, and went over the extensive establishment of Lloyd's. Although the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" is well known in the city from his connection with the bank of Rogers, Olding, and Co. still the visit of "Sam Rogers," as he is familiarly, but with respectful deference, called in business, with his cotemporary, Wordsworth, could not fail to attract attention, whilst to those who have perused the works of both, an introduction to, or the mere opportunity of being a silent observer of such well known and esteemed authors must have been highly gratifying.

FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Professor WOLF, from Jena, has spent some time lately in Vienna, much to the delight of the literary circles there. The authoress and poet, KAROLINE LEONHARD-LYSER, now PIERSON, has, we hear, taken up her abode in the Austrian capital. Readings have lately become, we may say, the fashion in Vienna. Dr. BEER reads in public his treatises on medical jurisprudence, and with no want of an audience; SELIGMAN his on the history of medicine (some valuable notices). Dr. ETTINGSHAUSEN also read, before a small, but select audience, his writings on practical physics and electricity. One of the most interesting works which the Vienna press has lately published is Dr. VON WURTH'S *Comparison and Examination of the Prisons of France, Belgium, Switzerland, England, and Scotland*. The author has devoted much time lately to travelling, and investigating the prison system of these countries. A sign of the times is to be observed in the numerous compilations upon various branches of the state administration, political legislation, and the military system, which have appeared of late. It is an evidence that people are endeavouring to throw light upon darkness, to reduce confusion to order. One step forward compels several more, and can hardly fail to produce some good results. One work of this kind is that of Count VON BARTENSTEIN, on *The Political Administration*. The second edition of C. DULLER'S historical work, *The Archduke Charles*, has also been published; the remaining parts are expected with much anxiety. DULLER'S *Maria Theresia* has found a rival in another work of the same name, from the pen of SCHIMMER, the editor of a history of Vienna, which is said to be written with great industry, and to be an excellent book of reference. SCHUSELKA'S popular romance, *Karl Gutherz*, a story of Viennese life, has reached another edition. It is rare to meet with a book written with so much comprehension of local character, so much sound understanding and poetical feeling, and withal so wholly unpretending. Other Viennese writers should take example from it. The *Austria* of Professor SALOMON and the historian KALTENBANK, edited by both conjointly, is worthy of mention. A part of this work particularly interesting, is that referring to national distinctions and peculiarities. KALTENBANK has likewise published *Mariensagen der österreichischen Monarchie*. They contain much poetical matter. J. N. VOGL is one of Austria's most fruitful poets; he has lately published a collection of legends, entitled the *Karthausernelken. Little Memoirs, &c. of Vienna*, is a clever and amusing book by Fr. GRAFFER. GRAFFER is, as an antiquarian and historian, equalled by few. In this work he has preserved the reminiscences of an interesting life, a life, too, rich in experience of many kinds, in acquaintance with many celebrated persons; all this he has worked up, in his peculiar and brilliant style, into a volume of no small attraction. He is the editor of the *Austrian National Encyclopædia*, and of an excellent literary journal. Another work worthy of being referred to consists of two volumes of tales, &c. under the title of *Studien*, by ADALBERT STIFTER, a man of well-known talent. In Leipsic, similar readings to those above described to have taken place during the past winter, by various professors, &c. WACHSMUTH, on history, C. VOGEL, and others; Dr. JAHN, on astronomy; and BERNHARDI, a nephew of LUDVIG TIECK, long a resident in Leipsic, and a supporter of the theatre and drama, has commenced a series of dramatic readings *à la* TIECK and HOLTEI. In Leipsic this seems a hazardous experiment, considering how few persons here have time and inclination to carry out designs of this nature; those who admire tragedy and comedy would prefer seeing to mere hearing; and even if BERNHARDI produces only dramas now past acting, the plan hardly seems to have attraction enough to secure a large audience. The number of literary characters here has much increased within the last few months. The appearance of a political journal, *The Herold*, called also for the appearance of *Lüders*. A young poet from Austria, MORITZ HARTMANN, was likewise here, whose poems are at present in the press. HERR VON ROSEN also seems to be settling down from his adventurous life into a peaceable citizen of Leipsic.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From April 16 to May 2.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnold's, Dr. Life, by Stanley, 5th ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* cl.
——— Fragment on the Church, 2nd ed. with Appendices, 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Barnes on Job, 2nd ed. improved, 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s.* cl.
Breach of Promise, a Novel, in 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Catena Aurea, Vol. IV. Part II. 'St. John,' 8vo. 7*s.* cl.
Christian Philosophy, by the author of 'Sketches of Sermons,' post 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Crescent and the Cross, The, by E. B. G. Warburton, 2nd ed. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl.
Cruchley's New Picture of London, with Six Views, for 1845, 18mo. 5*s.* cl.
Evidences of Christianity, by Professor Smyth, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.
Exposition of Vulgar and Common Errors, adapted to the year 1845 (Small Books on Great Subjects, No. VIII.), fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Feasts and Fasts, by Edward V. Neale, fc. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Finden's Beauties of the Poets, prints, imperial 4to. 5*s.* sd. proofs, atlas folio, 8*s.* sd.
Fortunes of Roger de Flor, or the Almugavars, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Gouraud's Art of Memory, royal 8vo. 14*s.* cl.
Hansard's Pocket Peerage for 1845, fc. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.
Highlands, The, and other Poems, by the Rev. J. G. Small, imperial 32mo. 2*s.* swd. (Clarke's Cabinet Series.)
History of Margaret Catchpole, a Suffolk Girl, new ed. 2 vols. fc. 8vo. 12*s.* cl.
Illuminated Prayer Book, Part I. royal 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* swd. to be completed in eight Parts.
Ireland and its Rulers since 1829, new ed. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Irish Sketch Book, by M. A. Titmarsh, new ed. 2 vols. pt. 8vo. 14*s.* cl.
Lectures on Clinical Medicine, comprising Diseases of the Heart, by P. M. Latham, M.D. Vol. I. 12mo. 8*s.* cl.
Lectures on Baptism, by the late William Shirreff, of Glasgow, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.
Lingard's History of England, Vol. XII. fc. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.
Madeira Flowers, Fruits, and Ferns, by Jane Wallis Penfold, 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl.
Melvill's (Rev. H.) Sermons on Scripture Facts, Vol. II. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.
——— Four Sermons before the University of Cambridge in 1837, 4th ed. 8vo. 5*s.* bds.
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Thiers's Consulate and the Empire, Vol. III. 8vo. 5*s.* swd. (Colburn's Edition.)
Vanherman's Every Man his own House Painter and Colourman, new edit. 12mo. 5*s.* bds.
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THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address.* Nov. 1st, 1844.

LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Characteristics of the Greek Philosophers. Socrates and Plato. By the Rev. JOHN PHILIPS POTTER, A.M. late of Oriel College, Oxford. London, 1845. Parker.

MR. POTTER proposes to consider the character of SOCRATES under three aspects: as a theologian, as a politician, and as a logician. The essay originally appeared in the *British and Foreign Review*.

The author enters the field avowedly in defence of the character and philosophy of SOCRATES against the doubts insinuated, rather than declared, by the reviewer of BACON in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the editor of BENTHAM. But, being itself a criticism, it would be vain to attempt an analysis of these essays; being reprints, extracts would be stale. We can say of them only that the argument is ably sustained, and should be read by those whose opinions may have been shaken by the papers to which they are an answer.

The larger portion of the volume is occupied with a series of similar articles on the philosophy of PLATO, taken from the same source and composed with equal vigour. Mr. POTTER is an able controversialist, a master of his pen, which he wields with the skill of a practised logician, and the readiness of a quick-thoughted advocate, prompt to perceive and to avail himself of the weak points in his adversary's case, and eloquent in putting forth the strong points of his own. He has done well to gather together these essays from the scattered volumes in which they were first introduced to the world, and doubtless in their present compact shape they will be cordially welcomed by those whom they had pleased before, and by many to whom they were previously unknown.

An Appendix contains a curious and graphic sketch, communicated to Mr. POTTER by his son, of the

PERFORMANCE OF THE STABAT MATER IN ROME.

On Friday evening (the 14th of April, 1843), after attending the grand and solemn performance of the *Tenebræ* at the Sistine Chapel, we went to hear the *Stabat Mater* at one of the largest of the many large and splendid churches of Rome.

The service was a late one, beginning about nine o'clock in the evening; and though much fatigued by a hard day's work of picture-seeing and music-hearing, all such sensations were speedily banished by the singular and exciting scene which we there witnessed. I wish I could give you some idea of it.

On entering the church, about half an hour before the commencement of the service, we found it already crammed to suffocation with persons of all classes, ages, and sexes. Many were quietly engaged in their private devotions, and apparently perfectly abstracted from the bustling scene which was being enacted within a few paces of them; but many also were anxiously looking for a resting-place where they might await the appointed time, and were conversing with one another in subdued whispers. The body of the church was nearly dark, the chandeliers hanging in black lustreless masses; and the general gloom being even increased by the two or three little lamps, in coloured glasses, burning before some of the altars of the side chapels. A dismal monotonous chant was echoing through the church, performed by some dozen priests, who were stationed behind the High Altar.

On this altar, the only object strongly illuminated in the church, was erected a sort of stage, covered in with painted architectural ornaments and silk drapery, bespangled with tinsel and silver stars in truly theatrical style.

In the centre was placed a kneeling figure of the Virgin, represented, in wax or painted wood, as a beautiful young woman splendidly attired, supposed to be mourning over the dead body of Christ,—her breast being pierced with a number of glittering swords. One or two church servants were engaged in lighting a vast number of candles and lamps on and about the altar; and these being covered with coloured paper shades and properly arranged, seemed to throw their concentrated light on the painted figure. The effect of this was remarkable, being not only most distinctly and vividly seen, but being the *only* object that was clearly visible in the whole church—the figure seemed almost to advance into the midst of the darkness and partially to shed its light around; whilst the fainter and fainter lights that tipped projecting columns, gilded cornices, and elaborately carved ceilings, served dimly to mark distances, and tiring the eye with the attempt to make out details, turned back the attention of the spectator to the one object of devotion for the evening.

Presently the chanting ceased, and soon after a young priest made his way with some difficulty, owing to the crowded state of the church, to the pulpit.

After a short prayer he commenced a discourse, or rather a series of short addresses, between which a portion of the *Stabat Mater* was performed. Though varying in words, these addresses all bore the same form, and were stamped with the same character. They consisted of highly-wrought pictures of the goodness and love of God; of the wickedness and ingratitude of man; of the dreadful bodily suffering of Christ; of the agonies of the Virgin Mother. At the commencement of each he spoke with comparative calmness, addressing the congregation. Gradually, however, he became more and more excited as he proceeded. Elevating his voice to a tone of fury, he denounced them all as lost sinners, and upbraided them with inflicting tortures upon the Son of God, inasmuch as it was for their sakes that the suffering was borne.

Then elevating his hands, and suddenly lowering them as if forcibly pressing something to the ground, he would shout, "Down, down on your knees to the Holy Virgin, through whose intercession you may hope for pardon from an angry God!"

In an instant all were kneeling, whilst the priest leaning forward from the pulpit (with flushed and eager face, and arms stretched out towards the illuminated figure, poured forth an address to it in the most glowing terms and with a tremulous sobbing voice; reminding the Virgin of her various trials; drawing a vivid picture of her mental sufferings at being obliged to witness the sacrifice of her only and well-beloved Son, &c. &c.

At last, fairly overcome with his exertions, or at all events appearing to be so, he sank his head on the cushion and remained silent. At this moment, with the feelings of the audience worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, by the verbal description of bodily and mental suffering, a portion of the musical service, the *Stabat Mater*, was performed. Neither instruments nor singers were visible—a circumstance which added to the peculiarity of effect, whilst it still left the figure of the Virgin the only object that could attract the gaze of the listening crowd. The impassioned character of the music, and the rich swelling tones in which the feeling of the composer was given, were most eminently fitted to carry on the work of the preacher, and to prepare the audience for another appeal to their goaded sympathies.

Even to the coldest and most indifferent auditor, well aware the scene was "got up," to use a common phrase, it was like an intoxicating liquid poured in at the ear.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George III. By HENRY, Lord BROUGHAM. With Portraits. London, 1845. Knight and Co.

THE versatility of Lord BROUGHAM is amazing. No subject in the entire range of human knowledge seems to be above or beneath the ambition of his grasping intellect. At once orator, author, politician, lawmaker, lawyer, he will discourse with fluency of words, if not with profundity of thought, upon science, art, or literature, or any of their branches. His speeches embrace every conceivable topic of national or individual interest, and are replete with satire, or argument, or pathos, as occasion requires; his writings range from the loftiest metaphysics and mathematics to the leading article of the newspapers of the day. He has invaded in turn philosophy, science, art, history, the classics, biography. He has handled all respectably, some with uncommon ability, and his published works, distributed among his contemporaries, would have made the fortunes of a dozen authors. The region of poetry alone has he not invaded, at least there is no record of such an attempt, if ever the daring thought was conceived. And the reason is obvious. Lord BROUGHAM'S least active faculty is imagination, or it is so over-mastered by the inordinate activity of its fellow faculties, that its voice is but faintly heard amid their never-ceasing noise and stir.

For our own parts, we do not much admire Lord BROUGHAM'S philosophy; it is too metaphysical; of his mathematics we are not competent to judge; his science is sufficiently elementary for popular understandings; his history is coloured by the hues of his own prejudices and passions; his law is more that of a jurist than of a lawyer, and his law-making is a well-intentioned jumble of impracticabilities and oversights. But as a biographer he is excellent, and we suspect this series of *Lives*, of which the portly volume before us is one, will be read when many of the works that have cost him more labour, and which, perhaps, he more values, shall have passed into oblivion.

The characteristics of his biographical composition are his *epic* view of his subjects, and a certain familiar manner of treating them which at once attracts attention, and keeps it to the close of the narrative. His method seems to be after this sort:—He supposes the personage he is about to describe to be one whom he has intimately and personally known, whose face and form he has seen, whose character and capacities he has accurately studied, and having thus formed in his own mind a perfectly distinct idea of him, he proceeds to consider the reader as a friend to whom he is about to introduce a new acquaintance, and for this purpose describes minutely, in such fashion as he would talk to him, the history, the aspect, the mind, the manner, the peculiarities, the sayings and the doings of the stranger, concluding with a summary of the general impression which he has left upon those to whom he had been previously known.

The effect of this is to excite a personal interest in the party described. He lives and moves in our mind's eye; we hear in fancy the tones of his voice; we note his face, his form, the very expression of his features. He is, as it were, an acquaintance whom we have taken by the hand, and in whose doings we are concerned. This is the charm of biography, and makes it, when well done, the most delightful of all reading.

And Lord BROUGHAM has been singularly impartial in the accomplishment of his task. The selection of the men to be so honoured was not, to be sure, the most judicious. Others there were as great, and greater, who are not named among the "illustrious" of the reign of the Third GEORGE. To science, moreover, a disproportioned prominence is given. But the reader has no right to dictate to the author whom he shall be pleased to portray, or to decry the merits of the gallery as it is, because it does not contain something else. Besides, it is more than probable that this volume is only one of a series; that others will follow, as the noble author's leisure or inclinations may permit, adding to the group of portraits already collected, until the gallery shall be complete.

The strength of these biographies lies in their sketches of the characters of the personages whose histories are narrated. This is Lord BROUGHAM'S forte, and he knows it. He always enters upon the work with an evident relish. He loves to dissect the complex mental features that make up the whole man, and to trace to their sources the power and the weakness, the excellence and the error that are mingled in various proportions in the best and the worst of us. He has a good eye also for external expression. He distinctly remembers, and is able, by a sort of Cruikshank capacity for sketching in words, to convey to the fancy of the reader a transcript of the image in his own,—the feature, the form, the peculiarities of look or gesture,—the silent language of the emotions within written upon the face without,—the voice, the gait, the affectations and oddities, so that by a few vigorous touches the dead are made to live, and move, and speak before us. Ample evidence of this power will be found in the following extracts, which we limit almost entirely to those portions of the biographies, insomuch as it would be impossible so to abstract narratives already condensed as to make them interesting, while portraits such as we have described have always a value and an attraction, whether for present reading or as a portion of the collection of the beauties of our current literature, which it is the aim of the conductors of THE CRITIC to make its pages, so that it may become a library book for reading and reference at all times, and not a mere work of temporary use, to be thrown aside when once perused.

Ten biographies are contained in this volume; the first, and by far the most elaborate, being that of VOLTAIRE. Lord BROUGHAM appears to have had access to many original sources of information for the facts, which he intersperses, as is his wont, with commentaries that seek to point the moral of the narrative. And it is with these that we must chiefly concern ourselves in this notice.

His opinion of the lively French philosopher is obviously better than prudence will permit him to avow. The tone of his memoir is apologetic, and the author's apologies for himself in praising VOLTAIRE are at least as long as his apologies for his hero. But all unprejudiced minds will admit that the character of the man and of his writings has been drawn with commendable fairness. Take, for instance, the

APOLOGY FOR VOLTAIRE'S IRRITABILITY.

But another circumstance must be mentioned, as throwing light upon his personal altercations with the friends he at various times esteemed. His nature was open and ardent; he had the irritability which oftentimes accompanies genius, but he had the warm temperament, the generous self-abandonment, the uncalculating effusion of sentiment, which is also its attendant, and which sixty years' living in the world never cured—hardly mitigated—in Voltaire. His expressions were, no doubt, stronger than his feelings; but we know that this strength of expression has a certain re-action, and excites the feelings in its turn; certainly is ever taken into the account when its object makes a bad or a cold requital, and irritates the minds from which it had proceeded, if in no other way, at least by wounding their pride. Nothing can be more extravagant than the technology of Voltaire's affections: "My dearest friend" is too cold to be almost ever used; it is "My dear and adorable friend;" "My guardian angel;" "My adorable friend;" and often to the Argentals, especially the union of both, "My adorable angels." All philosophers were Newtons; all poets Virgils; all historians Sallusts; all marshals Cæsars. The work of the President Henault is not certainly "*son*," but "*votre* charmant, votre immortel ouvrage:" being the most dry and least charming history that ever was penned, and which never would be read but as a convenient chronicle. The expressions of affection, of eternal, warm, even passionate affection, are lavished constantly and indifferently. Nay, to one friend, a Marshal and Duke (Richelieu), he says, addressing him as Monseigneur, "Il y a dans Paris force vieilles et illustres catins, à qui vous avez fait passer de joyeux moments, mais il n'y en a point qui vous aime plus de moi." With all this vehemence of feeling and facility of effusion, as well as of exaggeration, there was joined an irritability that brought on cold fits occasionally, and then the snow, or rather the hail, fell as easily and abundantly as the tepid showers had before descended. Nothing can exceed his affection for his nieces, especially for Madame Denis; but he must have outraged her feelings severely, to draw from her such a letter as she wrote in 1754: "Ne me forcez pas à vous haïr"—"Vous êtes le dernier des hommes par le cœur"—"Je cacherai autant que je pourrais les vices de votre cœur"—are expressions used principally on account not of his heart, which was sound, but his temper, which was uncontrolled, and they were used to him while lying on a sick-bed at Colmar, which he had not quitted for six months. I shall have occasion afterwards to speak more particularly of his quarrels with Maupertuis, Frederick II. and Rousseau; in the first of which, the chief fault lay with the mathematician; in the second, the great king claims the whole blame; and in the third, Voltaire was most censurable. At present I have only entered upon the topics which arise during his residence at Cirey.

The same exaggeration that pervades his expressions towards others, is observable in all that he writes respecting himself, whether upon the sufferings of his mind or those, somewhat more real, of his body. He had, unhappily, a feeble constitution, and having taken little care of it in early life, he was a confirmed invalid for the rest of his days, but especially between forty and sixty. He suffered from both bladder complaints and those of the alimentary canal; and his surgical maladies, beside the pain and irritation which they directly occasioned, gave him all the sufferings and inconveniences of a bad digestion. There was therefore a sufficient foundation for frequent recourse to the state of his health. But he writes as if he was not merely in constant danger: he is generally at the point of death; and it is observable that the more deeply he is engaged in any vexatious dispute, and the more he has, or thinks he has, occasion to complain of maltreatment, the more regularly and the more vehemently does he describe his alarming, nay, his dying condition. In such circumstances it is a figure never wanting to round a period, or to fill up the measure of his own wrongs, and his adversary's oppressions. It is singular that a man of his genius, one especially who had so well studied the human heart, and painted so strikingly the dignity of our nature, should invariably, and even with the least worthy antagonist, prefer being plaintiff to being powerful, and rather delight in being the object of compassion than of terror.

Some novel anecdote is related to contradict a prevalent error as to

VOLTAIRE'S KNOWLEDGE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The notion which some have taken that Voltaire was ignorant of, or at least imperfectly acquainted with the English language, and into which an accomplished though somewhat prejudiced critic has among others been betrayed, is purely fanciful: he had as thorough a knowledge of it as could be acquired by a foreigner; perhaps a greater familiarity and easier use of it than any other ever had. He wrote it with ease, and with perfect correctness, in the earlier part of his life, hardly making any mistakes—certainly none which a little care would not have prevented. I have lately seen a letter of his, thanking an author for the present of his book, probably Sir H. Sloane; and there is but one word, *lectors* for *readers*, wrong; nor is there the very least restraint in the style, which is also quite idiomatic, as when he speaks of his "crazy constitution." *Ills* for *maux*, meaning complaints, has the authority of Shakespeare, if indeed any authority were required to justify this use of the word. The Gallicism or mistake of *lectors* proves that he himself wrote this letter, and sent it without any one revising it. While visiting England, in 1727, he published an essay on the "Civil Wars of France," with remarks on the "Epic Poetry of all Ages,"—a small octavo, or large duodecimo volume, intended to illustrate the *Henriade*, of which, as has been observed, an edition was published at that time by subscription. The English is perfectly correct, and the diction quite easy and natural. There is a copy in the British Museum, with these words on the title-page, in his own hand—"To Sir Hanslone (Hans Sloane), from his obedient servant, Voltaire." In his latter years he spoke English with great difficulty, and seldom attempted it; but that he retained his familiarity with the language, and could easily write it, we have the clearest evidence in two excellent lines which he wrote when in his eightieth year to Dr. Cradock, who had sent him a copy of his drama, *Zobeide*, chiefly borrowed from Voltaire's *Scythes*:—

> "Thanks to your muse, a foreign copper shines,
> Turn'd into gold, and coin'd in sterling lines."

Nor is our admiration of this facility of English diction lessened by the consideration that the idea is in some degree imitated from Roscommon. H. Walpole has indeed said, with a gross exaggeration, respecting his letter to Lord Lyttleton, that not one word of it is tolerable English; but he may late in life have lost the facility of writing in a language not acquired while a child, as we know that both with Lord Loughborough and Lord Erskine the Scottish accent returned in old age, though they had got entirely rid of it during the middle period of life.

We cannot pass over Lord BROUGHAM'S sketch of

VOLTAIRE AT TABLE.

These are on all hands represented as having been admirable. He was of a humour peculiarly gay and lively; he had no impatience of temper in society; his irritability was reserved for the closet, and his gall flowed only through the pen. Then his vast information on all subjects, and his ready wit, never failing, but never tiring, added to his having none of the fastidious taste which prevents many great men from enjoying the humours of society themselves, while it casts a damp and a shade over the cheerful hours of others—all must have conspired to render his company a treat of the highest order. His odd and unexpected turns gave his wit a zest that probably never belonged to any other man's. His writings give us some taste of this; and there are anecdotes on record, or at least preserved by tradition, of jokes of which they who read his works at once recognise him as the author. When the Dijon academicians presented him with the place of an honorary member, observing that their academy was a daughter of the Parisian body—"Eh! oui," said he, "eh! et une bonne fille, je vous en répond, qui ne fera jamais parler d'elle." When at some family party the guests were passing the evening in telling stories of robbers, and it came to his turn—"Once upon a time (he began)—Jadis, il y avoit, un fermier général———ma foi, Messieurs, j'ai oublié le reste."

When St. Ange, who plumed himself on the refined delicacy of his flattery, said, on arriving at Ferney, "To-day I have seen Homer; to-morrow I shall see Sophocles and Euripides, then Tacitus, then Livy:" "Ah! Monsieur," said his ancient host, alarmed at the outline of a long visit, which he seemed fated to see filled up, "Ah, Monsieur! je suis horriblement vieux. Ne pourriez vous pas tâcher les voir tous le même jour?" The sketch probably was left unfinished by this interruption. So when an English traveller who had been to see Haller, heard Voltaire speak loudly in his praise, and expressed admiration of this candour, saying Haller spoke not so well of him: "Hélas!" was the admirable answer, "il se peut bien que nous avons tort, tous les deux." A graver rebuke was administered by him to an old lady who expressed her horror at finding herself under the same roof with a declared enemy of the Supreme Being, as she was pleased to term Voltaire:—"Sachez, madame, que j'ai dit plus de bien de Dieu dans un seul de mes vers que vous n'en penserez de votre être."

A striking picture of his powers of conversation is given by Goldsmith, who passed an evening in his company about the year 1754. He describes it, after saying generally that no man whom he had ever seen exceeded him; and Goldsmith had lived with the most famous wits of the world, especially of his own country—with Burke, Windham, Johnson, Beauclerk, Fox. There arose a dispute in the party upon the English taste and literature. Diderot was the first to join battle with Fontenelle, who defeated him easily, the knowlege of the former being very limited on the subject of the controversy. "Voltaire," says Goldsmith, "remained silent and passive for a long while, as if he wished to bear no part in the argument which was going on. At last, about midnight, he began, and spoke for nearly three hours; but in a manner not to be forgotten—his whole frame was animated—what eloquence, mixed with spirit—the finest strokes of raillery—the greatest elegance of language—the utmost sensibility of manner! Never was I so much charmed, nor ever was so absolute a victory as he gained."

ROUSSEAU is selected for the second biography. The author's judgment of *the man* is justly condemnatory, while he warmly praises the inimitable graces of his style.

LORD BROUGHAM'S CRITICISM ON ROUSSEAU'S "CONFESSIONS."

All Rousseau's works, except his posthumous memoirs, the *Confessions*, we have had occasion already to consider. But that is, beyond any question, and very much beyond any comparison, his masterpiece. There is no work in the French language of which the style is more racy, and, indeed, more classically pure. But its diction is idiomatical as well as pure. As if he had lived long enough away from Geneva to lose not only all the provincialisms of that place, but also to lose all its pedantry and precision, he writes both with the accuracy and elegance of a Frenchman, and with the freedom of wit and of genius, even of humour and drollery—yes, even of humour and drollery; for the picture of the vulgar young man who supplanted him with Madame de Warens shews no mean power of caricature; and the sketches of his own ludicrous situations, as at the concert he gave in the Professor's house at Lausanne, shew the impartiality with which he could exert this power at his own proper cost and charge. The subject is often tiresome; it is almost always his own sufferings, and genius, and feelings; always, of course, but of that no complaint can be justly made, of his own adventures; yet we are carried irresistibly along, first of all by the manifest truth and sincerity of the narrative which the fulness of the humiliating confessions at every step attests, and then, and chiefly, by the magical diction,—a diction so idiomatical and yet so classical—so full of nature and yet so refined by art—so exquisitely graphic without any effort, and so accommodated to its subject without any baseness,—that there hardly exists another example of the miracles which composition can perform. The subject is not only wearisome from its sameness, but, from the absurdities of the author's conduct, and opinions, and feelings, it is revolting; yet on we go, enchained and incapable of leaving it, how often soever we may feel irritated and all but enraged. The subject is not only wearisome generally, revolting frequently, but it is oftentimes low, vulgar, grovelling, fitted to turn us away from the contemplation with aversion, even with disgust; yet the diction of the great magician is our master; he can impart elegance to the most ordinary and mean things, in his description of them; he can elevate the lowest, even the most nasty ideas, into dignity by the witchery of his language. We stand aghast after pausing, when we can take breath, and can see over what filthy ground we have been led, but we feel the extraordinary power of the hand that has led us along. It is one of Homer's great praises, that he ennobles the most low and homely details of the most vulgar life, as when he brings Ulysses into the swineherd's company, and paints the domestic economy of that unadorned and ignoble peasant. No doubt the diction is sweet in which he warbles those ordinary strains; yet the subject, how humble soever, is pure unsophisticated nature, with no taint of the far more insufferable pollution derived from vice. Not so Rousseau's subject: he sings of vices, and of vices the most revolting, and the most base—of vices which song never before came near to elevate; and he sings of the ludicrous and the offensive as well as the hateful and the repulsive, yet he sings without impurity, and contrives to entrance us in admiration. No triumph so great was ever won by diction. The work in this respect stands alone; it is reasonable to wish that it may have no imitators.

This is well thought and well expressed, and will entitle the noble lord to much respect as a critic. Equally just, discriminating, and able is the sketch of the

CHARACTER OF ROUSSEAU.

Of his character it is almost as easy to speak with confidence

as of his writings. It seems certain that so much genius never was in any other man united to so much weakness. The fruits of an education exceedingly neglected, nay, in his earlier years very ill directed, were gathered from his youth upwards at each stage of his progress; but many men have been as much neglected, and many more spoilt in their childhood and boyhood, without ever becoming what he was. We are to add, therefore, to the causes of his misery, perhaps of his misconduct, an hereditary disposition to melancholy, to brooding sadly over realities, and to indulging in the sad miseries of the imagination. Nor was this all: he formed a kind of system or principle for himself of the most unsound nature and dangerous consequences. He seems to have thought that the free indulgence of the feelings was a duty as well as a privilege, and never to have doubted that those feelings which naturally arise in the breast are therefore innocent and right. The only evil which he could perceive was in their restraint; and as even to regulate them is to restrain, he not only regarded such self-government as superfluous, but as hurtful. The current was in his view pure and harmless; the obstacles which broke its course, the dykes which confined it, the canals which guided it, were the only objects of aversion and of blame. It is obvious to ask if he who had undertaken to write upon education a work of much length and elaboration, had ever observed the workings of our nature in infants, in very young children. It is a branch of the subject which he seems never to have studied; else he must have seen how the mere animal predominates at that age. At first pure selfishness prevails, and indulgence of every appetite is the rule. Next succeeds, with nearly equal selfishness, fear as soon as any restraint is applied, and fear invariably gives rise to the protection of falsehood. All natural propensities are eagerly indulged; all restraint is distasteful. Among others, the love of truth is a restraint imposed by tuition, and like all restraints, it is a violence to natural propensities. Now Rousseau erected into his rule of conduct the self-indulgence which the rules of reason and virtue proscribe alike. The divinity he worshipped was sentiment, feeling, often amiable, often reasonable, sometimes contrary to reason, sometimes inconsistent with virtue; and always, when indulged in excess, offending against reason, and leading to offences against virtue. Whoever reads his *Confessions* must perceive that he never could conceive he was acting wrong when he was following the bent of his feelings; scarcely that he was acting imprudently when he was sacrificing to them his own plainest and highest interests. To such a pitch was his folly on this point, this cardinal point, carried, that we find him unable to conceive how any one could ever reproach a man with his worst crimes after he had once openly avowed them, or rather after he had allowed certain things to be wrong; for, having admitted in the *Emilie* that whoever under any pretext or from any motive whatever withdrew from the performance of his parental duties, must expect ever after to weep bitterly over his fault (*sa faute*), he declares that it "was surprising any person after such an avowal could ever have the courage to reproach him with the fault" (*faute*) of sending his five infants to the Foundling Hospital. He altogether forgets that the courage of making such confessions, even had they been much more full and specific, instead of being any defence to ward off the punishment of universal reprobation, was a virtue of an equivocal kind, and might be taken as easily for callous impudence as for sincere penitence.

The natural result of the system on which his moral feelings were built, was that the most undeviating selfishness took possession of his whole soul. Self-indulgence was his rule—self-restraint his abhorrence. The sophistry with which he so constantly seeks to cover over this vice is pitiable when it is not ridiculous. For many years he had almost ceased even to write to Madame de Warens; and for above two years after his removal to Neufchâtel, the last years of her miserable life, she was, as he too well knew, plunged in the depths of misery—she who had supported him while she had a farthing to give—she to whom he owed his whole existence for the first ten years and the most destitute of his life—she for whom he had so often avowed, and also felt, the most tender affection, and who had ever treated him like an anxious mother—not only did he remain for those two years a day's journey from her residence without ever repairing to see and to console, if he could not relieve and reclaim her, but he never gave her the comfort of a letter to shew he still bore her image in his heart—and why? "because he feared to sadden her heart (*contrister son cœur*) with the story of his disasters!"—As if she had not real disasters of her own—as if the straw on which she was perishing of want offered not wherewithal to touch her more nearly than the tale of his fancied wrongs and trumpery persecutions! The least sagacity is enough to pierce through this flimsy veil of hypocritical cant. Every one sees that he was unwilling to interrupt his own enjoyments by the sight of her misery, and therefore did not repair to Chambery—that he was unwilling to interrupt his walks, or his readings, or his writings, or his musings, and therefore did not write letters that might have led to asking assistance which he did not choose to give.

HUME is next depicted, and ample praise is awarded to his political discourses, and his style as an historian, while the principles of his ethical philosophy and the errors and prejudices that deform his history, are freely admitted. The truth of the following passage will readily be acknowledged:—

BROUGHAM ON HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

If from the cardinal virtues of fidelity, research, and accuracy, we turn to the great but secondary accomplishments of the historian, we can scarcely find expressions too strong to delineate the merit of Mr. Hume. His style is altogether to be admired. It is not surpassed by Livy himself. There is no pedantry or affectation, nothing forced or far-fetched. It flows smoothly and rapidly, according to the maxim of the critic, "Currere debet et ferri." It seems to have the "lactea ubertas" of Livy, with the "immortalis velocitas" of Sallust. Nothing can be more narrative; the story is unbroken, it is clear, all its parts distinct, and all succeeding in natural order; nor is any reflection omitted where it should occur, or introduced where it would encumber or interrupt. In both his narrative and his descriptions there is nothing petty, or detailed more than is fit or needful; there is nothing of what painters call spotty—all is breadth and bold relief. His persons are finely grouped, and his subjects boldly massed. His story is no more like a chronicle, or his views like a catalogue of particulars, than a fine picture is like a map of the country or a copy of the subject. His language is more beautiful and powerful than correct. He has no little tendency to Gallicisms. He has many very inaccurate, some ungrammatical phrases. In this respect he is far behind Robertson. The general effect, however, of his diction is unequalled. He cannot be said to write idiomatic English, being indeed a foreigner in that sense; but his language is often, nay, generally racy, and he avails himself of the expressions, both the terms and the phrases, which he finds in older writers, transferring them to his own page. In this he enjoys a great advantage over Robertson, who, resorting necessarily to Latin, or to foreign or provincial authors, could not manage such transfers, and was obliged to make all undergo the digestive and assimilating process, converting the whole into his own beautiful, correct, and uniform style. Another reach of art Hume has attained, and better than any writer in our language: he has given either a new sense to expressions, or revived an old, so as never to offend us by the neology of the one process or by the archaism of the other. With this style, sustained by his profound philosophy, there can be nothing more beautiful than some of his descriptions of personal character, or of public feeling, or of manners, or of individual suffering; and, like all great masters of composition, he produces his effect suddenly, and, as it were, with a single blow.

"Joined in friendship and in fame," continues the noble biographer, "with the great man whose life and writings we have been contemplating, and equally with him founder of the reputation of our country for excellence in historical composition, was WILLIAM ROBERTSON." His passion for letters was early displayed:—

He had laid down for himself a strict plan of reading; and of the notes which he took there remain a number of books, beginning when he was only fourteen, all bearing the sentence as a motto which so characterized his love of learning, indicating that he delighted in it abstractedly, and for its own sake, without regarding the uses to which it might be turned—"*Vita sine litteris mors.*" I give this gloss upon the motto or text advisedly. His whole life was spent in study. I well remember his constant habit of quitting the drawing-room both after dinner and again after tea, and remaining shut up in his library.

(*To be continued.*)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Adventures in New Zealand, from 1839 *to* 1844. By EDWARD JERNINGHAM WAKEFIELD, Esq. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Murray

AT the age of nineteen, urged by curiosity, Mr. E. J. WAKEFIELD joined the expedition that sailed for New Zealand in the year 1839 in the good ship *Tory*, under the command of his uncle, Colonel WAKEFIELD. It was his intention to land the settlers, to see the country, and to return with the *Tory*. But on his arrival, he found the whole scene so new, so interesting, so exciting, that he was tempted to remain to watch the progress of the infant colony, and to aid the early struggles of the settlers. For four years and a half he postponed his departure, and now he has come back with a portfolio of sketches and a narrative of his adventures, to which recent events in the colony have given peculiar importance.

Mr. WAKEFIELD is evidently an enthusiast. His love of

enterprise is apparent in every page. He is not content to follow in beaten tracks; he will not be bound by formulas and conventionalities. He mingled freely with the natives, learned their language, won their confidence; became a sort of ambassador between them and the Europeans, arranged their differences, softened asperities, and materially aided the peaceful progress of the settlement. Thus he acquired a practical wisdom and self-reliance beyond his years, and it is quite a psychological study to mark the change from the adventurous, almost reckless, boy introduced to us in the early part of the narrative, to the experienced, prudent, sagacious man who discourses of statesmanship at its close.

As a literary work it cannot be termed artistic. Mr. WAKEFIELD is not a practised penman; he is not versed in the mystery of book-making, but possesses an art more pleasing. He prefers to put his thoughts into words instead of phrases. Having something to say, he says it, without pausing to pick and choose the expressions in which it shall be clothed. He tells us, with charming *naïveté*, just what he saw and felt, disguising nothing, and exaggerating nothing. It is the story of the man of action, stirring and energetic, bringing before us with distinctness places and persons, and creating in us a personal interest in events—the interest we take in a romance extended to a reality.

A considerable portion of the work is devoted to the disputes between the Home Government, the officials, the settlers, and the natives. Into these Mr. WAKEFIELD enters with characteristic earnestness, and with the zeal, and probably the one-sidedness, of a partisan. But as this theme is not altogether within our province, and there is so much else to interest and amuse the general reader, we propose to limit our illustrative extracts to passages that fall more properly within its title of *Adventures in New Zealand*.

It was in the month of August that they entered

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S SOUND.

The scenery became more and more majestic as we advanced into this noble estuary. Its outer mouth is nine miles wide. High wooded mountains rise on both sides; numerous islands and projecting points dot the expanse of still water which penetrates far into the interior; and a glimpse of the Southern Alps is obtained in the extreme distance.

Eager to touch the land, I got into a small canoe with Nayti, who paddled me ashore. The hills, which rise to the height of 1,000 or 1,500 feet on three sides of the cove, are covered from their tops to the water's edge with an undulating carpet of forest. How well Cook has described the harmony of the birds at this very spot! Every bough seemed to throng with feathered musicians, and the melodious chimes of the bell-bird were especially distinct. At the head of the cove is a small level space of land, formed by the alluvial deposit of three rills from the mountains, which here empty themselves into the bay. Landing here, I remained for some time absorbed in contemplating the luxurious vegetation of grass and shrubs, and the wild carrots and turnips which remain as relics of our great navigator. Rich historical recollections crowded on my mind as I tried to fix on the exact spot where Cook's forge and carpenter's shop had stood; and I was only roused from my reverie by the arrival of some more of the party, bent on the same object. We collected some shells, pebbles, and plants, and returned to breakfast on fresh potatoes and some of the fish which had been caught in abundance from the ship in the evening.

Another specimen of his descriptive powers is this graphic sketch of

THE PLACE OF CLIFFS.

The cliffs increase in height as you advance into the reach, so that the forest-trees on their edge seem like feathers; the song of the birds among them is only faintly heard, and the streams which rush over the steep are frittered into the thinnest spray long before they reach the water. Facing you, the cliff is surmounted by a steep hill of the additional height of some 500 or 600 feet, which seems to tower proudly over the trench in which the river flows; and on its top, the Natives told me afterwards, are cultivations, springs of water, and woods of large timber, and ample room to support many hundreds of people when compelled to take refuge there. Though the river has a considerable descent here, and the polers have to work hard throughout the distance in ascending, the gradual increase in the height of the cliffs combines with the way in which the strata strike the waterline to produce a remarkable optical deception. It seems as though you were rapidly descending; and I have more than once noticed, that in returning towards the sea at the rate of ten miles an hour, you appear to be going up hill at this particular spot. Add to this, that out of a dark cavern in either cliff, near the water's edge, a large stream comes roaring, and echoing, and foaming into the river; that an augmenting darkness is produced as you advance, by the height of the cliffs and the comparative narrowness in which the river flows; and that some old legend or superstition makes the Natives speak in whispers and compose their features to seriousness; and the sublimity of the whole scene may be imagined. Such was the intense excitement produced on me by this burst of Nature's majesty, when I first went through the pass, that I relieved myself involuntarily by a deep sigh and a rushing of tears to my eyes, when we had passed on into the comparatively tame and reposing scenery which immediately follows.

The main interest of the narrative centres in the many and accurate pictures of the natives, and the scarcely more civilized races of whalers, beach-combers, and other refuse of Europe, who have established themselves on these coasts, where they are beyond the restraints of law and society. Some of them are worth preserving.

SAM PHELPS THE BULLOCK DRIVER.

Sam Phelps, a drunken, foul-mouthed bullock-driver, from one of the neighbouring colonies, was (by fines for intoxication) a frequent contributor to the revenue. * * * Sam appeared not to care so much for the fine—he had got used to that, and paid it with great regularity; but the manner of inflicting it seemed to offend him, and he took his own means of revenging himself. His team of bullocks was soon christened "Shortland," "Smart," "Best," and "Cole;" and he used to apply the coarsest epithets to them as he flogged them along. One day the Colonial Secretary, stately and pompous as usual, happened to pass the dray. Brutal threats to "cut *Shortland*'s tail off if he did not move on," to "break his heart," to "cut his liver in two," or to "whip his skin off," startled him in his promenade; and on turning round he saw old Sam "whacking" his team. To the surprise of the spectators, the Chief Magistrate asked the bullock-driver whether "he applied those expressions to him." Sam answered, with an innocent grin, "I wasn't a speakin' to you; I'm a drivin' my bullocks; that's my business:" and the Colonial Secretary retreated from the scene, amidst a repetition of the most frightful imprecations, threats, and mockery of the bullock-driver.

A SCRAMBLE.

I was in the 'tween decks when it began; and, hearing a loud and continued stamping on the deck, thought the natives were "rushing" or attacking the ship. Under this impression, I sprang aft to obtain a weapon of defence from among those always ready in the cabin. On my way, I met E. Witi, one of the chiefs of a tribe which had effected a quiet division; and he reassured me by telling me that no harm would be done to the white people, and that I had better go up in the rigging and look upon the way in which the natives divided their goods.

Following his advice, I clambered up into the long-boat between the masts, and was at first bewildered at the sight. About 150 natives were piled above the various heaps of goods, writhing, struggling, stamping, pulling each other's hair and limbs, tearing blankets, shivering whole cases of pipes and looking-glasses, and withal yelling and screaming in the most deafening manner. Some of the wildest had stripped naked. Disengaging themselves for a moment from the mass, they tightened the thong of their tomahawk handle round their wrist, and prepared to plunge into the thickest of the mass, where some dearly-prized article was in contention among a heap of furies. Barrett, however, and some other white men well known to the natives, pinioned the arms of two or three of the wildest with their own, and gradually restored order and peace. The combatants looked exceedingly crest-fallen as they gathered up the remains of the broken things; but took especial pains to tell us it was no fault of ours, but the *porangi* or "foolishness" of the Maori. Others, who had assumed a quiet, watchful attitude during the disturbance, smilingly produced from under their mats some chain-hook, sounding-lead, or other handy weapon, with which they had armed themselves in case of the worst.

This appears to be a favourite mode of appropriating property in New Zealand. It is even adopted as a punishment. As an instance—

The crime of adultery was most severely punished by Ngamotu, or "the Islands," one of the principal chiefs, on his wife. He stripped her naked, and dragged her along the beach by the hair of the head, beating her violently at intervals. Nor did any one attempt to interfere; the whole body of natives remaining passive spectators of the cruel penalty. The adulterer's house was visited by the assembled relations of the wife and husband, who plundered it of every thing they could lay their hands on, while he offered no resistance, or even remonstrance, according to Maori custom. The taua, or "foray," extended to a hut belonging

to him on the island, from which Barrett's attendants brought mats, flax, and other articles in great glee.

Mr. WAKEFIELD confirms the fact that cannibalism *does* exist in New Zealand. He tells a story of a chief who stayed out late one night, was waylaid by a hostile tribe, and was found next morning with his head cut off and his heart taken out; doubtless being deemed an epicure's bit by the assassins. He asserts that RAUPERAPA had a slave girl killed and dressed for dinner on the unexpected arrival of a stranger. When attempts were made by the Governor to put down the custom, one of the tribes sent him word, "that they had nothing but dry fern-root to eat, and would much enjoy a slice of his fat sides to moisten it."

One of the most vivid sketches in these volumes is the description of

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AT NELSON.

The little village at the haven was all life and gaiety. Two large wooden stores and a house for immigrants, belonging to the company, were the centre of business, as labourers came for their rations, or rolled casks and bales into the store. The *Lord Auckland* was discharging immigrants on the beach; the two Deal boats of the company were being launched or hauled up by their weather-beaten crews, or making trips to the shipping; and knots of whalers who had come on a cruise to the new settlement, were loitering about on the scattered cannon, ploughs, and cart-wheels. Among these beach-combing wanderers, I recognised many old acquaintances. Some of these eccentric characters seemed curiously divided between contempt for the inexperience of the "jimmy-grants," as they called the emigrants, and surprise at the general industry and bustle prevailing. The cloudless weather, hotter than I had yet felt it in New Zealand, and the vivacity of the scene, made one think that races or a fair was going on, rather than a serious settlement. All seemed affected by the bright blue sky and lovely scenery around. In the midst of the toil and confusion of landing goods, and looking for relations in the crowd, every countenance beamed with good humour and enjoyment. The very whalers would now and then condescend to shew an awkward clodhopper the handiest way of hauling a package up the sloping beach. But few natives figured in the scene; as this spot had not been inhabited for many years, owing to the constant danger from the proximity of the mountains, whence Pakihure and his brother fugitives were said to have more than once made successful forays upon the dispersed settlements of their conquerors, and of the few Ngatiawa who had arrived in Blind Bay after its conquest by Raupheraha and his followers. Such at least was the reason assigned to me by Mark, the young chief of Rangitoto, on D'Urville's Island, who came while I was here on friendly visit to Captain Wakefield.

Near the highest point of the path between the haven and the town was pitched the small square tent in which Captain Wakefield slept. From hence he had only a few steps to walk to the flag-staff, where he communicated to the shipping by means of Marryatt's signals; and he was conveniently placed for going to whichever location required his presence.

In the midst of the great amphitheatre was a low isolated mound. Here a long range of wooden houses served as hospital, survey-office, and emigration barracks; and a constant stream of immigrants with their bundles was flowing either way, between the summit of this small Acropolis and the nearest point of the lagoon to which the tide would allow the large boats to ascend the channel of the Maitai. Wooden houses, tents, sheds formed of boughs, frames of clay walls and thatched roof, and heaps of goods and chattels of various kinds, were scattered over different parts of the flat. Here and there a newly-arrived party might be seen cutting a spare encampment out of the high fern, and erecting their sheds and gipsy fires in the space thus formed. But the principal cluster of population was along the banks of the Maitai, and on the edge of the wood.

The long straight lines cut by the surveyors through the fern gave an odd appearance to the landscape; and along these glades short posts were stuck into the ground at regular intervals, with the numbers of the sections on either side, in readiness for the approaching selection. As I walked along these future streets, quail, either single or in coveys, frequently started up before my steps. They abound all over this part of New Zealand.

Mr. WAKEFIELD, while resident at Wanganui, contracted an intimate acquaintance with one of the native chiefs, called E. KURU, to whose friendship he was indebted for an introduction to native manners and customs, and much of the most interesting scenery. Here is the picture of

A CHIEFTAIN'S MANSION.

The terraced flat between a steaming gorge at the western extremity of Kakaramea and the lake is covered with plantations and isolated houses. Among these latter that of Heuheu is prominent. It is about forty feet long, fifteen broad, and of a proportionate height. A narrow verandah ornaments the northern front, before which a square is reserved from the kumera grounds which surround it on three sides. On the day that we went, by previous appointment, to pay our first visit to the old man, about two hundred people had assembled in the little square, and Heuheu, who sat at one end of the verandah, attended by his principal wife, motioned us to a seat while he went through the necessary tangi with the Wanganui natives. A splendid feast followed. Two hundred kits of boiled potatoes and kumeras, five pigs skewered like birds and baked whole; eight or ten pots full of white-bait, and three calabashes of pigeons and tuis stewed in their own fat (a sort of *galantine de gibier*), were brought in by a long train of slaves, and piled up in the centre of the square. After this had been distributed among the visitors, the chief talked to me about Wanganui, the governor, and Poniki, and asked me to come and see him again before I left the neighbourhood. In the meanwhile he gave me five pigs for food while I remained at Tokanu, and said he was ashamed of having no food to offer me such as white men liked. He expressed great gratitude for my reception of him and his war-party at Wanganui the autumn before; and begged me to look about the country and call it my own, and the people my people. But he accompanied this with a warning not to try and buy the land from him, for he had determined never to sell either that or his chieftainship.

He concluded the interview by saying that he remembered I was fond of hearing the songs and seeing the dances of the natives. So like a baron of olden time shouting "A hall, a hall!" he yelled "He haka, he haka mo Tiraweke!"—"A dance, a dance for Tiraweke;" and a hundred men and women, headed by his wife Hokokai, went through some spirited hakas and waiatas for an hour.

From Terapa to Tokanu the shore is formed by a swamp, which reaches to the hills. About a mile beyond Tokanu, a settlement called Wai eriki, or "warm water," is situated on some patches of rich dry land, on the banks of the branching creeks which drain the swamp between the hot springs and the lake. Beyond this a point runs out half a mile to the north; and at this point the three branches of the Tonga Riro, or upper Waikato, flow into the lake. About the mouths, and in the creeks and lagoons all along between them and Tokanu, dwell thousands of ducks of various sorts, which afford excellent sport. I spent many hours in exploring the various retreats among the rushes and flags, from which they did not rise till my little canoe came within half gun-shot.

Another insight into the manners and customs of the people is afforded by this

HISTORY OF A SLAVE.

Turori, a sister of Herekiekie, the chief of Tokanu, at Taupo, had been taken captive at the battle of Waitotara in 1840, and had fallen to the share of a man christened Wiremu, or "Williams," at Manawapou. But being esteemed a great beauty among the natives,—that is to say, being of very masculine figure, with large prominent features, a bushy head of hair, loud voice, and well tatued between the lower lip and the chin,—Turori had soon become the ruler of her master, to any extent but that of letting her return to her native country.

But there were many more claimants to her affections among the natives of the neighbouring pass, and she had at length abandoned her master to go and marry a handsome young teacher at Otumatua, called Nera, or "Naylor." A fierce quarrel of course ensued between the master and the husband. The relations of either party took part in the dispute, which they mingled strangely with their religious discussions. But it ended in the belle remaining with her husband, and ruling him as she had ruled her master.

At the request of her brother, I had tried to ransom her when I returned from Taupo; having sent two of my boys with a double-barrelled gun each to lay at the feet of her master, with my letter, begging him to accept them as payment for his slave, and to allow her to return to her family. But he had refused; and the boys brought me back the guns, and a private message from the slave, that had I come on horseback she would have jumped up behind to fly to Wanganui.

Now, however, she was perfectly reconciled to the life which she led with her husband, who was a fine, good-humoured youth, and with her position as the acknowledged belle of the country.

As I had brought her several letters and presents from her relations at Taupo and Wanganui, Turori was delighted to shew me how thoroughly she joined in the grateful and respectful feelings of all her tribe towards me; and she ordered her husband about in all directions to make our party comfortable.

(To be continued.)

FICTION.

Sybil, or the Two Nations. By B. Disreali, M.P. London, 1845. Colburn.

Another of Mr. Disraeli's brilliant fictions, not so amusing as *Coningsby*, because not *quite* so personal, but vastly more to be admired, because its aims are altogether higher and nobler.

Coningsby was mainly a political satire, and the object of the fiction was to attack certain men offensive to the writer, even more than a system of which he disapproved. But *Sybil* is levelled at principles and systems, and although persons are not spared, and satire is wielded with undiminished vigour, yet are these secondary only to the grand design, which is to exhibit in its most striking forms the great social evils of our generation, the line of demarcation drawn between rich and poor, so that they constitute in fact *two nations*, mutually prejudiced against, mutually ignorant of, each other, an evil which it is the primary purpose of Young England to attack, and if possible to remove.

The idea is thus expressed by the novelist.

"This is a new reign," said Egremont; "perhaps it is a new era."

"I think so," said the younger stranger.

"I hope so," said the elder one.

"Well, society may be in its infancy," said Egremont, slightly smiling; "but, say what you like, our Queen reigns over the greatest nation that ever existed."

"Which nation?" asked the younger stranger, "for she reigns over two."

The stranger paused; Egremont was silent, but looked inquiringly.

"Yes," resumed the younger stranger, after a moment's interval; "two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws."

"You speak of ——" said Egremont hesitatingly.

"The rich and the poor."

The design of *Sybil* is to exhibit, under the convenient form of a fiction, to the eyes of the rich what are the feelings, the thoughts, the ways, the wants, and wishes of the poor. This design is not new; it has been accomplished of late with power and effect by Dickens, and Jerrold, and Mrs. Trollope; by the two former of these with more fidelity than by Mr. Disraeli. In truth, admirable as is the purpose, brilliant the composition, absorbing the interest of *Sybil*, it must be allowed that the pictures of working-class life and character, as presented in *Sybil*, are not real. How, indeed, can they be so? What has the author seen and known of the working-classes, save the small experience of an election visit, and the half-dozen *soirées* in the manufacturing districts? He has never mingled with them but in their Sunday clothes; never has he sat with them in their unguarded hours, heard their talk, witnessed their emotions, inspected their economy, shared their secrets. All, therefore, that he paints of them and their sayings and doings must be the sketches of a vivid imagination drawing pictures of its own from the suggestions of newspaper reports and such like. And so, in fact, it is. With a substratum of truth running through the descriptions of labourers' life in these volumes, there is a mass of error and of exaggeration. The objection is not preferred against Mr. Disraeli as a fault; it is the unavoidable consequence of his position. He is himself a member of one of the "two nations" pictured in his fiction; he has shared the severance he denounces; he, as one of the rich, has not mingled with the poor; he has been, equally with his generation, the victim of the established conventionalities; his very pursuits and tastes would shut him out from the sympathy of other classes than his own. Nay, if the truth must be told, there are special reasons why *he* is not like to have been a companion of the poor. Mr. Disraeli *was* not always what he *is* now. In his younger days he was as assiduous a courtier of aristocracy as London could produce. No man more zealously sought the smiles of the great; and he who would win them, if he have not birth or rank to boast, must sedulously shun association with any thing in manner, or pursuit, or opinion, that would subject him to the suspicion of those who rule the realms of fashion.

That Mr. Disraeli's honest sympathies are with the poor, we do not doubt: that his aspirations are genuine, that he would *now* practise what he preaches, it would be unfair to deny. He has linked himself with "the condition-of-England question," and the contemplation of it has taught him wisdom; and that wisdom he is endeavouring to diffuse among those whom it would be like to reach in no other shape. But this does not militate against our assertion that *Sybil* is not a faithful picture of the *two* nations. It reflects to the very life that with which the author is familiar, that which he draws from observation; but it does *not* exhibit in their veritable colours the men and the manners it borrows from imagination instead of transcribing from the reality.

We will not anticipate the pleasure of our readers by a foreshadowing of the plot of a novel that will be perused by all of them. It will be enough for the purpose of information to the curious, to say that the *two* nations are, as indicated above, the rich and the poor. Sybil, the heroine, belongs to the latter, being the daughter of a working man, a sensible, bold, energetic fellow, conscious of the wrongs and false position of his class, and resolved to right them. She is, of course, a beautiful creature, and the necessities of the novelist make her accomplished far beyond aught that could be found in her sphere, if the author were to search England over. The hero, hight Egremont, belongs to the other nation, the rich; he is a man of birth and fashion, possessing some good sense mingled with many affectations. He falls in love with Sybil, and in pursuit of her mingles with the nation to which he had been before an utter stranger, and thus learns the practical philosophy which it is the aim of the novel to inculcate. The lovers run a race of adventure through the prescribed space of three volumes; among other probabilities, the beautiful Sybil being committed to prison, and threatened with a public trial for Chartism, from which she escapes through the benevolent interference of Lord John Russell (!!); and then, to complete the romance, she proves *not* to belong to the *nation* of the poor at all, but to be in fact an heiress and a baroness, and then she marries Egremont, and the curtain falls.

Such is the strange unnatural plot; but it is still more strange that Mr. Disraeli did not feel how entirely his practical illustration has departed from his theory. He desires to break down the huge barrier which has been built up by modern habits between the rich and the poor. He writes a brilliant book to exhibit the folly and the danger of such tendencies in our social system. For this purpose he introduces to us two personages, one an aristocrat by custom, the other of nature's aristocracy, and shews us, in a succession of powerful scenes, how unjustly and foolishly the two classes hold themselves apart; how wrongly each judges the other; how unsubstantial are the distinctions that separate them; how infinitely greater is the man, as God made him, than he can be made by any titles or honours man can confer upon him. Having eloquently and forcibly proclaimed these truths, by example as well as by precept, he ends by practically sweeping them away, to accommodate his story to the prejudices he has been denouncing; as if to shew that, after all, even in fiction, he could not venture to unite the two nations against whose disseverance he has so energetically declaimed, he resorts to the stale and extravagant figment of a title and a fortune coming to his heroine just when it was wanted to take her out of the one class and put her into the other, before he dares unite nature's gentlewoman with society's gentleman.

We ask, what is this but an avowal that title and riches are, after all, in the author's judgment, the only passports to esteem, and that the principles he boasts so loudly are but fine phrases to catch the popular ear, and do not form a part of the life and soul of the man who utters them?

Still are they not the less truths because there may be some insincerity in the utterer; and many and important are the truths which, amidst much fallacy and some extravagance, are shadowed forth rather than distinctly defined by Mr. Disraeli in these volumes. Whether he has not very clear perceptions of his own principles, or if he wants courage to avow them and push them to their inevitable conclusions, we will not venture to assert; but few reflecting minds will turn from the perusal of these pages without a consciousness of thoughts suggested which will influence them through all their after-lives. The keen and polished satire will attract some,

and the brilliancy of the composition others; but unconsciously all will find themselves infected by the profounder meanings hidden under the flashing and the sparkling that have delighted their fancies.

Many of the subordinate characters are admirably drawn, the whole man—face and form, manner and mind—being brought before us by half a-dozen of those happy touches of description in which Mr. DISRAELI excels all living writers, nay, in which he is without a rival in the whole range of English literature. More particularly is this displayed in the portraiture of characters in his own class—the statesmen and would-be statesmen, the intriguing women, the place-hunters, the toadies, the underling officials, and the frivolous and effeminate fops who compose so large a part of that which is called *society* in aristocratic circles. Here Mr. DISRAELI is at home, and doubtless he draws from the life, so very life-like are his sketches. Not so when he attempts character in the class of which he has no personal knowledge; here he fails, and can no more endure comparison with DICKENS than can the latter compete with him in the drawing-room and the club.

We have remarked that there is too much disquisition: we must add that there is also a little too much of the fanciful apparent in it. Mr. DISRAELI is not a man of argument, but of wit; his fancy is more powerful than his reason; he is only half a philosopher, having the imagination that is an element of that character, but wanting the corrective presence of *causality* (to use a scientific term) that is essential to its perfection. Hence it is that he seldom reaches more than half a truth. His imagination suggests new and large views of things, but he is unable to track them backward, and define their limits and their sources; or onward, and pursue them to their consequences. He must be content to leave this duty to others having less of the creative faculty he enjoys, and more of the reasoning faculty he wants; and content he ought to be even to point the way to an end which all must anxiously desire, although to others must be committed the task of practically conducting society to the goal he has indicated.

We have dwelt more at length upon this novel than is quite consistent with the restricted space of a weekly journal, because it is an uncommon work in itself; because it is the production of a man who has made much stir in the world of late; and, above all, because it professes to be an embodiment of the principles which THE CRITIC is established to infuse into literature and art. Scarcely need we add that *every* library should order and every reader peruse it, for that its subject and its author will already have insured. But we cannot conclude without a few passages taken at random, which will exhibit to the impatient something of the manner of the work.

The following dialogue has caught more of the language than of the thoughts of the working class. Misses Caroline, and Harriet, and Julia are talking politics, and protesting that they would marry no man who was not a Chartist.

The widow shook her head. "I don't like these politics," said the good woman, "they bayn't in a manner business for our sex."

"And I should like to know why?" said Julia. "Ayn't we as much concerned in the cause of good government as the men? And don't we understand as much about it? I am sure the Dandy never does anything without consulting me."

"It is fine news for a summer day," said Caroline, "to say we can't understand politics with a Queen on the throne."

"She has got her ministers to tell her what to do," said Mrs. Carey, taking a pinch of snuff. "Poor innocent young creature, it often makes my heart ache to think how she is beset."

"Over the left," said Julia. "If the ministers try to come into her bed-chamber, she knows how to turn them to the right about."

"And as for that," said Harriet, "why are we not to interfere with politics as much as the swell ladies in London?"

"Don't you remember, too, at the last election here," said Caroline, "how the fine ladies from the Castle came and canvassed for Colonel Rosemary?"

"Ah!" said Julia, "I must say I wish the colonel had beat that horrid Muddlefist. If we can't have our own man, I am all for the nobs against the middle class."

As a specimen of the satire with which the novel is rife, take this admirable hit at the small agitation that raged not long since in relation to

THE BARONET'S BADGE.

"In spite of the ministers, and in spite of the peers, had the poor king lived, we should at least have had the badge," added Sir Vavasour mournfully.

"The badge!"

"It would have satisfied Sir Grosvenor le Draughte," said Sir Vavasour; "and he had a strong party with him; he was for compromise, but d— him, his father was only an accoucheur."

"And you wanted more?" inquired Egremont, with a demure look.

"All, or nothing," said Sir Vavasour; "principle is ever my motto—no expediency. I made a speech to the order at the Clarendon; there were four hundred of us; the feeling was very strong."

"A powerful party," said Egremont.

"And a military order, sir, if properly understood. What could stand against us? The Reform Bill could never have passed if the baronets had been organized."

"I have no doubt you could bring us in now," said Egremont.

"That is exactly what I told Sir Robert. I want him to be brought in by his own order. It would be a grand thing."

"There is nothing like *esprit de corps*," said Egremont.

"And such a body!" exclaimed Sir Vavasour, with animation. "Picture us for a moment, to yourself, going down in procession to Westminster, for example, to hold a chapter. Five or six hundred baronets in dark green costume—the appropriate dress of *equites aurati*; each, not only with his badge, but with his collar of SS; belted and scarfed; his star glittering; his pennon flying; his hat white with a plume of white feathers; of course the sword and the gilt spurs. In our hand, the thumb-ring and signet not forgotten, we hold our coronet of two balls."

Egremont stared with irrepressible astonishment at the excited being, who unconsciously pressed his companion's arm, as he drew this rapid sketch of the glories so unconstitutionally withheld from him.

"A magnificent spectacle," said Egremont.

"Evidently the body destined to save this country," eagerly continued Sir Vavasour. "Blending all sympathies; the crown of which they are the peculiar champions; the nobles, of whom they are the popular branch; the people, who recognize in them their natural leaders. But the picture is not complete. We should be accompanied by an equal number of gallant knights, our elder sons, who the moment they come of age, have the right to claim knighthood of their sovereign; while their mothers and wives, no longer degraded to the nomenclature of a sheriff's lady, but resuming their legal or analogical dignities, and styled the 'honourable baronetess,' with her coronet and robe, or the 'honourable knightess,' with her golden collar of SS, and chaplet or cap of dignity, may either accompany the procession, or, ranged in galleries in a becoming situation, reign influence from above."

"I am all for their going in the procession," said Egremont.

"The point is not so clear," said Sir Vavasour solemnly; "and, indeed, although we have been firm in defining our rightful claims in our petitions, as for "honorary epithets, secondary titles, personal decorations, and augmented heraldic bearings,' I am not clear, if the Government evinced a disposition for a liberal settlement of the question, I would not urge a too stringent adherence to every point. For instance, I am prepared myself, great as would be the sacrifice, even to renounce the claim of secondary titles for our eldest sons, if, for instance, they would secure us our coronet."

"Fie, fie, Sir Vavasour," said Egremont, very seriously, "remember principle: no expediency, no compromise."

"You are right," said the baronet, colouring a little; "and do you know, Mr. Egremont, you are the only individual I have yet met out of the order who has taken a sensible view of this great question, which after all is the question of the day."

There is a great truth in this stricture upon

HISTORIES OF ENGLAND.

If the history of England be ever written by one who has the knowledge and the courage, and both qualities are necessary for the undertaking, the world would be more astonished than when reading the Roman annals by Niebuhr. Generally speaking, all the great events have been distorted, most of the important causes concealed, some of the principal characters never appear, and all who figure are so misunderstood and misrepresented, that the result is a complete mystification, and the perusal of the narrative about as profitable to an Englishman as reading the *Republic* of Plato or the *Utopia* of More, the pages of *Gaudentio di Lucca* or the *Adventures of Peter Wilkins*.

Mr. MACAULAY is the man for this achievement, and if rumour may be relied upon, he has set himself to the task. How ably Mr. DISRAELI can portray character will be seen by this sketch of

LORD SHELBURNE.

He adopted from the first the Bolingbroke system; a real royalty in lieu of the chief magistracy; a permanent alliance with France instead of the Whig scheme of viewing in that power the natural enemy of England; and a plan of commercial freedom, the germ of which may be found in the long-maligned negotiations of Utrecht, but which, in the instance of Lord Shelburne, was soon in time matured by all the economical science of Europe, in which he was a proficient. Lord Shelburne seems to have been of a reserved and somewhat astute disposition; deep and adroit, he was, however, brave and firm. His knowledge was extensive and even profound. He was a great linguist; he pursued both literary and scientific investigations; his house was frequented by men of letters, especially those distinguished by their political abilities or economical attainments. He maintained the most extensive private correspondence of any public man of his time. The earliest and most authentic information reached him from all courts and quarters of Europe; and it was a common phrase, that the minister of the day sent to him often for the important information which the cabinet could not itself command. Lord Shelburne was the first great minister who comprehended the rising importance of the middle class; and foresaw in its future power a bulwark for the throne against the "great revolution families." Of his qualities in council we have no record; there is reason to believe that his administrative ability was conspicuous; his speeches prove that, if not supreme, he was eminent, in the art of parliamentary disputation, while they shew on all the questions discussed a richness and variety of information with which the speeches of no statesman of that age, except Mr. Burke, can compare.

Such was the man selected by George III. as his champion against the Venetian party after the termination of the American war. The prosecution of that war they had violently opposed, though it had originated in their own policy. First minister in the House of Lords, Shelburne intrusted the lead of the House of Commons to his Chancellor of the Exchequer, the youthful Pitt. The administration was brief, but it was not inglorious. It obtained peace, and, for the first time since the revolution, introduced into modern debate the legitimate principles upon which commerce should be conducted. It fell before the famous coalition with which "the great revolution families" commenced their fiercest and their last contention for the patrician government of Royal England.

By way of variety, let us extract a description of

LIFE AT THE CLUBS.

This club was Hatton's only relaxation. He had never entered society; and now his habits were so formed, the effort would have been a painful one; though with a first-rate reputation in his calling, and supposed to be rich, the openings were numerous to a familiar intercourse with those middle-aged nameless gentlemen of easy circumstances who haunt clubs, and dine a great deal at each others' houses and chambers; men who travel regularly a little, and gossip regularly a great deal; who lead a sort of facile, slipshod existence, doing nothing, yet mightily interested in what others do; great critics of little things; profuse in minor luxuries, and inclined to the respectable practice of a decorous profligacy; peering through the window of a club-house as if they were discovering a planet; and usually much excited about things with which they have no concern, and personages who never heard of them.

Mr. DISRAELI complains bitterly of the revolution which placed WILLIAM the Third upon the throne: to that he attributes many of our present most formidable difficulties, especially the establishment of that gigantic aristocracy whose influence has since held sovereign as well as subject in thraldom. Thus he describes the position, at the close of the eighteenth century, of what he terms

THE VENETIAN PARTY.

The situation of the Venetian party in the wane of the 18th century had become extremely critical. A young king was making often fruitless, but always energetic, struggles to emancipate his national royalty from the trammels of the factious dogeship. More than sixty years of a government of singular corruption had alienated all hearts from the oligarchy; never, indeed, much affected by the great body of the people. It could no longer be concealed that, by virtue of a plausible phrase, power had been transferred from the Crown to a Parliament, the members of which were appointed by an extremely limited and exclusive class, who owned no responsibility to the country, who debated and voted in secret, and who were regularly paid by the small knot of great families that, by means of this machinery, had secured the permanent possession of the king's treasury. Whiggism was putrescent in the nostrils of the nation; we were probably on the eve of a bloodless, yet important, revolution; when Rockingham, a virtuous magnifico, alarmed and disgusted, resolved to revive something of the pristine purity and high-toned energy of the old Whig connection, appealed to his "new generation" from a degenerate age, arrayed under his banner the generous youth of the Whig families, and was fortunate to enlist in the service the supreme genius of Edmund Burke.

In another mood take

LORD LORAINE—A STREET SKETCH.

Lord Loraine, a mild, middle-aged, lounging, languid man, who passed his life in crossing from Brookes' to Boodle's, and from Boodle's to Brookes', and testing the comparative intelligence of these two celebrated bodies; himself gifted with no ordinary abilities, cultivated with no ordinary care, but the victim of sauntering, his sultana queen, as it was, according to Lord Halifax, of the second Charles Stuart.

To conclude, we commend to the most serious thoughts of our readers a reflection with which the first volume closes, and which bears a far more extensive application than that given to it by Mr. DISRAELI:—

THE GREAT FACT.

"I will frankly own to you, I never had much faith in any of these proposals or proposers; but they were a change, and that is something. But I have been persuaded of late that there is something going on in this country of more efficacy; a remedial power, as I believe, and irresistible; but whether remedial or not, at any rate a power that will mar all or cure all. You apprehend me? I speak of the annual arrival of more than 300,000 strangers in this island. How will you feed them? How will you clothe them? How will you house them? They have given up butcher's meat; must they give up bread? And as for raiment and shelter, the rags of the kingdom are exhausted, and your sinks and cellars already swarm like rabbit-warrens."

"'Tis an awful consideration," said Egremont, musing.

"Awful," said Gerard; "'tis the most solemn thing since the Deluge. What kingdom can stand against it? Why go to your history—you're a scholar—and see the fall of the great Roman empire—what was that? Every now and then, there came two or three hundred thousand strangers out of the forests, and crossed the mountains and rivers. They come to us every year, and in greater numbers. What are your invasions of the barbarous nations, your Goths and Visigoths, your Lombards and Huns, to our population returns?"

The Goldmaker's Village. Translated from the German of H. ZSCHOKKE. London, 1845. Burns.

SEVEN editions attest the popularity of this tale in Germany, and the translation was undertaken in the hope that its circulation may help to promote an object which has of late largely engaged public attention—an object which, for THE CRITIC and its readers, possesses a peculiar interest—the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

The tale has an interest apart from this. It is a truthful picture of German peasant life, and it is told in the simple strain that forms so remarkable a feature in German narrative. The plot, if it can be said to deserve the name, is very inartificial. Oswald returns from the wars to his native village of Goldenthals, finds the inhabitants plunged in ignorance, immorality, and poverty, and vigorously sets about their reform, in spite of scandal and persecution. He establishes schools, and enforces cleanliness and politeness upon the children. By degrees they carry their teachings and improved habits into their homes. He founds a savings-bank; practically exhibits the advantages of prudence and forethought; shews the people how to convert all about them to profitable uses; turns their thoughts upon religion; discourages intemperance by finding other occupations for idle hours; and, finally, after many thwartings and severe trials of his patience, succeeds in making the village one of the most happy and thriving in the whole country. The admirable means adopted to this end, and the sagacious manner of working them out, should be sought in the tale itself, which will be read with pleasure and profit by all who interest themselves in the problems relative to the social condition of the empire, which form the subject-matter of the principles of YOUNG ENGLAND.

EDUCATION.

The Travels and Adventures of Thomas Trotter, as told by himself. Edited by Peter Parley. London, 1845. Darton and Co.

WHO is Peter Parley?

This question, eagerly asked by thousands, who have read

with pleasure and profit the works of that charming old gentleman, has perplexed many a papa. The mystery is now solved; Peter is no longer a shadow, but a good, substantial American gentleman, hight S. G. GOODRICH, who has been tempted by the popularity of his writings to visit us in person, and, being here, to publish another series of volumes for the especial pleasure of young England; the first of which is the neat little book whose title is copied above.

Now Mr. GOODRICH, the *real* Peter Parley, expresses his surprise to find the name he has made so famous unblushingly assumed by more than one literary thief in London, and he complains with much justice of the piracy, not only because it affects the sale of his own works, but as inflicting upon him the still greater annoyance of responsibility for the wretched trash which has been thus palmed upon the British public as his. This delusion can, however, no longer endure, now that his personality is proclaimed by himself. Henceforward Mr. GOODRICH will be Peter Parley, and the only genuine Peter Parley will be Mr. GOODRICH, and if people after this permit themselves to be imposed upon, the fault will be their own.

Like the most popular of his previous works, this one is in the form of a narrative. It is the story of one Thomas Trotter, a Bostonian, who goes to sea, is wrecked on the coast of Spain, rests at Gibraltar, Sicily, Malta, Syracuse; ascends Mount Ætna, embarks for Naples, visits all that is worth seeing in that city and its neighbourhood, including Herculaneum and Pompeii; proceeds to Rome, and thence to Florence, Pisa, Venice, Milan, Genoa, and Leghorn, returning to his home enriched with a store of information, which he gives to his young friends in the singularly simple, intelligible, and graphic manner which has made the previous works of Peter Parley such universal favourites. The secret of their success is, that every child can understand them, and understanding, he remembers them; and the facts thus pleasantly conveyed to his mind remain indelibly impressed there, and educate him almost without the consciousness that he is learning. Let any parent or teacher open this little book and begin to read it aloud in an easy, agreeable manner, and in ten minutes every child in the room will spontaneously leave his play and come to listen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Chronicles of Fashion. By Mrs. STONE, Authoress of "The Art of Needlework," &c. 2 Vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

"Do as others do," is the maxim and motto of the most imperious, and the most capricious of all absolute powers—fashion—dogmatic, oppressive, and invisible. Many a hapless wretch found to his cost that he had transgressed the unknown laws of the Holy Inquisition; many a luckless wight may discover that the massive tomes of our statutes contain a trap for his ignorance; but more often still has a breach of the unwritten law of fashion been visited with severity upon the daring trespasser within its realm, without a sufficient knowledge of *ton* to qualify him as a worthy subject. But as the winds, when once they have blown, may be registered and noted in all their waywardness, so the ever-varying decisions of fashion may be chronicled, although they afford even less clue to the future than the passing breeze. This idea of chronicling the past glories and follies of fashion has been happily worked out by Mrs. STONE in a pleasant, gossiping book, which is fitted, both by its exterior and interior attractions, to lie upon the table, for the amusement and instruction of a passing hour, and as an infallible specific for the wearisome five minutes before dinner. Anecdotes of the manners and customs of the fashionable world of the last three hundred years abound in striking contrasts to themselves and to the present time; and these lighter frivolities often reveal much of the real character of society in general, and suggest inquiry into the causes of those marked changes which have taken place. What surprise would the "public" now feel at an order of the Privy Council forbidding plays on Thursdays, because they interfered with bear-baiting, and generally condemning them as tending "to the great hurt and destruction of the game of bear-baiting and like pastimes, which are maintained for her Majesty's (Queen BESS's) pleasure." What would Father MATHEW think of the repetition of the masque at Theobald's before JAMES I. and the King of Denmark, when the *ladies* could not go through their parts because they were dead drunk; and their majesties, taking the hint, were soon afterwards safely conveyed by their attendants to their respective beds? But to our book. Mrs. STONE has followed somewhat the irregular nature of her subject, and omitted to arrange her matter as methodically as she might have done in point of time; but the general divisions, under the heads of Banquets and Food, Manners, Habitations, Carriages, Amusements, Costume, Stars of Fashion, &c. &c. are aptly chosen, while too elaborate a classification has been well avoided. ELIZABETH'S reign is selected as the birth of the fashionable world, and among other reasons especially because then began the system of coming to town for the season, which, in spite of edicts and proclamations, has continued ever since, and will only cease when the universal adoption of fast trains at 300 miles an hour will render a house in London quite superfluous. As it is, numbers come up for Thursday's opera, and return to talk of *all* the stars, and the half-dozen operas, which have gladdened their eyes and ears. We shall skip over the opening chapter, which chronicles our national characteristic of substantial dinners, and amuse our readers with an extract from a vehement invective against the new fashion of coaches, consequent upon these incursions of the country upon the town. It is from the pen of TAYLOR, the water-poet, whose poems were more remarkable for their quaint titles than for their beauty.

THE WORLD RUNS ON WHEELS; OR, ODDS BETWEEN CARTS AND COACHES. 1623.

"I think never since Phaeton brake his neck, never land hath endured more trouble and molestation than this hath by the continual rumbling of these *upstart* four-wheeled tortoises.

"Whence comes leather to be so dear, but by reason (or, as I should say, against reason) of the coaches and carroaches who consume and take up the best hides that can be gotten in our kingdom, inasmuch that I cannot buy a pair of boots for myself under an angel, nor my wife a pair of boots (though her foot under the seventeens) under eight groats, or three shillings, by which means many honest shoemakers are either undone or undoing, and infinite numbers of poor Christians are enforced to go barefooted in the cold winters.

"A wheelwright is an ancient, a profitable, and a trade which by no means can be wanted; yet so poor it is, that scarce the best of them can hardly ever attain to better than a calfskin suit, or a piece of neck beef and carrot roots to dinner on a Sunday; nor scarcely any of them is ever mounted to any office above the degree of a scavenger, or a tything-man at the most. On the contrary, your coachmaker's trade is the most gainfullest about the town. They are apparelled in satins and velvets, are masters of their parish, vestrymen, who fare like the emperors Heliogabalus or Sardanapalus, seldom without their mackeroones, parmisants, jellies, and kickshawes, with baked swans, pasties, hot or cold, red-deer pies, which they have from their debtors worships in the country. They have been the universal decay of almost all the best ash-trees in the kingdom, for a young plant can no sooner peep up to any perfection, but presently it is felled for the coach; nor a young horse bred of any beauty or goodness, but he is ordained from his foaling for the service of the coach."

These "closets on wheels" must have been much exposed to the weather, for forty years later glass windows were only beginning to be used, as we learn from an entry by that prince of fashionable chroniclers, Pepys, who mentions, as a "pretty thing,"

That my Lady Peterborough, being in her glass coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass.

But your true hater of novelties can always find out or imagine objections, and so the water-poet continues:

"The cart is an open transparent engine; that any man may perceive the plain honesty, there is no part of it within or without, but it is in the continual view of all men; on the contrary, the coach is a close hypocrite, for it hath a cover for any knavery, and curtains to veil or shadow any wickedness. Moreover, it makes people imitate sea crabs in being drawn sideways. The superfluous use of coaches hath been the occasion of many vile and odious crimes; as murder, theft, cheatings, hangings, whippings, pillories, stocks and cages; *for housekeeping* never decayed till coaches came into England."

A similar objection was made when coals were first introduced into London, and it is worthy of note that Mrs. STONE, a

few pages further on, indulges in a half-suppressed tirade against those "monstrous unintellectual" railways. So hard is it to see ourselves as others see us.

There are some good observations contrasting the magnificent propriety of LOUIS the Fourteenth's harem, and the outrageous debauchery of CHARLES the Second's court; but we would add, that this part of the contrast, and the different tone of the two nations subsequently, is a strong argument to shew that outward propriety is often dearly purchased, and that it is infinitely better in the end that vice should appear as it is, although the colouring of the picture should be more disgusting in the retrospect. A day's amusement at the court of the merry monarch, a nickname which has saved his memory from some of the obloquy it deserves, is thus described by Mrs. STONE, and affords a fair specimen of her original writing.

Sometimes they would have "a greate banquet at Mortlack;" sometimes they went so far as Richmond; sometimes they anchored at Chelsea, then a most delightful country spot; sometimes they pic-nic'd at Greenwich, frightening the echoes from their propriety, and startling the deer in their *then* sylvan retreats; sometimes they merely took a short excursion, and hastily landed to drive in Hyde Park, or to revel and "collation" in the Mulberry or Spring Garden. But on all and every of these occasions they were attended by musicians,—the more aristocratic revellers by an accomplished band in a separate boat, and they made the air vocal with revelry and melody. A gay and gallant sight it must have been on a bright and sparkling morning (our ancestors were wiser than we in this matter; their summer day did not *commence* in the sultry heat of noon), when the tide gushed merrily on, the light spray danced about the bows of the boat, and fell in glittering drops from the oars of the rowers,—the sunlight glancing on the gay and picturesque attire of the revellers, on dancing plumes and fluttering streamers, and yet more, on gay and pleasure-seeking countenances,—as barge after barge glides along,—the air vocal now with the rich sweep of wind-instruments—anon with the light tinkle of guitars, or the merry burden of voices in some choice madrigal,—until one general sensation is seen to pervade even the numerous and separate parties which are scattered on the river;—the rowers simultaneously rest on their oars, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, the gentlemen lift their hats, and "The King! the King! God bless him!" bursts forth in one deafening cheer, as a splendid barge, resplendent with gold, majestically floats along, all others yielding way. The good-humoured king, known more by his dark hue than from any dignity of demeanour, steps into a conspicuous place, and, bareheaded, acknowledges the greetings around, on which the acclamations are redoubled. Yet in the intervals may be heard the light ringing laugh of that youthful beauty in whose ear Buckingham, ever ready to worship the rising sun, is breathing his witticisms; while at the stern of the vessel, conspicuous only from her quietude, is the unassuming and kind-hearted Queen; and at a little distance, a haughty beauty, who casts scornful and ill-pleased glances towards the courtly Buckingham and his merry companion. The barge darts forward, stops at Whitehall stairs, and the party disembark amid the cheers of the spectators, who even call a proud smile to the lip of the slighted beauty by their loud encomiums on her loveliness.

In an incredibly short space of time the whole party are mounted and cantering towards Hyde Park. It must have been on this occasion, surely, that Mr. Pepys was so delighted with the court party, Lady Castlemaine having a *yellow* plume in her hat; but the happy and triumphant Mrs. Stewart had her hat cocked and a red plume, and moreover, "with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille," seems to have eclipsed, as he sorrowfully confesses, even the object of his own especial and unfailing admiration, Lady Castlemaine. The Queen had "a crimson short pettycoate, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*; mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her,"—as a loving husband should do.

Just as Vauxhall is rising we trust, phœnix-like, from the ashes of neglect, we will give a sketch of its old rival,

RANELAGH.

There were four entrances by Doric porticos opposite each other, an arcade encircled the building, and near it was a gallery, within which were forty-seven boxes, beautifully painted and ornamented, and each lighted by a bell-lamp in front; they were divided by pillars, each alternate one having a looking-glass from top to bottom in a gilt frame; over these boxes, which were occupied by parties taking refreshments, was a gallery. The ceiling was divided into oval panels, connected with wreaths of flowers, each panel containing a celestial figure on a sky-blue ground. The whole was lighted (exclusive of the lamps in the boxes and gallery above) by twenty-eight glass chandeliers hung from the ceiling in two circles!

Here was given a magnificent entertainment by the Spanish ambassador, in honour of the recovery of GEORGE the Third.

The queen was here of course, and the royal family, and six hundred other ladies were invited, who all obtained a prize in a lottery, which formed part of the evening's entertainment. The highest prize was a gold watch enriched with diamonds. The queen obtained an etui case, containing a medallion of the king. On this occasion the circle of boxes in the rotunda was thrown into the form of a Spanish camp, each pent or box guarded by a boy dressed in Spanish uniform. The gallery above was arranged as a temple of Flora, the rotunda and gardens were brilliantly illuminated, and twenty pleasure-boats, also highly illuminated, sailed up and down the Thames in front of the gardens, letting off rockets as they passed; there were fireworks, and illuminated arches, temples, &c. in the garden. Tea was made by women ornamented with wreaths of flowers, and the company generally were attended by a hundred valets in scarlet and gold, and as many footmen in sky-blue and silver. The supper-service of the Queen and royal family was entirely gold; the table-cloth alone cost ninety guineas. Many of the wines and fruits were imported from Spain for the occasion.

There are so many amusing bits worth extracting, that we do not know which to choose; but passing over the account of the gallantry of the early part of the last century, we come to a most rich specimen of what duchesses and fashionable ladies could do when their curiosity was excited. It occurred in 1738, not 1638, as it is oddly enough printed.

At the last warm debate in the House of Lords it was unanimously resolved that there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to shew on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon (afterwards Whitefieldian), the Duchess of Queensberry, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmorland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady A. Hamilton, and her daughter Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Francis Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensberry, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered by G— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out, and an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised the siege. These Amazons now shewed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers. They stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the house were scarcely heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered with this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence for half an hour, and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons being also very impatient to enter) gave orders for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, brushed aside these competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They staid there till after eleven, when the House rose, and during the debate gave applause, and shewed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempt; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Herveg spoke miserably.

The rage for public amusements was so great that in 1770, at the very time that WILKES was riding triumphant upon the excited passions of the mob, the House of Commons adjourned to enable its members to attend a masquerade in Soho-square, and the masquers had to make their way through the crowd, who repeatedly forced them to lower their masques to shew their beauty.

We would gladly have given some space to the interesting account of BEAU NASH, the far-famed king of Bath, whose character Mrs. STONE does merited homage to, as a remarkable instance of a man not spoilt by what we should term the most frivolous of all occupations, that of master of ceremonies at a fashionable watering-place. One anecdote of his tact, however, we must give in spite of the warning that we have reached the limits of our notice. He was resolved to get rid

of gentlemen's boots at parties, as he had banished ladies' aprons; but a strong opposition was raised to this last exercise of royal power, although they had given up swords and tobacco-pipes. He announced that Punch, then *the fashion*, would exhibit in a new scene for the delight of Bath.

PUNCH IN BOOTS.

Full of eager anticipation, the fashionable world of Bath crowded to see the show; and intense indeed was the expectation as the new scene opened with Punch and a beautiful lady preparing for their night's repose: but to the horror of the fair one, Punch was stepping into bed with his boots on. She desired him to remove them; he refused. She remonstrated; but Punch was firm. "Madam," said he, "do you, a stranger, presume to instruct me, an inhabitant of this polished and fashionable city, in etiquette?—My boots! Remove my boots! Why, madam, you might as well tell me to pull my legs off. I never go without boots. I never ride,—I never dance without them; and this at Bath is considered true politeness."

Neither would give way, and Punch went off in high dudgeon; but the gentlemen of Bath did not wear boots again.

Fifteen portraits ornament the *Chronicles of Fashion*, and altogether we pronounce it without hesitation as one of the pleasantest made-up books we have seen for some time, and one that will in every way reward the reader. The concluding pages are a startling and eloquent appeal to the votaries of fashion in favour of the victims of fashion,—the overworked milliner. They may be summed up in the reply there cited, of one who knew by experience the evil and its remedy. "Unless you can give *consideration* to the higher ranks, you will be unable to work any reform in the hours of business." Would that the remedy were likely to be as universally adopted as it is undeniable.

A Popular History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Seventh edition, with large additions. London, 1845. Chapman.

THIS new and elegant edition of a work which has enjoyed an extensive popularity appears at a moment when it is likely to engage more than usual attention. Some extensive additions have been made; many chapters are entirely new, and the preface states that it contains at least three times the original quantity of matter.

Probably there are few readers to whom this work in one of its many forms is unknown. Its design is obvious from its title. History, ancient and modern, has been ransacked for facts illustrative of the evils of priestcraft. The fault is, that it is one-sided; the abuses only of priesthoods are presented; their uses, the many benefits they have conferred, are altogether passed by. Priestcraft is an abuse by ambitious men for purposes of self-aggrandizement, of one of the noblest principles implanted in us by the Divinity. It is not fair to argue againss the use from the abuse. Because some cardinals have preferred earth to heaven, and some bishops have looked more to royalty than religion, it is not to be inferred that humble parish priests, scattered over the whole face of the land, are mischievous or even useless. WILLIAM HOWITT'S book is curiout and instructive, as exhibiting the danger of confiding too much power to individuals or classes; but it presents only one side of the question. The volume is elegantly printed, and published at a very moderate price.

ART.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE seventy-seventh exhibition of the Royal Academy was opened to the public on Monday the 5th inst. It is decidedly inferior to that of last year, when, heightening the splendour of the talent, CALCOTT and MACLISE, E. LANDSEER, EASTLAKE, and MULREADY shone forth with unwonted lustre. The first-named of these is no more; the second has sent nothing to the gallery, and the three others exhibit one picture each. Nevertheless the exhibition, though not excellent, is one of average merit. Without offering any thing deserving to be included among first-class art, it contains several good works, and a great many to which belongs the praise due to respectable mediocrity. In short it is, as it should be, a fair and speaking exposition of the existing state of British art, with its several peculiarities, and therefore will be regarded with curiosity by the foreign, and interest by the English connoisseur. The most obvious merit of our artists is *colour*. Herein they stand unrivalled throughout the world. What was the distinguishing excellence of the Venetian and Dutch schools we have inherited alone; individual exceptions may, and indeed do, appear among other nations, but no *school* existing can lay so just a claim to this praise as the British. We wish our artists were as perfect in other respects. If they would pay more attention to drawing, and cultivate the higher excellences of sentiment and expression, in which, taken as a body, they are deficient, how infinitely would they exalt the status of art, and, as a consequence, improve the taste and judgment of the people! Had we the imagination, backed by the accurate drawing, of the French, with the mastery of expression and happy sentiment of the Germans, what a grand school would be ours! That much of this is acquirable cannot be controverted. Drawing is a purely mechanical art, in which those who strive and persevere never fail to attain correctness; expression is a form of it resulting from quickness of observation and surety of hand; but for sentiment and imagination we must go further; these are dependent upon idiosyncrasies of mental temperament, and may be quickened only by an improved education, which of a truth our artists do sorely need.

One improvement of late years is so manifest that we may not overpass it without especial praise; and that is, the distinctness of line and careful finish which, broadly speaking, mark the works latterly produced in contradistinction to those exhibited some ten or twelve years ago. This of itself marks the advancement of British art; and if no grand works have been produced to render memorable this year's exhibition, it is something at least to feel that art has neither retrograded nor remained stationary, but that a slight advance has been made by the generality of our artists, if only in this one particular.

In history-painting the Gallery this year offers nothing very commendable. The first subject that strikes the visitor is CHARLES LANDSEER'S *Eve of the Battle of Edge-hill*, an unequal work, good in parts, but too much of a strength in the accessories; other points, too, are open to censure. Sir WILLIAM ALLAN'S *Battle of St. Vincent* is clever and spirited, which is all that can be said of it. Mr. LANCE sends a well-composed and sweetly-coloured representation of an incident in the life of Marechal Biron; and Mr. ELMORE another, of the chiefs of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions in Florence. Of scripture-history, the most striking work is *The placing of the Infant Moses in the Ark*, by Mr. E. U. EDDIS, which for expression, careful drawing, and forcible colouring is remarkable, and decidedly an improvement over his picture of *The Raising of Jairus's Daughter* which we praised last year. Mr. HERBERT also exhibits a characteristic skilfully-grouped scene of *St. Gregory teaching Boys to sing his Chant;* a subject very probably suggested by Mr. Pugin, whose portrait this artist exhibits. Mr. CLAXTON'S *Jews lamenting over the Ruins of Jerusalem* is a work also deserving of attention.

Of imaginative and poetical compositions the Gallery has this season the usual complement. Mr. EASTLAKE contributes a scene from the masque of *Comus*, which has all the delicacy of finish and purity of colour, but less of the feeling and expression, which generally mark his productions. Mr. WARD has an incident in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room, founded on his lordship's neglect of Dr. Johnson, which abounds in character, truth of costume, and colour. There is also of this class a charming work by WEBSTER, called *A Dame's School;* and Mr. F. GOODALL submits a clearly-painted and happily-managed picture, *Le Bon Cure*, which nevertheless exhibits traces of that self-repetition we warned him against in our notice of his works at the British Institution last February. Akin to the last named, both in subject and sentiment, is Mr. FRITH'S *Village Pastor*, a picture that for variety of character, colouring, and general treatment, is most meritorious, and does the artist infinite credit.

Of portraits we have as usual an oppressive redundancy. We think the Academicians would do no small service to the more meritorious branches of art if they limited the number for exhibition permitted to each artist as low as two. It is not only wearisome, but downright insufferable, to have such an overwhelming array of unknown and blank faces to endure,

each the counterpart of the other, affording interest only to the friends and relatives of the party reflected, and occupying space that might far more profitably to the public have been otherwise filled. The President of the Academy sustains his position as a limner of heads against his younger competitors most manfully. Mr. PICKERSGILL exhibits some good heads. Mr. KNIGHT has improved visibly; some of his portraits are admirable, especially one, a full-length of Richard Hotham Pigeon, Esq. in the East room. Mr. PATTEN too sends some life-like characteristic heads which support his reputation; but of Mrs. CARPENTER, who sends five portraits, we regret we cannot speak so favourably.

In landscape the exhibition is this season remarkably strong. In the painting of skies, to which far too little attention had been paid until of late, a palpable and unmistakeable improvement is visible. Instead of being mere flat surfaces, as formerly, we now look, as we do in nature, into the depths of space, and recognize portraiture of the many varieties of clouds which float through the air and overshadow the land. Mr. ROBERTS has two fine works—*The Ruins of Thebes*, and *Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives*: for the grandeur, force, and the sentiment they inspire, these pictures are admirable. *The Morning Hymn of the Wood Nymph*, by Mr. DANBY, will attract much notice; it is poetically, not truthfully handled. The license of the artist has overpassed nature; for with so powerful a light as that of a rising sun, the gloom through which it penetrates could not exist. STANFIELD contributes no fewer than five of his elaborate and magical sea-views, and E. W. COOKE two of the same nature, and but little inferior to the Academician. BRIGHT has one powerfully-painted landscape, and COLLINS several. Mr. CRESWICK sends seven of his vivid and nature-reflecting works. He never has appeared to so much advantage as he does this season. Imitation cannot be carried further than he has pushed it.

In the Miniature Room the name of THORBURN eclipses equally the old and the new competitors. Here, too, may be found one of the most spirited, characteristic, and forcible transcripts from nature, in the shape of a pencil drawing, we ever remember to have seen. It is by Mr. GEORGE SHEPHEARD,—perhaps the ablest master of this pleasing but difficult art with whose works we are acquainted.

We regret that we cannot speak favourably of the sculpture this year. The chief attraction, from its size, is a statue of the Queen, by Mr. NIXON, intended for the Royal Exchange. It is of the heroic stature; heavy and ill-proportioned. There are a few spirited busts, by BEHNES, JONES, WEEKS, MACDOWELL, and BUTLER, and there is a spirited statue of Sir Sidney Smith, by Mr. KIRK. Of imaginative and poetic works, there is none that deserves especial mention, if we except a pleasing group of Paul and Virginia, by Mr. MARSHALL; certainly there is nothing in the room equal to the *Huntsman unleashing his Dogs*, by GIBSON, and the statue of Lady Godiva, by BEHNES, in last year's exhibition.

We now proceed to a notice of such of the works exhibited as seem to deserve a special comment.

No. 7. *Portrait of a Lady.* Mrs. CARPENTER.—We cannot congratulate Mrs. CARPENTER on this portrait; it is unquestionably inferior to most of her productions. The copper-coloured shot silk, though novel in a picture, harmonizes ill with the complexion of the lady, to which it imparts a disagreeable chilliness. Excepting where the landscape on the left is of a violent green, the colour is weak; and the background is very slovenly painted.

No. 9. *A Welch Lass and Cattle at a Mountain Spring.* T. WOODWARD.—This is a simple and truthful transcript of a common incident in rustic life. Extreme care has been bestowed on the figures; there is a presence of silvery light and a freshness of atmosphere in the picture that make one breathe more freely, by sympathy, though in the centre of smoky London.

No. 11. *The Governess.* R. REDGRAVE.—An unimproved repetition of his *Governess* of last year. The tenacity with which modern artists cling to any subject which once has been successful is quite amusing. The great painters of old did not sin thus. Once having embodied their thought, they went on seeking fresh imagery, new combinations; hence the variety and novelty which delight us in their works.

No. 12. *Aurora and Zephyr.* W. ETTY, R. A.—There is a glow and splendour of colour in this picture quite intoxicating to the eye. The sentiment of passion is happily embodied in the hurried action of the figures. Inaccuracy of drawing is the most obvious of the few blemishes in this captivating work.

No. 16. *The Parting of Sir Thomas More from his Daughter.* S. A. HART, R. A.—Were it not from its proximity to the last-noticed subject, by which it suffers in colour, this would pass for a creditable picture. As it is placed, the flesh tones appear raw and chalky; but there is merit to redeem this in the expression which the artist has stamped on the countenances of the sorrowful actors in this melancholy scene.

No. 33. *Portrait of Lady Sale.* J. SANT.—A meritorious portrait of a meritorious person. In colour it is notably good. The introduction of a green India scarf over a dress of black velvet, and the opposition to these of a sienna-brown table-covering and scarlet ottoman, prove that the artist, without once violating harmony, has a judicious eye for the arrangement of contrasts.

No. 34. *Ruins of the Great Temple of Karnac, in Upper Egypt.* D. ROBERTS, R.A.—A subject equally striking by its grandeur and associations, and distinguished by the masterly ability evidenced in its treatment. In the middle ground stand the mighty ruins of the great temple, surviving by thousands of years the people who raised up that immense edifice, and the religion to which it was dedicated. Behind the Libyan hills on the left, the sun is sinking; his level rays light up the distant surface of the Nile, stretch across the ruin-strewn plain, and strike the lofty walls and hundred pillars of the temple. On the left, in the foreground, is a huge tank, cut deep in the living rock, and holding water; on the right are some natives at their devotions and amusements. Stretching away through the middle ground is a long caravan, with reposing camels in front, and servants pitching tents. Out of these materials the artist has produced a noble work. The sentiments it conveys are those of vastness, grandeur, and repose: so powerfully do these act that the impression left behind will not soon pass away from memory.

No. 49. *Thinking of the Future.* H. M. ANTHONY.—A forcibly-painted interior, simple in composition, and natural in colour.

Nos. 50 and 77. *Whalers* (see *Beale's Voyage*). J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—It is impossible to deny these curious pictures the merit of originality of conception and masterly treatment. There is an air of reality in these scenes that makes us feel as one of the actors, and to experience the excitement one can well suppose belongs to such perilous adventures. We tremble for the fate of the boats over the back of the monster whale. The usual extravagances of white lead and Naples yellow which disfigure this artist's works, form, with a want of distinctness, the drawback from the merits of these entertaining views.

No. 61. *The Brow of the Hill.* T. CRESWICK, A.—This is a covetable little production. The "pathetic light" of evening (as Wordsworth has beautifully termed it) streams over a broken landscape, and a river, which steals away into the distance. The feeling of repose suggested hereby is delicious.

No. 62. *On the Tees—Evening.* F. M. YOUNGMAN.—This is a feeble and far-off imitation of BRIGHT, without the smallest modicum of that artist's force and rustic feeling.

No. 65. *The Mole of Ancona, with Trajan's Arch.* C. STANFIELD, R.A.—Just the subject in which this artist excels. The composition is picturesque, the effects truthful, and the water and sky are exquisitely painted.

No. 66. *Portrait of Mrs. Thwaytes.* A. E. CHALON.—This must surely have been painted *to order*; for we cannot believe that of his own accord the artist would have ventured on such an extravagance. Of gaudy furniture, and jewels rich and rare, there is profusion, and great pains have been taken to subdue their meretricious glare. There is an air of vulgarity and silly display about this work which nothing can redeem or extenuate.

No. 71. *Portrait of M. Thomas Ralli de Constantinople.* Sir M. A. SHEE, P.R.A.—Here is a quiet impressive head that contrasts finely with the foregoing. The countenance is characteristic, the colouring forcible and clear, and the figure stands out boldly from the background.

No. 63. *Fish.* H. J. PIDDING.—It is seldom we have seen fish so cleverly painted. The phosphoric hues of the mackerel are conveyed with marvellous truth.

No. 75. *Autumn.* J. D. WINGFIELD.—A charming pic-

ture, which, though placed so low, will well repay attention. It would not discredit WATTEAU, in whose manner it is treated.

No. 78. *Portrait of Very Rev. E. B. Ramsay.* J. W. GORDON, A.—This is the second-best portrait in the exhibition. The disposition of light and shade is judicious and original. In attitude the figure is characteristic and easy, every accessory in keeping, and the local colour perfect throughout.

No. 87. *Peter the Great teaching his Subjects the Art of Ship-building.* Sir W. ALLAN.—This work is the property of the Emperor of Russia. We will only say of it that we regret that an abler specimen of British talent is not going to Russia in its place.

No. 91. *Portrait of a Lady.* W. MULREADY, R.A.—Remarkable for its power and the daring opposition of colour which it presents. A lady in a gown of pink silk is seated on a green-covered sofa, with her head and neck relieved by a purple curtain. The lady is projected by these with a force quite startling. The figure is accurately drawn, and of original line; while the flesh-tints, though a little thin, are clear and life-like.

No. 109. *Cupid interceding for Psyche.* W. ETTY, R. A.—It is difficult to determine whether the luscious colouring or voluptuous sentiment of this beautiful work is the most subduing. As if to render it complete, the drawing here is faultless,—a rare honour for this otherwise successful artist.

No. 117. *Venice—Evening: Going to the Ball.* And No. 162, *Morning: Returning from the Ball.* J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—Notwithstanding the extravagance of colour, these are really magnificent pictures. For space and depth, for original and masterly oppositions and combinations, each of these subjects (the last-named especially) is wonderful.

No. 126. *Undercliff, Isle of Wight.* W. COLLINS, R.A.—Whoever examines this work must perceive at a glance that it was a study from actual nature. There is here no sacrifice of accuracy of feature to pictorial prettiness. The incident in the foreground where one boy is helping the other over the edge of the acclivity, is one of those strokes of observation for which Mr. COLLINS is remarkable. The broad shadows on the sea and land are finely thrown in. To the true lovers of unadorned nature, one such work as this, with its simplicity and truth, is worth more than all the Academy-formed landscapes produced in a year.

No. 131. *The Heiress.* C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—There is great delicacy of finish, skilful composition, and a happy tone of colour in this. The story, moreover, is legibly told.

No. 140. *The Marquis of Londonderry.* F. GRANT, A.—Though to this full-length has been assigned the most favourable central position, we are at a loss to discover the merit which secured it. In a work of such pretensions, it is long since we have witnessed a more decided failure. The composition is poor and faulty. From behind the shoulders of the horse springs a plain stone arch, a segment only of which is contained by the picture. The figure of the marquis is badly drawn, his complexion chalky and cold. The charger by his side is ill-proportioned, as the respective lengths from the chest to its head, and then to its hoofs, will abundantly testify.

No. 141. *The Shepherd's Prayer.* E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This is the only work Mr. LANDSEER exhibits this season. It represents a shepherd at sunrise on a plain, kneeling before a stone crucifix placed over a water-trough. He is imploring protection for his flock, which lie around him. It is a strange subject, but handled with that masterly ability which is impressed on every thing this artist undertakes. The flat plain at sunrise, with the flock scattered over it, and a steeple on the horizon, is a downright reality. The expression of trustful reliance on the countenance of the shepherd, the close imitation of textures in every object introduced, and the carefulness of the finish throughout, are deserving of especial notice and commendation.

No. 145. *A Sketch.* W. MULREADY, R.A.—A complete little cabinet gem, quite equal to the best works of the most esteemed of the Dutch painters, in whose manner it was painted.

No. 149. *Scene from Moliere.* C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—When we object to the hardness which disfigures this work, the artist will remind us it is a candlelight scene. True; but with artificial light, where the rays do not strike or illuminate by reflection, we have obscurity. Here every thing is made out with a decision that amounts to hardness. The draperies are stiff and ill-cast.

No. 154. *Returning from the Village.* W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A.—The best of this artist's works this season. The effects are admirably managed; the shadows through the avenue are transparent and cool, and heighten to reality the burst of sunlight which passes over the girl and child, rocks and rivulet, in the foreground.

No. 172. *What a Beauty!* and No. 87, *The Barrow Pig.* J. WARD, R. A.—It is no faint praise to say of these that they are replete with rustic feeling, and quite worthy of MORLAND.

No. 196. *Landscape—Evening.* J. J. CHALON, R. A.—A poetic sentiment breathes throughout this landscape. The warm sun-beam streaming over the broken ground, and illumining the rocky ledge which relieves the oak-trees, is that of nature itself.

No. 197. *A portion of the Church of San Benedetto, Subiaco.* S. A. HART, R. A.—An interior difficult to manage is here successfully treated. The effects are skilfully disposed, and the figures appropriately introduced where they best assist the composition.

No. 206. *Portrait of Professor Owen.* H. W. PICKERSGILL, R. A.—A powerful life-like portrait. The head is impressed strongly with character and intelligence.

No. 222. *From Milton's Comus.* C. L. EASTLAKE, R.A.—There is more of sentiment than of imagination in this work. For harmony and purity of colour it is unrivalled by any work in the gallery; the flesh-tints are perfection. The figure personifying virtue, and the angel in communion with her, have feet and hands disproportionately and obtrusively large.

No. 223. *Portrait of R. H. Pigeon, esq.* J. P. KNIGHT, R.A.—The best full-length in the exhibition. The figure is erect and dignified, and stands boldly out from the background; the head beams with life and thought. In composition this work is unaffected and judicious; extreme care has been bestowed on the finish, and every object introduced is of value to the general effect.

No. 233. *The Water Cart.* F. R. LEE, R.A.—A clever landscape—one that, if it had but more force, might challenge comparison with GAINSBOROUGH, so genuine is the rustic feeling it displays. It is a limited view, and singular for the disposition of the effect. The foreground and distance are in shadow, while through the middle ground floods a brilliant passage of sunlight. The line is picturesque, and the local colour faultless.

No. 228. *Miss Singleton.* F. GRANT, A.—This is the most successful of Mr. GRANT's portraits. Both in composition and colour, this work casts into shade most of the female portraits this season exhibits.

No. 254. *The Action and Capture of the Spanish Xebeque El Gamo, 32 guns, and H.M.'s Sloop Speedy, 14 guns, off Barcelona.* C. STANFIELD, R.A.—This spirited and admirable representation of a sea-fight will command more attention and admiration than any other work by this master. The vessels are *brought to* close together; and the English have left their ship in charge of a single man—the surgeon, while they board the Spaniard. On the decks and sides of the *Xebeque* the work of carnage goes forward with terrible earnestness. It is hard to conceive a more spirited representation of such a scene than this. The impression produced by this terrible struggle for mastery is heightened by the stillness and serenity of a sunny sky and calm sea. The dark low hull of the English ship is judiciously contrasted against the light-coloured and lofty sides of the Spaniard. The water is exquisitely painted, flat, transparent, and reflective, but the sky is somewhat deficient in depth.

No. 253. *Lady De Tably.* J. R. SWINTON.—If the execution equalled the conception of this portrait, it would be excellent. As it stands, however, the mechanical part is slovenly and poor. The shadows want transparency, the lights are heavy, but the flesh-tints are good.

No. 259. *Dancing Nymph.* W. ETTY, R.A.—Another of Mr. ETTY's unrivalled specimens of colouring. The works of no school that ever existed surpass this in its peculiar excellence.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

A STARTLING incident has opened to us a view of the prostrate position of the press in relation to the drama, of which we had no previous suspicion. Of course we were not ignorant of the system of orders giving to the press admission to the theatres, an arrangement to which, in itself, no objection can be offered, for it could not be expected that a journal should pay for admission of its critics whose labours are the mainstay of the theatres. But we were not prepared for the discovery of the condition of thraldom into which it is the endeavour of some of the managers to reduce the press in return for the privilege of orders. The discovery chanced thus.

When THE CRITIC became a weekly journal, and arrangements were being made for a regular series of dramatic criticism, formal application was made to the manager of each of the theatres requesting the usual press privilege of admission for the purpose of such criticism, and the first weekly number of THE CRITIC containing the statement of our views and plans on the subject of the drama was transmitted with the application. The answers received were generally such as might have been expected; but from Mr. WEBSTER, the manager of the Haymarket, we were astonished to receive a note referring to our commentary, and stating that he could not extend any privileges to a critic so predisposed against him. The plain meaning of which is, "you are too independent for me; I can only give orders to those who will praise me without scruple; in return for an admission, I expect a puff and not a criticism."

Now let us see what was the remark that so offended Mr. WEBSTER? This only. Commenting upon the Haymarket, and alluding to the so-called comedy of *The Sheriff of the County*, and two or three others of a like class, we observed that they were only "*elaborate farces.*" Now we appeal to any person who has seen it, whether this remark is not strictly *true;* are there among the public two opinions about it? Certainly some portions of the press did speak of it in other terms, to our great amazement at the time, ignorant as we were then of *the system.* Now the mystery is explained. The penalty for speaking the truth, when it is an inconvenient one, is exclusion for the critic who dares to be honest.

So be it. If such be the system, we desire to have nothing to do with it. THE CRITIC will accept orders from no place of public amusement but upon the most explicit understanding that it is to tell the plain, honest truth, and exercise its judgment with perfect freedom. The same principle that has been so successfully adopted in its reviews of books will doubtless be equally successful in its notices of the drama. Managers, like publishers, will find that, however unpleasing may be censure, plain-spoken criticism will, in the long run, prove the most advantageous, by engaging the confidence of the reader in praises. Honesty is the best policy in literature as well as in life; and managers may rely upon it that the influence which its strict observance must ultimately procure for a journal will more advantage them by its applause of what they do well than by its censure of what they do badly.

After these remarks, it is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. WEBSTER'S treatment of us will in no manner affect our comments upon his theatre. The same praise will be awarded to his merits, the same objections offered to his failings, as will be accorded to others who have not sought to impose upon us any degrading conditions.

BALFE'S NEW OPERA.

DRURY LANE.—The charming, piquant ANNA THILLON has at last appeared to gladden the hearts of a discerning public, and prop the fallen fortunes of Old Drury. Mr. BALFE must pardon our mentioning the lady first; but neither he nor his *librettist* would have written *The Enchantress* but with the knowledge that Madame THILLON and no other was to perform the heroine of it.

There can be no doubt that *The Enchantress* was written to order—that, indeed, if the *Crown Diamonds* had not succeeded so triumphantly last year at the Princess's with this charming actress and singer as *La Caterina*, she would not have delighted a Drury-lane audience this cold, comfortless May, with her inspiriting presence as the fascinating *Stella*. In the *Crown Diamonds* we are introduced to a tribe of most interesting bandits, over whom a Queen of Spain, under an assumed name, ruled with despotic power; to whom she mortgages her crown jewels for the good of an empty exchequer, and exercises her power, both as Queen of Spain and Queen of coiners, in favour of a young Spanish noble, who ultimately shares with her the crown. In *The Enchantress* the aforesaid interesting bandits and forgers become bold and noble smugglers; the Spaniards are metamorphosed into Sicilians; a bewitching pirate daughter of the chief of the gang succeeds the enchanting queen of the bandits, possessing a similar authority over her companions, which she uses in behalf of a particular young gentleman, who eventually turns out to be the rightful monarch of Sicily, and of course marries the king-maker, the fair enchantress.

And now, having noticed the family likeness that exists in the two operas, we cannot but say that Messrs. BALFE, ST. GEORGES, and BUNN are severally entitled to commendation. Mr. BALFE for the clever, lively, pleasing melody that runs throughout the whole opera; Mr. ST. GEORGES, who almost equals M. SCRIBE in the neat construction of his piece; and Mr. BUNN, for the liberal manner in which he has lavished upon its production new and splendid scenery, costly dresses, and well-drilled supernumeraries.

At the same time the opera would have gone off with greater spirit at the Princess's, though probably it had not been so handsomely apparelled; because the size of the house is better adapted for the performance of comic operas, and for the exhibition of the finished by-play of our fair visitor; but principally because there is but one English singer in London that could at all play up to Madame THILLON, and that singer is now at the Princess's—we mean Mr. ALLEN. Mr. HARRISON, with a more powerful voice, through the defects of an unwieldy figure, and a stiff and ungainly action, makes but a poor representative of the courtly lover or gay adventurer.

Mr. BUNN has been blamed for employing a Parisian dramatist to write the libretto for an English opera, thereby, it is said, intimating that no English dramatist would be equal to that stupendous undertaking; but may it not be replied, that no English playwright of ability would take upon himself the task? or even if such were found, though the piece might, and most probably would, be more wittily written, it certainly would not, in the performance, be nearly as effective? It is a melancholy fact, that we must be beholden to our neighbours on the other side of the Channel for many things, and we are afraid at present we must include among them opera-books. Is not the libretto, injured as it must necessarily be by the diluting process of translation, immeasurably superior to the balderdash that has weighed so heavily on others of Mr. BALFE'S operas—to wit, the *Siege of Rochelle, Joan of Arc*, and that most incomprehensible of plays—the *Daughter of St. Mark.*

The performers exerted themselves to their utmost, and if they failed, it was not for want of will. Mr. BORRANI, as the pirate *Ramir*, sung well, but was not the enterprising clever chieftain he was intended to represent. Yet if his acting was not so good as might be wished, his fine manly voice made ample compensation. He was heard to most advantage in "She is seen when the vapours," and in the trio in the last act, when, as *Ramir*, he resigns *Stella* to her young and royal lover. By the way, we were at a loss to understand why, when this trio was deservedly encored, Mr. BORRANI thought it expedient to read the dying letter of his friend *Telles* again. Mr. HARRISON'S unfitness for the sprightly lover has already been alluded to; but he was encored in "Who hath not heard?" which he sang very sweetly. But how can we sufficiently eulogize Madame THILLON'S performance?—It was of its kind perfection. Her beauty, archness, and delicious warbling enchanted all her hearers, independently of the five different becoming costumes she wore. One song, "A youthful Knight," excited the audience to perfect enthusiasm, and will be a great favourite in the drawing-room. "The Young Nadir," too, is a most pleasing melody. But it was when she captivates the grave senators that she exhibited her wonderful power of execution. The pirate chorus "Ever be happy and light as thou art," must not, too, be forgotten—the burden was frequently repeated. And now we must close our notice, which has already extended beyond reasonable limits.

NECROLOGY.

THE LATE WM. GILLIES, ESQ.

The *Morning Chronicle* lately recorded the death of William Gillies, esq. in the 84th year of his age. The long intimacy of the deceased with its original proprietor, Mr. Perry, may afford an appropriate apology for devoting in its columns a few unassuming lines to his memory. Mr. Gillies, for one devoted to the active pursuits of business, was a man of considerable literary attainment; and his conversation, lively and entertaining to the last, and always warmed with an ardent and even youthful interest in the deep concerns of humanity, derived a peculiar charm from his personal reminiscences of many distinguished *literati* and politicians, with whom it had been his good fortune to

become associated at Mr. Perry's and other kindred circles. To these old times he fondly recurred; and singularly delightful it was to witness a man considerably past the period usually allotted to human existence, exhibiting none but the physical attributes of old age, and these so tempered as to be forgotten in the contemplation of the unabated activity of his mind, and the glowing fervour of a most benevolent heart.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I wish to call you attention to a crying evil in the Book Trade. The Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for instance, advertises a Biographical Dictionary. Several parts, at 11s. or 12s. each, are taken in, and about 4*l.* 4s. thus paid, when, for some cause not explained, the work stops. This is not their first, though, as far as I know, it is the heaviest of the kind. I recollect a History of Rome in similar circumstances, which is never, I suppose, to be finished. A History of Greek Literature is similarly circumstanced, but the payments there were not heavy. The Dictionary job is too bad. Want of funds and subscribers *seems* to be the cause of delay. But surely even an individual is bound to calculate his means beforehand, and not commit a fraud on the public—how much more a large Society.—I am, &c. ANONYMOUS.

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

PORTABLE LIFE-BOAT.—It is somewhat strange that, amid the numerous and valuable inventions that have been introduced to the public within the last few years, there has been none calculated nor intended to supply the means of escape from vessels in distress when at sea, by the absence of which hundreds, if not thousands, of lives are annually lost. We have life-boats on shore, and various other means by which assistance can be rendered to ships when at no great distance from the land; but such is the cumbersome nature of their construction, that sufficient room for them can hardly be found even in our larger vessels; and the great desideratum has been such a boat as should, when *in* use, serve all the purposes of an ordinary life-boat, and when *not* in use, require but little room for stowage. From drawings with which we have been favoured of a recent invention, we are led to hope that the deficiency to which we have alluded no longer exists; certainly, if the utility of the invention may be measured by the ingenuity which it displays, we have good ground for indulging in that hope, and that the "Portable Life-boat" will be found a most valuable acquisition to vessels of all classes. We are not at present at liberty to give a minute description of the invention, but we may observe that the drawings represent a boat twenty-three feet long, six feet wide, and three feet deep; her form is very similar to that of an ordinary ship's boat, and she is fitted up with seats, flooring, rudder, oars, &c. complete. She is constructed of strong, yet light materials (her weight being less than that of a ship's cutter twenty feet long), and is, we should think, likely to prove a good, stiff sea-boat. A prominent feature of the invention is the ingenious distribution of tin air-boxes, one foot square and five inches deep, to the extent of *one hundred and forty-four feet*, which render it impossible that she can sink, even if by any accident she should fill with water, and though a considerable number of persons may be on board. The whole is so arranged that, when not in use, the boat may be stowed away within a case about five feet square and three deep, and we are informed that she may be got ready for sea by two men in one minute. Mr. W. A. Woodley, of Taunton, Somersetshire, is the inventor, and we earnestly hope that his ingenuity and philanthropy in devising and carrying out the means to supply a most serious deficiency in our marine will meet with due reward. We are informed that boats on this plan may be built of any length from ten to sixty feet, and that the former may be reduced to two feet, while the latter may be put into a case seven feet square.

NOVEL PLAN OF A VIADUCT.—A portion of the evidence given this week in a railway committee describes one of the most novel and bold engineering projects which this age of mechanical wonders has produced. To secure a rapid communication with Ireland, it is felt to be extremely desirable to continue the North Wales Railway across the Menai Straits to Holyhead. The existing suspension-bridge is too weak to bear the railway trains, and the erection of a stone bridge is deemed impracticable. In these circumstances they propose to extend an iron tube or gallery across that arm of the sea which, from the top of the one bank to that of the other, is 900 feet broad. There is a rock in the middle of the water which divides the space into two; the tube will, therefore, be in two lengths of 450 feet, built like an iron ship of strong plates fastened by rivets, and perhaps strengthened by longitudinal ribs of iron. Its section is to be 25 feet by 15—that is, as we understand it, 25 feet in height and 15 in width. One line of rails, we suppose, will pass along the bottom, on which the locomotive and train will travel, and small openings will of course be made on the top to admit light. Though the length of each tube (450 feet) will be at least equal to the breadth of St. Andrew-square, they seem to think that it will maintain a nearly horizontal position by its rigidity, at a height above the water sufficient to allow masted ships to pass, and this, too, while it is loaded with a railway train weighing sixty or eighty tons. Such a conclusion, though sanctioned by Colonel Pasley, seems to us very questionable. Perhaps they intend to make the tube in the form of an arch, with a level roadway on the top to support the rails.—*Scotsman.*

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the numerous models which are exhibited in this noble institution, we have much gratification in noticing a machine for making draining-tiles. It seems to us to be of vast utility for agricultural purposes, and also for ornamental grounds, gardens, &c. or any land which abounds in springs. This machine is portable, and worked by hand; or, if required, by horse or steam-power, and is complete within itself. The mould for forming sockets or pipes is new, and perfect in its operation. From the simplicity of its horizontal movement, the machine is not liable to derangement; and, as it throws itself out of gear as soon as all the clay is worked out of the container, it is not easily injured. The fixed container, expeditiously filled with a sufficient quantity of clay, is capable of producing from 5,000 to 7,000 draining-tiles of the ordinary size per day, worked by hand by one man or two boys. The machine, slightly altered, also makes bricks equally well. All stones in the clay are crushed to pieces without retarding the movement; and these are the only machines hitherto offered to the public, for which with most clays no previous preparation of the clay is required,—an expense generally greater than the cost of making. All those who are interested in agriculture should go to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and see the machine in operation daily, and they will therefore be better able to judge its merits. It also has another thing greatly in its favour, that of being taken to pieces in a very short time, which is of much advantage for carriage, preserving, cleansing, &c. With all these advantages, no doubt it will meet with that patronage it deserves, from all those who follow agriculture, either for pleasure or profit.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

THE following singularly interesting case of Mesmerism, which occurred before MESMER lived to give it a name, is narrated in the *Dublin University Magazine* for the present month. It claims a prominent place among the record of facts which it is the purpose of this Journal to preserve.

PREMESMERITE MESMERISM.

Père Lebrun, in his *Critical History of Superstitious Practices*, cites a letter of the celebrated Huygens to the Abbé Marsenne, dated November 26, 1640, in which it is related that they had a prisoner at Antwerp who could see through all kinds of stuff and clothing, provided only the same were not red. Once came several charitable women to him in the prison, with a view to comfort him in his ill fortune; but in the midst of their Christian-like discourse he began to laugh, and being asked of the reason of this unmannerliness, made answer without shame, "Because one of you hath no shift on."

Now, if this virtuous woman had by chance had on a red petticoat, she would not have been thus put out of countenance.

Delrio, in his *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, printed at Mayence in 1606, says, "In Spain is a sort of men who are called *Zahuris*. When I sojourned at Madrid, in 1575, a boy was to be seen there of this class. These men are said to perceive what is hid in the bosom of the earth; subterraneous waters, metals, buried treasures, and dead bodies. The thing is generally known, and the possibility of it is believed not only by poets, but by philosophers.'

Oken gives us, in the *Journal of Curiosities*, the history of a lady of Lisbon, named Pedegache, who was possessed of a faculty similar to this of the Zahuris, and who made a great noise not only in Portugal, but in all Europe, in her time. According to the accounts of different travellers, this extraordinary woman had the gift of seeing far down into the bowels of the earth, as also into the human body. Père Lebrun, in his work above cited, describes her as having "true lynx-eyes;" as a proof of which he mentions that when the King of Portugal was in need of water for a new building, and such had in vain been dug for, she discovered several springs by mere looking. This took place in the presence of the king, who rewarded her with a pension, and the decoration of the order of Christ for whomsoever she should marry. "It is a pity," observes Père Lebrun, "that she does not understand medicine; for, what is still more surprising (than the power of seeing into the earth), she also sees into the human body. These gifts, however, she can exercise only when fasting. She sees how the blood moves, how digestion goes on, how the nutritious juices are formed. She discerns all the several parts of the body and their various operations; she descries diseases which evade the observation and experience of the skilfulest physicians, whom, in comparison with her, it is no injustice to hold for blind; and, accordingly, people are more disposed to consult her than them."

The *Mercure de France* of 1728 contains a notice of this lady, of whom it says, "She perceives what is hid in the earth, distinguishing stones, sand, springs, to the depth of thirty or forty fathoms. Into the human body she cannot see, except when it is unclothed; but, the body being naked, she discerns the heart, the stomach, and other viscera, is aware of abscesses, if such there be, and detects the seeds of disease lurking in the juices. She can tell, in the seventh month of pregnancy, if the child coming into the world be male or female."

This faculty, as we learn from another source, first discovered itself in her when a child of three years, and in a curious manner—namely, by her suddenly announcing one day, with great *naïveté*, that the maid, who was then laying the table-cloth, "had a little child in her body." No suspicion was harboured at the time that the maid was in the state thus indicated; the result, however, confirmed the child's declaration. This becoming known, the ladies of Lisbon made trial of the wonderful gift of the little girl, by bringing their lap-dogs to her when in a hopeful way; and the child would tell them not only the number of the coming offspring, but indicate likewise the colours of the same, the result always verifying her prognostications. As she grew older, by her power of seeing through opaque bodies, she detected thefts in the most hidden nooks and recesses of houses, and saw concealed springs, and veins of metal in the earth. It is much to be regretted, as Oken remarks, that the Academy of Paris, which had heard of this extraordinary gift, had not an opportunity of putting into execution its intention of investigating the same, because the husband of Donna Pedegache, though a Frenchman, was of too jealous a temper to permit his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, to undertake the journey. It could, in consequence, not be ascertained whether the astonishing faculty possessed by her had its ground in the structure of her eyes, or in any other speciality of her bodily constitution. Donna Pedegache once made a journey, in company with some friends, through a part of Portugal, when, happening to look out of the carriage in a place where the road crossed a low range of hills, she caused a halt to be made, and declared that here, some thirty feet deep, an antique basin of considerable size, adorned with the rarest carving, was buried. Notice of this was given to the court, and the monument of antiquity being dug for, was really found.

In a French work of 1738, which Oken quotes, is this passage:—"I made the personal acquaintance of Donna Pedegache, the fair lady who is so miraculously gifted. What I have to relate of her will scarcely be believed—namely, that in the human body she can see the obstructions which impede the functions of important organs, when the sufferers unclothe themselves in her presence. At first the doctors in Lisbon would believe nothing of the matter; but they were convinced of it when more than one *post mortem* examination had verified her *diagnosis* to the minutest particular. A man had the misfortune to fall from a height of twelve feet, and to break three of his ribs; he was healed, but a continued lively sensation of pain remained; he consulted Donna Pedegache, who, on regarding the place in which he experienced this inconvenience, perceived a considerable lodgement of extravasated blood. In consequence of this discovery the man was healed."

This example, Oken observes, of "self-developed Mesmerism," will now appear incredible to no physiologist who has taken part in the progress of science in our times, for it involves only such facts as those of which recent times have afforded a multitude of examples. Its importance consists chiefly in this, that it belongs to a time previous to Mesmer's famous discovery, consequently is free from all possible suspicion.

The *rationale* of this lady's gift, as well as of that of the Zahuris and the Antwerp prisoner, Oken finds in a heightening of the "central sense," such as is seen in somnambulists. Persons in the magnetic sleep, he reminds us, tell with the greatest exactness the hour upon a clock in a distant place. Now, it is the same thing whether the clock be separated from the clairvoyante by walls and air, or by earth; and the distinguishing of things buried is no ways more wonderful than that of objects otherwise removed from the range of vision. The same is true of things in living bodies, of the intestines, the blood, the bones, worms, and the like. Earth, walls, air, flesh, are in this point of view similar media, through which the (central) sense acts, as the sense of the eye through the air, or through glass (which is also an earthy substance), both which, so far from obstructing this sense, act rather as its conductors. Our eye is affected by coloured bodies at the distance of miles, because its organization renders it sensible of the subtlest workings that take place in our system. Now, if another organ of the body—a finger, for instance—were through a morbid refinement of structure placed in a similar condition of susceptibility to the subtlest influences, why, asks Oken, should not it also take cognizance of more remote bodies? It is established that there is no body in the world, were it but a particle of dust, that does not act upon all others—an alteration in which does not involve an alteration in all others. All the atoms of which the universe, materially considered, is made up, gravitate towards each other. Each individual atom attracts, and is attracted by the whole remaining mass; and if a single atom be displaced, there is not one force in all creation the direction of which is not changed. Now, our eyes, our fingers, are to each other as different thermometers. One indicates the slightest change of temperature by great spaces, another by small, a third gives as yet no sign of being affected. A magnet on the table feels the iron under the table—yea, it feels the iron at the north pole, deep under the earth; the intervening substances are for it as were they not, because the power that informs it has only in the iron its counterpart.

Thus, we see with the eyes, and therewith hear not—taste with the tongue, and therewith see not, because out of the multiform variety of the physical, like allies itself to like. Thus in a crowd we see only those persons whom we seek; the rest are present without our consciousness. Whither the attention is directed, thither it goes, passing through what intervenes without being stayed thereby. As in our spirit, so it is in nature, which is also a spirit. The brain is sensible of pain in the toe; the sensation coming through the body, which the brain perceives not. One natural body is aware of, or is acted on by another and a remote one, without being sensible of those which lie between, and through which the action by which it is affected passes. Man is also a natural body—a magnet, whose *iron* is the object, whatever it may be, to which his attention is directed, or his organization adapted. To see into the earth, or into other people's bodies—or more properly to *feel* into them, is therefore nothing miraculous or preternatural; and they who manifest such a power are only to be considered as fine electrometers, photometers, thermometers, magnetometers—in short, polarimeters.

It is a pity that the *material* of the antique basin discovered by Donna Pedegache is not given. If it was metal, then the thing is common; but if it was of marble, then we must assume that the hill over which the travellers were passing was not of chalk, but of sand or clay. Persons susceptible of metallic irritation receive an electric shock, even in a carriage, when they pass from one kind of soil to another, after which, in a certain time, a counter-shock follows, by which is indicated the depth of the stratum.

It should not be passed over that Donna Pedegache was one of twins. There are grounds to believe, Oken tells us, that in cases of twin pregnancy one child may magnetize the other; in which event one may come into the world in a state of clairvoyance, and very likely continue to somnambulate all his life.

MR. SPENCER HALL IN READING.—Mr. Hall having accepted an invitation to Reading to deliver a course of three lectures on Mesmerism, the first was given on Wednesday evening, the 7th instant, and proved highly satisfactory to a very respectable audience. The experiments were confined for that evening to two lads introduced by Mr. Hall, and who manifested some very interesting phenomena, especially those resulting from the influence of music upon them in the sleep-waking condition. The feeling inspired by the music was expressed in the most perfect manner, not only by the countenance, but by postures which changed in strict accordance with every variation of the musical thought. A series of phreno-mesmeric experiments were also tried with complete success. Mr. Hall's visits here will doubtless have the effect of removing a large portion of the yet lingering prejudices which some of the medical profession have anxiously striven to cherish.

BASINGSTOKE.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—In the course of numerous experiments in producing mesmeric sleep, I have uni-

formly observed, that however the patient's mind may be passively disposed, and even expecting to feel mesmeric influence, no such effect ensues until the mind of the Mesmeriser is concentrated on the individual and on the object desired.

I have sat behind my patients, reading a book or mentally singing a song, while they supposed I was mesmerising them, but no sleep ensued until I turned my mind exclusively to them.

Under these circumstances, I have mesmerised the patient from an adjoining room, and sometimes at a distance of 100 yards.

Last week, having occasion to go to Birmingham, I previously arranged with a friend to induce in one of my patients *here*, a quiet state of mind, without his having any knowledge of my intentions. The hour fixed was 15 minutes past 8 P.M. on the 13th instant (London time). At that hour I retired to my room in Birmingham, and concentrated my mental energies on the object desired for twelve minutes.

On my return home, a few days after, I was informed that at nineteen minutes past eight on that evening, he fell into the mesmeric coma, and being put to bed, remained so until ten next morning, when he awoke spontaneously, without any unpleasant feeling beyond that of hunger.* The youth is about sixteen years old. I annex his name with my own, which you are at liberty to use at your discretion. Yours, faithfully E. WHEELER.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE are indebted to the editor of a literary journal recently established at New York, under the title of *The Broadway Journal*, for a file of his papers, and a promise that it shall be regularly forwarded for the future. From the numbers before us it is apparent that excellent taste and high principle preside over the management. The criticisms are distinguished for the largeness and liberality of their views; on the subject of international copyright the loftiest principles are avowed in opposition to the piratical interests of the American booksellers. The essays on Art are singularly thoughtful, and from many of them even our more accomplished artists might glean instruction.

But if, as we presume, the *Broadway Journal* be a fair representative of American literature; if all, or even the best, of native publications be reviewed in its columns, the first exclamation of every reader will be "What a paucity of books for so great a country!" It is evident that the Americans still look to England for their literature. Their home manufacture is, upon the shewing of their best literary journal, trifling in quantity and mean in quality. The eight numbers we have already received do not contain above four or five *reviews* of American books; some score indeed are introduced with short notices, but from their titles, and the brevity with which they are dismissed, it is evident that they are not deemed, even by their countrymen, deserving of critical examination. Some clever wood-cuts are introduced, and the column of original poetry is generally of a better class than the column appropriated to rhymers in the English journals. The sixteen quarto pages are occupied with able criticisms on English books, original essays on various topics, and of various merit, and literary and scientific intelligence.

Nevertheless, as this journal is the best procurable record of American literature and art, we welcome its arrival, and shall make a point of informing the readers of the THE CRITIC of whatever it may contain of novelty, so as to complete the *conspectus* of the doings of *mind* throughout the civilized world which it is the aim of the conductors to compress into these pages.

The first number contains a beautifully written paper by Mrs. CHILD, an authoress well known to English readers, on a performance on the violin by OLE BUL of an original composition called *Niagara;* in which, it would seem, that great artist sought to express in music the emotions produced by a visit to the Falls. As a specimen of our contemporary's contributors we present this eloquent article to the regards of the readers of THE CRITIC.

OLE BUL'S NIAGARA.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

You ask me for my impressions of Ole Bul's *Niagara*. It is like asking an Æolian harp to tell what the great organ of Freyburg does. But since you are pleased to say that you value my impressions, because they are always my own, and not another person's—because they are spontaneous, disinterested, and genuine—I will give you the tones as they breathed through my soul, without anxiety to have them pass for more than they are worth.

I did not know what the composer intended to express. I would have avoided knowing, if the information had been offered; for I wished to hear what the music itself would say to me. And thus it spoke! The serenely beautiful opening told of a soul going forth peacefully into the calm bright atmosphere. It passes along, listening to the half audible, many-voiced murmurings of the summer woods. Gradually, tremulous vibrations fill the air, as of a huge cauldron seething in the distance. The echoing sounds rise and swell, and finally roar and thunder. In the midst of this stands the soul, striving to utter its feelings.

> "Like to a mighty *heart* the music seems,
> That yearns with melodies it cannot speak."

It wanders away from the cataract, and again and again returns within sound of its mighty echoes. Then calmly, reverentially, it passes away, listening to the receding chorus of Nature's temendous drums and trombones; musing solemnly as it goes, on that vast sheet of waters, rolling now as it has rolled, "long, long time ago."

Grand as I thought *Niagara* when I first heard it, it opened upon me with increasing beauty when I heard it repeated. I then observed many exquisite and graceful touches, which were lost in the magnitude of the first impression. The multitudinous sounds are bewildering in their rich variety.

> "The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."
>
> "The whispering air
> Sends inspiration from the rocky heights,
> And dark recesses of the caverned rocks;
> The little rills, and waters numberless,
> Bend their notes with the loud streams."

There is the pattering of water-drops, gurglings, twitterings, and little gushes of song.

> "The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
> As if with pipes and music rare
> Some Robin Goodfellow were there,
> And all the leaves in festive glee
> Were dancing to the minstrelsy."

The sublime waterfall is ever present, with its echoes; but present in a calm contemplative soul. One of the most poetic minds I know, after listening to this music, said to me, "The first time I saw Niagara, I came upon it through the woods, in the clear sunlight of a summer's morning; and these tones are a perfect transcript of my emotions." In truth, it seems to me a most wonderful production; a perfect disembodied poem; a most beautiful mingling of natural sounds with the reflex of their impressions on a refined and poetic mind. This serene grandeur, this pervading beauty, which softens all the greatness, is probably the principal reason why it does not captivate the ears of the public as much as they had anticipated.

It is a great disadvantage to any work of art to be much talked of before it appears. People had formed all sorts of expectations, and were disappointed not to hear their own conceptions uttered in sound. Some expected to hear all *Niagara*, with its powerful bass notes, on the violin alone; and apparently forgot that they owed to Ole Bul's genius the grandly expressive orchestral accompaniment. Some, it is said, even complained that they did not hear the cataract. Their ears might have been better satisfied, perhaps, if there had been a great hydrant running, or a huge water-wheel revolving, behind the scenes.

I supposed that *Niagara* was not received with loud applause, because the souls of the audience were, like my own, too much stilled by its solemn and majestic beauty. When I heard that many were disappointed in it, I felt as if my spirit would be suffocated to remain in a city, that had not souls to appreciate a production like that. But one never need distrust the human soul. It always responds to what comes from the soul. During the following days, people who were strangers to Ole Bul were continually saying to me, "I was indignant at the want of enthusiasm." "Really, I have never before been so much impressed with Ole Bul's genius." Then came tidings that foreign critics, and musical amateurs, who were present, thought it a composition full of majesty and beauty, and were surprised that it was not received with warmer applause. Like all refined and skilfully elaborated productions, it will take time to grow upon the popular ear. If I were to hear it a hundred times, I should discover some new beauty every time, though I should never be able thoroughly to appreciate it. The artist has thrown into it the earnest strength of his soul, and prepared it with great care, because he wished to offer a fitting tribute to this country. Perhaps America will not discover the magnificence of the compliment, till applauding Europe teaches her its value.

At the second concert, a Rondo Giocoso, of Ole Bul's composing, greeted my ears for the first time. It is the lightest,

* I suppose Birmingham to be distant from Basingstoke one hundred miles in a direct line.

airiest thing imaginable; like the hum of bees among the flowers. It is the very Spirit of Joy, throwing smiles and roses as she dances by.

Then, too, I heard *The Solitude of the Prairie* for the first time; and never did music so move the inmost depths of my soul. Its spiritual expression breathes through heavenly melodies. With a voice earnest and plaintive as the nightingale, it spoke to me of inward conflict; of the soul going forth into solitude, alone and sad. The infinite stretches itself out, in darkness and storm. Through the fierce tempestuous struggle, it passes alone, alone, as the soul must ever go through all its sternest conflicts. Then comes self-renunciation, humility, and peace. And thus does the exquisitely beautiful music of this Prairie Solitude lay the soul lovingly into its rest.

Many, who have hitherto been moderate in their enthusiasm about Ole Bul, recognize in these new compositions more genius than they supposed him to possess. Tastefully intertwined fantasias, or those graceful musical garlands, rondos, might be supposed to indicate merely a pleasing degree of talent and skill. But those individuals must be hard to convince, who do not recognize the presence of genuine inspiration, in the deep tenderness of the mother's prayer, that sounds as if it were composed at midnight, alone with the moon; in the fiery, spirit-stirring eloquence of the *Polacca Guerriera*, composed at Naples, in view of flaming Vesuvius,—in the deep, spiritual melody of the *Prairie Solitude*, and in the bold yet serene grandeur of *Niagara*. The individuality of Ole Bul's compositions, their unrepeating variety, and certain passages which occur in them all, have frequently suggested to my mind the existence of a latent slumbering power, which has not room to exert its full strength in music composed for the violin.

I speak as a novice, but my speech has the merit of being unaffected. In the presence of mere skill, I know not what to say. It may please me somewhat; but whether it is more or less excellent than some other thing, I cannot tell. But bring me into the presence of genius, and I know it, by rapid intuition, as quickly as I know a sunbeam. I cannot tell how I know it. I simply say, This is genius; as I say, This is a sunbeam.

It is an old dispute that between genius and criticism, and probably will never be settled; for it is one of the manifold forms of conservatism and innovation. In all departments of life, genius is on the side of progress, and learning on the side of established order. Genius comes a prophet from the future, to guide the age onward. Learning, the lawgiver, strives to hold it back upon the past. But the prophet always revolutionizes the laws; for thereunto was he sent. Under his powerful hand, the limitations gradually yield and flow, as metals melt into new forms at the touch of fire.

This is as true of music as of every thing else. Its rules have been constantly changing. What is established law now, was unknown or shocking a hundred years ago. Every great genius that has appeared in the art has been accused of violating the rules. The biographer of Haydn says, "The charming little thoughts of the young musician, the warmth of his style, the liberties which he sometimes allowed himself, called forth against him all the invective of the musical monastery. They reproached him with errors of counterpoint, heretical modulations, and movements too daring. His introduction of *prestissimo* made all the critics of Vienna shudder." An English nobleman once begged him to explain the reason of certain modulations and arrangements in one of his quartetts. "I did so because it has a good effect," replied the composer. "But I can prove to you that it is altogether contrary to the rules," said the nobleman. "Very well," replied Haydn, "arrange it in your own way, hear both played, and tell me which you like the best." "But how *can* your way be the best, since it is contrary to the rules?" urged the nobleman. "Because it is the most agreeable," replied Haydn; and the critic went away unconvinced.

Beethoven was constantly accused of violating the rules. In one of his compositions, various things were pointed out to him as deviations from the laws, expressly forbidden by masters of the art. "*They* forbid them, do they?" said Beethoven. "Very well. *I* allow them."

Do not understand me as speaking scornfully of knowledge and critical skill. Only presumptuous, self-conceited ignorance does this. On the contrary, I labour with earnest industry to acquire more and more knowledge of rules in all the forms of art. But, in all the higher and more spiritual manifestations, I recognize laws only as temporary and fluxional records of the progressive advancement of the soul. I do not deny the usefulness of criticism; but genius for ever remains the master, and criticism the servant.

Whether critics will consider *Niagara* as abounding with faults, when they examine into its construction, I cannot conjecture. It is their business to analyse genius, and the mischief is, they are generally prone to dissect in the shadow of their own hands. To speak playfully, it is my own belief that cataract thunderings, sea-moanings, tree-breathings, wind-whistlings, and bird-warblings, are none of them composed according to the rules. They ought all to be sent to Paris or Rome, to finish their education, and go silent meanwhile, unless they can stop their wild everlasting variations.

I have not yet learned to become reconciled to the sudden crash of the orchestra, which, in almost all complicated music, comes in to snap beautiful melodies,

> "As if a lark should suddenly drop dead,
> While the blue air yet trembled with its song."

I suppose it is right, because all composers will have it so. Moreover, I know it is so in nature, and it is so in the experience of the soul. But, after all, those clashing instruments always seem like the devil in the universe, of whom it never becomes quite clear to me what need there is of his being there.

I have less affinity for fun than for earnest impassioned utterance; but really there is no withstanding the admirable comic power of tone and gesture in Signor Queerico (Sanquirico). In this dull heavy atmosphere, which has for weeks hung over us like a pall, he is positively a benefactor, as agreeable as a glimpse of sunshine.

We shall continue this notice of the file just received, and from time to time notify the most interesting of the contents of each fresh arrival.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The fifteenth meeting will be held at Cambridge in the week commencing Thursday, 19th June. The time was fixed thus much earlier than usual in order to suit the "commencement," which is on the 24th. Sir John Herschel, bart. F.R.S. is the president for the present year.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From April 16 to May 2.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.*

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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1845.

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ADVERTISING.

As the comments upon which we adventured a fortnight since appear to have interested our readers, and many inform us that the subject is one of practical utility to them, we now resume it.

Having shewn what are the best media to be selected where it is desired specially to address a professional class, let us consider now in what manner the attention of the general public can best be secured.

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Much will depend upon the nature of the advertisement. If it be literary, a literary journal should be preferred: if mercantile, a general newspaper: if of the miscellaneous class, the same.

Then, again, according to the class of persons to whom the advertisement is addressed should be the choice of the journal. Those intended for the higher classes should be inserted in very different newspapers from those directed to the lower classes. But perhaps the most convenient mode of treating the subject will be to name each of the advertising journals, and state what are its peculiar advantages and disadvantages,—for what it should or should not be selected, and the results of our experience of its charges and its value as an advertising medium. At the close, a summary of the conclusions derived from the investigation, which will necessarily be a long one, will serve to recal the reasons adduced, and as a manual to guide the advertiser when need arises.

The first of the general advertising media is, of course, the *Times*; and because everybody advertises there, every person thinks he must do the same. But there is no greater fallacy than the popularity of the *Times* as an advertising medium. It should be remembered that an advertisement is wasted unless it be seen. If a journal have a million of readers, the cost of an advertisement is wasted if it do not attract their attention. The *Times* has the largest circulation of all the journals; but in fact, for the purpose of advertising, it is one of the worst of them. And for this reason: its advertisements are too numerous to be read. Not one in a thousand of all the readers of the *Times* even glances his eye over the crowded columns of the advertisements, much less pauses to peruse them. Practically, they are as completely burked as if they had been inserted in a journal having only a hundred subscribers. More especially is this apparent since the introduction of the supplementary sheet of advertisements. That is *invariably* thrown aside by readers. It is never looked at by anybody, and the newsmen are constantly directed not even to send them, so completely are they deemed a nuisance. An advertisement inserted there is utterly lost; and nothing so exhibits the unreasoning force of habit than that, in the face of such a palpable waste of their money, persons should still continue to send advertisements to the *Times*, with the probability that they are paying for the oblivion of the supplement. The *Herald* has adopted a wiser plan, and has devoted a portion of its supplement to all leading articles and some important news, so as to insure to its advertisers the full benefit of its circulation, by compelling its reader to take and to read both paper and supplement: the latter is indeed the best because the least crowded, part of the *Herald* for advertisements.

These obvious considerations would satisfy any reflecting person that the *Times* is a bad medium for a general advertisement, and experience confirms what the judgment must pronounce of it. But the objection applies only to *general* advertisements, that is, such as are addressed to everybody, which nobody *looks for*, and which are intended only to *catch the eye*. There are some sorts of advertisements for which the *Times* is especially adapted; such as those addressed to particular persons for particular purposes. The test will be this:—

Ask yourself, will this advertisement be looked for by anybody? Is its subject something which somebody is likely to be in search of? If so, it should be sent to the *Times*, because people who are seeking advertisements go to find them there. Such are—places wanted, businesses for sale, houses and apartments to be let, specific articles for sale, as horses, carriages, &c. But if it be an advertisement of something none are likely to be actually seeking, but intended merely to attract attention, then the *Times* may be considered as almost worthless. New publications, estate sales, tradesmen's advertisements, and such like, are entirely thrown away upon it; or, at least, they would be more seen in almost any other journal, however obscure.

The results of our own experience confirm these remarks. We scarcely remember to have traced the sale of a single copy of any publication to an advertisement in the *Times*, though there is scarcely a journal beside from which an obvious result did not accrue. We shall have occasion, hereafter, to state one test which will be conclusive upon the small value of the *Times* as a medium for general advertisements.

Its charges are moderate. Unlike the other journals, its prices are in proportion to length. Short advertisements are charged 5*s*., but the scale is nearly double when the advertisement exceeds ten lines. The charge proposed for inserting the prospectus and list of subscribers to the CRITIC was 40*l*. It would have occupied about three columns. This will give some idea of its prices.

But here we must pause again.

THE PROPOSED REDUCTION OF THE BANKING HOURS.

OUR attention has been lately directed to this question, through the efforts which are being used to bring the subject before the Committee of Bankers in the shape of a memorial now receiving the signatures of those engaged in the banking-houses of the metropolis.

The question was some time since brought prominently before the public, through the voluntary exertions of the leading bankers in the City, and the comments of the daily press. It is not therefore necessary now to enter upon the merits of the memorial, our purpose being to lend such assistance as we can to the favourable decision of the bankers. By taking this course, the opportunity of confirming the determination they almost unanimously came to (that of restricting the hours of business to 4 instead of 5 o'clock) will be afforded them, and we think there are some grounds of justice in the request. Under the present system, the work of a banking-house is of a fluctuating and wearisome character, rendered so chiefly by its protracted duration. Banking is the twin sister of commerce. The proposed change is mainly dependent for for success upon the sympathy evinced by the mercantile community, and when we consider the alterations which have taken place in the offices of the influential class of merchants, we can entertain little or no doubt of their readiness to fall into any plan of reduction which the Committee of Bankers may consider it wise to adopt. Those acquainted with the operations of a London banking-house must be fully conscious of the unceasing attention and assiduity requisite for their due performance. The peculiar requirements for efficient and respon-

sible duties are always productive of consideration and esteem, and there are perhaps few branches of the commercial community more entitled to regard than that whose interest and amelioration we are desirous of promoting. Concurrently with the proposition for the reduction of one hour, it has been suggested that, by the merchants altering the day of collection from the Saturday to the Friday, the bankers would be enabled to clear their cheques at an earlier hour on Saturday, instead of leaving the pressure of the day's work until 3 or 4 o'clock. This might be productive of temporary inconvenience, but we are of opinion that by such an alteration the interests of the bankers and the public would alike be consulted. The operations would become more progressive and more equally divided than under the fluctuating and incidental nature of the present system; and believing that the minds and health of those engaged in banking-houses would be materially consulted by the proposed change, we heartily hope it may be adopted.

Whatever has a tendency to improve the physical or mental condition of any class of the community engaged in labour of head or hands, will always find in THE CRITIC a zealous support.

LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by himself, with portions of his Correspondence. Edited by JOHN HAMILTON THOM. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Chapman.

THE Rev. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE twice changed his religious *profession*; for that he was accounted, by those who knew him not, as "a man intellectually unsteady, fickle, and apt to change." His friends esteemed him otherwise, and attributed his mutations to the progress of an honest mind, ardently seeking the truth, sufficiently humble to be wiser to-day than it was yesterday, and having the rare courage to avow its convictions. His autobiography and correspondence will help to a judgment of, and probably throw some light upon, a character which, whether stamped with littleness or greatness, is an interesting study for the mental philosopher.

Mr. BLANCO WHITE was of Irish descent; but his grandfather migrating to Seville, in Spain, his father married a lady of the country, and there the subject of this memoir was born. At first he was intended to be a merchant, but his tastes were so decidedly in the direction of learning, that after a while his parents determined to send him into the Church. For this purpose he entered a Dominican college, and thence removed to the University of Seville.

He states that even at this early period he had contracted a "great hatred of *established* errors." A quarrel with one of his father's confessors first made him conscious of this tendency, and kindled the spirit that was never afterwards laid.

His picture of the discipline of the university is very curious. He was compelled, among other devotions, to read in an audible voice the whole service of the day out of the *Breviary*, a task which occupied an hour and a quarter. Another irksome duty was the *Oracion Mental*, or *Meditation*.

> The person who is about to go through this exercise shuts himself up in a room, or retires to some dark corner of a church, and, having read a kind of skeleton sermon, of which a great variety is found in the Spanish books of devotion, kneels down, closes his eyes, and tries to spin out the three or four points proposed for meditation into sundry mental ponderings, interspersed with appropriate internal ejaculations. To be able to move oneself to tears is considered a most satisfactory sign of Christian progress. This is not a mere popular fancy. The Church of Rome looks upon a constant propensity to shedding tears as a peculiar gift from heaven, the existence of which is one of the proofs of sanctity admitted in the trial for canonization. It is called, technically, *donum lachrymarum*.

All this disinclined him to an ecclesiastical life, and a visit to Cadiz still further strengthened his aversion. But the interference and influence of his mother, whose heart was set upon seeing her son a priest, prevailed over his scruples, and he took orders, and was almost immediately elected rector of his college.

In his character of priest he was introduced into the nunneries of the neighbourhood, and experience of their tendencies left upon his mind a perfect horror of those institutions. He says that the presence of a new confessor is an event in the lives of the miserable beings shut up in them; his aid is eagerly sought. "In a short time," he remarks, "I found myself obliged to spend about two hours a day in listening, sometimes to the minute and anxious narrative of a nervous recluse, who scarcely deemed herself safe from the crime and punishment of an insincere confession, when she had stated every thought, word, and deed, however innocent, which had occurred in the even tenor of her dull life, during the preceding week; sometimes to really painful tales of hopeless misery."

The consequences of the system might be anticipated from the slightest acquaintance with human nature.

> These poor prisoners, in the dull monotony of their lives, in the agitated state of a soul troubled with all the fears of a morbid conscience—perhaps with the remorse of such guilt as can only increase their despair—have no one to whom they may confide their sorrows but the priest, whom they choose as their confessor. Yet even this poor consolation is often rather nominal than real. Old priests generally grow indifferent to the anxiety of this kind of *penitents* (such is the correlate name to that of Confessor) and treat them harshly. Sentimental fools (a class, if not numerous, never extinct) increase the existing malady, and expose themselves and their spiritual charge to very serious dangers. When therefore a sensible woman thus confined for life, meets with a priest, who being on his guard against even the remotest risk of a hopeless, and, in those circumstances, dishonourable affection, proves his real interest by listening patiently, and establishes his authority by deciding promptly and confidently; she cannot but look upon him as the last support of her wrecked happiness, or rather as the last help against complete misery. In all cases whatever, a confessor who does not torment the poor prisoners, must become their dearest friend, as being the only person to whom they can freely communicate their sorrows. Hence the eagerness with which such nuns as have not *engaged* themselves to a confessor; such, as death, absence, or some other accident, has deprived of a spiritual director whom they liked, and lastly, such as, deprived of other means of change and novelty, seek for these gratifications in the confessional, beset every member of the clergy, who, enjoying some reputation for learning, does not decline that employment.

And further on he says, "I have, in the course of my life, come in contact with characters of all descriptions; I have seen the human mind at various stages of elevation and debasement; but *souls* more polluted than some of the professed vestals of the Church of Rome, never fell within my observation."

Shortly afterwards, the yellow-fever broke out in Seville, making fearful ravages, and he and his family removed to Alcala, a small town in the neighbourhood. He was appointed a chaplain of the Chapel Royal of St. Ferdinand, and the path of preferment to the highest offices in the church was opened to him, when his prospects were blighted by the doubts that sprung up in his mind as to the truth of the faith he had been ordained to teach.

The change of opinion was just such as, in the first instance, would be likely to ensue from the presence of doubt: from unreasoning acquiescence in every article and form of his church, he took refuge in a total disbelief of Christianity. Admitted behind the scenes, and seeing *some* imposture, he jumped to the conclusion that it was all imposture: daily practising so much deceit, he was unable to separate the false from the true; surrounded by an atmosphere of superstition, he could not mark the boundaries that distinguished superstition from religion.

His was not a mind to play the hypocrite. But what could he do? The law punished heresy with death. A priest he must remain, or quit the country; to leave his parents would have been death to them.

In the midst of the storm that was raging in his mind, between his reason and his prejudices, his intellect and his interests, one of his sisters died and the other took the veil, and this tempted him to contemplate emigration to the United States; but still the same considerations for his parents chained him to his native soil. He accepted an invitation to Madrid, where, by the king's license, he remained for twelve months, during which period he was appointed catechist to the Royal Pestalozzian Academy, in whose management he took great interest. While there, the Revolution broke out; he forthwith carried to the Supreme Junta, at Seville, the narrative of the events at

Madrid, and was appointed one of the editors of a weekly periodical, entitled *Semanario Patriotico*, which had been received extremely well by the nation. Under his management, it became still more popular. But its tone of independence and liberal tendencies were unpleasing to the Government, and it was suppressed. It had produced, however, the effect of making him known as a man of learning and ability, and he was chosen by the University of Seville one of a committee of two to prepare a constitution for the Cortes. His colleague was a Doctor of Laws, named SEVANES, an advocate of great reputation, but who devolved the whole business on our autobiographer, after they had agreed upon the *principles* to be recommended. These were, "a disregard of ancient form and privileges; a mere toleration of the grandees; and one Chamber."

They were desirous of seeing some of the doings of the Inquisition, and they demanded access to the prohibited books.

> The Holy Tribunal authorized me to enter the place where the confiscated books had been thrown together, and take out whatever I pleased. It is quite impossible to describe the state of the room into which I was admitted. The floor was covered with large heaps of books in perfect confusion: the dust, which in the burning summers of Andalusia penetrates to the inmost recesses, had settled upon every thing to the depth of more than a quarter of an inch. On moving the confused volumes, for the sake of completing a few valuable works, the secretary and myself were involved in a cloud. I succeeded in obtaining two copies, nearly complete, of the *French Encyclopædia*. That work must have been frequently seized by the Tribunal: the floor was covered with volumes of its various dictionaries tumbled in distracting confusion. I now forget what other works I was able to save from the worms, which, with a devouring power, of which people who have not seen their ravages in hot climates can form no conception, had reduced a great number of volumes to fragments. The liberated captives were shared equally between my colleague and myself; and as the Inquisition ceased to exist soon after, under the transient sway of Joseph Buonaparte, my own portion are likely to be still in the hands of some of my Spanish friends.

In the year 1809, Mr. WHITE resolved to leave Spain, where residence had become unsafe, so great was the revolutionary excitement. But it was with difficulty he effected the object, for the mob had resolved to prevent the emigration of the influential and the wealthy. After some narrow escapes, he succeeded in reaching Cadiz, and shortly afterwards embarked for England.

The voyage to Falmouth was prosperous, and thence he proceeded to London. Having a few introductions, he speedily found himself hurried into society, before he had sufficiently mastered the English language, either to speak it or to understand it when spoken by others. This appears to have troubled him greatly, and to have produced a taciturnity in company, which he never succeeded in conquering completely. He says that, although his attention was continually directed for many years to the study of the language of his adopted country, he suffered in society from a consciousness of "*undue* inferiority," arising from that want of ease and grace of diction, which a native can display.

> The reason seems to be that even upon the subjects most familiar to my mind, I must repeat the original process of analysis through which I became originally acquainted with them, every time that I have to speak or write upon them. Kant says, that eloquence consists in making the work of the understanding one of Imagination. That transfer from the one faculty to the other, seldom or never takes place in my mind; or if it does, it is performed simultaneously with the act of thinking. Hence my delivery has at all times been laborious; and conversation seldom fails to exhaust me. When I happen to be in company with one of those who speak with great rapidity, I feel such an unnerving conviction of my incapacity to have a real interchange of thought with such a person, that I cease almost to think. In such cases I never fail to imagine myself in the state of an unfortunate insect which happens to stand on the brink of the hole which the lion ant makes in the sand. I feel stunned by the discharge of words which rattle on my ears and bewilder my brain.

His first object in London was to find some profitable employment. His friends suggested a Spanish newspaper, and introduced him to Mr. DULAU, the bookseller, as an enterprising man who would be likely to assist the design. But unfortunately he became associated in the scheme with a wily emigrant priest, named JUIGNE, who made a bargain altogether one-sided. WHITE was to do the work, and to be paid only if it succeeded, while his companion was to do nothing, and if it failed, to be responsible for nothing; but if it prospered, to have all the profits beyond a certain small monthly allowance to the labourer. WHITE, however, entered upon his task with characteristic energy. He took a wretched lodging in Duke-street, Westminster, and issued the prospectus of the *Espanol*, which was to be the name of the new journal. Not only did the writing of it devolve upon him, but the correction of the press also, every sheet of which employed five or six hours.

But two numbers of the unlucky journal had not appeared before he was doomed to experience the troubles of an editor. He had resolved to pursue a path of perfect uprightness and independence, and to praise and blame, support or oppose, upon the intrinsic merits of men and things, without reference to persons or parties. The consequence was, that he offended all in turn, and after a turbulent existence of five years the journal was discontinued. But it obtained for the editor a boon which secured the happiness of all his after-life. The services he had rendered to the government won from them as a deserved reward a pension of 250*l.* a year, which he enjoyed until the close of his long and laborious literary career.

But his editorial labours did not prevent him from devoting every spare moment to the study of the English language and literature. At this time, it must be remembered, he had quite abandoned the Roman Catholic creed, and was an avowed sceptic. Still he continued his investigations into the history, the philosophy, and the ethics of Christianity; and, like almost every thinking man, he speedily found that his abhorrence of the abuses with which ambition working upon superstition had overlaid it, had blinded him to the greatness and beauty of the truths hidden under the huge mass of error, and his mind recovering its calmness turned again to the investigation of the entire subject. The result could not be doubtful where the purpose was sincere and the reason powerful. Mr. WHITE recognized the sublime truths of Christianity, and he preferred that form of it which is taught by the Church of England. Forthwith he removed to Oxford, with intent to qualify himself for the ministry in that Church.

Scarcely had he been a year at Oxford when Lord HOLLAND offered to him the tutorship to his son and heir, the Hon. HENRY FOX. After some demur, the proposal was accepted, and he took up his abode at Holland House, where he remained two years, when, wearied of the task of teaching, he resigned his post and returned to London to pursue the more congenial occupations of a *littérateur*, contributing to the magazines and periodicals. It was then that he commenced "Doblado's Letters" in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which obtained considerable celebrity; he established a journal for Spanish America, named *Las Variedades*; and published in rapid succession two pamphlets, severally entitled *Internal Evidences against Roman Catholicism*, as an answer to Mr. BUTLER'S *Book of the Roman Catholic Church*, and the *Poor Man's Preservative against Popery*, both of which were successful, and public honours followed in their train: the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of M.A. by diploma, though not without some opposition in the Convocation. This determined him to settle in Oxford, as a member of Oriel College.

At this point he pauses in his narrative, that he may present a connected and minute sketch of *his mind* in England, more especially in relation to the succession of changes of opinion on the subject of religion. This is indeed the most curious and interesting, and, as a study of character, the most valuable portion of the autobiography. Nevertheless we cannot dwell upon it as its intrinsic importance would deserve, without danger of violating one of the fundamental rules that govern the conduct of THE CRITIC, or, at least, without incurring suspicion of infusing opinions, where in truth we are but stating facts. We will therefore touch on this section of the memoir but lightly, and with an earnest endeavour to avoid whatever might seem likely to offend a prejudice.

The process by which he passed from Romanism to infidelity, and thence by a natural reaction to Protestantism, has been already described. The tendency of his disposition was obviously to extremes. He was an enthusiast by temperament, and his Protestantism was as *ultra* as had been his

Catholicism, and was followed by the same result. Being in the Church, he allied himself with the evangelical party at first, and then he verged towards Unitarianism.

For these changes he alleges reasons, of course. He is very anxious to satisfy the world that he was actuated by sincere and disinterested motives. Of this there can be no doubt. But admitting this, the question still remains, how far these many changes are compatible with that good sense and sound judgment to which he lays claim.

The remainder of the three volumes are occupied with extracts from his journals and correspondence. Although these are far too cumbrous, and should have been compressed into a single volume, they contain, scattered among a great deal of uninteresting matter, much that is worth perusing. Notwithstanding his changes of creed, Mr. WHITE appears to have preserved the friendship and respect of the greater portion of his acquaintances, even of those whose communion he had quitted, a fact which argues in him the possession of estimable qualities of heart as well as of head. Among his correspondents are numbered many of the most famous personages of his day, whose letters will be read with eager curiosity, if only for their names' sake. Among them we find SOUTHEY, Lord HOLLAND, Mrs. HEMANS, COLERIDGE, Dr. CHANNING, &c. From these, as well as from the journal, we purpose to select a few illustrative and interesting passages.

In a letter, dated July 13th, 1825, we find

COLERIDGE'S OPINION OF IRVING.

My friend Edward Irving, who is more earnest in his love of truth, and more fervent in his assurance that what is *truth must* be Christianity, and more out of all risk of the apostolic Anathema Maranatha than almost any man I have met with—and with fewer prejudices, national or sectarian. I would he had been of our Church, which, however, he has learnt to love and reverence, even by contrast with his experience of our present Dissenting clergy—most degenerate successors of the Baxters and Calamies of old.

A letter from SOUTHEY on the 22nd of August in the same year, contains this scrap of "the doctor:"—

TREATMENT OF THE DYING.

Note-making is a sort of idle occupation in which I am fond of indulging. It is a way of stringing together the odds and ends of one's knowledge, and throwing loose facts in the way of those who may know how to employ them better. I am not certain that a common practice in England has not originated in a similar feeling to that which rendered the existence of such persons as your Despenadora possible. Nurses used to pluck the pillow and bolster from under the head of persons in the act of death, under a notion that the sufferer could not die if there were any pigeon's feathers in them. Perhaps what they did under this persuasion, was first done to cut short the struggles of death; and the notion originally imagined to afford an excuse for it. It is said of Dr. Heberden, that he ordered his own son to be bled when the agony began, saying, "he will now die easier." For obvious reasons this practice can never be allowed, but I wish it were thought unlawful to torment the dying with applications which cannot avail to any other end than that of prolonging their sufferings, and keeping them from their rest.

SOUTHEY ON REVIEWING.

Like you I dislike the occupation, because it withdraws me from better things, and, like you, I find the quantity of time which it requires disproportionately great in comparison with that which is more worthily, and therefore more willingly, bestowed. But in no other way can we possibly obtain half, or half of half, the number of readers, and the great majority of those readers come with a degree of deference to the dictates of a review, which they never feel when any other book is in their hands. This is a preposterous folly, and a great public evil. But while I let pass no opportunity of exposing it as such, I am fain to take advantage of it, and make it subservient as far as may be in my power, to good purposes.

COLERIDGE was emphatically a man of great ideas and good intentions. He had projected, among other things, a complete system of philosophy. Lord LIVERPOOL had promised him a pension, but died before the grant was made. The poet complains of the necessity thus imposed upon him, "of scribbling what the public *like*, instead of giving what the mind of the country *wants*." The same letter informs us what were

COLERIDGE'S PROJECTS.

One of the books is now transcribing for the press; of the other, the materials are all collected, and the first part, and half of the second, composed, and fit for the press; and when I say that this amounts to three large volumes, and that the whole work, which, however, is capable of being published as three several works, will consist of six, containing my system of Philosophy and Faith, as the result of all my researches and reflections concerning God, Nature, and Man, you will not wonder that I name it my OPUS MAXIMUM, the harvesting of my life's labours. Yet as I awoke last night, or rather with the poor relic of volition breaking the enchanter's talisman, succeeded at length in awakening myself out of a terrific fantastic dream, which would have required tenfold the imagination of a Dante to have constructed in the waking state, I could not but thank God on my knees for the lesson of humility I had received, exclaiming, O vanity! I have but a few hours back announced myself to my friend as the author of a System of Philosophy on Nature, History, Reason, Revelation; on the Eternal, and on the Generations of the Heaven and the Earth, and I am unable to solve the problem of my own dreams! After many years' watchful notice of the phenomena of the somnial state, and an elaborate classification of its *characteristic* distinctions, I remain incapable of explaining any one figure of all the numberless persons of this shadowy world, and have only attained to an insight into the utter shallowness and impertinency of all the pretended theories hitherto advanced.

Mr. WHITE, in combination with Archbishop WHATELEY and Mr. SENIOR, projected a new quarterly review, which afterwards appeared under his editorship, and the title of the *London Review*. SOUTHEY's aid was asked and promised, and the same epistle contains also

SOUTHEY'S ADVICE TO AN EDITOR.

Be of good heart in your new undertaking, and it cannot fail. My advice is, that you should have always a considerable proportion of attractive matter, for which current literature may always supply abundant subjects. You know very well I do not mean that sort of flippancy which has so often disgraced the *Quarterly*, for good and sound information may be conveyed in a cheerful form. A good journal I know you will make it; get for it the character of an entertaining one, and you will have hit your own mark as well as the publishers,—theirs, because the journal will sell widely; yours, because readers will be tempted to read what they may be the better for reading.

One thing more: if you could so *time* your publication as to come out between the regular times of the *Quarterly*, it would (I think) be favourable for your sale, and (this I am sure of) have a friendly appearance.

Here is a pretty passage from a

LETTER FROM MRS. HEMANS.

I fear you have never received what I had given directions for having sent to you, a copy of my last publication, the *Records of Woman*; if not, will you inform me how it is likely to be safely conveyed, and I will renew my order for its transmission. I have now been settled about six months near Liverpool, and though I meet with much kindness, and have even attached myself to some individuals whose society interests me, still *you* will understand all those undefined longings for the streams and the mountains of my childhood—sudden pictures flashing before the mind's eye—remembered sounds that come and go, and waken the heart to gushings of painful tenderness—all those *exile* feelings, in short, by which I am but too frequently visited. Such things, I suppose, must be, in all deep and *severed* hearts, until the "better country, even the heavenly," shall be reached—where there is "no variableness, neither shadow of change."

But our limits compel a pause. The rest of this biography must be reserved for another notice.

SCIENCE.

Human Magnetism; its claims to dispassionate inquiry. Being an attempt to show the utility of its application for the relief of human suffering. By W. NEWNHAM, Esq. M.R.S.L. &c. London, 1845. Churchill.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

IN pursuance of the promise with which we closed the former notice of this valuable and interesting volume, we now return to it, opening at the chapter at which we parted from it, and which treated of the influence of the imagination in the production of magnetic phenomena.

Mr. NEWNHAM admits that imagination *might* produce many of the phenomena; but he denies that it *could* produce *all* of them, and he proves, by the cases of children and persons who have been operated upon without their knowledge,

that in fact the phenomena are often produced without any aid from the imagination.

But even if *all* were imagination, as its opponents assert, the mystery still remains as before, and is equally worthy of investigation. *How* does imagination produce such effects? What is the mental condition, called imagination, which thus exhibits itself? To what uses may this strangely powerful faculty be applied? Are we advanced a single step nearer towards the truth by changing the name from Mesmerism to Imagination? Do not the *facts* still remain as inexplicable as before?

The next chapter is devoted to a sketch of CHARDEL'S views, and some thoughts on Energia or Actinism. CHARDEL'S theory may be shortly described as thus. Light is the principle of life. The rays are received by the blood in its passage through the lungs, where it parts with its carbon and takes the principle of light and heat ftom the atmosphere, and converts it into nervous structure, fitting it for the development and preservation of the vital phenomena. The principle of life thus emanating from LIGHT is disturbed by whatever prevents the blood from receiving its proper quantity of it. "To supply the waste of this principle is the object of Magnetism, viz. to succour with the imparted life of the Magnetiser the drooping and exhausted life of the sufferer."

As an extension of these views, Chardel considers that during the state of magnetic somnambulism, the individual *imagines* that he hears or sees by the great plexus of nerves of organic life. But this is a mistake;—and the error consists in confounding the *echo* of sensation, with *sensation itself*. The movements of the soul or spiritual principle, are communicated to the *spiritualized life*, with which it is enveloped,—and are then reflected upon, and communicated to the great plexus of organic life.

This theory has received some confirmation by the recent discoveries of ROBERT HUNT, whose investigations of photography have brought out the new and startling fact that the sun's rays have a principle in them apart from light and heat, which produces a specific effect,—an actual chemical change—upon all bodies on which they impinge. This subtle but powerful element, which seems destined to change the face of science, has been termed *Actinism*.

Mr. NEWNHAM deems it not improbable, that to this principle may be ultimately assigned all the magnetic phenomena, and especially clairvoyance. It is a subject of profound interest, and should, at least, receive the most anxious attention of every philosophical Mesmerist; but we must pass now to the next chapter.

Somnambulism and *Clairvoyance* are here discussed. Mr. NEWNHAM opens with the remark, that the mesmeric phenomena of somnambulism, which are proved beyond question to exist in the natural state, are the most vehemently denied when alleged to be produced by Mesmerism. But mere denial is no answer to a specific narrative of facts. Mr. NEWNHAM cites from the famous report of the Commission of the Royal Academy in France, the following experiments, which bear so close a resemblance to those conducted with ADOLPHE by the Society for the Investigation of Mesmerism, and reported in a recent number of THE CRITIC, that we extract them.

CASE OF M. PETIT.

After these preliminary observations we proceeded to verify the phenomena of sight with the eyes closed.

M. Ribes, member of the Academy, presented a catalogue which he drew from his pocket. The somnambulist, after some efforts which seemed to fatigue him, read very distinctly these words:—*Lavater, it is very difficult to know men.* These last words were printed in a very small type. A *passport* was placed before his eyes; he recognised it, and described it under the term *pass-man*. Some minutes afterwards, a license to carry arms was substituted for the passport, to which it has the greatest possible resemblance, and it was presented to him by its blank surface. M. Petit could only distinguish that it was a framed document, and very like the former; but on the other side being turned to him, after some moments of attention, he read distinctly these words, *de par le roi*, and on the left, *port d'armes*. An open letter was then shewn him, which he said he could not read, not understanding English; it was, in fact, a letter in English.

M. Bourdois drew from his pocket a snuff-box, on which was a cameo set in gold. The somnambulist could not at first see it distinctly; he said that the gold case blinded his eyes. When the gold setting was covered with the fingers, he said he perceived the emblem of fidelity. Being urged to say what was that emblem, he added, I see a dog; he is as if prepared for a sacrifice before the altar:—this was, in fact, the figure represented.

A sealed letter was shewn him: he could discover nothing of its contents. He merely followed the direction of the lines with his finger:—but he read easily the address, although it contained a very difficult name—A. M. de Rockenstroth.

All these trials fatigued M. Petit extremely. He was left to rest for a short time; then, as he was very fond of play, it was proposed to him, in order to relieve him, to take a hand at cards. In proportion as these experiments of pure curiosity seemed to have annoyed and fatigued him, so did he accomplish with ease and dexterity that which gave him pleasure, and to which he was led by his own inclination.

One of the party, M. Raynal, formerly inspector of the university, played a game at piquet with M. Petit, and lost. The latter played his cards with the greatest ease, and without ever being wrong. Many times we uselessly tried to put him out in his play by subtracting or changing the cards—he counted with surprising facility the number of points marked on the cards of his adversary which he had to play to.

The same report describes other cases submitted to the examination of the Commissioners. We take one only.

CASE OF PAUL VILLAGRAND.

On the 12th of January the commission reassembled at the house of M. Foissac, where were already M. Em. de las Cases; M. le Comte de Rumigny, first aide-de-camp of the king; and M. Ségalas, member of the Academy. M. Foissac told us, that he was about to somnambulise Paul, and that in that state, with a finger placed upon each closed eye, he would, notwithstanding the complete occlusion of the eyelids, distinguish the colour of cards, read the title of a book, and even some words or lines taken by chance from the body of the work itself. After two minutes of magnetic passes, Paul was asleep. The eyelids being held firmly closed, constantly and alternately, by MM. Fouquier, Itard, Marc, and the reporter, a pack of new cards, of which the stamped envelope was torn at the moment, was presented to him: they were shuffled, and Paul recognised easily and successively the king of spades, the ace of clubs, the queen of spades, the nine of clubs, the seven of diamonds, the queen of diamonds, and the eight of diamonds.

The eyes being still firmly closed, but now by M. Ségalas, a volume with which the reporter was furnished was presented to him. He read on the title-page, *Histoire de France*. He could not read the two next lines, but then read the name *Anquetil*, which was preceded by the preposition *par*. The book was opened at p. 89, and he read in the first line *le nombre de ses — :* he passed over the word *troupes*, and continued, *au moment où on le croyait la plus occupé des plaisirs du carnaval*. He read also the running title *Louis*, but could not read the Roman figures which followed. A paper was given to him on which had been written the words *agglutination* and *magnetismé animal;* he spelt the first and pronounced the other two. Finally they presented to him the *procès-verbal* of this sitting; he read distinctly the date, and some words more legibly written than the rest. In all these trials the fingers had been applied over the whole of the opening of both eyes, pressing the upper downwards upon the lower eyelid; and we remarked that the globe of the eye had been in a constant movement of rotation, and seemed to be directed towards the object of vision.

On the 2nd of February Paul was magnetised at the house of MM. Scribe et Bremard, merchants, No. 29, Rue St. Honoré. The reporter was the only member of the commission present at this meeting. The eyelids were closed as on the former occasion, and Paul read in a work entitled the *Mille et un Nuits*, the title, the word *préface*, and the first line of this preface, with the exception of the word *père*. He was shewn a book entitled *Lettres de deux Amies*, by Madame Campan. He distinguished upon the stamp the figure of Napoleon; he pointed out his boots, and said that he also saw two females; then he read fluently the four first lines of the third page, with the exception of the word *ravir;* then he recognised, without touching them, four cards which were successively presented to him—two at a time; these were the king of spades and the eight of hearts, the queen and the king of clubs.

Mr. NEWNHAM frankly admits the great difficulties that impede the investigation of *clairvoyance*. The very tests employed disturb the faculty, and often suspend it altogether, by exhausting the brain, producing irritation, and diverting the attention. Moreover, it is variable in its operation, dependent upon health and other conditions as yet unknown, so that it can never be fairly judged by failures: it is not by any number of disappointments, but by one clearly successful case, that the existence of the faculty is to be determined.

Turning to the particular phenomena of somnambulism, our author proceeds to consider them in detail. First, treating of the transposition of the senses, "that is, when the patient sees, feels, tastes, hears, touches, and reads by the stomach, by the hands or feet, or by some other portion of the body." Mr. NEWNHAM admits that he can offer no rational explanation of this phenomenon, although of its existence he is perfectly satisfied; and he adduces some instances of their occurrence in the natural state. But first let us note the

CASE OF M. CALIXTE.

Calixte, being magnetised, a card was applied over the region of the heart, and he pronounced it to be, without any hesitation, the ace of spades. The eyes being plugged with cotton, and then covered with a thick bandage, he played with perfectly new cards, several games at écarté, with some of the most sceptical, and that without being once wrong. If his adversary announced a card different from the one which he had actually played, the somnambulist was displeased, complained of the bad faith, and generally added:—Why do you wish to deceive me? I see better than you do, and in order to prove it, there still remain in your hand such and such cards.

One of the players, being extremely distrustful, having raised the bandage of the magnetised, in order to convince himself that no ray of light could possibly reach the visual organ, received from the somnambulist a violent apostrophe in rather unmeasured language, and owed his own conversion to Magnetism to the following experiment.

"You think, then, that I *can* see by my eyes, do you?" said the somnambulist. "You yourself, then, are blind enough not to understand that my eyelids, being compressed by the plugs and bandage which are horribly uncomfortable to me, it is perfectly impossible for me to perceive any thing by my ordinary senses. Well, then, go into the next room—fasten against the wall with a white wafer, any card of your own choice, and you will then know whether I can recognise it or not." Calixte in a short time announced the king of diamonds, which was the fact.

Twelve pieces of ribbon of different colours or shades, were next presented to him, and he distinguished each in the most precise manner.

A watch "*en savonette*," that is in the form of a globe, was shewn to him, the hands having been previously misplaced; and this being placed over the region of the heart, he told the precise hour which it indicated.

"Gentlemen," said M. Ricard on another occasion, "we intend to try to make Calixte execute certain movements which you will indicate to me—and without any *ordinary communication* with him; as soon as the card shall be given me, on which the movements to be executed have been described, I will speak to him no more, and will remain without movement. Calixte," said he, placing himself before his somnambulist, who was seated, "I am about to give you some directions—attend to me—and do what I tell you." At this moment, M. L—— took one of the cards and presented it to M. Ricard, who, after having read it, dropped both his arms, looked steadfastly at Calixte, and remained himself immovable. After some minutes waiting, the somnambulist said, "*I know not what to do!*" and the first experiment failed. The second and the third failed equally.

"Gentlemen," said he then, "negative facts, however numerous, cannot invalidate positive facts;—thus should all the experiments which I am about to institute fail, vision, notwithstanding the closure of the eyes by a thick bandage, would not be in any measure unproven. Moreover, we are perhaps too numerous; and I should not be surprised if the clairvoyance of the patient were exhausted for to-day; nevertheless, we will continue the trial." Consequently a fourth, and then a fifth experiment was tried, and partially succeeded, but only partially, for it was necessary to prompt the somnambulist a little. A sixth experiment was then tried, which I will describe, because its success was complete.

Calixte, his eyes bandaged as before, sat with his face turned towards the wall; three paces behind him were M. Ricard and M. Teste, and at twenty paces there stood an organ. All was quiet, the sound of the organ began, and at the same time Calixte beat time; but after some minutes, and immediately after a sign which M. Teste made with the hand to M. Ricard, the somnambulist ceased beating the time, although the Magnetiser said nothing, and although the sound of the organ continued.

Such was the sixth experiment, and I will now relate the last, which was also attended with complete success.

As soon as the attention of the somnambulist was thoroughly gained by his Magnetiser, M. L. gave him one of the hundred little cards, of which I have before spoken: then Calixte, his eyes being still bandaged, arose from his seat, advanced some steps towards his Magnetiser—stopped for an instant—returned—stopped again—got up into a chair—stamped his feet impatiently—then finally placed his heels upon one corner of the chair—closely applied his arms to the whole length of his body—became stiffened all over—then inclined himself backward—and finally fell in a heap into the arms of M. Ricard, who had purposely come and placed himself behind him.

The card was now given to us, and contained the following sentence:—"Make the somnambulist get up into a chair, and then make him fall backwards into the arms of his Magnetiser."

Thus terminated our sitting, the most interesting, and perhaps the most complete, which has ever taken place in Paris. I have thanked M. Ricard for it, as for a great benefit which he has conferred upon me.

The reasoning with which Dr. FRAPART, the reporter, tests the experiments is a perfect specimen of logical argument. We now take from Mr. SANDBY'S work a very singular and interesting case of natural somnambulism, in which transference of sensation is distinctly exhibited. The patient was a young lady who had been thrown into a state of nervous excitement by the sudden death of her father. Some of her senses were lost, and others exalted to an extraordinary degree.

All colours she can distinguish with the greatest correctness by night or by day, whether presented to her on cloth, silk, muslin, wax, or even glass—and this I may safely say, as easily on *any part of the body as with the hands*, although of course the ordinary routine of such an exhibition of power takes place with the hands,—the other being that of mere curiosity. Her delicacy of mind, and high tone of religious feeling are such, that she has the greatest objection to make that which she regards in the light of a heavy affliction from God, a matter of show or curiosity to others, although to ourselves, of course, all these unusual extravagances of nervous sensibility are manifest for at least twelve out of every twenty-four hours. She can not only *read with the greatest rapidity* any writing that is legible to us, music, &c. with the *mere passing of her fingers over it*, whether in a dark or light room (for her *sight* is for the most part suspended when under the influence of the attack, or paroxysm, although she is perfectly *sensible*, — nay, more *acute* and *clever* than in her natural state): but within this month past she has been able to collect the contents of any printing or MS. by merely laying her hand on the page, without *tracing* the lines or letters, and I saw her last night only *declare the contents of a note just brought into the room* in this way (when I could not decipher it myself without a candle), and with a rapidity with which I could not have read it by daylight. I have seen her develope hand-writing by the application of a note to the back of her *hand*, *neck*, or *foot;* and she *can do* it at any time.

"Her power ceases," adds the narrator, "the moment the attack passes off;" between the attacks she is in a perfectly natural state.

But here we must pause again, though purposing to continue the examination of this most valuable contribution to the cause of science as other claims upon our columns may permit.

Lectures on Electricity. By HENRY M. NOAD, Author of "Lectures on Chemistry," &c. London: Knight and Sons.

THE extraordinary research employed in compiling these lectures, and the manner in which the results of FRANKLIN'S, LAXTON'S, WOLLASTON'S, and other great electricians' experiments and discoveries are condensed, have been already approved by the sale which greeted the two previous editions. In its present form the work is dedicated to ANDREW CROSSE, esq. of Broomfield, whose labours in the science are so justly estimated. It is what it pretends to be, "a useful and succinct account of some of the most important facts relating to electrical science." The value of this edition is considerably enhanced by an appendix, in which many recent discoveries are described. The new phenomena of electricity from steam are treated of; and the pages are studded with wood-cuts, amounting in number to nearly three hundred.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, during the Years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842. By C. WILKES, U.S.N. Commander of the Expedition, M.A. Th. S. &c. Five vols. London and New York, Wiley and Putnam.

A WORK from such an origin as this, comes before the critical eye with a good grace. We are prepossessed in favour of a book, the researches necessary for the compilation of which were instituted by a Government, with the ostensible purpose of ob-

taining and spreading knowledge. We hail with joy the attempt made by the proposers of the enterprise here recorded. Their aim was good. They endeavoured to bring under the view of the geographer and geologist some of the unknown and doubtful regions of the earth. That they have partly failed in their object is no disgrace to the enterprising individual who conducted the expedition, nor should it tend to damp the ardour of those who employed him. America was not peopled from the first ship which visited its shores, nor was the character of Australia known on the return of the first expedition to that remote land.

But although that we would speak encouragingly of this book, we must pronounce an honest opinion of it. We will not blind our eyes to its manifold faults. First, its bulk and gorgeous decorations, and consequent price, unfit it for wide circulation. It is expected that knowledge now-a-days be rendered at a cheap rate; the more useful a book is likely to become, the more should economy be studied in the printing, binding, &c. Much selfishness and jealousy is displayed in these pages.

Lieut. WILKES claims precedence in discoveries which it is well known were made public to the world long before his expedition reported its visits and doings. No new country is alluded to with certainty, and of the tracts mentioned as newly discovered, we knew quite as much before as he is capable of communicating. He attributes a great deal of importance to his Antarctic cruise, alleging that he discovered land, which he takes great pains to prove was either a continent or a collection of islands. All, however, is dubious and uncertain. D'URVILLE, BELLANEY, and ROSS, travellers of great note, have raised similar theories, and written on the same subject. A little boasting from America must, however, be expected, on a first essay at discoveries of such an important nature as that of which the volumes before us treat. It is in keeping with the national character of the country. But we will take the most charitable view of the failing, and assign it to an over-zeal in the undertaking. May this enthusiasm be preserved, and be the means of spurring to future enterprise!

The volumes are emphatically American, and, to borrow a phrase from the country, their entire aspect "fixes" them as of Yankee origin. There is a bluster of manner very disproportioned to the matter. The events and scenes recorded prove that the spots visited, and difficulties encountered, are far other than of the class so glibly described in the "tours" and "voyages" with which the press teems. There is some grumbling with government officials, and abuse for ill-usage; and if the hints which the Lieutenant throws out are to be regarded, he certainly was not equipped for his voyage in a manner reflecting much credit on American foresight. Ill-constructed ships, unwholesome bread and flour, insufficiency of clothing for the men, are alluded to in plain terms.

The squadron, consisting of six vessels, sailed on the 18th of August, 1838. It was the aim of Lieut. WILKES to inform himself of the existence, and to mark the position, of rocks, shoals, and islands in the Southern and Pacific Oceans. He also ventured as far as prudence would allow in various longitudes, towards the south pole, surveying the almost unknown Polynesian groups. The Columbian river, and the territory of the United States on the seabord of the north coast of America, were also visited. After traversing some of the adjacent seas, including that of Japan, he returned by way of China, Singapore, and the Cape of Good Hope. Scientific observations were an especial object, and a corps of professors, amounting to nine, accompanied the expedition. Their notes and descriptions are interspersed with the Lieutenant's narrative, and add much to the value of the work. Superb plates and cuts illustrate admirably much which could not be otherwise distinctly conveyed.

Steering for the Gulf stream, the squadron made for Madeira. Worth recording is Lieut. WILKES's manner of accounting for the appearances which have frequently frightened and misled voyagers, and which may be termed

IMAGINARY ROCKS.

At eight A.M. the look-out cried out, "Rocks, or a wreck on the starboard bow!" which at once created an excitement on board. We stood for it. It had at first every appearance of a rock, then that of a wreck with the masts gone. It proved, however, to be a large tree of cotton-wood, one hundred and twenty feet in length, and fourteen feet in circumference at the height of five feet above the roots. It had been a long time in the water, was full of barnacles, and much eaten by the teredo navalis. Great quantities of fish were about it, consisting of dolphins, sharks, &c. We did not, however, succeed in taking any. In rough weather it might easily have been mistaken for a rock, particularly if passed in twilight or at night. There is little doubt in my mind that many of the numerous vigias that appear in our charts have as little foundation. No current was experienced hereabouts; and I am led to the conclusion that a sort of eddy or still water is here found, wherein most of the wood carried by the Gulf stream becomes deposited for a time.

To Terra del Fuego, its celebrated promontory Cape Horn, together with the inlets, bays, and currents so common in the neighbourhood, the squadron devoted a considerable time. They passed

THE STRAITS OF LE MAIRE.

The Straits of Le Maire were before us; we were just in time to take the tide; and with a fair wind we sailed rapidly through the strait passing its whirls and eddies, now quite smooth, but in a short time to become vexed and fretted by the returning tide. The squadron glided along with all its canvass spread to the breeze, scarcely making a ripple under the bows. The day was a remarkably fine one for this climate, and the sight beautiful, notwithstanding the desolate appearance of the shores.

I cannot see why there should be any objection to the passage through the Straits of Le Maire, as it gives a vessel a much better chance of making the passage round the Cape quickly. No danger exists here that I know of. A vessel with the tide will pass through in a few hours. As for the "race and dangerous sea," I have fully experienced it in the Porpoise on the side of Staten Land, and am well satisfied that any vessel may pass safely through it at all times and in all weathers, or if not so disposed may wait a few hours until the sea subsides and the tide changes. We were only three hours in passing through. We entered the straits with studding-sails set, and left them under close-reefed topsails.

Arrived at Madeira, the reader is presented with several anecdotes. We cannot but think much of this matter unworthy a place in a sort of demi-official narrative of a national "expedition." By accident we light upon one of

THE TIMES AND MADEIRA WINE.

The inhabitants of Madeira are much alive and justly jealous of the reputation of their wines, which are generally the engrossing topic of conversation. An amusing excitement existed during our visit. A London paper (the *Times*) had asserted that foreign wine had frequently been introduced into Madeira, and afterwards exported as the genuine article, to the United States in particular; and what gave more force to the story, it was stated as a fact, that seventy pipes had lately been entered at the expense of 1,000 dollars, and re-manufactured. Everybody was up in arms. The Commercial Association of Funchal passed resolutions denouncing the publication in strong terms, as designed by certain interested persons to injure the reputation of the wine of Madeira. So strict are the laws to prevent frauds, that even genuine Maderia, after being once shipped, cannot be returned to the island. I heard, however, of an attempt, and but one, to smuggle in Teneriffe and Fayal wines, which was discovered. The casks were broken, the wine destroyed, the boats confiscated, and the smuggler condemned to be transported to the coast of Africa.

On leaving Madeira, they bent their course southward. The morning after their departure, Lieut. WILKES found at daylight that his squadron was not within sight. He hove to, and in a few hours was joined by the missing barks, which had been becalmed for several hours, although all the vessels were near when the breeze sprung up. The cause of the separation was a *vein* of wind, such a phenomenon being of frequent occurrence in that locality. Strongly contrasting with the grand Spanish city they had shortly before quitted, was the spot they next touched at. We preserve part of the sketch of

THE ISLAND OF ST. JAGO.

There are many high peaks and mountains in its centre, which afford a fine background for the barren and uninteresting coast scenery. The time of our arrival was just after the rainy season, the island consequently presented a more verdant appearance than it does at other seasons of the year. Our consul, J. Gardiner, esq. came on board, and made us welcome to all the island afforded. An officer was despatched to call upon his excellency the governor, to report our arrival, who proved to be a black man. Knowing that the regulations required permission for vessels to depart, the request was made during the interview, which he readily granted at any hour we chose. The town of Porto Praya

is prettily situated on an elevated piece of table-land, and looked well from the anchorage. The bay is an open one, but is not exposed to the prevailing winds. There is generally a swell setting in, which makes the landing unpleasant and difficult. The only landing-place is a small rock, some distance from the town, and under a high bank, on which there is, or rather was, a fortification, for it is now entirely gone to decay. It commands the bay, and is situated about two hundred feet above the sea. The horizontal stratification of the red and yellow-coloured sandstone shews most conspicuously in this cliff, and forms one of the most remarkable objects on this part of the island. It is of tertiary formation, and contains many fossils. I regretted extremely that my time did not permit me to make a longer stay, as we left the island under the impression that there is much here to be found that is new in the various departments of natural history. Between this bluff and the town is an extensive valley, in which there are many date-palms, cocoa-nuts, and a species of aloe. On landing, a stranger is immediately surrounded by numbers of the inhabitants, with fruit, vegetables, chickens, turkeys, and monkeys, all pressing him with bargains, and willing to take any thing for the purpose of obliging their customers. Many of them continue to follow until they meet with some new customer. The soil, rocks, and every thing around on the surface, shew unequivocal marks of volcanic origin. The rock above the tertiary formation is a thick bed of cellular lava, with fragments of the same strewn in every direction over it. A thin and poor soil gives but little sustenance to a light herbage. Goats and asses are found in great numbers grazing upon it. The length of our visit did not permit us to make much examination, yet the character of the vegetation was unequivocally African. The walk from the landing to the town is exceedingly fatiguing, and the road deep with sand. The first view of the town on entering it is any thing but striking, and all the ideas formed in its favour are soon dispelled. The houses are whitewashed, and in general appearance resemble those inhabited by the lower orders in Madeira, but they are much inferior even to them. The north-east of the town is composed of rough stone houses, covered with palm leaves. The streets are wide, and in the centre is a large public square, the middle of which is occupied by a small wooden monument, said to be emblematical of royalty! A chapel, jail, and barracks constitute the principal public buildings. The fort, which flanks the town, is almost entirely in decay. This is the case with almost every thing we saw here: the place is, indeed, little better than an African town. The houses are of stone, one story high, partly thatched, and others tiled. Their interior presents only a few articles of absolute necessity. Of comfort and cleanliness, in our sense of the words, they have no idea. The houses and streets are filthy in the extreme, and in both of them, pigs, fowls, and monkeys appear to claim, and really possess, equal rights with the occupants and owner. The population is made up of an intermixture of descendants from the Portuguese, natives, and negroes from the adjacent coast. The Negro race seems to predominate, woolly hair, flat noses, and thick lips being most frequently met with. The number of inhabitants in St. Jago is about thirty thousand. Porto Praya contains two thousand three hundred, of which number one hundred are native Portuguese. The language spoken is a jargon formed by a mixture of the Portuguese and Negro dialects. Most of the blacks speak their native tongue. Mr. Hale, our philologist, obtained here a vocabulary of the Mandingo language, and found it to agree with that given by Mungo Park.

About three months after their first departure from America they arrived at Rio Janeiro, where we find this description of

ST. JANEIRO CIVILIZATION.

All these blacks are from different parts of the coast, and having been hostile tribes, retain much of their antipathy to each other. In general they are kindly treated, and become firmly attached to their masters; more, however, from clannish feeling than from gratitude, of which virtue they seem to possess little. They are baptized by their owners as soon as purchased, and in the cities attend mass regularly, and go to confession, but they are never thought to become entirely civilized. Those who receive their freedom in reward for faithful services, or purchase it, conduct themselves well; their descendants are much superior in point of intelligence. Many of them own slaves, and prove much more severe masters than the whites. Male slaves are put to any trade or craft they may desire. Females are for the most part employed as mantua-makers, and almost all the finery worn by the higher circles at public *fêtes* is made by slaves. Indeed, many masters and mistresses are dependent on the labour of their slaves for their daily support. There are some blacks who are priests, and others officers in the army; indeed, some of the deputies would not pass for white men elsewhere.

The accounts of the Patagonian and Petcherai tribes, though vastly differing, are extremely interesting. The phrenological development of the head of the latter seems to be ill-foreboding. Short faces, narrow foreheads, and high cheek-bones, betray the low standard of their minds. They were found entirely naked, with the exception of a piece of seal-skin sufficient to cover the shoulder, and which was worn on the side against which the wind blew. They are a small race, not being more than five feet in height, of a light copper-colour, "which is much concealed by smut and dirt." They seem to be very jealous of their women.

PETCHERAI WOMEN.

The women were never suffered to come on board. They appeared modest in the presence of strangers. They never move from a sitting posture, or rather squat, with their knees close together, reaching to their chin, their feet in contact, and touching the lower part of the body. They were extremely ugly. Their hands and feet were small and well-shaped, and from appearance they are not accustomed to do any hard work. They appear very fond and seem careful of their young children, though on several occasions they offered them for sale for a trifle. They have their faces smutted all over, and it was thought, from the hideous appearance of the females, produced in part by their being painted and smutted, that they had been disfigured by the men previous to coming alongside. It was remarked that when one of them saw herself in a looking-glass, she burst into tears, as Jack thought from pure mortification. The men are employed in building the huts, obtaining food, and providing for their other wants. The women were generally seen paddling their canoes. When this party of natives left the ship and reached the shore, the women remained in their canoes, and the men began building their temporary huts; the little children were seen capering quite naked on the beach, although the thermometer was at 40°. On the hut being finished, which occupied about an hour, the women went on shore to take possession of it. They all seemed quite happy and contented. Before they left the ship, the greater part of them were dressed in old clothes, that had been given to them by the officers and men, who all shewed themselves extremely anxious "to make them comfortable." This gave rise to much merriment, as Jack was not disposed to allow any difficulties to interfere in the fitting. If the jackets proved too tight across the shoulders, which they invariably were, a slit down the back effectually remedied the defect. If a pair of trousers was found too small around the waist, the knife was again resorted to, and in some cases a fit was made by severing the legs. The most difficult fit, and the one which afforded the most merriment, was that of a woman to whom an old coat was given. This she concluded belonged to her nether limbs, and no signs, hints, nor shouts could correct her mistake. Her feet we thrust through the sleeves, and after hard squeezing she succeeded in drawing them on. With the skirts brought up in front, she took her seat in the canoe with great satisfaction, amid a roar of laughter from all who saw her.

A still further account of the natives will perhaps be interesting to our readers.

Towards evening Messrs. Waldron and Drayton visited their huts. Before they reached the shore, the natives were seen making a fire on the beach for their reception, evidently to avoid their entering their huts. On landing, one of the men seemed anxious to talk with them. He pointed to the ship, and tried to express many things by gestures; then pointed to the south-east, and then again to the ship, after which, clasping his hands, as in our mode of prayer, he said, "Eloah, Eloah," as though he thought we had come from God. After a little time, they gained admittance to the hut. The men creeping in first, squatted themselves directly in front of the women, all holding out the small piece of seal-skin to allow the heat to reach their bodies. The women squatted three deep behind the men, the oldest in front, nestling the infants. After being in the hut, Mr. Drayton endeavoured to call the attention of the men, who had made signs to him before entering, to know whether they had any idea of a Supreme Being. The same man then put his hands together, repeating as before, "Eloah, Eloah." From his manner, it was inferred that they had some idea of a God or a Supreme Being. Their mode of expressing friendship is by jumping up and down. They made Messrs. Waldron and Drayton jump with them on the beach, before entering the hut, took hold of their arms, facing them, and jumping two or three inches from the ground, making them keep time to a strange song.

All our endeavours to find out how they ignited their fire proved unavailing. It must be exceedingly difficult for them to accomplish, judging from the care they take of it, always carrying it with them in their canoes, and the danger they thus run of injuring themselves by it. Their food consists of limpets, mussels, and other shell-fish. Quantities of fish, and some seals, are now and then taken among the kelp, and with berries of various kinds, and wild celery, they do not want. They seldom cook their food much. The shell-fish are detached from the

shell by heat, and the fish are partly roasted in their skins, without being cleaned. When on board, one of them was induced to sit at the dinner-table; after a few lessons, he handled his knife and fork with much dexterity. He refused both spirits and wine, but was very fond of sweetened water. Salt provisions were not at all to his liking, but rice and plum-pudding were agreeable to his taste, and he literally crammed them into his mouth. After his appetite had been satisfied, he was in great good humour, singing his "Hey meh leh," dancing and laughing. His mimicry prevented any satisfactory inquiries being made of him relative to a vocabulary. Some of the officers painted the faces of these natives black, white, and red; this delighted them very much, and it was quite amusing to see the grimaces made by them before a looking-glass. One of these natives remained on board for upwards of a week, and being washed and combed, he became two or three shades lighter in colour. Clothes were put on him. He was about twenty-three years of age, and was unwell the whole time he was on board, from eating such quantities of rice, &c. His astonishment was very great on attending divine service. The moment the chaplain began to read from the book, his eyes were riveted upon him, where they remained as long as he continued to read. At the end of the week he became dissatisfied, and was set on shore, and soon appeared naked again. It was observed, on presents being made, that those who did not receive any began a sort of whining cry, putting on the most doleful-looking countenances imaginable. They are much addicted to theft, if any opportunity offers. The night before they left the bay, they stole and cut up one of the wind-sails, which had been scrubbed and hung up on shore to dry. Although we had no absolute proof of it, we are inclined to the belief that they bury their dead in caves.

In the account of the southern cruise, we find this picture of

THE CHILIANS.

The Chilians are extremely fond of the dance called the samacueca. This may be called the national dance, and is in vogue among the common people. It is usually performed at the chingano, which is a kind of amphitheatre, surrounded by apartments where refreshments, including strong drinks, are sold, and is generally well filled with both sexes. The dance is performed on a kind of stage, under an open shed. The music is a mixture of Spanish and Indian, and is performed altogether by females, on an old-fashioned long and narrow harp, one end of which rests on the lap of the performer, and the other on the stage, ten feet off. A second girl is seen merrily beating time on the sounding-board of the instrument. On the right is another, strumming the common chords on a wire-string guitar or kitty, making, at every vibration of the right hand, a full sweep across all the strings, and varying the chords. In addition to this they sang a national love-song, in Spanish, at the top of their voices, one singing a kind of alto; the whole producing a very strange combination of sounds. The dance is performed by a young man and woman; the former is gaudily decked in a light scarlet jacket, embroidered with gold lace, white pantaloons, red sash, and pumps, with a tiny red cap; whilst that of his partner consists of a gaudy painted muslin dress, quite short and stiffly starched, not a little aided by an ample pair of hips; thrown over all is a rich coloured French shawl; these, with well-fitted silk stockings, complete her attire. These last are in truth characteristic of the Chilian women of all classes, and they take no pains to conceal them. One not unfrequently sees the extravagance of silk stockings in the washer-women at their tubs, and even with their hands in the suds. The dress in general fits neatly, and nature is not distorted by tight lacing, or the wearing of corsets. Nothing is worn on the head, and the hair being parted, and equally divided from the forehead back to the neck, hangs down in two long plaits on each shoulder to the waist. The style of dancing is somewhat like a fandango. The couple begin by facing each other, and flirting handkerchiefs over each other's heads, then approaching, slowly retreating again, then quickly shooting off to one side, passing under arms without touching, with great agility, rattling and beating time with castanets. Their movements are quite graceful, those of their feet pretty, and withal quite amorous; the gestures may be readily understood, not only by the native audience, but by foreigners. I cannot say much for its moral tendency.

Whilst on one of their rambles, the conchologist and mineralogist of the company visited Lake Lanto, of which they relate a very touching legend. It is remarked that the whole of the company met with hospitable and kind treatment nearly throughout their voyage. Siusinga afforded them much amusement. The following account is given of

GIMBLET FAITH.

This new faith has made some progress among these islands, and has the following singular origin: a native of Savaii, by name Seeovedi, was taken from that island by a whale-ship, and did not return for several years. During his absence he visited several ports, where it would seem he obtained some notions of the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. Possessed of considerable natural shrewdness, he founded on this knowledge a plan to save himself from labour for the future, by collecting followers at whose expense he might be maintained. During his absence, and while on board the whale-ship, he had received, as is usual in such cases, instead of his native name, that of Joe Gimblet; and this cognomen is now firmly attached to the sect of which he was the founder. Having formed the plan of founding a sect, he did not scruple as to the means of carrying it into effect; for he boldly claimed a heavenly mission, professing to hold converse with God, and asserting that he possessed the power of working miracles, raising the dead, &c. He soon gained many proselytes, and had attained great consideration and authority, when unfortunately for him he was called upon to exert his pretended power of raising the dead, by restoring to life the favourite son of a powerful chief called Lelomiava, who had been murdered. Joe did not hesitate to undertake the accomplishment of this miracle. He in the first place directed a house to be built for the reception of the body, and when it was finished he required that it should be supplied with the best provisions. In conformity with this requisition, the choicest articles of food that could be obtained were regularly handed to Joe for the use of the defunct, upon whom he alone waited, while every other person except the chief and himself was excluded from the building. The food thus regularly supplied as regularly disappeared, and Joe assured the chief that his son had eaten it, and under this bountiful allowance would soon recover his strength and walk forth. In this way time wore on, until the patience of the old chief began to shew symptoms of being exhausted. This somewhat alarmed Joe, but as he was a fellow of infinite resources, he contrived to evade inquiry and procrastinate, hoping, no doubt, that some lucky incident might turn up, by which he should be enabled to extricate himself from the dilemma. Unfortunately for him, however, after another month of anxious suspense the old man's pigs and taro fell short, notwithstanding the chief's dependants had for a long time been restricted from using them. All of them were in fact much reduced by their compulsory fast, with the exception of Joe, whose rotundity of form seemed to indicate that he at least ran no risk of starvation. Whether it were owing to the suspicions which his jolly appearance excited, or that he began to entertain doubts of Joe's supernatural powers, is not known; but one day old Lelomiava determined to satisfy himself of the progress making in the restoration of his son. With this design he entered the house, and was shocked with the sight of his son's body in a state of loathsome putridity. He immediately summoned Joe, and informed him that it was time that the promised miracle should be accomplished, adding, that it must be done by morrow's dawn. Joe immediately redoubled his exertions, and prayed hastily to all the saints of his calendar. He, however, knew full well what would be his fate if he remained to encounter on the morrow the anger of the savage chief. He therefore effected his escape during the night, and made his way to his native island. There he remained for some time incog. but now ventures to appear openly, practising his impositions boldly, and is the worst antagonist the missionaries have to deal with. This story was related by the old chief himself, who, instead of finding his son restored to life, was compelled to bury his body, which he did, with the exception of the head. This he put in a box, and suspended beneath the peak of the roof of his house, where it remains, a witness of his credulity and of the gross imposition that was practised upon him. While the party remained at Siusinga, a sick native was brought from the coast to a neighbouring house, and their host, the Gimblet priest, was called upon to pray for him. This afforded them an opportunity that might not otherwise have occurred, of learning some facts in relation to the ceremonies of this sect. On this occasion, the priest approached the house where the sick man lay, and when upon the stone platform in front of it, he drew forth a book from the folds of tapa in which it had been carefully enveloped. He then called upon Jehovah, returning thanks for the many blessings which had been conferred on his people, and asked for a continuance of the same, invoking the name of Jesus. He ended by inquiring the Divine pleasure concerning the sick man, and begging mercy for him. The nature of the book could not be distinctly seen, as it was again carefully inclosed in the tapa as soon as the ceremony was over; but so far as it was visible, it bore an unquestionable resemblance to a blank note-book! The proselytes of this sect, in case of sickness, confess their sins to one another, and have a number of fast-days, which are rigidly kept. Their Sabbath occurs only once a month, and is celebrated by the firing of guns and the puerile mummery in which their worship consists.

Wakefield's Adventures in New Zealand, from 1839 *to* 1844.
(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

We resume our notice of these volumes.

Many of the first settlers are now thriving men, and most of them, from the very nature of their existence, thus isolated from society, are *characters*. Take, for instance,

OLD JENKINS.

The most extraordinary elevation was, perhaps, that of Robert Jenkins. He had come in one of the vessels from Sydney at the same time as the first colonists from England. Soon after the move to Thorndon, he bought a barrel of beer, and set it on tap in a miserable little hut on the beach. He had then crept on from one thing to the other, until he had a pretty neat grog-shop, with the sign of the "New Zealander." When the town sections were given out, he took a lease of part of one of the most valuable sections near Te Aro, and built on it a large brick house, which quite looked down upon the wooden cottage beside it in which the bank was situated. Here he did a thriving business; having his bar full of boatmen and sailors, whalers, bullock-drivers, stockmen, and others of the thirsty class, and a neat parlour in which commercial transactions and sales of cattle and horses were often concluded over a jug of beer. At length he built extensive stables, with four stalls and five loose boxes; speculated a little in buying cattle and setting up a butcher next door to him; took in horses to livery and to be broken in; and became the owner of considerable property both in land and stock. When I left, he was paying a rent of 20*l.* a year for one hundred acres of hill-pasture near the town, had made an excellent road up the steepest hill in the neighbourhood to his section, had fenced in half of it, and had a fine troop of brood mares running on the farm.

"Old Jenkins," as he is generally called, is quite a character. He can suit his conversation and manners to any class of society, and there is not a gentleman in Wellington who will not willingly chat over the news of the day with him at the door of his tavern, and often be glad to profit by his experience and knowledge of the world. For, although of unknown origin, and ignorant even of writing, he has many sterling qualities. Though a public-house keeper, he is an absolute observer of temperance without having taken the pledge; and he can boast an uncommon share of vigour, manly independence, and public spirit. He is one of those men who must be in a new community to obtain the estimation which they deserve.

Here, as everywhere, the Scotch beat all other people in patient perseverance and well-directed industry, and consequently prove the most successful colonists. A striking example of this trait of national character is afforded in the following narrative of a triumph over native hostility by

A SCOTCH SETTLER.

Bell had managed to locate himself here, notwithstanding considerable opposition from the natives, by an admirable mixture of firmness, good temper, and kindness. He had first paid the natives for putting up the frame of a house, and had then filled up the walls with kareau and clay, and whitewashed them. A little garden had succeeded. He had then proceeded to clear off the flax, and fern, and other scrub, which was waist-high on the land which he meant to plough. When he began this operation, the interruption commenced. One perseveringly annoying and ill-tempered chief headed the malcontents; but Bell had made a friend of another, by judicious presents and attentions, and obtained some protection from him whenever the persecution became a little too serious. The friend was Kiri karamu, the chief who had signed the deed at Kapiti, and afterwards accompanied E Kuru and myself hither to the grand sale. He was a repudiator of the bargain generally; but had appreciated the advantages of having a good pakeha to live near him, and teach him how to plant potatoes and grow wheat. He never did more than remonstrate with E Waka, the troublesome neighbour; apparently conniving at extortion, though he would not allow violence to be used.

During the progress of the ploughing, E Waka used to come and watch, and keep walking by the side of the old farmer, telling him he should plough no more. But Bell pretended not to understand him, and smiled at him, and geed the bullocks, and warned E Waka to get out of the way of them when they turned, and ploughed on. E Waka got furious; but Bell wouldn't look a bit frightened, and told him he didn't understand him; "He must go to the boys," meaning his own sons; "they'd talk Maori to him:" and he geed the bullocks, and ploughed on. The patience of E Waka soon got exhausted, and he retired sulkily towards the house, after putting in some pegs a few yards beyond where Bell had got to, pointing to that as his ultimatum. And while the good-wife gave him a large mess of bread and milk, or a smoking dish of pork and potatoes, and the sons and daughters chatted good-humouredly to him while they built a pigsty or put up a stock-yard, old Bell was ploughing on. And E Waka ate and smoked, and basked in the sun, wondering at the industry of the pakeha, till he got sleepy, and crept back to his village for the day.

The next morning, however, he would be afoot pretty early to besiege the *pakeha maro*, or "hard white man," as he called him. But he was never early enough; and the first sight that met his eyes was always his *bête noire*, the team of bullocks, and the old man trudging steadily along the fresh furrows. E Waka would begin by looking for his pegs, and hunt about for a long while, grumbling and puzzling, before he found out that the plough must have gone over them some hours ago, if not the evening before. And while he was hunting, the plough sped quietly on. Then came the remonstrance, and the shrug of the shoulders, and the fury, and the good-humoured indifference, and the reference to the boys, and the meal, and the sleepiness, and the return home, and the careful pegging of the ground as before. The same story over again; no patience could stand it; old Bell and the team went on, slow, sure, and regular as the course of the sun.

And besides, on one occasion, when E Waka had brought a large troop of attendants, and threatened to commit some violence, the old man had called his stalwart sons to his side, and, taking up a spade or a plough-share, had said, in broad Scotch, while his resolute looks and prepared attitude interpreted his words into a universally intelligible language, "Dinna ye think to touch a thing that's here noo; for if ye do, by the God that's abune us, I'll cleave ye to the grund! A bargain's a bargain; I've paid ye richt and fair; and I'll gar ye keep to it."

Then E Waka *would* look frightened; and begin to think his good daily meal was better than a blow of old Bell's weapon, and peace was soon restored.

And when the ploughing was done, the planting potatoes was too amusing to be interfered with; for they ridiculed the idea of expecting any crop from potatoes cut into small pieces. "Bide and see," said the old man, and they waited with anxiety for the time of crop, and the report spread far and wide that the old *pakeha* with the *cows* was very good and brave and industrious, but that he was certainly gone *porangi*, or mad, for he had cut up his seed potatoes before he put them in. "Poor old man!" they said, "his trouble must have turned his head—such a very absurd idea!"

But the crop came better than their own from whole potatoes, and they stared, and found that the foolish old man could teach them some lessons in growing food; and they soon honoured him as much for his knowledge as they had learned to stand in awe of his courage and resolution.

And though they have not yet allowed him to use the whole of his section, he has now fifty acres under plough cultivation, sends grain and grass seed enough to Wellington to pay for the luxuries which his family require, owns several cows and a flock of sheep, calls himself the "Laird of Wanganui," and gives harvest-home festivals. He talked of buying a horse, and caring for no man, when I last saw him.

Among the most singular of the vegetable productions of New Zealand is

THE RATA.

This is a curious but very common plant, which is at first a parasite, winding round large trees of the forest till it encircles and destroys them, when its numerous coils join together in one hollow trunk, leaving their victim to rot inside.

The rata thus full grown is certainly the monarch of the New Zealand forest. In the gnarled form and tough contortions of its limbs, it much resembles the oak, and is therefore highly valued by ship-builders for knees and timbers. The foliage has also the noble appearance at a distance of the English forest-king. But the plant is of the myrtle kind, and bears a bright crimson blossom in such abundance that, at its time of flowering, the forests look as though some playful giant had dipped every other tree in crimson dye and stuck them up again.

This tree is somewhat irregular in its flowering, and earlier in some parts of the country than in others. But this fairy hue is generally thrown over the wooded steeps soon after the middle of summer, about harvest-time.

Mr. WAKEFIELD, in common with every traveller who has visited New Zealand, is not impressed with a very favourable opinion of the missionaries.

They are too much embued with the spirit of the tradesman, and some of their dealings with the natives appear not to have been characterized by the strictest adherence to equity. The converts among the natives, especially those who set up for preachers, are, it seems, for the most part unmitigated rascals. Hypocrisy is their profession, and admirably is it practised. They assume long faces, sing psalms, and cite texts; but they do not scruple to lie and cheat; they are profligates of the

worst description, and have abandoned their own religion without imbibing a spark of the *spirit* of Christianity.

This is Mr. WAKEFIELD's summary of the general results of intercourse with Europeans upon the characters of the natives.

The natives about Wellington were becoming a useful and industrious race. Almost every settler had two or three attached to his establishment, who acquired some knowledge of the English language and of the useful arts. Many were building houses after the European fashion, and adopting European clothing; they were learning the use and value of money, and the forms of commerce to a certain extent; and some of them had acquired great decency, and even polish of deportment, by their constant and familiar intercourse with the colonists of all classes. It may be worthy of note, that Epuni was building a wooden cottage with boarded floor, a door, and glass windows, in the pa of Pitone; that his son, E Ware, acted as pilot to an emigrant ship, having boarded her outside the heads, in a whale-boat manned by his own countrymen, all dressed like English sailors, and brought her in to the anchorage in front of the town; that E Tako and Richard Davis took to European clothing entirely, and that both had deposits at the bank; while Davis had bought a horse for eighty pounds, which he used to let out, with saddle and bridle, at ten shillings a day; and that the captain of the ship *London*, when half his European crew had deserted the ship, found no difficulty in engaging eight native hands for the voyage to India and England.

In the perfectly wild tribes, the high sense of honour and dignity among the chiefs, and their absolute political authority, served to maintain a certain integrity and straightforward conduct towards the stranger; and those who had talents to acquire authority had also, with but few exceptions, the will to exercise it with justice and kindness towards the white man by whom it was merited.

In the partly civilized tribes, which were at the same time converted, the political authority of the chiefs was already much weakened; but its place was supplied, to a certain degree, by the example of law and order, and by the stirring spirit of emulation; that is, by the influence of the civilized community.

In the merely converted tribes, the authority of the chiefs was suddenly and totally overthrown, without the substitution for it of any political organization, in order to save the tribe from anarchy.

This view was confirmed by my subsequent observations, as the consequences of the two systems became more and more developed.

We might gather a whole CRITIC full of passages of equal or greater interest; but already we have been tempted beyond our proper limits by the curiosity that attaches to the subject-matter, and we must now reluctantly conclude by heartily recommending these volumes to the book-club and the circulating library.

Travels in Sweden, by IDA, Countess HAHN HAHN. London, 1845. Clarke and Co.

ANOTHER of Mr. CLARKE's cheap and elegant series of original and translated works. These travels were reviewed in THE CRITIC soon after their publication in Germany; we have now, therefore, only to announce this translation of them, and to add that it is executed with fidelity and elegance.

POETRY.

Sacred Verses, with Pictures. Edited by the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, B. D. Part I. London, 1845. Burns.

WE were in doubt whether to classify this beautiful publication under Literature or Art—if the poetry be introduced to add interest to the engravings, or the engravings to illustrate the poetry. Whatever the design of editor and publisher, they have produced a work altogether novel in its plan and aspect. It consists of many distinct sheets of the finest paper, on one side of which are printed, upon two elegantly bordered pages, two poems, with wood-cut illustrations of extraordinary merit, perfect gems of art, many of them copies of subjects chiefly, if not entirely, from ALBERT DURER, executed in a peculiar, but very effective style, and forming an era in the history of wood engraving indicating another onward stride. Of the poetry, some is original, some selected from our best sacred poets; the selections being, as usual in such cases, far superior to the originalities, which cannot boast of much more than smooth versification and pious sentiment.

Of these sheets the first part now before us contains twelve, and all are so beautiful, that it is difficult to prefer any one for special commendation. But the reader's attention may be directed to "The Flight into Egypt," and "The Agony," as proofs of the power of the graver in modern hands.

Like all the works published by Mr. BURNS, the typography is exquisite.

FICTION.

Dawn Island, a Tale, by HARRIETT MARTINEAU.

THIS tale was written expressly for the League Bazaar, and its purpose is avowedly to diffuse, through the medium of a fiction, the principles of free trade. Viewed as a literary work, without reference to the error or truth of the doctrines it is designed to promulgate, it is skilfully adapted to its end. The tale is interesting, and contains many passages of very powerful writing. The volume is exquisitely printed and beautifully bound, and forms a handsome contribution to the extraordinary exhibition of the products of mental and mechanical skill which is now attracting all the world to Covent Garden Theatre.

EDUCATION.

The Classical Students' Translation of Horace. By the Rev. H. P. HAUGHTON, B. A. Author of "The Middle System of Teaching Classics." London, 1845. Longman and Co.

ALREADY have we noticed with commendation the system for teaching the classics introduced by Mr. HAUGHTON. This translation of HORACE is intended for the use of students who adopt that system.

The plan of the translation is thus. The original is rendered word for word: wherever a word of the original is rendered by two or more words, they are connected; the renderings are, as far as possible, the derivatives from the original; wherever the translation is, from its verbal or derivative character, obscure, it is explained; ellipses necessary to the sense are supplied in italics. Explanatory and critical notes are given where required, and all indelicate passages are omitted.

The mere description of the design is sufficient to recommend it.

The author suggests that the student should thus proceed. First, he should read the translation, then the translation and the original alternately, repeating the former after the latter; then the translation should be closed, and the original simply rendered; and, lastly, the original should be read by itself.

Mr. HAUGHTON asserts that by help of this translation a hundred lines of the author might be mastered in three hours by one who has commenced Latin only a few weeks: thus the whole works of HORACE, containing nearly eight thousand lines, may be translated in less than a quarter of a year.

We can only express our confidence that this is no vain boast. The system is obviously a sound one, and the translation before us is executed with uncommon fidelity.

Cordially do we commend this volume to all who seek a rational method of acquiring a knowledge of the classics.

RELIGION.

Sixteen Lectures on the Causes, Principles, and Results of the British Reformation. By J. H. HOPKINS, D.D. Bishop of Vermont, U.S. Philadelphia, 1844. Campbell and Co.

THE feelings of alarm excited in England by the religious controversies of the last few years have been shared by the Episcopalians of the United States, and various works have been published echoing the tocsin cry of "To the Law and to the Testimony," in opposition to the claims put forth in favour of tradition and authority, and non-natural interpretations. Bishop HOPKINS's *Sixteen Lectures*, which were forwarded to us some weeks back, are calculated to be of much service to the cause of Episcopacy as established by the Reformation in England, by directing the minds of the mass of the community to the real question at issue between them and the Roman Catholics. They are marked with good sense, earnestness without virulence, and a plain practical method of viewing the different questions, which is equally true, and may be of

much more use, than a parade of learning, while at the same time the quotations which he does use are apt and forcible. He passes in review the various subjects of the rule of faith, embracing the comparative right of the Bible and tradition, the claims of celibacy in priesthood, the monks and the nuns, the supremacy of the Pope, the worship of the Virgin and the saints, of relics and of images, the doctrines of persecution, purgatory, satisfaction, and indulgence, and, lastly, transubstantiation; and the way he has treated these subjects may be best stated by a quotation from his opening lecture:—

I do not design, however, to content myself with merely taking the statement of Roman Catholic doctrine from this writer, nor from any of the controversialists of the present age; because it is a part of my design to show the change which the Reformation has wrought in the Church of Rome herself: and therefore I shall set before you the acts of their councils, the dogmata of their schoolmen, the declarations and bulls of the Popes, their canon laws, their authorized forms of worship, their catechisms, their breviary, the statements of their historians, and of their distinguished bishops; pursuing in every instance, the rule laid down by the courts of justice in all civilized nations, viz. that *the best evidence of which the nature of the case admits*, shall be given. On our side we shall adduce, first, the authority of the Scriptures, and next the testimony of the earlier fathers which the Church of Rome has herself handed down to us, whose names are placed upon her list of saints, and inscribed with honour in her canon law.

As an illustration of his turning the weapons of his antagonists against themselves, we would especially refer to his proofs of the differences of opinion held in the Romish Church on the subject of the Pope's supremacy; his contrast between Dr. WISEMAN'S statement that such supremacy "is purely spiritual," and the following passage from the bull in which PIUS VII. excommunicated NAPOLEON, in 1809:

"Let our persecutors then," says the Pope, "learn once for all, that the law of Jesus Christ has subjected them *to our authority, and to our throne*. For we also *bear* the *sceptre*, and we can say our power is far superior to theirs. Already have so many sovereign pontiffs been forced to similar extremities against rebellious princes and kings, and shall we be afraid to follow their example?"

Bishop HOPKINS does not dilate upon the faults that are chronicled in the history of the middle ages, which, in our opinion, are far too much dwelt upon, since the clergy at any period must share the character of the period, as being composed of men brought up amid its influences; and the real question is rather, have not the clergy, with all their faults, stood above and helped to raise the rest of society? These lectures would, we think, be popular in England, amongst the religious readers of the middle classes, who are desirous of a clear statement, and who will here see the arguments of Dr. WISEMAN, the most able and learned of living Roman Catholic divines, fairly grappled with. The following passage well answers the objection which has been much urged of late, even by professing members of our own Church:—

Shall men be allowed to say that the Reformation is a failure, because strife and dissension abound amongst the ranks of Protestants, and even our own beloved and well-ordered Church is not wholly at rest? Shall they be allowed to say that the Reformation is a failure, because the Church of Rome still stands in strength and majesty, proclaiming her unchangeableness, and predicting her final victory? As well may they tell us that Christianity has been a failure, because Christendom itself is in subjection to the world, and the hearts of men are still corrupt and selfish, and infidelity walks side by side with faith, and the Church Universal is rent into hostile divisions, and darkness still shrouds the sight of Israel, and the false prophet still keeps millions in bondage, and Paganism still holds down more than half the race of man, although eighteen centuries have rolled their round since the sublime commencement of the apostolic Church on the day of Pentecost.

But false, and ungrateful, and absurd would it be esteemed by every candid mind, to argue thus with respect to Christianity. Incalculable are the blessings which the world owes to the Gospel, notwithstanding the prevalence of evil; and if it has not effected all that might have been anticipated, the fault is not in the Gospel, but in those who refuse to adopt it. Precisely in the same manner may we decide the question concerning the good effects of the Reformation. Its great leading principle was, the re-publication of the Book of God, which, for ages, had been thrust aside to make way for the authority of the Church, and the heavy yoke of human tradition. And vast have been its blessed results in every quarter of Christendom. It has disarmed the ecclesiastical oppressor, restored the primitive faith, overthrown the Inquisition, burst the captive's chains, opened the prison doors, quenched the flames of torture, established the claims of conscience, purified the lives of the priesthood, diffused useful knowledge, restrained the tyranny of monarchs, and recognized, on the broad scale of the divine judgment, the temporal and eternal rights of man. Nay, the Church of Rome herself has felt the benign influence, which, although it has indeed changed none of her dangerous and anti-Christian principles, has yet, wherever she comes into contact with Protestants, modified and improved their practical application.

English Churchwomen of the Seventeenth Century. London: Burns. Derby: Mozley and Sons.

THE purpose of this volume is to place on record an account of the actions and lives of English ladies who took a prominent part in the Church affairs of the seventeenth century. The time selected was one peculiarly rife with heroism among the ladies of the Establishment. The enthusiastic zeal of the Puritans in the cause which they deemed the cause of God, and the changes worked by the great Rebellion, were influential in rousing the dormant spirit of the friends of state religion.

We have a great partiality for biographies, even though they be somewhat partial and one-sided. Revelations of the virtues and failings, the excellencies and defects, of those who have battled with the world before us, are always fraught with useful lessons. They have done something to help the progress of society. But for them, perhaps, our social condition would have been stationary. Wanting a knowledge of the past, the world would continue unchanged and unchangeable. The facilities afforded for the commune of existing minds with those of yore, and the means thus provided to compare the actions of our forefathers with our own, and test their wisdom by their results, is an advantage which cannot be overestimated.

But this assumes that biography at least *aims* at honesty. In the book before us we can discover no such rule of rectitude influencing the author. The book is wanting in literary merit. We look in vain for an original thought among his many commentaries, nor can we find a single interesting passage for extract. Throughout there is commonplace sentiment combined with a bigotry which is always peculiarly unpleasing. The actions recorded are ill-selected, for they deserve no prominence, being such only as would be performed by every upright person. The characters of whom it treats are all personages of rank and title, and they are, therefore, held as saints or martyrs, or both, without proof of actions entitling them to a tithe of the applause that greets them. Thus the advantages usually looked for in biography are wholly wanting. The work is worthless for good, and the best that can be said of it is, that it is a harmless inanity.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

272. *The Wood-Nymph's Hymn to the Rising Sun.* F. DANBY, A.—Perhaps no work in the exhibition commands such universal admiration as this. It is undeniably a striking and meritorious picture—one that addresses itself to the imagination more than the judgment, and is, therefore, better understood. The manner in which the artist has treated his subject deserves notice. He has confined the interest of the picture to the middle ground. There through a dark grove of firs and other trees the sunbeams penetrate, touch with scarlet light the figure of a single dancing nymph, and glint through a sombre and vacant foreground in two narrow rays. Between the trees the sea is visible, and the cliffs and the pinnacled rocks which skirt the bay are illumined brilliantly with the sunbeams. In order to give reality to his sunlight, the artist has kept the body of the landscape of a depth approaching to blackness, and has thus sacrificed truth generally to this one requirement. Still there is a world of poetry in this work; much is left to the fancy, which every one will supply unconsciously, according to his capacity; and there are few but will long remember the gratification this landscape afforded.

274. *Richmond Hill.* G. HILDITCH.—There is some force and much truth of colour in this view. It would seem to have

been an actual copy of Nature herself, having received small assistance in the shape of composition from the artist. The group of trees on the right is carelessly and coarsely painted, the foliage massed indifferently, and the colour heavy. The gleam of sunlight striking the figure and foreground is both vivid and forcible.

275. *The Eve of the Battle of Edge-hill.* C. LANDSEER, R.A.—Though extremely clever in parts, this is neither an impressive nor a pleasing picture. Considered with an eye to its pretensions,—for it is manifestly an ambitious attempt at the historic—it must be pronounced a failure. The most obtrusive defect that strikes the spectator is a want of force and centralization of the interest in some particular part of the composition. The grouping has little to recommend it; there is lack of boldness in the opposition of colour, every thing is of a strength, and in many places the proportions and the drawing are incorrect. The artist has oddly divided his subject in the centre, as usual. Last year, in his *Noah's Ark*, he gave us a wooden pillar; he has here introduced a tree almost in the middle of the picture. There is, however, much careful, and indeed able painting; the textures throughout are exquisite; the colour is pure, but a little too chalky in the complexions of the figures, and the pains bestowed on the finish deserve high praise. The man-at-arms and the Flemish charger on the left—the horse reminds one of an animal by RUBENS—are admirable, and the landscape portion of the scene is characteristically handled.

276. *Taking the Veil.* N. J. CROWLEY.—This is a large picture, which has at least force to recommend it. The draperies are cast boldly; but the colour and texture are indifferent, and wherever foreshortening has been attempted, the result is failure.

287. *Landscape.* H. J. READY.—With all its hastiness and slovenliness, there is ability in this picture. It bears the stamp of coinage direct from nature, being full of power, and of a happy colour.

291. *Italian Roadside.* G. B. MOORE.—A picturesque subject, handled in a congenial spirit. In colour, indeed, it is variegated, spotty, and cloudy; but the effect has been adroitly thrown in.

292. *Scene in Lord Chesterfield's Ante-room in* 1748, *an incident founded on his Lordship's neglect of Dr. Johnson.* E. M. WARD.—We commend this able work to the attention of all who visit the gallery. It is replete with character and interest. A number of suitors are waiting Lord CHESTERFIELD's appearance in his ante-room. Among them is the literary leviathan, Dr. JOHNSON, who is seated, and leaning upon his crabstick cudgel. There are also a maimed officer of the navy, a clergyman, a country squire, and a widowed mother and her orphan son. While these are impatiently waiting his lordship's pleasure, some over-dressed opera-singers pass through the chamber, eyeing the suitors disdainfully, direct to the great man's presence. The entire conception of this composition is good—so good, indeed, as to challenge comparison with our immortal HOGARTH. The story is clearly told; there is nothing without a purpose, even to the minutest incident, such as the gaping of the clerk with his presentation volume of sermons beneath his arm, and the watch in the hand of the wooden-legged officer. The whole is well connected, the lights are judiciously let in, and the tone of colour and finish are exquisite.

298. *Portrait of the Hon. Miss Browne.* S. WEST.—We have here an unaffected life-like portrait, simple in composition, and of a clear and pearly colour. The limbs are round and fleshy, but the head wants more relief, and the figure distinctness of line.

301. *The Windings of a River;* and 318, *A Place to remember.* T. CRESWICK, A.—A pair of charming landscapes, limited in prospect, and combining rocks, water, and wood in the proportions which this artist most affects. Imitation can hardly be carried further; the rocks with their angular sides project with the reality of actual substance, and the water is as transparent and reflective as nature. In the last-mentioned picture an effect of sunlight streaming over a ridge, a small deep river in shadow, and striking a rocky mound and some trees on the opposite bank, is finely imagined and as successfully represented. A single figure, appropriately introduced and neatly painted, removes the feeling of loneliness which this artist's subjects for the most part suggest.

304. *Commodore Nelson boarding the San Joseph at the Battle of St. Vincent.* Sir W. ALLAN, R.A.—The chief objection to this large picture is, that, considering its magnitude, it is painted for too close a view; the colour, too, is sombre in an extreme degree. Counterbalancing these defects, the work has not a little artistic generalship, with great spirit and force in parts. The exciting and energetic rush of the British sailors, headed by the brave NELSON, to gain possession of their enemy, is represented with astonishing accuracy.

310. *Portrait of the late Admiral Sir Philip Caldwood Durham.* J. WOOD.—An ably-painted full-length. The figure stands well, the accessories are becoming, and the whole is painted with a broad and full brush.

319. *The Deer-park at Bolton Abbey.* H. JUTSUM.—Both in composition and colouring, there is an air of veritable nature in this landscape. It is, however, sketchy and unfinished. The effect introduced is happy, and for the manner in which he has painted the water which flows through the scene, the artist deserves commendation.

323. *Ariel.* H. J. TOWNSEND.—This is a poetical thought felicitously carried out. This composition painted in fresco would have even a happier effect that it has in oils.

325. *Sabrina.* W. E. FROST.—A group of beautiful nymphs are here bearing "the guiltless damsel" through the waters to the hall of Nereus. There is a sweet serenity of expression on the countenance of Sabrina, infinite grace in the figure of the Nereids. An unpleasant impression, however, is conveyed to the spectator by placing the point of view *beneath* the waters.

333. *Cologne, from the South.* E. W. COOKE.—The sky is finely painted; the flocculent white clouds float sluggishly, and cast their cool shadows on the land with the reality of nature. The water, though flat and reflective, is less fluid than in most of the works by Mr. COOKE.

334. *The First Love of Napoleon Buonaparte.* C. LUCY.—This charming little picture represents the future Emperor, then an humble sous-lieutenant, eating cherries with Mademoiselle COLEMBIER, daughter of Madame COLEMBIER, one of his earliest and steadiest friends. The artist has treated his subject with the simplicity of sentiment most becoming to it. There is a fulness of light, and a happy, pearly tone of colour; the heads are characteristic, and the delicacy of finish throughout is most praiseworthy. The left arm of NAPOLEON, on which he is leaning, is, however, disproportionately large, a defect the artist will do well to remedy, when opportunity offers.

335. *On the River You, Norfolk; Morning.* H. BRIGHT.—Remarkable for fidelity to nature, and for the inspiration of rustic feeling under which it has been produced. There is subject enough in this cabinet landscape for a large picture; the effects are cleverly disposed, and the force of colour is most striking.

338. *St. Gregory the Great teaching the Roman boys to sing the Chant which bears his name.* J. R. HERBERT, A.—We have here a work that improves upon acquaintance. The distinctness and prominence of the figures; the absence of all attempt at prettiness in the composition; the boldness, yet harmony of the contrasts; the mellow colouring, and the extreme care everywhere bestowed on the finish, all combine to render this a work of great desert.

337. *Scene on the Banks of the Medway on a Stormy Day.* W. E. DIGHTON.—We are glad to find this artist, in the landscape before us, sustaining the praise we adjudged to him in our notice of his able work in the British Institution this year. The work before us is a truthful reflex of nature in one of her angry moods—cold, wet, and boisterous. The sky is admirably painted, and the effects, both in water and land, are most judiciously thrown in. The gleam of light penetrating the clouds, and falling upon the wet rank grass and figures on the left, gives increased value to the picture.

347. *The Knights Charles and Ubaldo, searching for Rinaldo, came in sight of the two Nymphs.* W. D. KENNEDY.—The chief attraction of this lies in the colour; the nymphs are, however, well drawn, but in hackneyed attitudes.

354. *View from Porbney, looking towards Exeter.* F. R. LEE, R.A.—Perhaps the best, though by no means the most interesting, of Mr. LEE'S works here exhibited. It has a low horizon, with a lofty grove of trees overhanging a pit in the immediate foreground. Between the trunks of the pines is laid out a prospect of the country, which tells very agreeably. The handling is characteristic; and the very absence of effort, and of all attempt at picturesque combination, proves in this case the greatest of considerations.

354. *The Shepherdess.* W. GUSH.—We select this for notice, because the name of the artist is unknown to us, and he has produced a clever picture. Though hung so high, it will repay attention, for its merits shine out through two removes from *the line.* The countenance of the shepherdess, though not Jewish, (which, by the catalogue, we learn it should be, as the citation alluded to Rachael of old), is handsome. The draperies are gracefully adjusted, and contrast harmoniously in colour; the flesh tones are clear and pearly, and the handling is free and masterly.

356. *Scene near Zeldkirch in the Tyrol.* C. STANFIELD, R.A.—A most picturesque composition. Mr. STANFIELD, however, has been less happy in painting the water than we ever remember to have found him. It is solid and semi-opaqe, and might well be mistaken for ice.

357. *Repose.* A. D. COOPER.—A work which does the artist infinite credit. The cool twilight shade of a wood is exquisitely conveyed, and the reposing figures of the woman and child are most sweetly painted, and of great beauty.

358. *Brighton Pier—a strong breeze.* R. C. LESLIE.—The turbulence of an angry sea, and the reflection of strong white light thereon, are expressively and truthfully conveyed; but the sky is flat, and over-hastily executed.

360. *A Dame's School.* T. WEBSTER.—For character, colour, composition, and accuracy of drawing, this picture is beyond praise. The diversified humour, the expression, and attitudes of the children, have been caught and transferred to canvas with the greatest felicity.

361. *Le bon Cure.* F. GOODALL.—In this work we again welcome the happy genius, the prompt and chaste fancy which has now for two seasons contributed to the gratification of the lovers of art, and added to the number of true painters. The subject is simple and natural, and such has been its treatment. The Cure passing through the street, stops (hard by a door, beside which a young mother, with children occupied around her, is suckling an infant), and encourages with his blessing a dutiful boy, who with another has been fetching water from a well. It is a broad noonday effect, and people are gossiping in the street, at the head of which stands the church. Out of these commonplace accessories the artist has produced a touching and beautiful work. There is neither affectation nor straining after effect any where visible; nor is any thing introduced which is needless, and does not add either to the sentiment or story of the composition. The only objection we have to urge is that already advanced in the introductory summary in our last number—namely, the iteration of characters we have been before introduced to in the artist's previous works.

366. *Jews Lamenting over the Ruins of Jerusalem.* M. CLAXTON.—We regret our inability to congratulate Mr. CLAXTON on this his undertaking. The grouping has too much the character of academy combinations to be satisfactory. The flesh tints are foxy, the contrasts in the draperies inharmonious; and there is an extravagance of grief in the lamentation of the actors which nothing short of anguish arising from death or personal suffering could occasion.

367. *Tent-scene, Cingarries Playing to a Turkish Family.* W. MULLER.—A far superior picture to the last, though placed above it, is this. So much does it abound with character and the unstudied arrangement of actual life, that one perceives at a glance it is the product of a sketch made upon the spot.

364. *A Group in the Meadows.* T. S. Cooper.—A most admirable reflection of nature. The cattle group picturesquely, and the light summer sky finely, painted. It is seldom we find distance conveyed so well, on a plain (where there are no objects to give by their perspective standard a notion of it) so well as in this pleasing landscape.

405. *Jerusalem from the South-east—the Mount of Olives.* D. ROBERTS, R.A.—Equally by its associations, extent, and grandeur, an impressive subject. The view is taken from a hill where King Solomon set up the worship of Ashtaroth. In front of this is a ravine, and next, on a rocky mound, stands the Mosque of Omar on the site of the Great Temple of Solomon. Rising on a height behind this, at a distance, are the white minarets and towers of Bezstha. On the left of the Mosque El Akna, with a square tower, and covered by a dome, is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, believed to cover the site of Calvary. The effects over this extensive view are very skilfully adjusted. The middle ground is in strong light; broad pencils of sunbeams slant from the hill upon the left, and illuminate the city, while the ravine and walls in the foreground are in shadow. In short, the artistic management is of the ablest kind.

411. *Shylock, and the friends of Antonio.* C. H. LEAR.—There are earnestness of purpose and some expression to recommend this work. But the Jew is deficient in character—he is "not the Jew whom Shakspeare drew," but a mere English beggar from the roadside.

413. *Portrait of Thomas de Quincy.* E. J. WATSON GORDON.—This would be an interesting portrait were it merely for the sake of the individual whom it represents—the English opium-eater. It has, however, intrinsic merits of its own to recommend it, being simple and natural in arrangement, strongly marked with character, and of a truthful tone of colour.

423. *Portrait of A. W. Pugin, Esq.*—In this work we fancy we recognize the genius of Mr. Pugin himself equally with that of the artist: we mean in the conception of the thing. In composition, if not original, it is at least odd;—a revival of the manner of Cornelius Jansen, and some other of the Dutch painters. The architect stands, compass and scale in hand, behind a scarlet-covered table, clad in a black velvet gown, and relieved by a tightly-stretched curtain of green damask, whereon in the corner are the *arms of Pugin*, and a clever, beautifully executed monogram of the artist. The head is characteristic and life-like, and the colouring mellow. It is painted much too thin, will not last many years, and is from the easel of HERBERT.

438. *Landscape Composition, Italy.* W. D. KENNEDY.—There is some classic sentiment and feeling in this composition. The lines compose gracefully, the sky is soft, and the air refreshing.

444. *Mr. Robertson's "Little Wonder" winning the Derby.* A. COOPER, R.A.—This huge and unsightly work, painted beyond a doubt to order, should never have been offered for exhibition, much less should so favourable a position have been assigned to it, to the prejudice of so many superior works.

445. *Gregory passing through the Slave-market at Rome.* J. SANT.—Originality of composition, truth of expression, and a low quiet colour distinguish this picture. The introduction of Ethiopians is, however, purely gratuitous, and not warranted by authority. The kneeling figure on the right is admirably drawn, and as powerfully painted.

443. *Homestead, with Horses—Evening.* J. DEARMAN.—There is a truthful glow of colour here, with a due share of rustic feeling. Something, however, is wanting in the right hand corner to balance the interest of the group of men and horses on the opposite side.

453. *Portrait of Harwood Banner, Esq.* G. PATTEN, R.A.—A life-like, characteristically-handled portrait, marked by force, and very carefully finished.

454. *The River in the Glen.* T. CRESWICK, A.—Never was the tumbling rush of water over a rocky bed more finely painted than here. The green slippery rocks are real, and the little pools within their angles are as pellucid as in nature. This landscape, for truth and force, is a miracle.

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

SALE OF THE DRAWINGS OF THE LATE SIR A. CALCOTT, R.A.—On Thursday, May 8, the sale of the drawings made by the late Sir Augustus W. Calcott, R.A. late curator to the Royal Galleries, was commenced at Messrs. Christie and Manson's Rooms in King-street, St. James's. The number of lots disposed of that day, out of near 600, was 154, consisting of sketches in pen-and-ink and pencil, and drawings in bistre, Indian ink, and water-colours. Some of the sketches were very nicely treated, although most minute in size. The coloured drawings consisted principally of views in England and Wales, and were very pretty little subjects. The price the various lots fetched was very good, almost every person present being anxious to obtain some memento of the late highly-esteemed artist. In addition to Sir A. Calcott's drawings was a volume, containing seventy-nine exquisite small drawings by Stothard, R.A. in colours and Indian ink, on sacred subjects; and illustrations to Homer, Shakspeare, Bunyan, Hayley, Addison, and Rogers. On Saturday, May 11, the lots brought good prices, and the biddings were carried on with spirit, though the room was attended by few persons who were not dealers in works of art, or who were not agents for others. Lot 323, a book of 80 sketches, brought 5*l.* 10s. Lot 324, a book with 80 sketches, 7*l.* 7s. Lot 339, a coloured drawing, a bay-scene, near Naples, 13*l.* 13s. Lots 340, 341, 342, the studies of the heads of the witches in *Macbeth*, brought 4*l.* 10s. each, and were bought by Mr. White. They are very fine. Lot 377, an Italian convent, 10*l.* 10s. Lot 378, boats near Rotterdam—frame, fetched 47*l.* 15s. Lot 385, an Italian convent on a height, 18*l.* 18s. Lot 387, a sea-coast, 24*l.* 3s. Lot 388, the Castle of Chillon, 23*l.* 2s. Lot 389, an Italian town on a lake, with boats and figures, 25*l.* 4s.; and lot 390, an English landscape, a very masterly specimen of the artist, 39*l.* 18s. The sale of these works of Sir A. Calcott was followed by that of a few lots, drawings by Stothard, which formed part of his collection, and by that of a few pictures of old masters and others. The best lots brought the following prices:—Lot 397, a collection of 70 small drawings, in colours and Indian ink, of sacred subjects and illustrations of Homer, Shakspeare, &c. in a quarto morocco-bound volume, 51*l.* 9s. Lot 404, an angel praying, a fragment in fresco, Fillipino Lippi, 52*l.* 10s. Lot 420, a calm, with man-of-war and fishing-boats, Monamy, 15*l.* 4s. 6d. A man and two women on horseback, trampling on their foes; an illustration of Bowles's poem, Stothard, 16*l.* 16s. Lot 425, a *fête champêtre*, Stothard, 25*l.* 4s. Lot 427, a Dutch boat in a gale, Loutherbourg, 15*l.* 15s. The remaining lots were sold on Monday. There were many drawings in pencil and with the pen amongst them.

MUSIC.

The Memory of the Past. A Canzonet, written by Mrs. BUTLER. Composed by JAMES HINE. London: Lonsdale.

THESE are the words selected by Mr. HINE for expression in music:—

Yet once again, but once before we sever,
Fill we the brimming cup, it is the last;
And let those lips, now parting and for ever,
Breathe o'er this pledge the memory of the past.

Joy's fleeting sun is set, and no to-morrow
Smiles on the gloomy path we tread so fast;
Yet, in the bitter cup, o'er-filled by sorrow,
Lives one sweet drop, the memory of the past.

But one more look from those dear eyes now shining
Through their warm tears, their loveliest and their last;
But one more strain of hands in friendship twining,
Now, farewell all, save memory of the past.

The sentiment of these verses has been caught by Mr. HINE, whose strain is sad and sweet, and recommends itself to the listener by its peculiar appropriateness to the words. The composition is simple and unaffected, and may readily be mastered by the vocalist who will trust to her feelings for expression.

The Bouquet Quadrilles. Composed by T. W. SAUNDERS. These lively and elegant quadrilles are an original contribution to a cheap publication, entitled the *Musical Bouquet*. The airs are pleasing, and inspire, as they are inspired by, the spirit of the dance. We recommend them as a desirable addition to the portfolio.

MADEMOISELLE THEMAR.—Part of the musical talent collected by Madame Bunsen at the Prussian legation, on Monday evening, was Mdlle. Thémar, a native of Prussia, who for some time has been distinguished at Brussels, Spa, and various places on the Continent as a pianist of the first order. The astonishing vigour, facility, and precision of Mddle. Thémar's execution, combined with the expression and finish of her performance, much of which is of her own composition, gave great satisfaction to the distinguished party, and justify the expectation that she will prove a star of no small magnitude amidst the variety of musical talent at present collected in the metropolis.

Ernst, the violinist, in conjunction with the celebrated critic, Saphir, gave a concert lately in Vienna, for the benefit of the numerous families impoverished by the recent inundation. The concert produced three thousand florins. Ernst has also given two or three concerts for the poor.—*Musical World.*

We regret to hear that Mr. Coleman, the inventor of the æolian attachment, on his return from this country to America, a few weeks ago, was seized with a virulent attack of measles, which carried him off in the prime of life.—*Musical World.*

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE dramatic proceedings of the week have been characterized by no inconsiderable animation. A new opera at Drury-lane, an interesting revival at the Opera, and a spirited version of a deservedly popular French drama at the Princess's, are the chief features which call for brief notice at our hands. And first, as in duty bound, let us turn to her Majesty's Theatre. Here, after an undisturbed repose of well nigh seven years, *Il Pirata*, an early work by BELLINI, was, on the 13th instant, revived, at the especial desire of the Duchess of MECKLENBURG STRELITZ, previous to her return to her adopted home. The revival was successful enough to attract the Queen's attention, at whose command the opera was repeated on Saturday. There was a most inconvenient crowd assembled on both occasions. Indeed, night after night, the pressure in the Opera pit is so great, that we are sometimes, for a moment, disposed to wish Mr. LUMLEY'S management less effective, that so our *physique* might enjoy more elbow-room. The *Gazza Ladra* was produced on the 15th, for the benefit of LUCILE GRAHN, who, unless she be the most unreasonable of foreigners, must have been thoroughly satisfied with the result. Among other novelties on this occasion, she danced, with CERITO, the *Minuet de la Cour*, in a manner which renders us much more independent of FANNY ELSSLER than we thought we were. There was a new burlesque dance by the Viennese children, which followed the solemn minuet in most amusing contrast.

We next come to *The Enchantress*, BALFE's new opera, which, after sundry delays, setting expectation on a most intolerable edge, was brought out at Drury-lane on the 14th, with Madame ANNA THILLON as its heroine. The work written expressly for this theatre, by M. de ST. GEORGES, is of the French *comique* school, full of stirring events, restless with action, crowded with moving accidents by flood and field. The plot, in its general outline, is none of the most original in the world; but the details, the "situations," exhibit much inventive ingenuity. As a matter of course, in these days of useful knowledge, no writer, dramatic or otherwise, must venture to put forth a real unreality; and accordingly *The Enchantress* is no enchantress, but merely a mysterious mortal maid, who pervades the piece, and acts upon all its events and personages with apparently supernatural effect. The daughter of a virtuous-minded pirate on a large scale, whom, unseen, the Introduction dismisses from the world, she has succeeded, when the first act commences, to the command of his band, and to his self-delegated mission to restore to the throne of Sicily its rightful heir, dispossessed by a nefarious prime minister, who, now eighteen years since, when the Prince was yet an infant, had given him to the pirate "to be disposed of." The pirate, however, instead of *disposing* of him in the way desired, intrusted him to an honest peasant, under whose roof the child, *Silvio*, has grown up a man, to *fortune and to fame unknown*, indeed as yet; but handsome, brave, and good, worthy of his high destiny, and of the love which *Stella*, the *enchantress*, his high-souled restorer to the seat of his ancestors, bestows upon him, and which, as is most just and natural, he returns with interest. "'Vails not to tell" the progress of the plot; suffice it to say that, assuming infinite disguises, overcoming each difficulty and each danger, by her wit, her wisdom, and her resources of various kinds, she at length effects her long-cherished object, and is seated by the side of the grateful Prince on the throne she has achieved for him. *The Enchantress*, as a musical composition, is a work of unquestionable merit, exhibiting a higher aim and purer tendency on the part of its talented and prolific author than perhaps any of his former productions. Some of the concerted pieces are most skilfully written, and two or three of the airs are likely to attain general popularity, as gracéful and at the same time easy compositions. Madame THILLON's charms lose somewhat of their effect when seen from the far distance of the centre and the corner boxes; and this applies not only to her face and acting, but to her voice also, which is scarcely powerful enough to fill so vast a space; but, to the ear of the more approximate audience, she sings manifestly better than last season, and to their eye she appears more fascinating. The only wonder is she should give herself so much trouble for the sake of such a stick as Mr. HARRISON (*Silvio*). BORRANI sang well. The *mise en scène* is at once gorgeous and in admirable taste. Mr. BUNN has certainly a first-rate conception of this sort of thing. Madame THILLON was called for at the end of the piece and rapturously received; but then so was Mr. HARRISON, and so was Mr. WEISS; circumstances which, so far, must have corrected any undue exultation on the part of the fair *cantatrice*.

Turn we now, not to survey, but to glance at the new drama at the Princess's. It is entitled *The Chevalier de St. George*, and is a version, extremely well executed, of a French play, which was brought out with great success at the St. James's Theatre in the early part of the present season. The hero there was enacted by LAFONT—here he is impersonated by WALLACK; and the highest praise we can bestow upon the latter, without the comparison which naturally suggests itself to the mind with the former, needs not be odious to Mr. WALLACK. He depicted the noble-minded, generous, intellectual, warm-hearted *Creole*, the story of whose wrongs and their reparation forms the basis of the plot, with the utmost truthfulness, animation, and grace; and he was most admirably supported by Mrs. STIRLING, undoubtedly one of the very best actresses—she will like the term better than *artistes*—on our stage. *The Chevalier de St. George* will deservedly have a long run.

The French plays continue to attract crowded audiences, for the simple reason that the French plays are thoroughly attractive. Mr. MITCHELL is one of the few theatrical directors who understand the principle, so constantly acted upon in other business, that where the public know they can get money's worth for their money, there will they come with their money; and he accordingly selects good plays to be played, and the best actors he can secure to act them. REGNIER took his benefit on Wednesday, being unfortunately the last night but three, not only of his own engagement, but of that of the admirable PLESSY. M. PHILIPPE, by far the most extraordinary escamoteur that ever mystified our faculties, has resumed his entertainments, on the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and we counsel our readers, in all conscientiousness, to go and see them.

The other circumstance of the past week which we have to record, as connected with the Drama, is one which has given us sincere pain and regret: Mr. STRICKLAND, the accomplished actor at the Haymarket Theatre, died on Sunday last, at his residence in Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, after an illness of but a week's duration, at the age of forty-seven. His talents were great and various; in characters such as those he filled in *Tom Noddy's Secret*, in *The Thimble Rig*, and so on, he was unrivalled by any performer we ever saw; and most assuredly he leaves no one behind him to take his place. Peace be with him!

THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.

This, the parent of all institutions partaking of its character, has just been re-opened to the public, with new management, and under circumstances that promise well for its future success. The whole of the interior has undergone renovation, and we understand that it is the intention of the present proprietors to carry out, as far as possible, the object of the

projectors of the establishment, providing for inventors and manufacturers the means of bringing forward their works, so as to shew their practical capabilities, and to enable all to judge of their merits; and for a place of resort, where amusement is blended with instruction, and recreation with scientific investigation; and most certainly such institutions as these are invaluable in large towns, as affording to youth rational enjoyment of such a character as to lead their minds by the most agreeable route to more serious studies, and, doubtless, such exhibitions as are made daily at the Adelaide Gallery have often stimulated the inquiring mind of boyhood to exertions in the paths of knowledge which in after-life have led to those discoveries that have advanced science, and shed honour upon the country which gave them birth. As the first established of all institutions of a scientific kind, we cannot help regarding the Adelaide Gallery with a certain degree of reverence, and we are happy to be able to announce that it is once more open to the public, and likely to recover its former proud position. Many novelties have been added to the collection, already rich in one of the most interesting objects in nature, the electrical eels, two of which are now living in the Gallery, being, we believe, the only ones in Europe. We were also shewn preparations for a model of PILBROW'S Atmospheric Railway on an immense scale, having a tube of five inch diameter and 105 feet in length. The gallery has generally been improved, and is decorated with several fountains, which are kept at play during the day and evening, giving a brilliancy of effect which their neighbours might worthily imitate.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

CANZONET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN the lark of morning, soaring
From its fragrant clover bed,
Mounts the blue sky o'er my head,
With a carol full of glee,—
Then, while gentle sunshine, pouring
Early beams on flow'rets fair,
Wakes the soul to praise and prayer,
My first thoughts are turned on thee!

And when twilight gathers, slowly,
Sombre shadows o'er the land;
When the bird and bee expand
Homeward wings to hive and tree,—
Then, when minds are melancholy,
And the dying day instils
Sickly fears of future ills,
My glad thoughts are turn'd on thee!

CORRESPONDENCE.

ADVERTISING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

"Many of the subscribers to THE CRITIC, especially the country booksellers, have repeatedly requested information as to the best papers in which to advertise, and their various charges and circulation."—CRITIC, May 10, 1845.

I find many good remarks in the above number as regards advertising; and I take leave to give the Proprietors of THE CRITIC a hint that they have a fair opportunity of extending their advertising columns among the BOOKSELLERS to three or four times the amount to what appear at present;—that is, by reducing the scale of prices. The present high charges exclude BOOKSELLERS from inserting the various articles they otherwise would do, and which I am confident would be a mutual advantage. I know of more than one BOOKSELLER that paid from *forty to fifty pounds* for an insertion of the leading articles of their several stocks; but such practices are now abandoned, as the benefit arising went all to the proprietors of the newspapers, and none to the bookseller. Large sums have also been paid for inserting printed catalogues in the various magazines and reviews. This is also so great a drawback, that very few have recourse to it. Let the Proprietors of THE CRITIC insert a scale of moderate prices for a column and so on, and they will soon find them filled by the various advertising booksellers, among whom would be your obedient servant,—

May 19, 1845. ANTIQUARIUS.

[We have long felt the justice of our correspondent's complaints. A fortnight since, the *Athenæum* charged *ten shillings* for an advertisement of *four lines*. The *Publisher's Circular* is almost as expensive, although its circulation is less than one-half that of THE CRITIC. The charges of THE CRITIC have been fixed upon the most moderate scale; and if the booksellers throughout the country would agree to make it the medium for their announcements, we would undertake to insert them at prices that would come within their means, and to enlarge THE CRITIC to any number of pages that might be necessary to give them a place, without trespassing upon the columns devoted to the reader. A scale of prices appears in the *Bookseller's Circular*, and cannot fail to give general satisfaction. Of course, for a string of advertisements, or frequent repetitions, a special agreement would be made at a considerable reduction even from that moderate scale.—Editor CRITIC.]

NECROLOGY.

MRS. SMYTHE, OF METHVEN.

The decease of this lady removes another of the subjects of Burns's Muse from this scene—being the heroine of one of his sweetest lyrics, "Blythe, blythe, and merry was she." Mrs. Smythe's maiden name was Euphemia Murray, of Lintrose, called in the poetic language of the country, the Flower of Strathmore. She was on a visit to her relative, Sir William Murray, of Ochtertyre, grandfather of the present baronet, where Burns met her, on one of his northern excursions, when he was the honoured guest at the tables of the nobility and gentry. She accompanied him as one of a small party to Glenturret, on the Ochtertyre estate, near Crieff, and charmed the poet alike by her personal accomplishments and her sympathy with his admiration of the beauties of nature. These suggested the song, with which her name will ever be associated, which he engrafted upon an old ditty, of which only the two first lines of the chorus survive in the modern song.—*Scotsman*.

M. A. G. VON SCHLEGEL.

The *Presse* announces the death on the 12th inst. at Bonn, on the Rhine, of M. A. G. von Schlegel, known in France by the friendship which united him to Madame de Staël, and by his unceasing antipathy to our classic literature. M. von Schlegel was, with his brother Frederic, who died at Vienna in the year 1822, the founder of what is called the romantic school of German literature, a school which includes amongst its members Werner and Novalis, and of whom the only representative who now remains is Louis Tieck. The dramatic criticism of M. Schlegel will ever be highly estimated, although sometimes too exclusive. He might be reproached with too great an admiration for Calderon, but he rendered real service to German literature by familiarising it with that poet and with Shakspeare.

MR. STRICKLAND, THE ACTOR.

We regret to state that this excellent performer died on Sunday, after an illness of about a week. He has left a widow, but no children. Thus has been cut off in the prime of life (his age was only 48) one of the few remaining ornaments of the British stage. Strickland was the legitimate successor of Dowton and Fawcett, and his loss at the present moment will be felt most severely. There is no actor on the boards who can at all supply his place. It is now about ten years since Strickland came to town. He made his first appearance before a London audience at the Strand Theatre during the management of Hammond. He was soon afterwards engaged by Braham for the St. James's, and when that theatre closed, his services were secured by Mr. Webster for the Haymarket Theatre, where he has remained ever since, and where we had hoped for years to come to have enjoyed the delight which we always derived from witnessing his artistical efforts. But "Alas, poor Yorick!" An attack of inflammation of the lungs, which defied the utmost efforts of medical skill, has, in one short week, removed him from the stage of life, and his friends are left to regret his loss, which they feel to be irreparable.—*Sun*.

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

SUDDEN EXTINCTION OF FIRES.—The Fire Annihilator and the Inundator are the names given to two contrivances both dependent on the same principle, for suddenly extinguishing fires,

which are daily exhibited at the Adelaide Gallery. The inefficiency of water speedily to accomplish the object, the difficulty sometimes of procuring it, and the necessity of bringing a great manual force into operation before it can be used in overwhelming quantities, have led the ingenious inventor of the Annihilator and the Inundator to look for another substance to answer the same end. He has found it, singularly enough, in a compound which is nothing but non-explosive gunpowder. The inventor takes charcoal and nitre, in the same proportions as they are used to form gunpowder, and adding to them plaster of Paris, he obtains a substance which readily deflagrates and evolves immense volumes of gases. Now, it is well known that combustion cannot take place in an atmosphere wholly composed of the product of combustion, and consequently the object is to envelope any burning mass with the gases evolved by the sudden combustion of the non-explosive gunpowder. The compound is a chemical invention; its application is by mechanical means now to be described. Inclosing the deflagrating compound in a strong iron retort, or cylinder, it is ignited by pressing down a small piston, which brings into contact some chlorate of sulphur, and a small portion of sugar, which instantly inflames, and thus a supply, large or small, according to the quantity required, is obtained of gases in which combustion is impossible. A hose connected with the retort conveys the gases at pleasure to any spot, or building, on fire, and immediately extinguishes the flames. The inventor, to exhibit the effect of his contrivance, kindled a considerable mass of the combustibles now prepared for lighting fires, which he fairly stated was only imperfect combustion—the showy flame and heavy smoke of a combination of turpentine—and then brought to bear on the mass a jet of gas from deflagrating his non-explosive gunpowder in a small retort, about as large as a pint pot, and the flame was instantly extinguished. There can be no doubt, therefore, we think, that a body of gas, evolved as proposed, directed on a fire, would immediately extinguish it; but between that and bringing the principle into practical and ready operation, there is, we are afraid, a considerable interval. The vast heat produced by the gases as they are evolved, is one difficulty which we have some doubts whether the machinery could get over, or practise, supposing the gases to be applied in the simple manner in which the fire was recently extinguished. A retort containing and pouring forth through a tube a volume of gases intensely ignited, is not a very manageable object; but the inventor seems to have gone some way towards conquering this difficulty; and the drawings which he supplies of a "house-fire annihilator," a little stationary contrivance, as large, perhaps, as a shop stove; of a "double fire annihilator" for out-door service, placed on a wheels, and as big as a couple of hogsheads; of a "district fire annihilator," twice as big; and a "brigade fire annihilator," as large as a railway locomotive, which it resembles, indicate the means by which the principle may be practically applied.

The Inundator is an application of the principle which seems to us rather cumbrous and of comparatively little value. As if not confident of his own theory that the products of combustion will extinguish fire, the inventor goes from gas applied as a means of putting fire out, and employs its expanding volume to throw a stream of water on the flame. We do not see the utility of the duplication. Connecting the retort in which the gases are evolved with a reservoir of water placed in the bottom of a house or theatre, or factory, and laid on to every part of a building, he forces out the water by forcing in the gas, and then produces a powerful, but not a lasting jet of water. The Inundator is far less satisfactory than the Annihilator, and the inventor's notion of applying it to pump out a vessel which has sprung a leak, is to us not feasible. Considering the immense mass of property which is annually lost by fire, and the lives which are sacrificed, the subject is well worthy of being prosecuted; and, though we fear Mr. Phillips's invention will not answer all his sanguine expectations, his efforts deserve encouragement.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and nove phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

LETTER FROM MR. BRAID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—It is refreshing, amidst the general hostility which has prevailed against the candid investigation of the phenomena of Mesmerism, to find a journal so replete with learned and candid criticism as THE CRITIC, devoting so much of its space for this laudable inquiry. You did me the favour to give, in one of your early numbers, a very lucid and favourable analysis and review of my little work on Hypnotism. I have lately published some papers in the *Medical Times*, giving an historical and physiological sketch of the science, and have been able to trace self-hypnotism to the Magi of Persia, who, for religious purposes, have been in the habit of throwing themselves into the condition by means essentially the same as those I have recommended and practised for like purposes, namely, by fixing the thoughts and sight on the tip of the nose, and suppressing the respiration. From Persia, where it was practised at least 2,400 years ago, the same practice passed into India shortly after, and by degrees into other countries. It is by this means that the Fakirs or Jogee of Hindostan have produced their ecstatic trances, and performed their wonderful feats. But all this is explained in the *Medical Times*, for which numbers I shall inclose you an order to the publisher, and you will perhaps favour them with a notice in THE CRITIC. In the number for December 28, you will find I have given some very important details of experiments to PROVE *the extraordinary exaltation of the perceptive organs during the nervous sleep*, and, as a natural corollary, appended a note, giving the same explanation of Miss Martineau's servant's clairvoyant marvel, as you did in THE CRITIC for the 15th January, namely, that the extreme quickness of hearing enabled her to overhear the aunt telling the tale below stairs whilst she was in the sleep.

I think you will admit, when you read my papers, that they afford strong proof of my position that the influence inducing the sleep is *subjective* or *personal, not an affluence passing from the operator to the patient*, as is supposed by Mesmerists generally. You may rest assured that the true cause is the imperfectly purified blood, arising from the suppressed respiration, resulting from attention to the processes acting as a narcotic, from its want of due stimulating action on the brain, which induces somnolency in the first instance. I here refer to the *general course* of hypnotism in *first instances;* for after the impressibility has been stamped on them, many become liable to fall into the condition through imagination or belief, habit and sympathy, and imitation; and the habit of abstraction or concentration of attention gives an *active* character to the condition of the *mind*, instead of the *passive* state which accompanies the accession of *common* sleep. The result of this is, that the activity of mind renders it susceptible of being readily excited and directed by the slightest suggestion; and from the law of concentration, superinduced by the process of hypnotizing, the mind is entirely concentrated on whatever idea, passion, or emotion it is directed to, and hence the extreme activity of the resulting manifestation, mental and physical. My object in changing the name was to get rid of what I believed to be an erroneous theory promulgated by Mesmer, about a magnetic fluid being the *cause* of the sleep, and still more so to bespeak a candid hearing to the phenomena capable of being induced by artificial contrivance, from those who would not condescend to read any thing published under the name of Mesmerism. I have reason to know that my book and papers have tended to advance the general cause much more than they would have done had they appeared under the other designation, or with the ultra views of many Mesmerists.

In reference to the phenomena of *phreno-mesmerism*, at page 96 of my treatise on Hypnotism, I remarked, "Is there any great improbability that, by calling the muscles of expression into action during the hypnotic state, by titillating certain nerves, the impression of the feeling with which such external manifestation is generally associated, should be reflected on the brain, and excite in the mind the particular passion or emotion? I think it highly probable that this is the true cause of the phrenological manifestations during the hypnotic condition, &c. I presume the different points pressed on, through the stimulus given to various fasciculi of nerves, call into action certain combinations of muscles of expression in the face and general frame, and also influence the organs of respiration, and thus the mind is influenced, *indirectly*, through the organs of common sensation, and the sympathetic (system of nerves); as sneezing is excited in some by too strong a light irritating the optic nerves." In this view of the subject, it would resolve itself into the laws of sympathy, and the question then is, where are the external or superficial points of the sympathies located? Experience must decide this," &c. And again, at page 146, "I think it highly probable, that by thus calling into action muscles which are naturally so exerted in manifesting any given emotion or propensity, they may, by reflection, thereby rouse that portion of the brain, the activity of which usually excites the motion. In this case there would be a sort of inversion of the ordinary sequence, what is naturally the consequence becoming the cause of cerebral and mental excitation," &c.

In my farther researches and experiments on this subject, the results of which were published in the *Medical Times*, 11th Nov. 1843 and 31st August, 1844, I fully explained that the passions

and emotions can be excited by muscular action excited either on the head, face, trunk, or extremities; and that, as certainly as the muscular action or attitude is excited, of any passion or emotion, and which can readily be done at the proper stage of sensation, through the reflex function of the nervous system, which produces a sort of instinctive action, as certainly shall we excite those feelings in the mind which usually precede such muscular action or attitude.

In the papers referred to above, I have explained the different stages of sensation and tendency to action, by attending to which you may soon satisfy yourself of the correctness of my views, by operating on your own friends. "At what I call the second stage of sensation, the muscles subjacent to any point titillated, instantly have a tendency to contract, or *the patient manifests a tendency to lean against the point touched;* and then the tendency to self-balancing, so remarkable in somnambulic patients, calls into action certain associated combinations of muscles; and finally, as already explained, such muscular action or attitude creates, or excites, or suggests a corresponding idea in the mind of the patient, through the laws of sympathy and association."

The *third* stage is that where there is *rigidity* of all the muscles, or RIGID catalepsy, with *diminished* tactual sensibility. (In the *second* stage, I ought to have added, there is *increased sensibility and* SLIGHT *rigidity.*) In the *third* stage, the patient may be pricked or pinched, with little or no feeling; but continued gentle pressure, or friction, WILL REDUCE *the rigidity in the subjacent muscles,* and the member or part will be drawn in the *opposite* direction, *in consequence of the continued undiminished action of their antagonists.*

I have clearly proved, as well as yourself, that the passions and emotions may be excited by manipulating the head, or scalp, and that the results realized during the *second* stage have a remarkable coincidence with the phrenological organs of phrenologists. However, as the very *reverse* effects are realized by manipulating the *same points during the* THIRD *stage from what are realized during the* SECOND *stage,* this affords evidence to demonstration that the manifestations *do* not arise from a magnetic fluid, or stimulus of any sort, passing *directly* from the *finger of the operator* to the *subjacent portion of the brain;* but, as the effects on the muscles of expression are inverted, or reversed, so ought the points manipulated to be changed or reversed, to produce the intended results. Now this is precisely what happens, —the *same muscular action being excited* from OPPOSITE *points,* both in the head, trunk, and extremities, in the *one* stage, from what happens in the other. Still, however, the same muscular action and mental feeling accompany each other, *in whatever manner the muscular action has been excited;* and this I consider strongly corroborates my theory of the cause of the phenomena of phreno-mesmerism. If any additional proof were wanting on this point, the demand would be fully satisfied by the following facts, which were realized at a first trial on a patient who never saw another hypnotized, and there was not a single word or whisper by any one to indicate the manifestations expected, or which were realized. The angles of the mouth being depressed, gave the idea that all her friends were dead, and the spectators crying; on elevating them, as in laughter, instantly she saw them *all alive again and quite cheerful.* However often this was repeated, the same corresponding ideas were thereby excited. *Depressing the eye-brow* suggested the idea of some one *quite blind;* but on *elevating it,* without changing the contact of the finger, the person who appeared blind immediately before, was now *staring as wide as he could stare.* In like manner, pressing gently over eventuality with the points of a finger and thumb, and *gently approximating them so as to cause corrugation of the integuments,* and putting the question, "What do you think?" as in deep reflection, the answer was, "It won't answer." "What won't answer?" "That business he is about undertaking." On separating them, so as to *remove the corrugation,* without my saying any thing whatever, she said in a cheerful tone "Ah, *it looks much better now; I think it* WILL *succeed.*" On approximating them again, "No, it will not do; your reasoning is good, but *still I do not think it will answer.*" By *reversing it,* instantly the answer was *sanguine again.* Without changing the point of contact, by simply very gently *depressing the integuments,* the same *gloomy ideas* were engendered, and again, by slightly *elevating* them, all was *sanguine and glowing.* I have tried the same sort of experiments with other parts of the forehead and face, and hairy scalp, and the same varieties resulted according to the varied anatomy of expression thereby induced. I have tried the same with other patients with like results; and even touching and exciting an organ, such as veneration, with the point of one finger, without any movement of the scalp at all, by giving an inclination of the *head forward and downward,* by the other hand, *religious horror was instantly manifested;* but by *elevating the head,* so as to give an *upward or heaven-directed aspect* to the countenance, the former emotion gave place instantly to *ecstatic devotion.* The same results have been realized, however often tried, and that with various patients, none of whom either saw the others operated on, or heard of what had been realized by such experimental trials with others; and in none of them was there any auricular suggestion given even in the faintest whisper. I was particularly guarded on this point myself, and no one else present knew any thing about what was likely to occur. Similar varieties were also induced in reference to other emotions tested.

Whoever will observe the result of auricular suggestion of any passion or emotion, will see in highly sensitive subjects the anatomy of expression beautifully manifest itself, provided the patient is in the proper stage, which can only be satisfactorily and certainly realized by those who pass into the second—conscious state—thatis, so as to forget when awake what occurred during the sleep, but to have a recollection of the same when in the sleep again. Those who do not pass beyond the *first* stage, or that during which they can remember after awaking all which happened during the sleep, in general have the reason and will sufficiently active to enable them to counteract or control, to a certain degree, what they would otherwise promptly manifest from such muscular or auricular suggestions, were they in the *second* conscious stage. In the *latter* condition, *without exercising the tedious process of reasoning, as during the primary stage,* they now seem prompt to act in obedience to whatever idea is suggested to their minds, and therefore act as during monomania, being entirely absorbed in some particular contemplation, or in the execution of some special act, and *hence the remarkable vigour and precision of such acts.*

I observe one remarkable feature in the record of your experience of mesmeric phenomena. You seem to think there is good reason to believe in the existence of real clairvoyance; that patients can read or perceive objects through opaque bodies or at a distance. All my investigations tend to a contrary conclusion, although I have seen much which misled others, and induced them to believe as clairvoyance what I could clearly explain otherwise. It is most desirable that this debatable point should be settled by a set of experiments which could admit of no mistake, and which might determine the matter in one way or other with mathematical accuracy. With this view I had a few tests prepared to have been applied to Alexis last summer, but he was off before arrangements could be made for a *séance* for the purpose. A few months ago I sent them to Cheltenham to have been applied to Adolphe, when there with Dr. Owens and Mr. Vernon; but through some mischance the opportunity was lost. Since then, I have read what you have published in THE CRITIC as accomplished by him at the Mesmeric Society and by your own personal friends; and as you thus stand in some manner pledged as a believer in clairvoyance, may I ask the favour of your applying my tests, if possible, to Adolphe and others before the Mesmeric Society, and let the results be published in THE CRITIC. *I do not believe any one of them will give a literal reading of the tests;* BUT BY ALL MEANS LET US HAVE THE FACTS. If you require to look at the print, I must beg leave to caution you *to keep your lips firmly compressed the whole time;* for hearing is so quick that they might discover letters whilst you were imagining you were only *mentally* repeating them, but whilst you were unconsciously articulating them so faintly as not to be perceived by yourself or others. I know, from experience, that no bandaging of the eyes should be relied on. The mode of applying the tests is fully explained in the *Medical Times* for 28th of December, 1844, and my reasons for wishing the subject to be so rigorously investigated are there fully explained. You will find in those papers also my mode of accounting for the vigilant experiments of Mr. Hall, referred to in your last number of THE CRITIC. I have there entered my strong protest against such experiments being frequently repeated, for what appears to me to be sufficiently good reasons.

It is my intention shortly to republish the papers on "Magic Mesmerism, Hypnotism," &c. in a separate form, with an introductory chapter embracing several other important points. But in the meantime some of the views contained in this letter, as well as in the *Medical Times,* may be of use to you and interesting to many of your readers, and I beg only to add that they are quite at your service. I am yours, &c.

JAMES BRAID.

3, St. Peter's-square, Manchester, May 8, 1845.

BATH. — (*From a Correspondent.*) — Charles Chiffinch, of Combe Down, called upon me to be mesmerised for his deafness. Whilst I was making the necessary passes, Mrs. S. who was sitting behind with her feet touching the leg of Chiffinch's chair, went into a state of mesmeric somnambulism. When I placed my hand upon Chiffinch's head (on veneration), for the purpose of endeavouring to send him to sleep, she began giving a description of a person who she said was preaching a sermon, and when I touched Chiffinch's organ of mirth, she said, "Oh, it is such a funny sermon!" I directed my attention and the passes to the cure of Chiffinch's deafness, and though I have not been able to send him into the sleep, still he has been very visibly affected, and can hear much better; but the most strange thing

is, that upon waking Mrs. S. she found herself deaf. I immediately made the passes down the left ear, and her hearing returned in that ear; but she was still deaf in the right ear. I then directed my attention to the right ear, and her hearing returned. The restoration of her hearing was effected whilst she was in the waking state.—S. D. SAUNDERS, Ivy Cottage, Lyncombe-hill.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE MR. HOOD.—We are sure that the public will learn, with deep regret, what, however, was foreshadowed to his friends by years of sickness and suffering, that Mr. Hood has left a widow and two children in straitened and precarious circumstances, with no other means of subsistence than a small pension, terminable on the failure of the widow's life, barely sufficient to supply a family of three with common necessaries, and totally inadequate for the education and advancement of the orphan children. Even this scanty resource has been of necessity forestalled to a considerable extent during the last five months, in order to meet the heavy sick-room and funeral expenses. We have just heard that the following nobleman and gentlemen, admirers of Mr. Hood's genius, but, above all, of the generous devotion of that genius to the cause of suffering humanity, have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of raising a sum by subscription, to be held in trust for the benefit of the family during the widow's life, and at her death to be divided between the children, whom that event will leave destitute. Committee; The Marquis of Northampton, Baron de Rothschild, R. Monckton Milnes, Esq. M.P., Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., A. Spottiswoode, Esq., T. Reseigh, Esq., Dr. W. Elliott, Lord Francis Egerton, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., T. Noon Talfourd, Esq., D. Salomons, Esq., Samuel Phillips, Esq., W. Harvey, Esq.—*Athenæum*.

We hear that Mr. Nisbet, of Bristol, the author of *The French in Rheinstadt*, has had the honour of receiving the gold medal for science and art, accompanied with a most gracious letter of thanks from that enlightened and patriotic Sovereign, the King of Prussia.

In a very popular journal published in Paris, *Le Livres des Familles*, appears a tale, *Le Trappeur des Montagnes Rocheuses*, which it acknowledged from *The Travels of Silliman*. We are requested to state that the tale is from the pen of Percy B. St. John, the author of *The Trapper's Bride*, it having originally appeared in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, under the title of *Baptiste Brown*.

It is announced that all the respectable booksellers in Dublin will close their houses of business at seven o'clock in the evening during the summer season.

One of the sons of Schiller, the German poet, filling the office of Keeper-General of Woods and Forests in Wirtemberg, has just been created a baron, by the title of Baron Schiller de Lorch.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

EXTENSIVE arrangements are in progress for the purpose of placing THE CRITIC in the foremost rank as a Literary Journal.

A numerous corps of contributors in various departments of literature, art, and science has been engaged.

Foreign literature will receive in THE CRITIC more attention than has hitherto been given to it by any of the English journals. Negotiations are pending with writers versed in the various literatures of Europe and America, to supply a systematic record of the doings of *mind* abroad, in like manner as we purpose to chronicle the proceedings at home.

A gentleman, whose name (were it usual to announce those of contributors) would command respect and confidence, has undertaken the duties of dramatic criticism; still, however, with the understanding that it is to be brief in quantity, and thoroughly impartial.

From all quarters, we continue to receive the most gratifying expressions of approval, and the most cordial promises of support.

Some of the booksellers who subscribe to THE CRITIC have been kind enough to address a few lines, stating what is the estimation in which it is held by their customers. We are desirous of collecting such evidences of public opinion and appending them to the prospectus. May we, therefore, ask those of our readers who are booksellers, and therefore hear what others say, to drop us a line, shortly stating what is the character THE CRITIC receives from their subscribers, as well as their own opinion of its fitness to fulfil the purposes of a Bookseller's Circular and advertising medium? Such evidence would be of great value, and if any will take the trouble to transmit it, we will gladly pay the postage of the letter.

And this reminds us of a topic to which our attention has been directed from many quarters. It relates to Advertisements.

It has been proposed by many of the Booksellers to make THE CRITIC the central medium for *all* the announcements of the Trade; but they require some assurance that the charges shall be moderate, and that they shall not be mulcted in the ruinous prices demanded by the only two publications in which they appear at present; namely, the *Publisher's Circular* and the *Athenæum*. We have given the subject an anxious consideration, and are prepared to accede to their wishes. In the hope, therefore, that the suggestion will be carried out, and that THE CRITIC will ere long be adopted as the *Booksellers' Circular*, and contain *all* their announcements, and assuring our friends that only a great number of advertisements can justify such prices, we propose the following scale:—

For 6 lines and under..... 5s.
For every three lines above ..... 1s.

When the width of our columns is calculated, this scale is less than one-half the charge of the *Athenæum*.

Further to consult the convenience of Booksellers, we propose to insert lists occupying some space, and advertisements for frequent repetition, at a considerable reduction from the scale, to be agreed upon at the time.

And whatever addition to the pages of THE CRITIC may be required for advertisements will be made without increasing its price, so that the reader's territory shall not be unduly encroached upon.

In answer to some queries, it may be proper to repeat that, inasmuch as THE CRITIC does not profess to review proof-sheets, it cannot promise to notice books before they are published. It desires to be esteemed rather for the impartiality and completeness of its criticisms than for the rapidity of their appearance. The latter may attract more at first, but the former will please most in the end.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From May 17 to May 24.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abraham's (Rev. C. J.) Unity of History; or, Outlines of Lectures on Ancient and Modern History, 8vo. 5s. cl.
Beggar's Coin; or, Love in Italy, by J. R. Beste, 18mo. 4s. hf.-bd.
Bennett's (Rev. W.) Principles of the Book of Common Prayer, 1 vol. demy 8vo. 12s. cl.
Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland, 4th edit. with maps and plates, fc. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.
Book of the Twelve Minor Prophets, a new translation, with Commentary, by E. Henderson, D.D. 8vo. 16s. cl.
Bridal of Salerno, a Romance in Six Cantos, by J. L. Ellerton, M.A. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Buchanan's Comfort in Affliction, 12th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Burn's (J.) Youthful Christian, containing Counsels, Cautions, and Examples, 18mo. reduced to 1s. 6d. cl.
Chart of the Architecture of York Cathedral, arranged by F. Bedford, sheet 3s., case 5s.
Cobbett's (W.) English Gardener, new edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.
Combe's (A., M.D.) Physiology of Digestion, with relation to the Principles of Dietetics, post 8vo. 5th edit. revised and enlarged, 2s. 6d. sd.
Contributions to the History, &c. of Sexual Diseases, by J. H. Robertson, M.D. 8vo. 4s. cl.
Courtney's (J. S.) Guide to Penzance and its Neighbourhood, post 8vo. 7s. cl.
Cultivation of Orchidaceous Plants, by John Henshall, 8vo. 14s. cl.
Discourses for Parents and the Guardians of Youth, from the German of D. F. V. Reinhard, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Doctrine of the Supernatural Established, by the Rev. H. Edwards, D.D. 18mo. 2s. 6d. sd.
Eastern Romance, Vol. II. 12mo. 6s. cl.
Family Choir, arranged for Four Voices and the Organ, post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Farmers' Medical Dictionary, by C. W. Johnson, 12mo. 6s. cl.

Felix Summerley's Home Treasury, "Sleeping Beauty," 2s. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured; Ditto, "Cinderella," 2s. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured.
Gracefulness, with Frontispiece and Vignette, 2s. 6d. elegantly bd.
Harry Beaufoy, by Maria Hack, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. VII. "Early Friendship," 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.; Ditto, Vol. VIII. "The Swedish Brothers," 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Kaye's (Bp.) Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries, from Tertullian, 3rd edit. 8vo. 13s. bds.
Kilda's Bridal, and other Poems, by Samuel Gasquoine, fcp. 5s. cl.
Landscape Lyrics, and other Poems, by Wm. Anderson, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Letters of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, translated by W. Turnbull, esq. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s. cl.
Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield, edited by Lord Mahon, 4 vols. demy 8vo. 2*l.* 16s. cl.
Lubbock's (Rev. R.) Observations on the Fauna of Norfolk, 8vo. 6s. cl.
Manning's (H. E., Archdeacon of Chichester) Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, 2nd edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Mansell's (Rev. Charles H., M.A.) Temporal Punishment of Sin, and other Sermons, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Manual of Agricultural Analysis, by John Mitchell, royal 18mo. 4s. cl.
Matilda, by Eugène Sue, with 21 illustrations, royal 18mo. 5s. cl.
Medes's Apostasy of the Latter Times, with Introduction, by Rev. T. R. Birks, 8vo. 3s. cl.
Michelet's History of France, Vol. I. (Foreign Library, Vol. XV.) 8vo. 13s. cl.
Mosgrove's (F. J.) Practical Treatise on the Liver, illustrated by cases, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.
Natural Philosophy for Beginners, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
No Fiction, a Narrative founded on Facts, by A. Reed, D.D. 10th ed. 12mo. 6s. cl.
Practical Companion to the Work Table, by Mrs. E. Jackson, 18mo. 1s. 9d., royal 18mo. with plates, 5s. cl.
Practical Cotton Spinner, by Alexander Kennedy, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Red Book; or Royal Kalendar for 1845, with an Addenda of the recent alterations, 12mo. 5s. bd.; with index of names, 6s. 6d.
Riddle's (Rev. J. E.) British Commentary on the Holy Gospels, royal 8vo. 12s. cl.
Robinson Crusoe, new edit. unabridged, small 4to. 10s. 6d. cl.
Satires of Juvenal and Persius, with English Notes, 3rd edit. with Additions, by C. W. Stocker, 8vo. 14s. bds.
Selecta e Catullo, with English Notes, by the Rev. W. Cookesley, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Scripture Reading Lessons, edited by Archdeacon Wilberforce, square, 2s. 6d. cl.
Simple Hymns for Infant Schools, new edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Soaves's Novelle Morali, accented, new edit. revised, 12mo. 4s. roan.
Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. VIII. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Swimmer's Hand-Book, 3rd edit. 32mo. 1s. swd.
Tales from the Phantasus, &c. of Tieck, fc. 4s. 6d. swd.
Thiodolf, the Icelander, by Fouqué, 12mo. 7s. cl.
Voices from the Early Church, a Series of Poems, by the Rev. H. Clarke, fc. 7s. cl.
Walker's (Rev. S.A., A.M.) Missions in Western Africa, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Whittaker's Florilegium Poeticum, 7th edit. 18mo. 3s. cl.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE NOVEL TIMES:—Separate Issue of each of the Works.—In compliance with suggestions from several quarters, the Publisher begs to announce a SEPARATE ISSUE of each of the works published in THE NOVEL TIMES. On the the 31st inst. with the Magazines, Part. I. price one shilling, and No. I. price 3d. of THINGS OLD AND NEW, by the author of "The Subaltern;" and Part. I. price one shilling, No. I. price 3d. of LETTERS FROM THE ORIENT, by the Countess HAHN HAHN, translated from the German, by the Author of "Caleb Stukeley."—Office, 12, Wellington-st. North, Strand. Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

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No. 105, being the first of a New Volume, was published May 3.

Part XXV. being the first Part of a New Volume, will be published the first week in June.

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THE CRITIC;
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

TO READERS.

WE omit the usual leading articles to make room for various intelligence relating to literature and art with which the season has crowded our columns. A continuation of the commentaries on Advertising, and a further exposition of the Principles and Policy of Young England, were in type, but postponed for the reasons above stated.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Louis XIV. and his Contemporaries. By BENJAMIN BENSLEY. London, 1845. Darton and Clark.

ALTHOUGH, as we presume, this volume is mainly intended to aid the work of education, as a book for the school library, and to attract the young to the study of history, yet has it merit and interest for readers of all ages, and therefore have we transferred it from the class "Education," to that in which it appears.

Mr. BENSLEY has collected from a vast number of authorities all the most curious and amusing anecdotes relating to LOUIS XIV. and his contemporaries, and strung them together in chronological order. The result, without pretending to the formality of history, is a narrative that resembles in some measure the charming old chronicles, where we are introduced to men and women in friendly and familiar acquaintance, instead of the stately but shadowy abstractions that stalk before us in the *regular* history. Here we have the spirit and manner of the times; the people live and move distinct and individualized: other personages beside kings and nobles engage our sympathies, and even they become human beings when exhibited out of state, and interest us in themselves as well as in their fortunes.

And Mr. BENSLEY is a master of this fascinating species of story-telling. He writes as if in fancy he had summoned about his study table a circle of youths and maidens full of the curiosity of their years, and was proceeding to tell them "all about LOUIS the Fourteenth and the great people who lived in his time." In simple, intelligible, but graphic language he narrates the most striking incidents of the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, with the gossip of his court, and the oddities of the personages by whom he was surrounded, omitting whatever scandal-mongers have handed down to us unfit for youthful ears, and turning facts to account by skilfully but briefly pointing their moral.

To this description of it, which is strictly faithful, it is almost needless to add, that it can be recommended with confidence to all, whether old or young, who like a book which adds the interest of a romance to the utility of a history.

History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the War of Independence. By GEORGE BENCROFT. London: Fullarton and Co.

THIS is a reprint of the best History of the United States that has yet appeared. The author is more of the annalist than of the chronicler; most laborious in research, most careful in citing his authorities, but stringing his facts together in the order of time, without much regard for the other more attractive qualification of style in the narration of them.

Mr. BENCROFT is obviously wanting in imagination. He cannot call back the past before us, and make the dead live again and dwell in our memories like persons whom we had seen and known in the flesh. Hence he is what would be called a "dry" writer. But he compensates in some measure for this defect by his unwearied research and the impartiality he displays in the production of his facts, without reference to their bearing upon any sect or party. He commences with the first settlement of America, describes the formation of each separate state, and concludes with the declaration of independence. As the best, if not the only accessible history of the United States, this will be a valuable addition to the library. As it was published some time since, we must not enter upon a minute examination of it. The present English edition is contained in one large handsome volume, with type of pleasant size for reading, without resort to double columns, and it is illustrated with some half-dozen very respectable engravings and a map. It is moreover copiously indexed.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lord Brougham's Lives of Men of Letters.
(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

AFTER a merited eulogium on Dr. ROBERTSON'S style and manner as an historian, Lord BROUGHAM seizes the opportunity to introduce a disquisition on historical writing, in which he sets forth certain views which he has not only long cherished, but upon which, as it would seem, he has partially acted. From the deep interest excited by the simple narrative of the voyage of COLUMBUS, he argues that history might be made more amusing and far more useful if employed for the purpose of causing men to despise the intrigues of courts, and to execrate the wars produced by the ambition of kings and nobles.

> The same events had then studded their page, the same picturesque details given it striking effect, the same graphic colours added life to it, and yet the right feelings of the reader would have been exerted and cherished; nor would the historians have made themselves accomplices with the vulgar in the criminal award of applause and of fame by which the wicked actions of past times are rewarded, and the repetition of the same offences encouraged.

He complains also that historians are capricious and uncertain in their panegyrics, marking some for unmitigated obloquy, others for extravagant praise, and seldom giving credit to the same person both for virtues and vices. The BORGIA family and RICHARD III. are adduced as instances of this prevalent failing.

HOW BROUGHAM WOULD WRITE HISTORY.

> It is not, however, merely by abstaining from indiscriminate praise, or by dwelling with disproportioned earnestness upon the great qualities, and passing lightly over the bad ones, of eminent men, and thus leaving a false general impression of their conduct, that historians err, and pervert the opinions and feelings of mankind. Even if they were to give a careful estimate of each character, and pronounce just judgment upon the whole, they would still leave by far the most important part of their duty unperformed, unless they also framed their narrative so as to excite our interest in the worthy of past times; to make us dwell with delight on the scenes of human improvement; to lessen the pleasure too naturally felt in contemplating successful courage or skill, whensoever these are directed towards the injury of mankind; to call forth our scorn of perfidious actions, however successful; our detestation of cruel and bloodthirsty propensities, however powerful the talents by which their indulgence was secured. Instead of holding up to our admiration the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," it is the historian's duty to make us regard with unceasing delight the ease, worth, and happiness of blessed peace; he must remember that
>
> "Peace hath her victories,
> No less renown'd than War:"
>
> and to celebrate these triumphs, the progress of science and of art, the extension and security of freedom, the improvement of national institutions, the diffusion of general prosperity — exhausting on such pure and wholesome themes all the resources of his philosophy, all the graces of his style, giving honour to whom honour is due, withholding all incentives to misplaced interest and vicious admiration, and not merely by general remarks on men and on events, but by the manner of describing the one and recording the other, causing us to entertain the proper sentiments, whether of respect or of interest, or of aversion or of indifference, for the various subjects of the narration.
>
> It is not to be denied, that history written in this spirit must differ materially from any of which we have as yet the experience: it is only to be lamented that those great masters, whose writings we have been contemplating, did not consecrate their mighty talents to so good a work. To the historians of all ages joining with the vulgar, and, indeed, writing as if they belonged

themselves either to the class of ambitious warriors and intriguing statesmen, or to the herd of ordinary men whom successful crimes defrauded at once of their rights and their praises, may be ascribed by far the greater part of the encouragement held out to profligate conduct in those who have the destinies of nations in their hands. At all events, this is certain: if they could not eradicate the natural propensity in the human mind towards these errors when unrefined, they might have enlightened it, and have gradually diffused a sounder and better feeling.

So deeply have I always felt the duty of attempting some such reformation in the historical character and practice, that I had begun to undertake the reigns of Henry V. of Elizabeth, and of Alfred, upon these great principles. A deep sense of the inadequate powers which I brought to this hard task would probably have so far grown upon me as its execution advanced, that I should have abandoned it to abler hands; but professional, and afterwards judicial, duties put an end to the attempt before it had made any considerable progress. Nevertheless, I found no small reason to be satisfied of success being attainable, when I came narrowly to examine the interesting facts connected with national improvement and virtuous conduct, and I am sure, that whoever may repeat the attempt will gather encouragement from the proof, which I have drawn from the master-piece we have been contemplating, that the events and characters of past times lend themselves to an effective narrative, conducted on right principles.

The great truth proclaimed in this passage will excuse its length. May we express a sincere hope that the noble lord may fulfil the design he has begun, and give to the world such a history as he has here described, or at least sufficient of it to serve as an example to others. Thus does he portray the

CHARACTER OF ROBERTSON.

The history of the author is the history of the individual, excepting as regards his private life and his personal habits: these were in the most perfect degree dignified and pure. Without any thing of harshness or fanaticism, he was rationally pious and blamelessly moral. His conduct, both as a Christian minister, as a member of society, as a relation, and as a friend, was wholly without a stain. His affections were warm, they were ever under control, and therefore equal and steady. His feelings might pass for being less strong and lively than they were, partly because he had an insuperable aversion to extremes in all things, partly because, for fear of any semblance of pretension, to which he was yet more averse, he preferred appearing less moved than he really was, in order to avoid the possibility of feeling less than he externally shewed. But he was of opinions respecting conduct which led to keeping the feelings under curb, and never giving way to them; he leant in this towards the philosophy and discipline of the Stoics; and he also held, which was apt to beget the same mistake as to the warmth of his heart, that exhibitions of sorrow, any more than of boisterous mirth, were unfit to be made; that such emotions should as far as possible be reduced to moderation, even in private; but that in society they were altogether misplaced and mistimed. He considered, and rightly considered, that if a person labouring under any afflictive feelings be well enough at ease to go into company, he gives a sort of pledge that he is so far recovered of his wound, or at least can so far conceal his pains, as to behave like the rest of the circle. He held, and rightly held, that men frequent society, not to pour forth their sorrows, or indulge their unwieldy joys, but to instruct, or improve, or amuse each other, by rational and cheerful conversation. For himself, when he left his study, leaving behind him, with the dust of his books, the anxious look, the wrinkled brow, the disturbed or absent thoughts, he also expected others to greet his arrival with the like freedom from cares of all sorts, and especially he disliked to have his hours of relaxation saddened with tales of misery, interesting to no one, unless, which is never the object of such narratives, there be a purpose of obtaining relief.

His conversation was cheerful, and it was varied. Vast information, copious anecdote, perfect appositeness of illustration, —narration or description wholly free from pedantry or stiffness, but as felicitous and as striking as might be expected from such a master—great liveliness, and often wit and often humour, with a full disposition to enjoy the merriment of the hour, but the most scrupulous absence of every thing like coarseness of any description—these formed the staples of his talk. One thing he never tolerated any more than he did the least breach of decorum; it was among the few matters which seemed to try his temper—he could not bear evil-speaking, or want of charity. No one was likely ever to wrangle with another before him; but he always put down at once any attempt to assail the absent. His own nature was singularly charitable and kindly; he always viewed the conduct of others in the least unfavourable light; and when he heard any objections urged, he would suggest something that at least left the blame mitigated when it could not be warded off or made doubtful. Of course, this remark applies to cases where the matter was ambiguous, and the general character and conduct were good. No man ever expressed a greater abhorrence of any thing plainly bad, or a nobler scorn of any thing mean; and his sentence went forth in such cases with an awful and an overpowering force.

The men of science next engage the biographer's attention, and this is his sketch of

DR. BLACK AS A LECTURER.

His style of lecturing was as nearly perfect as can well be conceived; for it had all the simplicity which is so entirely suited to scientific discourse, while it partook largely of the elegance which characterized all he said or did. The publication of his lectures has conveyed an accurate idea of the purely analytical order in which he deemed it best to handle the subject with a view to instruction, considering this as most likely to draw and to fix the learner's attention, to impress his memory, and to shew him both the connection of the theory with the facts, and the steps by which the principles were originally ascertained. The scheme of the lectures may thence be apprehended—the execution imperfectly; for the diction was evidently, in many instances, extemporaneous, the notes before the teacher furnishing him with little more than the substance, especially of those portions which were connected with experiments. But still less can the reader rise from the perusal to any conception of the manner. Nothing could be more suited to the occasion; it was perfect philosophical calmness; there was no effort; it was an easy and a graceful conversation. The voice was low, but perfectly distinct and audible through the whole of a large hall crowded in every part with mutely attentive listeners; it was never forced at all, any more than were the motions of the hands, but it was any thing rather than monotonous. Perfect elegance as well as repose was the phrase by which every hearer and spectator naturally, and as if by common consent, described the whole delivery. The accidental circumstance of the great teacher's aspect, I hope I may be pardoned for stopping to note, while endeavouring to convey the idea of a philosophic discoverer. His features were singularly graceful, full of intelligence, but calm as suited his manner and his speech. His high forehead and sharp temples were slightly covered, when I knew him, with hair of a snow-white hue, and his mouth gave a kindly as well as most intelligent expression to his whole features.

It appears that Lord BROUGHAM wrote the epitaph on WATT affixed to the magnificent monument by CHANTREY, and, as proceeding from the pen of an intimate acquaintance, the reader will peruse with interest this

CHARACTER OF WATT.

His manners were most attractive, from their perfect nature and simplicity. His conversation was rich in the measure which such stores and such easy taste might lead us to expect, and it astonished all listeners with its admirable precision, with the extraordinary memory it displayed, with the distinctness it seemed to have, as if his mind had separate niches for keeping each particular, and with its complete rejection of all worthless and superfluous matter, as if the same mind had some fine machine for acting like a fan, casting off the chaff and the husk. But it had besides a peculiar charm from the pleasure he took in conveying information where he was peculiarly able to give it, and in joining with entire candour whatever discussion happened to arise. Even upon matters on which he was entitled to pronounce with absolute authority, he never laid down the law, but spoke like any other partaker of the conversation. You might observe him, however, with his pencil in his hand, ready to prove what might require explanation, and he was an adventurous disputant who would not rather see his intellect play in illustrations than descend with demonstrative force. He was ever in pursuit of truth or the gratification of a rational curiosity, and this attempered as well as guided his talk. If he seemed occasionally to be moved beyond the interest thus excited, it was when he perceived any thing uncandid or unfair, or, above all, indirect and dishonest. The attempts of one man to appropriate another's inventive merit were the things that most roused his indignation; for, regarding discovery and invention as the most precious of all property, he could not bear the sight of its violation, and would stop minutely and curiously to ascertain the relative shares of different individuals, when any doubt was raised upon the distribution. His conversation was withal spirited and lively—it was easy and concise, and without the least of a lecturing formality. His voice was deep and low, and if somewhat monotonous, it yet seemed in harmony with the weight and the beauty of his discourse, through which, however, there also ran a current of a lighter kind; for he was mirthful, temperately jocular, nor could any thing to more advantage set off the living anecdotes of men and things with which the graver texture of his talk was interwoven,

than his sly and quiet humour, both of mind and of look, in recounting them. No one who had the happiness of knowing him, no member, more especially, of the club in Edinburgh, which he frequented as often as he visited that capital, can ever forget the zest which his society derived from the mixture of such various matters as those to which I have referred; and one of its most distinguished founders* has justly said, that in no other person was there ever observed so "fine an expression of reposing strength and uninterrupted self-possession as marked his whole manner."

Ample justice is done to the perseverance, the ability, and the benevolence of PRIESTLEY; and then a brief memoir, concluding, with some curious personal traits, is given of

CAVENDISH.

His personal history cannot be expected to have any striking interest; yet they who have been dwelling on his scientific eminence will not be displeased to know somewhat of his ordinary life. He was of a most reserved disposition, and peculiarly shy habits. This led to some singularity of manner, which was further increased by a hesitation or difficulty of speech, and a thin shrill voice. He entered diffidently into any conversation, and seemed to dislike being spoken to. He would often leave the place where he was addressed, and leave it abruptly, with a kind of cry or ejaculation, as if scared and disturbed. He lived in a house on Clapham Common, and his library, vast in extent, was at another place, because he made it accessible to all, and did not wish to be troubled by those who resorted to it. He allowed friends to take books from it, and he himself never took one without giving a receipt for it. On the death of his librarian he began the practice of himself attending one day in the week to give out and take in books. His large income was allowed to accumulate; and when his bankers, after finding that a very considerable balance was always left in their hands, mentioned the circumstance, suggesting that it might be invested to some profit, he answered with much simplicity, that if the balance was an inconvenience to them, he could go to another banker. Himself a man of no expense, his habits never varied, nor did his style of living at all suffer a change on succeeding to his uncle's large fortune. His purse was ever accessible to the claims of charity, as well as to proposals for the promotion of scientific pursuits. Having formed a high opinion of Dr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Blagden's capacity for science, he settled a considerable annuity on him, upon condition that he should give up his profession and devote himself to philosophy; with the former portion of which condition the Doctor complied, devoting himself to the hopeless pursuit of a larger income in the person of Lavoisier's widow, who preferred marrying Count Rumford. Mr. Cavendish received no one at his residence; he ordered his dinner daily by a note which he left at a certain hour on the hall table, where the housekeeper was to take it, for he held no communication with his female domestics, from his morbid shyness. It followed, as a matter of course, that his servants thought him strange, and his neighbours deemed him out of his mind. He hardly ever went into society. The only exceptions I am aware of are an occasional christening at Devonshire or Burlington House, the meetings of the Royal Society, and Sir Joseph Banks' weekly conversaziones. At both the latter places I have met him, and recollect the shrill cry he uttered as he shuffled quickly from room to room, seeming to be annoyed if looked at, but sometimes approaching to hear what was passing among others. His face was intelligent and mild, though, from the nervous irritation which he seemed to feel, the expression could hardly be called calm. It is not likely that he ever should have been induced to sit for his picture; the result therefore of any such experiment is wanting. His dress was of the oldest fashion, a greyish green coat and waistcoat, with flaps, a small cocked hat, and his hair dressed like a wig (which possibly it was) with a thick clubbed tail. His walk was quick and uneasy; of course he never appeared in London unless lying back in the corner of his carriage. He probably uttered fewer words in the course of his life than any man who ever lived to fourscore years, not at all excepting the monks of La Trappe.

Sir HUMPHREY DAVY and SIMSON complete the catalogue. Of the former there is a less minute description than of either of his scientific contemporaries, probably because he was less intimately known to the artist. But this is the anecdotical sketch of

SIMSON, THE MATHEMATICIAN.

His private life is generally unvaried, filled with speculative inquiry, amused by scientific reading, variegated only by philosophic conversation, unless when its repose is broken by controversy, an incident scarcely possible in the story of mathematicians. Dr. Simson loved to amuse his leisure hours, and unbend his mind in the relaxation of society; and from the simplicity of his manners and the kindliness of his disposition, as well as from his very universal information, he was ever a most welcome member of the circles which he frequented. He lived in his college chambers to the last, but received his friends occasionally at a neighbouring tavern, where a room was always kept at his disposal. He attended a club near the college, and in good weather its members dined every Saturday at Anderston, a suburb of Glasgow. In these meetings his chair was always reserved for him, being left vacant when he happened to be absent. It is also said to have been his habit to sit covered. He was fond of playing for an hour or two in the evening at whist, and of calculating chances, at which he generally failed; but he was on the whole a good player, though he was not very patient of his partner's blunders, nor always bore a bad hand of such partner with philosophic meekness. He was fond of music, and sometimes would sing a Greek ode to a modern air. Professor Robison says he twice heard him sing in this manner "a Latin hymn to the Divine Geometer," and adds, that the tears stood in his eyes as he gave it with devotional rapture. His voice was fine, says the Professor, and his ear most accurate. That he did not always interrupt his geometrical meditations in the hours of relaxation is very plain, not only from the singular anecdote already related of his discovery of porisms, but from the date of "Anderston" attached to some of his solutions, indicating that they had occurred to him while attending the Saturday meetings of the club in that suburb. In all his habits he was punctual and regular, even measuring the exercise which he took by the number of paces he walked. Anecdotes are related of him when interrupted by some one on his accustomed walk, and after hearing what was said, continuing at the number he had just before marked, and surprising his acquaintance by speaking the next number aloud. He was exceedingly absent; and the younger part of the university pupils were wont to play upon this peculiarity. It is related that one of the college porters being dressed up for the purpose, came to ask charity, and in answer to the Professor's questions, gave an account of himself closely resembling his own history. When he found so great a resemblance, adds the story, he cried out, "What's your name?" and on the answer being given, "Robert Simson," he exclaimed with great animation, "Why, it must be myself!"—when he awoke from his trance. Notwithstanding his absent habits, he was an exceedingly good man of business; he filled the office of Clerk of the Faculty in the University for thirty years, and managed its financial and other concerns with great regularity and success. Like all minds of a higher order, his not only had no contempt for details, but a love of them; and while clerk he made a transcript with his own hand of the University records, for which he received a vote of thanks from the Senatus Academicus.

We now close a volume admirably fitted for popular reading; the very work for the book-club; adapted to all capacities, wholesome in its tendencies, and if not very profound or very eloquent, full of lessons taught by experience, and conveyed in a form peculiarly calculated to impress them upon the mind, especially upon that of the young about to enter upon the arena of active life, with "the world before them where to choose."

We presume that this volume is but a part of a series. Its successors will be heartily welcomed, if the same spirit of fairness should preside over, and the same sound principles pervade, them.

SCIENCE.

The Physiology of Digestion, considered with relation to the Principles of Dietetics. By ANDREW COMBE, M.D. 5th edition. Edinburgh, 1845. Maclachan & Co.

As a practical, rational, intelligible exposition of the physiology of digestion, and the rules thence derivable for its healthful preservation, or restoration if impaired, this work of Dr. COMBE is without a rival in our language. Its unprecedented popularity is not the effect of fashion, ever running after new remedies for old diseases, but the result of conviction arrayed to the sober judgment by the palpable good sense that pervades every page. A book so well known needs not further comment than simply to announce that a new and revised edition of it has just issued from the press, printed in the elegant and convenient form, and sold at the trifling price, of *Murray's Colonial Library*. No family in the land should be without this book: the rich should present it to the poor as a valuable

* Lord Jeffrey. The club was called from the day, Friday, on which it met at supper, after the business of the week was over, and the half-holiday of Saturday only lightly hanging over the heads of the lawyers who chiefly composed it. Mr. Watt was an honorary member. He had for his colleagues no less distinguished men than Professor Playfair, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Corehouse, Mr. Horner, Mr. Elmsley, Sir W. Drummond, and several who still survive and fill exalted places in the State.

gift; and all who regard health should read it with attention. The most untaught can understand it, and the most learned profit from it.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Glance of Belgium and the Rhine. By THOMAS RAMSAY, Esq. London, 1845. Ollivier.

To interest the general reader in the note-book of a tourist it is by no means necessary that his wanderings should have been in ways little trodden. A country before unexplored is of itself an attraction, and might rivet attention in default of any other. But the most frequented highways, *even* Belgium and the Rhine, might be rendered as fresh and captivating as a travel in the remotest regions of the earth, if the traveller would be content to tell us his impressions of things instead of attempting guide-book descriptions of them, or portray men and manners, ever varying and ever amusing, instead of cathedrals, and rivers, and hills, which are the same now as they were seen by the first of the countless multitudes of tour-writers who have preceded him through the same routes.

Mr. RAMSAY has not kept this principle in view when composing his recollections of Belgium and the Rhine. His volume is a transcript of his note-book, and his note-book is a transcript of the guide-book. He describes minutely the places he visited, and the *sights* they contain; and if this had been the first account of them it would have been acceptable. But we have had some hundreds at least of descriptions of the same places and the same sights; half of our population has seen them, and the other half has read of them many a time; and therefore as a mere description it has the proverbial tediousness of a twice-told tale. But even a description of familiar objects may be invested with all the attractions of novelty by some peculiarity or beauty of style in the describer. He may paint in words, or so clothe the real with the ideal as to present them to the mind in an aspect altogether new. This, however, Mr. RAMSAY has not done. There is not a spark of imagination in his style nor any charm of sentiment in his thoughts; nor does he win our sympathies by inter-communion of mind; his are simply *memories*, not *impressions*. He tells only what he saw, not what he felt,—the emotions and the thoughts quickened in him by foreign places and persons. Nor does he amuse by portraiture of man in the various phases under which he is presented to the observant eye, always more alive to peculiarities when taking pleasure than when the mind is absorbed in business.

In truth, Mr. RAMSAY'S tour is a very unnecessary publication, and it is difficult to see what could have been the inducement to confide it to the press. It is wanting in all of substantial interest that gives worth to travels, and its composition is not the most correct and elegant. The preface opens with an apology for appearing in print, proving that the traveller had doubts of its propriety; and he refers the resolution to a wish to contribute "his humble mite of information" respecting the countries through which he sped. But we have found no information which is not already given by *Murray's Hand-book*; and indeed no small portion of the volume is occupied with extracts from VICTOR HUGO and others; Mr. RAMSAY appearing to have made it a rule, for lack of language and ideas of his own, to borrow those of the French poet.

Such being a faithful account of this volume, we cannot recommend any book-club or library to order it, but in fairness to the author we take two or three of the best, because most novel, passages we can find. They who purpose a tour during the coming (if ever it *will* come) summer, may bear in mind

THE HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, AT LIEGE.

We quitted the Hotel d'Angleterre at Liege with much regret. We had enjoyed the most comfortable and handsome accommodation. Our bed-rooms were beautiful drawing-rooms, with the beds in recesses, separated by tasteful drapery. The floor was polished, and had a small Turkey carpet in the centre. Every thing wore an air comfort, combined with elegance. The *salle à manger*, too, was all to our heart's content. Add to these recommendations unbounded civility, and moderate charges, and ours, it will be admitted, were enviable quarters.

The mistakes of Englishmen imperfectly acquainted with the continental languages, are a continual food for fun. Here is as good a one as we have seen.

A BLUNDER.

There was with us a very nice family party of our own country folks, whom we had first met with in the omnibus at Liege, consisting of an elderly gentleman, his wife, and two lovely daughters, with another gentleman, also somewhat stricken in years, and apparently a military officer who had seen some service, and whom we took to be the young ladies' uncle. We had found them agreeable enough—the young ladies, we thought, only a little too reserved, and rather prudish. Papa had alighted to make inquiry as to what was to be done. He was evidently an English country gentleman of the old school, and knew little, and cared less, perhaps, about *parlez-vous-ing*, or any other outlandish practice. He went up to a Prussian officer, and having contrived, he thought, to make himself understood and to understand in return, he ran back to the carriage, and said aloud,—"*The duennas are to get out—come, all you duennas,—come, make haste.*" The ladies alighted accordingly, and we saw the two young ones pouting their pretty lips, and heard them indignantly, in tones "not loud but deep," exclaiming "*Duennas*, indeed!" Scarcely had they done so, however, when the man in Prussian uniform hastily acquainted them that it was all a mistake—it was not the *duennas*, by any means, that were to get out of the carriage, but only the baggage and themselves that must go through the *Douane*—in plain English the custom-house, which was not there, but at Aix. It was hard to say whether the laugh was most against the father or the daughters—if blushes should decide, we would say the latter; but at any rate there *was* a hearty laugh, and ultimately all the party appeared to enjoy it exceedingly.

Our readers have heard of the holy coat at Treves, and the immense crowds of pilgrims that have flocked to it from all parts of Catholic Europe. Mr. RAMSAY translates from a French journal called *L'Espérance* the following extraordinary scene of

THE PILGRIMS AT TREVES.

As night approached, the procession still advanced at a slow pace towards the square of the cathedral, making the air resound with the monotonous chanting of the litanies. There were, as on all similar occasions, more women than men, who walked two abreast. The company consisted of country people and poor peasants, who gained their bread by the sweat of their brow. The women wore the costume of Lorraine peasants, except the bonnet, which was flat and round, and of party colours. Blue, red, and white formed by their mixture an *ensemble* quite picturesque.

The long file of pilgrims having reached the massive gates of the church, wended their way into its silent nave, gloomy and almost deserted. On the splendidly illuminated altar-piece, the approaches to which were by two lateral staircases, shone forth in a gold frame the precious relic. This tunic, or coat, nearly in the shape of a French blouse, was of a fine texture; the colour inclined to a brownish shade, somewhat like brown ochre. At each side of the frame, the glass of which was at a great distance from the coat was seen an oval opening, allowing the hand to pass and touch the relic. A priest seated on each side of these openings received the strings of beads and medals from the pilgrims' hands, as they mounted the right staircase, after which they were consecrated by being put into contact with the coat, and were then returned to the faithful; who, while contemplating this wonderful scene, sometimes forgot themselves in sleep, obliging the beadle to awaken them, and guide them to their places. A little in front was a large deep basin, intended to receive the offerings of the faithful; it contained some gold and much silver. Along the whole of the right staircase from the altar, pilgrims presented themselves to solicit charity for the support of the church, for the immaculate conception, and other objects. At present, from calculations that have been made, more than 30,000 men and women have passed daily as pilgrims before the relic, and poured out their offerings at its feet. From the 18th of August, the festival of St. Helena, who is said to have given the relic to the town of Treves, until the 30th of September, more than 1,300,000 pilgrims had visited the relic. The sum received may therefore be estimated at 500,000 frs. at the least. This is divided into three shares—one for the building of the cathedral of Cologne, the other for the town, and the third for the cathedral, *i.e.* for the clergy of Treves. The concern thus seems to be in a most prosperous state, and to be likely to bring the waters of Pactolus into this blessed city, through the concourse of pilgrims, from motives of curiosity. Indeed, the crowd was so great that a bed could scarcely be obtained. The hotels were so full that the private houses in the vicinity were all put under contribution. The streets were constanly paraded by thousands of living beings, and all business was postponed. In the midst of this concourse of people, dioramas, panoramas, menageries, and plays offered to the public their attractions. The whole town had a holiday look, as at fair time in Paris, both by night and day. The traveller lodged in a front room was

unable to close his eyes. Groups of pilgrims succeeded each other by turns seeking shelter for the night. Temporary buildings were raised outside the town, where, for two-pence per head, a bundle of straw received the weary heads of the visitors to the relic. As early as two in the morning processions were moving in all directions, singing litanies, and making the streets resound with grounding their sticks as they walked. An uproar pervaded every place, very unlike that emotion which should attend a religious duty. Only indifference and *ennui* were depicted on the faces of the most part of those who followed the immense procession, and the chanting with a strong nasal accent harmonised strangely with all these profane noises.

Scenes and Adventures in Spain, from 1835 *to* 1840. By Poco Mas. In 2 Vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

Who is Poco Mas? Is he Englishman or Spaniard? Is the name real or assumed? What was his business in Spain? How did he contrive to see and hear so much?

These are questions that present themselves to every person who opens these volumes, and glances at the contents. Some of them we cannot solve; others may be answered. Poco Mas is an Englishman; that is certain. The name was not given to him by his godfathers and godmothers, but is a sort of nickname affixed to him in Spain. What was his precise position about the army is a mystery. Some conjecture that he was attached to the staff of Espartero; others more plausibly, that he was "own correspondent" to one of the morning papers; and there is a reporter style in his narrative which indicates that this was a part, if not the whole, of his employment. He has the well-known pushing activity and brazen daring of the class to which he belongs. He is everywhere, note-book in hand, ready to make a paragraph. But inasmuch as he was present in all the principal engagements, and it is to be presumed—for on this point he is chary—took part in them, it is probable that he did double duty, wielded sword as well as pen, and was officer or reporter, or both, as occasion required.

However this may be, he has produced a very amusing work, which conveys the best pictures of the events of the civil war in Spain that have yet been contributed to the English library. His powers of description, especially of battles, are very great, and he delights to pursue war beyond its romance into its realities, and to record the calamities that follow in its train, and which historians are wont to omit, as if conscious how terribly they would mar the glory of the achievement.

The praises of Espartero are a prominent theme; but not to the exclusion of others. Colonel Wylde has his share of honour, and their title to admiration is not rested upon vague exclamations of praise on the part of Poco Mas, but is proved by narratives of their gallant actions, as witnessed by one who shared their enterprises and their perils.

Nor does he refrain from justice to opponents. He awards due credit to the bravery of the Carlists, and the good and bad deeds of both parties are applauded or reprobated according to their deserts, with a spirit of impartiality very commendable in one who was a partaker in the conflict, and therefore could scarcely be exempt from the influence of partisanship.

Moreover he enjoyed opportunities for visiting the Spanish Court, of which he presents a vivid and characteristic picture, and he has preserved a series of pen-and-ink portraits of the most illustrious personages of all nations and of both parties, whom he beheld there.

After so minute an account of the nature of the contents of these volumes, it will be unnecessary formally to track the author's steps, and weary the reader with two or three columns of names and dates. The most pleasing mode of exhibiting the author's manner and the sort of entertainment which may be anticipated will be to take from different parts of the volumes some of the passages which we had noted as of special interest either for the subject or the style.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

His Excellency was universally respected and beloved in Madrid, and throughout Spain: never had a British minister a more important, a more arduous duty to perform, than fell to the share of Mr. Villiers; and never was any duty fulfilled with more tact and judgment. Amid the whirlwind of political passions which tore up society in Spain by its roots, the British minister was looked up to with confidence by respectable men of all parties. His amiable personal qualities were great auxiliaries to his sound judgment; he entered into the feelings of, and shewed respect for the Spaniards: he spoke and wrote their language well; his knowledge of every question connected with the history of past and passing events was conspicuous; and he evinced an earnest interest in the cause which the majority of the nation were defending.

Whilst worthily sustaining the honour, dignity, and interests of the country he represented, he was conciliatory towards the ministers of other powers resident at the Spanish court, while he discountenanced all those petty diplomatic jealousies which are always pernicious, but especially so in a small capital like Madrid. These qualities were invaluable at the period in question, when numberless circumstances were of daily occurrence, which designing parties made strenuous efforts to convert into needless causes of misunderstanding between the representatives of foreign nations.

When, after succeeding to the earldom of Clarendon, his lordship left Spain to take his place in the hereditary legislative assembly of his country, his departure was deeply regretted in every circle. He had completely won the hearts of the Spaniards; whilst our own countrymen who visited Madrid, either on business or otherwise, during the period Lord Clarendon was British Minister at that court, could not fail to be highly gratified, and to feel deeply obliged by his lordship's prompt and efficacious care for their interests, as well as attracted by his unaffected manners.

Here are pleasing traits of

ESPARTERO'S HUMANITY.

On the march I have constantly seen the Duke cause his own servants to lift some foot-sore or exhausted soldier on his spare horses. On one occasion, which just now occurs to me, a poor fellow was lying by the road-side on a hot day, quite unable to move on. Espartero halted, alighted, spoke to the fatigued soldier kindly, and then ordered him to be mounted on his own horse—a fine black charger. The poor man was abashed, and tried to excuse himself; but the general spoke to him with a soldier's frankness, and the man was hoisted on the horse. Espartero walked on alone. There was the dusty soldier, with haversack and tin canteen on his back, *shako* on his head, and trowsers drawn up to his knees, shewing his bare legs, riding solemnly on his general's charger at the head of the staff, while we were unable to suppress our smiles at the queer figure he appeared. He was weak, and therefore stooped; the shako seemed too heavy for his head, which lolled about from side to side; and although we could not see his face, one felt sure from the expression of his shako, back, and legs, that he felt out of his place, and wished himself with his regiment; even the tin canteen got loose somehow, and dangled all awry. At last, after riding about half a mile, he threw himself off—he could bear it no longer; he could not endure to see Espartero walking in the heat of the sun—he threw himself off, seized the horse's rein, ran on with him till he got up to the General, and held the stirrup for him to mount. The Duke gave him a piece of money and mounted. The poor soldier had really recovered some of his strength by the ride, and gratefully saluting his General, marched on in good spirits to join his battalion.

The people of Spain are not quite so attached to the bigotries of their faith as we have been accustomed to suppose. The low ebb to which the influence of the church has fallen will be apparent from this :—

With our preconceived notions of Spanish attachment to ancient institutions and usages, and of the influence exercised by the monks over the minds of a large portion of the population, one might have felt justified in supposing that this measure would have created much agitation among the *Madrilenos*, as the inhabitants of Madrid are styled: not at all—people shrugged their shoulders, a good deal of quizzing took place, and in a few days afterwards, I saw several carts laden with figures of saints and martyrs, fronts of altars, and other adornments of chapels and choirs, of little intrinsic value, all heaped together, and being removed to a general receptacle previously to a sale. One of the largest convents, I forget its name, was immediately converted into a depôt for military clothing and accoutrements, in the making of which great numbers of women and artisans were employed. The edifices and appurtenances were speedily put up for sale, by order of government, as national property, and there was no hanging back in point of bidders. The appearance of a friar in the streets of Madrid would no doubt excite almost as much astonishment now as a similar apparition would in those of London.

Poco Mas met with a ludicrous adventure in Biscay. The Carlists had impressed the inhabitants with a belief that it was the practice of the other party to *eat* children. One evening, at Bilboa, he presented his billet to a woman who had a child in her arms. She expressed the utmost horror

and alarm, to his infinite surprise. When he approached her, she shrank back, exclaiming—

"Quita usted!—quita!—Hands off, Sir! hands off!" Starting back with astonishment, I cried, "Qué es éso, Senora?—What's the matter, Senora?" "Ay, Senor! por Dios y por la Virgen Santissima! Mi nina! mi nina!—Ah, Senor! for the love of God and the most holy Virgin! my child! my child!" and she hugged it closer and closer. "What do you mean, Senora?" I cried, keeping at a respectful distance to shew that I had no evil intentions; and perceiving a low rush-bottomed chair at the other end of the room, I dropped down into it, and stared at the *patrona* with amazement. "No me mireis asi!—Don't look at me in that way!" she cried; and in a second added, "Usted no es Espanol!—You are not a Spaniard!" "No, Senora; yo soy Ynglés.—I am an Englishman." "Ynglés! Ay, de mi!—An Englishman! alas, for me!" exclaimed the poor woman in an agony, and then she kissed her infant repeatedly, the tears flowing from her eyes as she regarded it with maternal tenderness and anxiety. Seeing the distressed state of her feelings, and that I was the cause of her affliction and alarm, though I could not imagine why or wherefore, I entreated that she would compose herself, assuring her that as my presence appeared to be so painful to her, I would forthwith obtain another billet, and I rose to depart for that purpose. "Péro, Senor," said the agitated mother, drying her eyes with the corner of the cotton handkerchief which covered her head, and was tied in long ends under her chin. "But, Senor, *do* you eat babies?" "Eat babies, Senora? *Qui idéa!*—What a notion! Certainly not," and I laughed heartily. The *patrona* drew a long breath; her spirit was evidently relieved from a great weight. "Conqué. So, Senor, you don't devour babies! Ay! what a fright I have had!" "I assure you, Senora, I have no longing for babies' flesh, though no doubt it is very delicate; but I must go and exchange my billet." "No se vaya usted—don't go, Sir. I am no longer afraid. The Carlistas, Senor, who were lodged here, told me that Espartero had with him some *extrangéros*—foreigners, who ate children and smothered their mothers, Senor!—and as you were an *extrangéro*, I was frightened, especially when you looked so hard at me from that chair. But I see I have been deceived, and I b g your pardon."

Very amusing, too, is this characteristic anecdote of

THE CURATE AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I was lodged in the house of a *Cura*, or clergyman. There were ten *Curas* in this small place, five of whom were of Carlist, and five of Constitutional principles. My worthy host happened to be of the latter persuasion. Nothing could exceed the kindness of this old gentleman; he came and sat with me, as did his nephew, a very superior young man, a student in the university of Zaragoza, and I had much interesting conversation with them. The old *Cura* did not profess to be very learned, for said he, "I was a captain under Mina in the war of independence, and of course had no time for study then. After peace, I managed to qualify myself for orders; and here I am, one of the liberal *Curas* of Ausejo." "How do you get on with the Carlist *Curas?*" "Oh! we never meddle with their politics, nor they with ours. As the numbers are equally divided, each party forms its own little counsel of state, and we leave our politics at the church-door." "I wish such were more generally the case in my country," said I. He then asked me if Lord Wellington were still living. The generality of Spaniards, of a certain time of life, thus designate our great Duke. Sometimes they speak of him as *El Lor*, the Lord, as a title *par excellence* indicating their exalted opinion of him, in the same manner as we ourselves say "the Duke." "Is Lord Wellington still living?" inquired the *Cura*. On my answering in the affirmative, he said, "He is a great man, a great general; but—" and here the *Cura* thrust his hand into the pocket of his rusty cassock, and searched for something; but not finding it, he said to his nephew, "be kind enough to fetch my *petaca*." The young gentleman brought it directly, but not in time to anticipate me presenting his reverence with a *puro*, or Havana cigar. Accepting it with that grace peculiar to the Spaniards, he politely handed me the little brazen vessel containing *lumbre*, or lighted wood-ashes that stood on the table; on my returning it to him after lighting my own cigar, he used it for the same purpose. Having drawn in the due quantity of smoke, and allowed it to escape slowly from his mouth and nose, he crossed one leg over the other, and looking at me significantly, smiling agreeably at the same time: "But," said the *Cura*, "*El Lor* is not a liberal." "Why do you say so, *Senor Cura?*" "I'll tell you. In the war of independence I happened to be with my squadron—I was a cavalry officer—in a village when Lord Wellington arrived unexpectedly at nightfall with his staff. This occasioned a great bustle, of course. Stabling was scant in the place, and some of the horses of my squadron were removed to make room for others belonging to the general's party. Complaints were made to me; I remonstrated with those who had so unceremoniously ejected my horses, but to no effect; I was then young and rather hot-headed, Senor; so off I went to Lord Wellington's quarters, and asked to speak to him. I was instantly admitted. I stated my case vehemently; and in the warmth of my complaint, spoke of our sacred cause, the constitution we were defending, &c. &c. *El Lor* heard me very patiently until I came to the word constitution, when he said sharply, "Never mind the constitution, let us see what can be done about the horses;" and he directed an aide-de-camp to go with me and see that every thing should be arranged to my satisfaction, which was the case. But,"—and two streams of smoke poured from the Cura's nostrils,—"but those four words about the constitution proved to me that *El Lor* is not a liberal." "Pardon me, *Senor Cura*, they only proved that he confined himself to the business before him; and be assured that *El Lor* was at that very moment as stanch a constitutionalist as yourself." The worthy *Cura* laughed, and nodding his head approvingly, said: "*Puede ser—puede ser;* perhaps so—perhaps so."

As a contrast to ESPARTERO's humanity, take this sketch of

CARLIST CRUELTIES.

Great numbers of the Queen's soldiers who were made prisoners by the Carlists in a disastrous action at Herrera, were confined in Cabrera's depôts at Orcajo and other places, where the deaths averaged between twenty and thirty daily, from starvation. The famishing survivors kept themselves alive by feeding upon the carcases of their late companions, parts of whose flesh they cooked, and after a first meal off this revolting food, preserved the remainder cold, for a day or two's subsequent supply! Ten of these poor fellows who had put by this wretched store were discovered to have done so by their inhuman keepers, and on that account were taken to Bezeite, and there shot.

My respectable landlord declared that he saw the human flesh taken from the haversacks in which the starving prisoners had deposited it, and that he also witnessed their execution at Bezeite.

Thus, Cabrera and his crew starved a large portion of their prisoners to death; left the remainder famishing; drove them to the adoption of the unnatural means just described for keeping life within their debilitated frames; and then shot them, under the plea that they were cannibals!

Horrible as this is, I could readily believe it from what I had myself witnessed.

The pressure of other claims at this busy season compels us to be content with these few extracts from a work which will be a desirable acquisition both to the book-club and the library.

FICTION.

Jeanne. Par GEORGE SAND. 1844.

AMONG the many virtues of our character as a people, we cannot boast of freedom from prejudice. Too many proofs of this may hourly be brought against us. Conventionalism, which is no other than prejudice in small things, and of no slight influence upon the mind, as been noted as the characteristic of an Englishman. But it is alleged that prejudice was stronger some centuries since than now, when civilization has spread far and wide, and opened the eyes of the many to their physical and mental wants. We are not sure of this: our intellectual and moral faculties are unquestionably more refined, and the better classes are wiser and happier; but the same amount of prejudice is still, we suspect, to be found in the masses. We discover the same absence of self-formed ideas, the same want of independent feeling upon almost all subjects, and the same blind submission to the dicta of self-elected leaders of opinion. But, thank Heaven, there is this consoling reflection, that in the great march of civilization now so manifest throughout Europe, spite of the many follies and stumblings from which, like all youthful things, it cannot hope to be exempt, this soul-numbing cause of ignorance must gradually melt away. Then, and then only, will the true and the beautiful, for they are one, find their altars on the earth, already worshipped in spirit by the noble-hearted few, who in all ages stand forth to shew their brethren the light of Heaven. Will this be thought irrelevant to the story of *Jeanne?* We trow not. Our remarks are caused by indignation, mingled with some compassion, which we cannot help feeling when we remember for how many years GEORGE SAND has been publishing her incomparable works, during a large portion of which our reading public were ignorant of her very name, and then when it became known, uttered it only to vilify. We do feel indignant that the voice of the unin-

formed many should so have influenced those able and willing to appreciate her, that hitherto but faint echoes of her powerful voice have fallen upon the English ear.

There is an idea prevalent that Madame DUDEVANT attacks the existing state of things, and England, essentially conservative, shrinks in terror from the thought, and refuses, or has hitherto refused, all intercourse with doctrines so dangerous. We will not, however, here undertake the defence of GEORGE SAND; independently of the length of such argument, it is rather a matter of feeling than of logic; and the fact of attempting a defence would imply an admission that there was something to defend.

Some months have elapsed since the appearance of *Jeanne*, a novel received with some murmurs of disapprobation from many an authoritative journal. Not only in the Parisian reviews, but in other continental influential organs of opinion, it was noted as bearing melancholy proof of GEORGE SAND'S declining powers. There is a propensity in the public, when an author has written much, and been much the object of attention, to excuse their growing weariness of his style or opinions, by pronouncing his powers to be failing. It has been said that every mind cherishes its one idea, its one belief or faith, from which all others take their tone. This one idea tempers every thought, word, and deed, and when he writes, it appears more vigorous, perhaps, than under any other manifestation, having less of external influence to obstruct its free delivery. We are all of us more or less slaves of an idea. Right or wrong, it works upon us like a gospel truth, compelling us to give it expression according to our ability. Once find this ruling idea, and we have the entire character of the man, his motives, his cares, his hopes and fears. When we say of a man that he has written himself out, do we mean that his idea is exhausted, melted away, incapable of further application, at least so far as he can apply it? If so it be, GEORGE SAND has not exhausted her idea, for every new book of hers is still redolent of beauty, and pregnant with deep truths, which are truths to all mankind, and we know not to which her enemies could point as evidencing the decay of her genius.

Her fictions have this remarkable characteristic; either they contain such succession of incident, such dramatic situations, as might furnish a circulating library with novels for a twelvemonth, or so few events to excite interest in ordinary readers, that none but herself could invest them with beauty and truth, seizing, as she does, the leisure moment to pour forth her eloquence, her passion, her strains of purest poetry. Poetry is in her every page; either the poetry of humanity, or the poetry of earth. Her coldest reader cannot but call to mind hundreds of passages evidencing her feeling for all that is sublime and tender in nature, passages which amply testify to the artistic beauty of her genius. She does not stand upon a hill and paint mankind as they toil and struggle beneath her; she is herself in the battle, the hard fight, and between every struggle she remembers well the lessons of the last. From this cause, all we read in her, every emotion she paints, is living; it has been felt by herself; she tells us what she has experienced. This is the grand key to her power, and we cannot but applaud the resolution she once avowed, never to attempt to depict any thing she had not in herself endured.

We hear much, so much that it degenerates into mere unmeaning cant, of the questionable morality of GEORGE SAND'S novels. But as we read more, our notions are enlarged, and we learn that, though our spectacles may be of different colours from our fellows', we all look at the same sun. French literature has ever been regarded as immoral in England, and the more so, perhaps, now, that it has manifested itself in the most extravagant forms yet witnessed in the history of literature. GEORGE SAND has been pronounced by some incomprehensible, by others extravagant, by many immoral. But it seems to us, these *soi-disant* moralists forget that French novelists do not confine themselves within the bounds of English notions of propriety. GEORGE SAND is not peculiar in France; she follows the fashions of her nation. The misfortune is, that we should make a difference of taste in this respect a matter of such importance as to blind us to indisputable excellences. Because we dislike the external covering, we disregard the beauty of the form beneath. And what, after all, is the meaning of morality? Can there be a higher morality than the love of all that is pure and noble, the veneration of all that is highminded and disinterested? If an author teach this; if, from his own aspirations, he breathes into the soul of his reader an ardent devotion to the cause of the good and the true; if he awake one slumbering thought of life's real purpose, and infuse a stronger power to struggle manfully with evils, he cannot have written in vain; and—he cannot be immoral.

What a remarkable instance is *Horace*. It is a book which, as was once observed to us, stabs at every word, not with a mortal stab, but with small wounds, gradually laying the heart bare and shewing its cankerworm, its many cankerworms, to the whole world. We doubt if any person could take up either of those two small volumes, and not feel himself deeply hurt somewhere. In strength of intellect, Madame DUDEVANT is the redeemer of her sex's weakness. It is a book analysing the very existence of a human being, laying bare his most secret motives and impulses, his best and noblest feelings. Few men could so completely comprehend one another; few women, with all their discrimination, could so investigate their own being. But for a woman so to describe the very complicated character of a man, seems to us the most wonderful specimen of grasp of mind and power of penetration, that the literature of any country has produced.

It were impossible, pleasant as it might be, to examine the respective merits of GEORGE SAND'S many works. Our limits, independently of our capabilities, would not admit of any such attempt. We have mentioned *Horace*, as we cannot deem the slightest remark relative to its author to be at all complete without a reference to that one phase of her extraordinary genius; and *Horace* is by no means, to us, one of her most interesting works. There are many containing more powerful passion, more of that poetry we have noted; even the *Lélia*, which, with justice, she has herself so severely ridiculed, is unmatched for the exquisite beauty of some of its passages, the mournful, almost heart-rending, truth of its reflections. It is the cry of a fallen angel for the lost worlds above.

In no writer is the progress of a great mind more to be seen than in her writings. The higher the mind, the longer perhaps is it in discovering its true destiny, the real ends and desires of its life. Here we perceive the struggles, the uncertainty, the painful groping in the dark, the many failures, the repeated efforts; for the spirit must rise, and who can walk steadily over rough stones? The gradual dawn of the coming day is shewn, the day of moral brightness, when the darkness shall turn to light, and the world be clear before us. It is a chaos through which all must pass; the higher the mind, the denser the mist into which it must plunge; but so again the brighter are the beams which greet its victory. This moral history seems to us written, plainly as man can desire, in the purpose of her novels, the characters of her heroines. It seems to us that time has purified and exalted them, giving them singleness of purpose, more generosity of feeling, more nobleness of heart. Compare, for instance, the heroines of *Mauprat* and *Genivieve* with *Consuelo* and *Gabriel*—all are independent in thought and action, but unquestionably the latter are a higher order of beings. And *Jeanne*, the poetical, gentle Jeanne, nursed amid dreams of the fairies, and the spirits of the upper world, with thoughts which no tongue can tell, nor herself comprehend, so simple is her peaceful soul—this last creation of a wonderful mind, bears no evidence of a decay of powers. In some respects it differs from many of GEORGE SAND'S former novels; it is more subdued in tone, more concentrated in effect, displaying, if possible, more command of materials, and having less of her general reflections. The story is related with extreme simplicity, having evidently but one object, the development of the character of Jeanne; and perhaps we cannot better give an idea of her, than in the words of the author:

Hers was truly a rustic organization, that is to say, a poetical soul without manifestation; one of those pure types even now found at times amidst the fields, wonderful and mysterious types, which seem formed for a golden age that does not exist, with whom perfectibility would be useless, because perfection is there already. These forms are not sufficiently known among us. Painting has often produced them materially, but poetry has always disfigured, by idealizing or translating them, forgetful that their very essence and originality consist in the impossibility of doing otherwise than divine them. We all acknowledge that the peasant must undergo great transformation before he can be made sensible of the benefits of a new religion, a new state of society; but what is not equally well known is, that at all

times nature produces certain beings among them who can learn nothing, because the *beau ideal* is within themselves, who have no need of progression to be at once the children of God, the sanctuaries of justice, of wisdom, charity, and sincerity. They are already prepared for the ideal society that human nature dreams of, seeks for, and announces at every step. Incapable of comprehending evil, they do not see it. They live, as in a state of primitive innocence, slumbering in the divine cycle of the Genesis. In a word, one would say that original sin had not polluted them, that they are of another race than the sons of Eve. Such was Jeanne, the Gallic Isis, as unconscious of the preoccupation of all around her as a daughter of the Druids suddenly transplanted into our age. Unable to cast blame on any thing, so much was her soul filled with gentleness and charity, she sought not to explain what blame alone could have explained. She vegetated like a beautiful lily in a dreamy ecstasy, her bosom open to the breezes of the night, to the soft greetings of the day, to every influence of earth and heaven, and finding no meaning in the language of men.

That the rare character of Jeanne should be divined, not described, was the object of the writer. The rarity of such a being has little or nothing to do with the beauty of its portraiture. Unlike any other character whom GEORGE SAND would paint at one stroke, it is only as we advance in the book that we become really acquainted with her beautiful nature—only as we see her extreme simplicity of mind, and unbending honesty of purpose in every word and deed, that we begin to know and love her. We have heard objections against the story as improbable. This must ever be a matter of opinion. The probability of a narrative depends not so much on the external facts, for of their likelihood it is impossible to establish any law, but on the degree of truth and nature with which the persons are made to act under their influence. But we must now, without further delay, introduce our readers to some passages which may give them a faint idea of a story that has deeply moved us.

The centre of France, in the department of Bourbonnais, and the district of Combraille, is the most melancholy, the most desolate, and most miserable part of France, and almost unknown, too, to artists and mechanics. If ever chance should lead you there, you may observe a high naked hill, crowned with a few rocks, which perhaps would never arrest your attention without the information I am giving you. Mount this hill, your horse will carry you to the very summit without effort, and then examine the rocks, arranged in a certain mysterious order; enormous masses resting upon the smallest stones, where for more than thirty centuries they have rested in one unchanging equilibrium; one rock alone has fallen beneath the blows of the first Christian population, or beneath the untiring efforts of the winter winds that howl unceasingly around these hills, now robbed of their antique forests. Their prophetic vales have disappeared for ever—no Druidess would here find a branch of the sacred plant to deck the altar of Hésus.

There is one group of these stones more formidable than the rest, inclosing a narrow space. Here perhaps was the sanctuary of the oracle—here the mysterious dwelling of the priest. To-day it appears, at the first glance, but as one of nature's freaks—one of those sheltering spots that rocks often afford to the traveller or the shepherd. Long grass now covers the traces of the ancient sacrifice; beautiful wild flowers from the heath surround the base of these mournful altars. At some distance a clear little fountain, cold as ice and of briny taste, like most springs in the Marchois country, runs half-hidden beneath the shrubs eaten by the passing roebuck. This mournful spot, without grandeur, without beauty, filled only with a sentiment of desolation and solitude—this spot is called *Les Pierres Jomâtres* (The Jomâtres Stones). In the last days of August 1816, three young men were hunting at the foot of the Stone Mountain, as it is called in the neighbourhood. "Friends," said the youngest, "I am dying with thirst, and I know there is a fountain about here; my dog is hunting for it as after an old acquaintance. If you will follow me, Sir Arthur will be, perhaps, pleased to see these Druidical monuments a little nearer; although I dare say he has met many much more curious in Scotland and Ireland."

"Certainly, I should like to see them," answered Sir Arthur with a very marked English accent; and he proceeded to mount the hill on the very steepest side, that he might reach the 'pierres jomâtres' all the sooner. He had a way of walking, of scraping along the ground, which looked neither active nor *dégagé*, but in the end gained in speed double that of his young companions. He was the very model of a hunter, never hungry nor thirsty; and the young men, while they followed him with the greatest emulation, often inwardly cursed his indefatigable perseverance.

Although Guillaume de Boussac and Léon Marsillat did nothing but run on and get out of breath, the Englishman, like the fabled tortoise, had been inspecting the position and mineralogical qualities of the "pierres jomâtres" for the last quarter of an hour.

"A very devil of a fountain," said De Boussac, "tasting all copper, which doesn't give one any good idea of the treasure."

"These cursed goats," said Marsillat, "haven't a drop of milk; instead of browsing, they seem to think of nothing but licking the stones. Have they, too, a taste for gold?"

"Gold?—Treasure?" echoed Sir Arthur, looking from one to the other with an air of surprise.

"We must tell him," said Guillaume, "that there is a tradition, a legend connected with this spot. According to Marsillat, you won't get it out of the heads of the peasants here, but that there is a treasure buried somewhere underground."

"Yes; this belief makes them perfectly mad," said Marsillat. "Some suppose it is beneath the druidical stones; others that it is further up in the mountains of Toull Saint Croix, which lies yonder, down there, within an hour's walk of this."

The Englishman looked at the arid, rocky soil, the stunted heath that seemed to stifle all herbage, the lean goats wandering at a little distance, "There is a treasure in all uncultivated land," said he, "but there must be another treasure to bring it forth."

"Yes, capital;" said Marsillat.

"And peasants," added Guillaume; "this country is quite unpeopled."

"Men, and again men," observed the Englishman.

"I don't understand," said Guillaume, smiling at Marsillat.

"Not masters and slaves, but men and men," repeated Sir Arthur, surprised that he was not understood; he, who imagined he spoke so plainly.

"There are slaves in France, are there?" asked Marsillat, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yes, and in England too," answered the Englishman without being disconcerted.

"Philosophy wearies me," said Marsillat, half aloud to his young countryman; "your Englishman would disgust me with liberality. How much will you wager, Guillaume," added he aloud, "that I don't reach the top of the highest and smoothest stone there?" * * * * "Listen, Léon," cried out young De Boussac to him, "if you find the Druidess Velléda up there, just tell us, will you!" Marsillat continued singing, running over the platform of the Dolmen, leaping from one block to another, when all at once he stopped, and the song was interrupted by a cry of surprise.

"What is it?" cried Guillaume, "a hare or a serpent?"

"Velléda?" asked Sir Authur, with a slight smile.

"No, Lisette," said Marsillat, "not at all ugly; but is she dead or alive?" And he disappeared in the ring formed by the two large stones. Guillaume do Boussac finding he answered no longer to his questions, and urged by the curiosity of an adventurer, began himself to climb the rock; but Sir Arthur, less eager, and by no means excited, pointed to him, that by making the circuit of the rocks, and in joining Marsillat by the interior, he would gain his end all the quicker. It was the work of few moments, and the three found themselves together by the sleeping Druidess.

"It is a little child," said Sir Arthur.

"That is," answered Marsillat, "she is fourteen or fifteen years old, if not more!"

"I shouldn't have thought it," said Guillaume.

"The people about her are all like that," continued Marsillat; "the girls up to sixteen, and the boys up to twenty, are all small, and have the features of infancy; they develope all of a sudden, and become large and strong when you would believe them stunted for ever. It is the same with cattle and poultry."

"Oh; it is not the same," said Sir Arthur, scandalized to hear humanity so slightly spoken of.

"How she sleeps," said de Boussac; "the sound of a gun wouldn't wake her."

"I've half a mind to try," said Marsillat, attempting to take the piece from Sir Arthur, who firmly refused it, thinking the joke dangerous and cruel. * * * She made a movement as if brushing away a troublesome fly, and turned round with that deep sigh, without effort, without sorrow, peculiar to young sleeping children, which has a certain harmony and purity, inspiring I know not what emotion. Then, without opening her eyes, she fell unconsciously into a most beautiful attitude. Her arm was thrown above her head, her hand small and delicate, though brown, threw back the grey cloth cap, and rested half-open on her magnificent fair hair. It was indeed the freshest face that ever, without veil or shade, braved the ardour of a mid-day sun. There are certain cantons of Berry and the neighbouring provinces, where, spite of the absence of trees, and a life exposed to the effects of temperature, the complexion of the peasants is as pure and delicate as that of the Venetians, or the mountaineers of the Grazien Alps. In the places where this character is not general, it is produced and perpetuated in certain

families, and it is the common opinion that these families are of English origin, the English having, as is well known, occupied our central provinces quite long enough to mix their blood with that of the natives. But I rather believe that the pure blood of the primitive Gallic race has been preserved without intermixture among some rustic tribes of our central provinces.

The sleeper there was fair as the aster of the meadows, and rosy as the flower of the eglantine. But her beauty could have done without this charm, more peculiar to the race of the idle; her features were admirable, the brow low, and firm like an antique statue. The pure lines, and the angelic calm of her countenance, gave her a striking resemblance to those fine forms immortalized by Grecian art. Her figure was not yet developed; but it nevertheless announced strength and flexibility, and the picturesque disorder and ragged dress by no means lessened her charms. The naked feet reposed in the grass, and the half-opened mouth displayed her magnificent teeth. True beauty is always chaste, and inspires involuntary respect. The Englishman was not of a disposition to feel otherwise, and his two hot-headed companions soon yielded to its irresistible influence.

"Heavens!—it is not Lisette; it is Velléda!" said Marsillat, instinctively lowering his voice.

"And why should not Lisette be as beautiful as Velléda?" asked Sir Arthur.

"If I were a painter," said Marsillat, "I'd sketch the divine creature, and if I were alone," added he, returning to himself, "I would soon know if the little goat had any spirit in her."

"Mr. Marsillat," said Sir Arthur, in a solemn tone; "let us go."

"Yes, yes, let's go," said Marsillat, laughing at the virtuous solicitude of the Englishman. * * * * *

"I do not understand," said Sir Arthur, warming himself gradually at the fire of his imagination, "how such ideas can come into your heads at the sight of a child. Gentlemen, you are not worthy to contemplate beauty."

"Yes, yes, my lord only is worthy to contemplate beauty," said Marsillat, mimicking the comic accent of Sir Arthur.

But Sir Arthur perceived nothing of it. The words sounded to him exactly as he pronounced them, and he smiled with an air of paternal pity when the young man treated him as "my lord," with the intention of laughing at him.

Before leaving the "sleeping beauty," each placed a coin in her hand. "And now," said Guillaume, "as we are acting the faëries here, and we're three, the legitimate number for all marvellous tales, it's my advice that we each make her a wish."

"Ah, yes," rejoined Marsillat, and extending his hand over the child's head, "My beauty," said he, "I wish you a merry fellow for your lover."

"My charmer, I wish you a rich and generous protector," said De Boussac, smiling.

"My child, I wish you a good husband, who may love you and help you in your troubles," said the Englishman, in his turn seriously, and with a tone of earnestness, which for a moment arrested the gaiety of his friends.

And all three left the "pierres jomâtres," each believing to have given some pleasure to the child, and doubting nothing that their alms would become in her little hand the instrument of their destinies.

The Fortunes of Roger de Flor; or the Almugavars. In 3 vols. London, Bentley. 1845.

THE eager applicant for "the last new novel" will soundly rate the circulating library keeper who may chance to send *The Fortunes of Roger de Flor* to appease the "hungry edge of appetite." It is indeed a romance in name only, wanting all the characteristics of a genuine fiction. But then, on the other hand, it is not a good history, for it departs too much from fact to deserve that title. It is rather a history spoiled in an endeavour to convert it into a novel by one who does not possess the requisite ability for the undertaking. The author is a very common-place, matter-of-fact sort of gentleman, without a spark of imagination or inventive faculty, with no poetry in him, and no nice perceptions of character. He is an antiquary turned novelist for the nonce, who, with an eye to the marketable quality of the article, has changed a decent history into a bad romance, calculating that the latter may attract the larger circle of buyers. Throughout there is nothing natural and life-like. The *dramatis personæ* are puppets; the dialogues are tame and prosy; the incidents are ill-planned; the plot ill-constructed. Its only excellence is found in its descriptions, especially of battles and "*skrimmages*," which are always spirited. But these would equally have adorned a formal history, and their aid, combined with his undoubted learning and familiarity with the events, men, and manners of the time at which the story is laid, might have secured for him a high place among historians, and honour for which he will strive in vain as a novelist.

The Almagavars were a band of freebooters who infested the Byzantine Empire in the middle ages, selling their services to any purchaser, and fighting on any side at any time. The writer of this romance is of opinion that they came from Spain, and were a portion of its original inhabitants. At the commencement of the 14th century they hired themselves to the Emperor of the East, to protect him against the Turks, their leader being Roger de Flor, of whom GIBBON informs us that he was "the offspring of a marriage between a German gentleman of the court of Frederick the Second, and a damsel of Brindisi," and that he was "successively a Templar, an apostate, a pirate, and at length the richest and most powerful admiral of the Mediterranean." He succeeded in the service for which he was retained; but his troops were a greater curse to the inhabitants than the invaders they had expelled. Ultimately Roger was assassinated at Adrianople, in the presence and at the instigation of the Emperor and the Empress.

This is the history which the author has taken for the subject of his romance, and he has mingled with it the love adventures of Fernan Ximenes, one of his captains, whose passion for a beautiful Greek girl, and the consequences thereof, together with the crosses occasioned by the hopeless love felt for him by Aline, the daughter of Roger de Flor, whose devotion is the only interesting portion of the tale, form together the necessary frame-work for a romance, and a very flimsy one it is.

Being such, we cannot recommend to any library or any borrower, unless very hard driven for "something new."

The Smuggler; a Tale. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of "Darnley," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Smith and Elder.

ANOTHER from Mr. JAMES's wholesale novel manufactory. If it be a subject of astonishment how he can write with such railroad speed, it is equally astonishing where he finds readers not absolutely wearied by the tedium of his twice-told tales, spun out by a sort of penny-a-line process to the prescribed length of three volumes. The truth is, Mr. JAMES has fairly written himself out. Good plots do not offer themselves at will, and even character and incident will be exhausted in all savé minds of the highest order. Accordingly, for plots Mr. JAMES has lately substituted scenes, which by much practice he is enabled to extend to any required number of pages, and lo! that which should have been a magazine article, under his skilled hands, grows into a novel. *The Smuggler* is a dull, heavy book, which none but an inveterate romance reader will wade through. The story is said to be founded on facts. At Romney Marsh, about a century since, lived one Mr. Radford, a wealthy magistrate, of good repute to the public, but privately an extensive smuggler, his son being the medium of communication between him and the gang. The King's troops seize a cargo of smuggled goods; there is a fight; the smugglers are beaten, some are killed, others taken prisoners and lodged in Goudhurst Church. A rescue is attempted, but in vain, and in this attack on the church the young Radford is shot by a comrade.

The story is eked out by the introduction of the family of Sir Robert Croyland, who has two daughters in love with two dragoon officers, but thwarted by the promise of the hand of one of them, Edith, to young Radford, as the price of secrecy for a homicide committed by her father in a fit of passion—or at least as he believed; for it turns out afterwards to have been an "accidental death."

Heavy as it is, we suppose there is yet so much of past repute attaching to the name of JAMES, that the libraries must have it. But it is a sad waste of money and time.

Thiodolf the Icelander. From the German of DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. London, 1845. Burns.

THIS is another of Mr. BURNS's beautiful publications, which unite, to a degree never before attempted, literary excellence with typographical elegance. Such paper, such printing, such engravings, were never seen before save in the costly annuals. Here they are placed within the reach of persons of moderate means; and the child sets upon his shelf in the nursery a book which not long since the man would have deposited in

his library as a treasure, or exhibited in his drawing-room as a gem.

The romance of La Motte Fouque, now, we believe, for the first time presented in an English dress, is the best, though not the most popular, of that author's productions. Certainly it is the most carefully written, the most artistically designed and executed. *Thiodolf* was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, who doubtless took from it the idea, and perhaps rather more than the idea, of *Count Robert of Paris*. It is observed in the preface, that "the contrast of the luxurious Byzantine court with the rough and self-denying northman forms in each the leading feature of the tale." The superiority, however, will be at once assigned to Fouque, both for the interest of the story, and the graphic pictures of the people and manners of the time. This is just the sort of work which might advantageously be ordered in the book-club, for it will interest every reader; and the member who orders it will be well pleased if at the sale he should not be outbidden.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Œuvres choisies de Scribe, de l'Académie Française. Tome premier. Paris et Londres, 1845. Didot.

This selection from the dramatic works of M. Scribe is a valuable contribution to the library. The name of the wit is, we suspect, much better known than his works. To our countrymen, especially, they are not so familiar as they ought to be. The lively dialogue, the sparkling wit, the fertile invention, the strokes of character, the quiet houmour, will surprise those who have not enjoyed the opportunity or felt the inclination to peruse his plays. The edition before us is a selection from his voluminous works, made with excellent taste, and more elegantly printed and got up than is usual with French publications. Cordially do we commend it to the notice of all our readers who study the French language. They will find their knowledge of it considerably enlarged by the perusal of these dramas.

EDUCATION.

A System of English Grammar, founded on the Philosophy of Language and the Practice of the best Authors: with copious Exercises. By Charles Walker Connon, M.A. Edinburgh, 1845. Oliver and Boyd.

Mr. Connon's system cannot be described within any space we can devote to such a theme; and indeed the volume is so small and accessible in price, that they who are desirous of seeing a really rational grammar may readily procure it. The striking features of this work are, the accuracy of the definitions, and the philosophical construction and arrangement of the rules by which the structure of our language is regulated. To every part of it copious exercises are appended, by which the student may apply the rules he has committed to memory, and ascertain that he thoroughly understands them. These exercises are of various degrees of difficulty, some of them merely testing the pupil's apprehension of what he has been taught, while others require reflection, and are intended to enlarge his acquaintance with the principles of English grammar. It is admirably adapted to schools and families.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Christian Commonwealth. By John Winter Morgan. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

The scheme developed in this handsome volume is a sort of Christian Owenism. It is one of the many propounded by benevolent men earnestly seeking the improvement of society, who have measured other men's hearts by their own, and, forgetful of the selfishness of human nature, have proposed elaborate plans for making happy and prosperous communities upon the co-operative principle.

Mr. Morgan, rightly enough, describes the present state of society in this country as full of evils, and fraught with danger. He complains, as we have done, of the too exclusive tendencies of modern civilization towards material, rather than mental, advancement. He thinks, with us, that happiness has been unduly sacrificed to wealth, and the duties of legislation directed to the preservation of property, neglecting man, who should be the statesman's chiefest care.

But the remedy which he suggests, though plausible in sound, is based upon assumptions which all experience has proved to be false. Mr. Owen tried parallelograms, and common bakehouses, and produce shared among the producers, and he failed, not, as some suppose, because he omitted religion from his scheme, although this hastened the catastrophe; but because he did not take into account the principles of the human mind. He omitted from his calculation such universal faculties as the love of possession of property, ambition, vanity to excel one's fellows, the jealousies and rivalries of neighbours, and the scheme exploded.

Mr. Morgan's plan is substantially the same, but having some improvements. He proposes to form, in the centre of a thousand acres of land, an establishment by which 300 families may support themselves by their labour and provide an efficient church pastoral supervision.

We cannot detail the calculations upon which he erects the superstructure, nor describe the management; but this differs in small degree from all like projects. It is a beautiful and plausible theory; but we do not see in what manner it designs to avoid the rock upon which all its predecessors have split. It is painful to be compelled thus to speak of a project so manifestly instigated by motives of the purest benevolence, and framed with so much ingenuity; but experience has taught a severe lesson to philanthropists, which, if they are wise, they will keep ever before them, and not waste their energies on plans which that experience has proved to be impracticable.

RELIGION.

Letters addressed to the Bishops, Clergy, and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church. By J. H. Hopkins, D.D. Bishop of the Diocese of Vermont. Philadelphia: Campbell and Co.

"Novelties which disturb our Peace" is the other title of these letters describing the cause and object of the work. It is much more directly controversial than the sixteen Lectures we have before noticed, and contains nothing very striking; for the Bishop of Vermont is not fitted for a great leader in the regular war of controversy, where abundant learning and high dialectic skill are alike necessary.

What he terms Novelties are four in number. 1. The practical denial of the efficacy of lay baptism, given by the frequent rebaptizing of persons already baptized by non-episcopalian ministers. 2. The refusal of the term Church to the non-episcopalians. 3. The sacramental theology, set forth in Dr. Pusey's famous Sermon. 4. The supposition that the tenets of the Council of Trent can be reconciled to sound Catholic (or orthodox and primitive) doctrine. There are two curious passages, however, which demand a short observation. One is, that the worthy bishop has been so shocked and disgusted by the unbridled license of the *anonymous* press, that he thinks a censorship of the press within the circle of the Church might and ought to be established. This, from an American, is not a little startling. The other is his proposition for a system of internal discipline. In consequence of the various interpretations put by the different bishops, he says, that no bishop has sufficient respect paid to his opinion. As these differences also exist in England, we present his plan for the consideration of those who are deeply desirous of appeasing the present war within the Church, that she may offer a more systematic resistance to all attacks from without, and be a more effective instrument for the spread of true religion among all classes.

First, that we should have but *one code of canon law*, enacted by the whole Church in General Convention, and superseding, of course, all diocesan legislation.

Secondly, that this code should be administered, in each diocese, by the Bishop, acting as judge, with the assistance of a certain number of his Presbyters, as assessors.

Thirdly, that from the judgment of each bishop, an appeal should lie, under proper regulations in every case, to a Board or Council, consisting of not less than seven bishops, with from four to six laymen, in the capacity of advisers and assistants, all of whom should be elected by joint ballot at each General Convention, and should hold their sessions at such time and place as the President of the Council should appoint; the necessary

expenses of such meeting being provided for by the Church at large, in the same manner as is now done for the meetings of the General Convention.

Until there is some such system Bishop HOPKINS considers that the Church which we require to see here, used in its real meaning—the clergy and the laity, the Christian community—has a right to know the sentiments of every bishop, and he has therefore published this expression of his own; an example it would be well for all our own bishops to follow.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WEST ROOM.

459. *The Bandit Mother.* W. D. KENNEDY.—The highly-hazardous position of the wounded bandit and his wife, on a lofty ledge of rock scarcely wide enough to sustain them, detracts largely from a work which, but for this, would have been a successful one. There is a quiet and harmonious tone of colour throughout, and due attention has been bestowed on the details.

460. *The Judgment of Adam and Eve*, and 610, *The Fall of Man.* J. MARTIN.—These large and prominent pictures display Mr. MARTIN'S singularities both of excellence and defect in no inconsiderable degree. The grandeur of conception, the poetic feeling, and the power of expressing space, which mostly characterize his productions, are everywhere visible here; so too are his extravagances of colour, his ill-drawing, his spottiness and want of decision in the throwing in of his effects.

464. *Portrait of the Earl of Ilchester.* J. LINNELL.—A small but exquisitely-painted portrait. The head is marked with character; the attitude and arrangement of accessories are unaffected, and the colouring is pure and of a warm tone.

471. *The Maréchal Duc de Biron exasperated by the ungrateful conduct of his sovereign, Henry IV. is about to break with him for ever.* G. LANCE.—We have here an imposing and charming picture. The artist has boldly and clearly conceived his subject, and his embodiment of it on canvas is most successful. The figure of the Duke, in his splendid suit of mail inlaid with gold, is manful and dignified, and the expression stamped on his countenance is legibly that of sudden and violent anger. His lovely sister too, the Countess de Roussin (who urges the most eloquent of dissuasions when she reminds him that the very sword which in resentment he is seizing was that by which the King had formerly saved the Maréchal's life), is equally perfect, both in expression and position. The composition of this picture, which abounds in appropriate accessories, is well governed and picturesque; and the distribution of light and shade, the clearness and truth of colour, and the attention bestowed on the finish, are beyond mere praise to reward.

473. *Evening after a Sea-fight.* C. R. LESLIE.—There is astonishing force in this work. The sun has gone down behind the dark waste of waters, as if glad to quit the view of so terrible a scene. His rays illuminate the thin edges of cloud with a bloody hue, and are reflected in the shattered vessels and the billows below. On the right, dismantled by the action, lies a heavy ship; and against the strong light in the west is seen projected the masts of a sinking frigate, with sailors clinging to the shrouds, as the hull settles hopelessly down in the water. For vividness of light, depth of atmosphere, and for the melancholy sentiment which prevail throughout this sea-piece, there are few works in the exhibition to compare with this.

475. *Scene from De Foe's Robinson Crusoe.* A. FRASER.—The interesting sailor is here represented attended by his dog, his goat, his cats, and his parrot. He has sat down to his meal, and is in the act of thanksgiving. There is too much of brown in the colour, which otherwise would be meritorious, since it is transparent, and laid on with a full pencil.

485. *Landscape and Cattle.* R. HILDER.—A naturally composed landscape. The tints are in some places too violent, but the effects are artistically laid. Relative distances, too, are well expressed.

486. *Portrait of the late John Thomas, Esq.* S. COLE.—This is a clever cabinet three-quarter-length portrait. The figure stands erect, yet easy; the head is impressed with life and *mind*, the colour warm and pure, the composition unaffected, and the finish exquisite. A few such works as this (for with the well-informed they carry an irresistible self-recommendation) must add equally to the emolument and the distinction which Mr. COLE has already earned.

488. *An old View on the Thames.* S. R. PERCY.—This landscape, from its simple truth to nature, will well repay inspection. It effectually carries the mind from the noisy hum, the close atmosphere of the metropolis, to one of those calm, fresh, and pure scenes in which the soul delights, because they minister to her holy pleasures. In the composition there is no sacrifice of truth to mere picturesqueness of line; the handling is characteristic of the objects which it intends to convey; and the colouring is that of simple Nature herself. We have rarely seen water more finely painted; the reflection on the pool reminds us of CUYP.

498. *The Village Pastor.* W. P. FRITH.—This is a work to which, though we spoke highly of it in the summary which prefaced this criticism, two numbers back, we did not award that high distinction to which it is justly entitled. Every examination of it since has raised our estimate of this clever picture. It represents a clergyman, yet in the grave-yard, returning from church on the Sabbath. His parishioners surround him, and a playful forward little girl is laying hold of the good man's gown, for which her mother hastily reproves her, though she has the beneficent regard and caress of the pastor himself. Behind is the time-hallowed house of God, and on the left a glimpse is afforded of the village. Seated on a tomb in front is a lovely girl perishing of consumption, and leaning fondly on a widowed mother, who affectionately supports her while she claims the attention of the approaching minister. There is a pathos in this group that would move a heart of stone. The expression of the dying girl—her arm and attenuated fingers languidly extended on her lap—and that too of tearful anxiety and sympathy in the already bereaved mother, may not be witnessed without emotion. Rarely have we seen throughout a work in which so many figures are introduced, the story so unmistakably told. The colouring is happy, and the variety of figures becoming. Here and there the artist has sinned against proportion, and in his drawing he is not always correct. These, however, are blemishes which painstaking will remove. The higher requisites of a great artist he undoubtedly possesses. The creative might of conception, the mastery of expression, the power of conveying his intention, of grouping, and other combinations evinced by Mr. FRITH in this work, set all doubts at rest of his future eminence; we shall henceforward look with interest for his productions.

501. *Scene on the Lynn, North Devon.* H. J. BODDINGTON.—A veritable reflection of nature. It abounds in fresh atmosphere and light. Perhaps the handling is a little too careless to satisfy a censorious critic, who might also object to some parts as being over-green.

515. *View near Ournelo Contrada di Sora, Kingdom of Naples.* W. LEITCH.—It is the fault of most artists, who at home paint pictures of foreign scenes, that though they may give correctly the physical features and other accessories of the prospect they describe, their skies and atmosphere are our own. Here this objection has no place. It is a just compliment to say of this work, that it is thoroughly *foreign*. The town on the rocky height, running through the middle ground, and casting its shawdow across the valley, produces a happy effect. There is here no straining after picturesqueness of line; the artist has obviously relied almost entirely on the simple combinations of nature; hence the force that marks this work. The figures are appropriate both in costume and position; there is throughout a silvery homogeneous colour, and much pains have been devoted to the finish.

522. *Females at a Fountain.* J. GILBERT.—With striking force, there is a stiffness in the draperies, and a hardness of line, that remind one of the works of FRANCIA. The combinations are original and clever, and the colour is admirable.

539. *Scene from Hamlet.* F. STONE.—In this work, Ophelia is represented kneeling beside the feet of the Queen, and singing the sorrowful lines, "White his shroud as the mountain snow," &c. The expression of distress in her beautiful countenance is finely represented. The figure of the Queen has too much the semblance of an academy model, into whose features the artist has thrown a sympathy that the heart does not participate. The contrasts are feeble, but the flesh-tones are happy.

540. *The United Service.* A. MORTON.—Character is well expressed in the veterans here assembled. A trait of nature has been given by the artist where he represents George Copestick, the old Life-Guardsman, with his hand to his ear, stooping to listen to the remark of the fair young girl seated on the bench beside him. The light and shade are judiciously distributed, but there is a rawness in the colouring which it is to be hoped time will subdue if not remove.

547. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.* W. FISHER.—A cleverly-painted head, of a low, sweet tone, accurately drawn, and most carefully painted.

546. *Dr. Tillotson administering the Sacrament to Lord and Lady Russell the day before Lord Russell suffered.* A. JOHNSTONE.—This is a finely conceived, and as ably executed historical picture. In the centre of the composition kneels Lord RUSSELL, with the chalice in his hand, and on his right the lady RACHEL. On the left, with upraised eyes, imploring the sanctification of God upon the Sacrament, stands Dr. TILLOTSON; and beside him, in a black gown, Dr. BURNET. The attitudes and expression of the principal actors are appropriate, and convey powerfully the intention of the painter. The light is so led through the picture as to display with happy effect, and to the best ad-

vantage, all that is necessary should be prominent. Though the colour is low, it has a force quite startling; one only material drawback is there, and that is in BURNET, who has a sinister expression of the eyes, that, as it was doubtless intended, we are at a loss to comprehend. He looks askance at Lord and Lady RUSSELL, in a manner that would at any time be remarkable, but on so solemn an occasion, is highly indecorous and censurable. We are curious to learn the artist's motive for this peculiarity.

554. *A Cave near Ashburton, Devon.* A. W. WILLIAMS.—A charmingly-painted landscape—one that justly deserves praise. The effects are skilfully disposed, and the colour is natural. The trees, though not without merit for the freedom with which the foliage has been painted, want better massing, and are not as round as they should be.

572. *The Pirates of the Archipelago.* H. MONTFORT.—A gloomy air of reality distinguishes this work. The pirates are skirmishing from a height; and the bustle and action of the figures well convey the exciting idea of an engagement of such a nature.

578. *Jochebed, the Mother of Moses, and Miriam, his eldest Sister, about to deposit him in the Ark of Bulrushes.* E. U. EDDIS.—This impressive picture shews Jochebed imploring the protection and blessing of God for her son before she commits him to his fate upon the waters. It was a happy thought of the artist to represent the mother holding the child to the breast up to the latest moment before she parts with him. For grandeur of composition, and breadth of parts; for moving and truthful expression; for forcible oppositions and harmonious colouring, and for the dominancy of one appropriate sentiment throughout, this work is admirable, and certainly not surpassed by any in the gallery.

579. *The Origin of the Guelph and Ghibelline Quarrel.* A. ELMORE.—This picture is more recommended by its colour than by any other quality. It wholly lacks that first essential to a work of art—intelligibility of the story.

586. *Portrait of the Marchioness of Ailesbury in a Spanish Costume.* A. E. CHALON, R.A.—Had not the name of this artist been affixed opposite the number of this work in the catalogue, we should never have believed it was his. He has utterly marred by his treatment of it a beautiful face. A head and face and hand worse drawn, we hardly remember to have seen; the colouring too is smeared and impure.

587. *The Frightened Flock. A Scene on the Coast of Calabria.* E. VERBOCKHOVEN.—Remarkable for its strength and closeness to nature. A shepherd and his flock assailed by a storm, retire from the surge-beaten coast to a refuge among the cliffs. The sheep, goats, and dogs are finely painted, the textures being imitated with singular fidelity.

605. *Uriel and Satan.* B. R. HAYDON.—With all its extravagance, its heaviness, and strange colouring, there is merit in this picture; for it conveys to the mind at least *an idea*, which every work of art does not. The figure of the archangel is unspiritual and heavy, but the descending Satan is clever; it is original in line; he seems to rush down earthwards through space, on his cruel mission, with eagerness and joy. Mr. HAYDON has indulged in the flattering imagination of comets whirling along their paths, and of nebulæ resolving themselves into systems, with no common satisfaction. Before he undertook this, however, he should have acquired TURNER'S art of giving *distance* to these bodies; as here painted, they look more like mottled soap-balls, or globes filled with coloured sand, than the self-luminous bodies they are intended to represent.

We now pass into

THE OCTAGON ROOM,

Not inappropriately named "The Condemned Cell;" but which offers at least one advantage, that if it veils merits, it hides defects; and as the latter predominate, perhaps the arrangement is a merciful one. It must be confessed that the "hanging committee" (how aptly called!) for the most part display a sound judgment in their sentences condemnatory of spoiled canvas to this black-hole; but sometimes they err, and send thither pictures that really deserve respectable places, where light can come to them. A few of such are to be found even among the crowd of sign-boards that cover the walls.

No. 620, *Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Sukey, &c. in the Temple Cloisters*, by W. FISK, is a clever picture, full of character and expression, and with some traces of originality, especially in the conception of such well-worn subjects. It is a work of promise.

No. 625. *A Road Scene, Devon*, by G. A. FERRIERA, is an abstract of nature. The colouring is rich and good, and there is a harmony of hue upon which the eye reposes with pleasure.

No. 626 is one of the best pictures in this room; *An Illicit Still in Glenfort*, by J. P. PHILLIP, a work of uncommon power, singularly real, and telling its story perfectly. It is a fabulous composition, finely drawn and coloured, and certainly ought not to have been thrust into such a place.

No. 637, *A Scene from the Wandering Jew*, where Morok looses the panther upon the old horse Jovial, is from the easel of A. CORBOULD, and the subject has been handled with very considerable ability. The posture of the panther preparing for the fatal spring is most truthful, and the terror of the horse is admirably expressed. The accessories too are good. With study, the artist must obtain eminence as an animal painter.

No. 647, *A Scene near the Thames, Oxfordshire*, is a landscape of no trifling merit; the composition is clever, and the colouring remarkably good; there is a coolness and clearness in the tints, which all were surprised to see in an artist whose name is so little known, and still more surprised to find in this room. Artistically viewed, and the painting in some parts is woolly, but its merits in other respects mark the hand of a master. The artist's name is H. B. WILLIS.

No. 656, *The Image Dealer*, by F. W. EDWARDS, is another creditable production. The visitor should not quite pass it by unnoticed. There are worse pictures in the better rooms.

No. 661. *The Itinerant Musician.* By G. A. WILLIAMS. A landscape in fact, the figures being only accessories, and as such, a pleasing and interesting composition. The artist has an eye for the picturesque, and masses well.

No. 667, *The Song of the Olden Time*, by J. C. HOOK, is beyond comparison the best picture in the room, and it is among the best in the exhibition. It is, indeed, a high-class work. The form, the expression, the colouring, especially of the lady, are beautiful. Why it was thrust into this hole will excite the surprise of all who can appreciate art. The painter who could produce such a work cannot long remain unknown. His merits must force themselves into a better position hereafter.

No. 673, *Watt's first experiment on Steam*, by R. W. BUSS, will reward inspection. The boy busily engaged with the kettle, and watching the steam coming from the spout, while his aunt looks on with a mixture of anger and affection upon her face, are portrayed with no small ability, and record vividly an incident which Arago notes in his memoir of WATT, as "the great engineer preluding to the discoveries which were to immortalize him."

No. 674, *The Morning Sport*, by W. S. P. HENDERSON, is a good subject well handled. There is a freedom of brush which gives promise of better things than either this or its companion, *Genevra* (675), by the same artist.

These are all worth noting in the Octagon room; the rest are either mediocre or positively bad, and the artists being for the most part beginners, there is no call for fault-finding, especially as our business is rather to play the part of guide than of censor.

SCULPTURE.

1324. *Marble Statue of Sir Sidney Smith to be erected in Greenwich Hospital by order of Government.* T. KIRK.—It will be fresh in the memory of our readers that a loud and violent outcry was raised by English artists, and much censure heaped upon the government for their employing Mr. KIRK (who, we believe, is a Scotchman) to execute this statue. The result, however, has vindicated the judgment of the authorities, and a work has been produced which we greatly fear no English sculptor could have rivalled—certainly there is nothing of equal merit to it in this year's exhibition. Sir SIDNEY is represented standing on a shattered rampart in the act of command. Embedded in the stone beneath his feet is a cannon-ball—a happy idea—and beside lie the fragments of an exploded mortar. His attitude is characteristic; his countenance marked by a self-possession and an interest in what is passing before him. The difficulty presented by the formal cut of the uniform dress is ably surmounted. The whole forms one of the most animated and spirited statues we have seen for many a year.

1325. *Marble Statue of the Marquis of Wellesley for the Board-room of the Honourable East India Company.* H. WEEKES.—This, too, though differing altogether in sentiment from the foregoing, is a good statue. The marquis holds a scroll in the left hand, while the right is raised, as if in the act of addressing an assembly. Over his shoulder is a cloak, the folds of which are skilfully disposed, and add greatly to the grace and breadth of the effect.

1327. *Statue in marble of a Nymph preparing for the Bath.* E. H. BAILEY, R. A.—This is a sweetly-conceived work. The pose of the figure is unhackneyed, though natural. The hips are, perhaps a trifle too narrow. The delicacy of chiselling and general finish are perfection.

1328. *A Gladiator.* COSTOLI.—This small statue of a dying gladiator deserves attention for the novelty of its attitude, the exactness of its anatomy, and truth of expression.

1329. *Paul and Virginia.* W. C. MARSHALL, A.—A winning, delicately-executed group. The attitude of Paul under his fair burden is correct, while the confident expression of his countenance, and that of timidity on Virginia's, are legibly expressed.

1330. *Marble Statue of her Majesty Queen Victoria, for the Royal Exchange.* S. G. LOUGH.—What we said of this heroic statue in our summary we have since been confirmed in by re-

peated examinations. It is heavy, and undignified in an offensive degree.

1331. *Marble Statue of a Dancing Nymph.* J. GOTT.—A work that does great credit to the artist, whose name is new to us. The proportions are good, the line is graceful, and there is actual motion—rare merit in the figure. The artist has tinged with brown the armlets and the fillet which binds up the robe, by which, in this case at least, a good effect has been produced.

1333. *The first Whisper of Love.*—A clever group. The expression of delighted surprise in the face of the nymph is happily given.

1337. *Marble Statue of the late Colonel Conway, for Madras Cathedral.* J. TERNOUTH.—The figure stands well, but the attitude is a worn-out one. The line is incorrect in its drawing in more points than one. Take, for instance, the left shoulder, which is obviously out of drawing.

1338. *Marble Statue of the late Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton.* H. WEEKES.—A fine, well-composed, recumbent statue. The head abounds with intelligence, and is strongly marked with character. The cast of the draperies is flowing and novel.

1363. *The Child's Attitude.* J. BELL.—We have in this a most delightful and expressive statue. The attitude is new, yet evidently that of nature; the legs are closed, and the hands doubled and turned inwards to the armpits, and the head inclines slightly forward. The countenance is a lovely one, and full of a sweet expression. Altogether this forms a highly fascinating work.

There is the usual number of busts; few, however, possess such striking merit as to deserve detached notice. Among the best are, 1374, *Bust of Professor Wilson*, J. FILLAMS; 1398, *Bust of the first Lord Clive*, J. E. THOMAS; 1453, *Bust of Dr. Watson*, T. BUTLER. All of these are marked with character and thought, and are delicately finished.

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

BRONZE WORKS OF ART.—By an order, dated January 5, 1839, the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury directed, on an application praying that certain metal figures made of bronze might be admitted to entry at the rated duty of 1*l.* per cwt. payable on works of art made of bronze, in lieu of the *ad valorem* duty of 30 per cent. which had been demanded thereon, as manufactures of brass; that all works of art, whether of bronze, brass, or of any other metal, were to be admitted to entry on payment of the same duty as on articles made of bronze, viz. 1*l.* per cwt. as requested. A question has recently been made with respect to a number of bronze figures, similar to those which have been passed as bronze works of art, being figures composed of a compound metal, known as bronze, and of no other use than as ornamental specimens of art, which the officers detained as not coming within the meaning of the resolutions of the House of Commons, admitting "bronze works of art" free of duty. And it being considered that, as all works of art, of whatever metal they may be composed, were admitted at the same rate of duty as "bronze" by the treasury order above quoted, the articles should continue to be governed by the principle of that order. It has been decided that all works of art, whether composed of bronze or other metal, are to be delivered free of duty. It appears that the only works of art charged with duty under class 6 of the tariff are bronze, and, therefore, it would account for the cause of their only being inserted in the list of articles admitted free by the recent resolutions of Parliament.

CARDINAL FESCH'S SALE OF PICTURES.—By a letter received from Rome, May 15, we learn that this vast and important sale of pictures has been brought to a conclusion. The following are the prices of the principal pictures sold since our last notice of this sale:—Watteau, a pair of fine landscapes, with fêtes champêtres, freely painted, 28,245f. to M. George; Perin del Vaga, the Adoration of the Shepherds, a fine gallery picture, a little too red in tone, 9,179f. the same; Wouvermans, a large battle piece, full of expression, and finely painted, 25,420f. Thibaut; Rubens, the Adoration of the Magi, a gallery picture, not entirely by Rubens, 14,122f. the same; Teniers, Christ Crowned by Thorns, of the finest execution of the master, 25,420f. the same; Guido, the Assumption of the Virgin, 9,038f.; Berghem, a cattle piece, cabinet size, 6,880f. Walsh; A. V. Velde, Jacob's Journey, an extremely fine picture, having upwards of sixty animals, 50,840f. Marquis of Hertford; Greuse, La Prière à l'Amour, engraved in the Choiseul Cabinet, 34,797f. the same; Raphael, the Crucifixion, an early production, partaking of the qualities of Pietro Perugino, 56,490f. Prince Canino; Rembrandt, St. John Preaching, *en grisaille*, may fairly be called an etching done with the brush in colour instead of the needle, of the finest character, upwards of seventy figures, 75,320f. the same; Greuse, a lovely little flower-girl, 10,224f. Rothschild.—*Galignani.*

THE DRAMA.

THE complaints so rife two or three years ago, as to the decline of theatrical matters in this country, by reason of insufficient patronage, could hardly be advanced now. Go to what theatre you will, where any thing worth seeing is to be seen, whether in opera, or play, or farce, or melodrama, or ballet, and you find a full attendance in all cases; in some, an absolutely oppressive crowd. At the Opera, notwithstanding the highly proper strictness with which Mr. LUMLEY enforces the regulations, so long set aside, as to dress, the visitor who is but a quarter of an hour or so behind his time is fortunate if he find standing-room. At the French Plays, every seat is occupied; the Haymarket is equally blessed; at Drury Lane, now that *The Enchantress* has resumed her wand, the same pleasant circumstance may fairly be stated. Mrs. KEELEY is thoroughly satisfied. From Mrs. WARNER it would need no peculiarly skilful cross-examination to elicit that she is doing "pretty well"—a large admission in such cases. The Adelphi, as a matter of course, is full, and the Princess's rejoices in the combined attractions of Mrs. STIRLING, Miss CUSHMAN, and Mr. WALLACK. Thus far have we ascertained the state of things; and it is our intention, as soon as possible, to see what is going on at the other theatres, which we have not as yet found time to visit, and where we hope to find entertainments, in their various classes and degrees, not less worthy of public support than those which are enriching the establishments we have just specified.

At the OPERA, *Don Giovanni* has been received with thorough appreciation of its own unsurpassed merits, and of the great artists to whom its execution is assigned. FORNASARI is unquestionably the best *Don Giovanni* we ever saw; and we say this with a full recollection of his admirable predecessor, AMBROGETTI: he acts the part fully as well, and his voice is of a quality to which the latter did not even pretend. We have, by the way, often wondered, musing thereon somewhat sorrowfully, how AMBROGETTI got on at *La Trappe*, in which living sepulchre, it may be remembered, he and ANGRISANI, another opera star of that period, on some sudden determination, as it seemed, shut themselves up. Did the penitent become a statue, less animated than his theretofore marble guest? or did he, ever and anon in his lonely cell, turning his voice inwards, that so none might hear,—hideous contrast to all he so late remembered,—murmur, "La ci darem;" or, with a fearful joy recall "Vivan le femmine," *viva il vino*! themes delicious in themselves, and glowing with all the lustre of past triumphs. Poor fellow! *Lindo di Chamouni*, after two years' repose, has been revived at this theatre with excellent effect, CASTELLAN taking the part formerly filled by PERSIANI, and MORIANI succeeding MARIO as the *Visconte de Serval*, a part, however, which was originally written for MORIANI, and which he fills in a manner thoroughly justifying the composer's selection. Greatly as we admire PERSIANI, and much as we regret her loss, we are bound to admit that CASTELLAN has shewn that, as to this opera at least, the loss is not irreparable. When we say we are bound to admit this, we should rather say we most gladly find it to be the case, and for this reason mainly, that it is highly important for all parties, public, performers and managers, to have ascertained by actual experience that there is more than one competent artist available for leading characters in opera, as in the drama generally. The arrogance, the iniquities of self-attributed *uniquity* absolutely require a check of this effectual character. *La Esmeralda* has been produced, with CARLOTTA GRISI as the charming *Truandaise*, a part which she performs with excellent judgment.

Under the head Opera, we may mention, which we do with much pleasure, that Mr. TRAVERS, the tenor, who made his *début* some years ago at Covent Garden, is now singing with great success at the *Teatro Carcano*, at Milan.

The only novelty to be recorded this week as to the little theatre in the Haymarket, where JERROLD'S play continues in full vogue, is the reappearance, for the first time these twelve years, of Mr. HACKETT, the American comedian, who, by royal desire, enacted the principal character in *Monsieur Mallet* on Monday evening; and enacted it with the most truthful and touching effect. The Queen and her Royal Consort were highly gratified, and manifested that gratification by frequent and cordial applause, setting herein a good example to the morbid genteel, who have a notion it is not "the thing" to seem pleased, however much you are so.

At the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, the *Mariage de Figaro*, which was to have been produced some weeks ago, on the occasion of CARTIGNY'S benefit, but was then necessarily postponed, in consequence of the illness of a principal performer, was presented on Friday night, with PLESSY as *Suzanne*, REGNIER as *Figaro*, from whose lips the wit of BEAUMARCHAIS sparkled with full effect, in all its freshness (and fresh it will ever be, while mankind continues what mankind is,—a longer tenure than any known in law), in all its poignancy. As to PLESSY, we are certain that BEAUMARCHAIS was not only a long-sighted, bu

moreover a second-sighted man, and that he had her in his eye as he chuckled over each cutting epigram that he put into the mouth of his roguish soubrette. Her easy self-possession is delicious; and, as a contemporary well remarks, her enjoyment of *Cherubin's* gallantries, to say nothing of her reception of the *Count's*, is a lecture to a prude. REGNIER hit off the barber to a sarcasm; his conception of the character manifesting a thorough knowledge, not only of his profession, but of his author. CARTIGNY was exactly the *Bridoison* that BEAUMARCHAIS drew.

Mademoiselle PLESSY took her benefit on Wednesday. The only novelty on this occasion was her enacting *Lady Freelove*, in the farce of *The Day after the Wedding*, one of the pieces represented by her and Mr. MITCHELL'S English company at the Tuileries, before Louis Philippe. Mademoiselle PLESSY'S command of our vernacular is sufficient to relieve her from any embarrassment in this respect, and in all others her excellence is now well known; her charming ease, her graceful animation, her perfect truth to nature.

DRURY LANE, after remaining closed for several nights, in consequence of Madame THILLON'S illness, opened again on Monday, *The Enchantress* having recovered her powers, though she seemed, we regretted to observe, to exercise them with considerable pain to herself. The *opera*, certainly a most triumphant one, is now performed every evening.

At the ADELPHI, we have a new farce from the pleasant and practised pen of Mr. SELBY, entitled *The Irish Dragoon;* the jest of which turns upon the delinquencies of an eminently improper wine-dealer, nefarious alike as man and as merchant, who, in his wife's supposed absence, is running after a veiled damsel that has thrown herself in his way; and the moral retribution which awaits him, in finding out that the veiled one is no other than the neglected wife herself, who has taken this mode of *satisfying* herself as to her husband's infidelities. SELBY is exceedingly amusing as *Mr. Brown Sherry*, the Lothario of the piece, and he is very pleasantly supported.

At COVENT GARDEN, we perceive by the advertisements, a series of twenty French operas are about to be presented by the company of the grand French opera at Brussels. The *Repertoire*, announced as an extremely promising one, comprising *Guillaume Tell, La Favorite, La Muette di Portici, Robert le Diable, La Reine de Chypre, Les Huguenots, La Juive, Les Diamans de la Couronne, La Part du Diable, Le Postillon du Longjumeau, Le Maçon, Le Domino Noir, La Sirène, Le Cheval de Bronze, Le Pré aux Clercs, Polichinel*, &c. &c. The series commences next week, and we are disposed to anticipate will be highly agreeable to the public, and, as a matter of consequence, profitable to the speculators.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — This elegant and always interesting theatre has introduced a very promising "*young lady*, her first appearance on any stage;" such was the announcement in the bills. In the clever and amusing farce of *The Wedding Day*, she played her part with so much genuine nature, such an entire absence of affectation, so much ease, and so much truth, that the audience were charmed into breathless silence while she was upon the stage, and gave vent to their delight in rapturous applause when she quitted it. At the fall of the curtain she was called for to receive the congratulations of a crowded house upon that which must be pronounced an entirely successful *début*. She possesses, moreover, the advantages of a fine person, a pleasing face, and a very merry twinkle of the eye. Her faults are few, and such as practice will cure. The manager of the PRINCESS'S has, if we are not greatly mistaken in our estimate of her talents, found a prize in her. But while we add our hearty congratulations to those of the audience upon what she has done, let us exhort her to receive the praise she has already earned only as an incentive to study, by which alone she can win that high position in the drama for which she has the natural abilities, if they be but industriously cultivated, with the resolution, at every onward step, to do better still.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The second original play Mr. PHELPS has produced since the commencement of his excellent management of this former stronghold of melodrame and pantomime, was performed for the first time on Wednesday se'nnight. The first experiment, *The Priest's Daughter*, although written by so fortunate and practical a playwright as Mr. SERLE, had but a doubtful success; whether a better fate awaits the second, time only will shew.

The *King's Friend* is our old acquaintance, the *Duc de Sully*, who, revisiting this habitable world, exhibits his devotion to the cause of his king and country in a most extraordinary manner. We, in our ignorance, have been accustomed to think of *Sully* as one of the most sedate and ceremonious of ministers; judge then of our surprise to see him laying aside all diplomatic gravity and discreetness, unable to conceal his uneasiness, and talking incoherently in the presence of ladies; now scaling garden walls, then fighting at the rate of ten to one, involving himself and others in most ridiculous scrapes, out of which he only escapes at the fall of the curtain.

Some authors have informed us of *De Rosni's* love of state, and the solemnity observed in his household; also of the number and discipline of his servants. In his later days, we are told, he never promenaded for an hour without his attendants being marshalled by roll of drum. Yet here, in his own house, we meet with only his amanuensis, *Muignan*, who goes about with the manuscript of his master's memoirs in his pocket, ready to add thereto the earliest particular of any new incidents that may occur in the history of the noble marquis. *De Rosni*, too, is both garrulous and noisy, walking or rather limping about, and flourishing a large stick, like the old uncles in ancient, and, we believe, modern farces.

Truly, if *Muignan* had properly performed his duty, and recorded the curious events here represented, the world would have formed a very different opinion of the wisdom of the famous marquis; but the amanuensis, following the recommendation of King Henry, wisely left out these additional particulars as unworthy a place in history, and more fitted for romance and five-act plays.

The scene of the play is Nantes, and the action commences shortly after the great battle of Ivrai, which we afterwards learn was solely gained through the spontaneous loyalty of *Madame Chateaupers* (Mrs. WARNER), who magnanimously parts with her immense wealth to save the distresses of the king, whose army, under *Sully's* command, refused to fight without some arrears being paid. At the opening of the play we recognise the great minister and historian, he being busily engaged in confidentially unfolding the affairs of the king's party to the before-mentioned secretary, *Muignan;* his chief difficulty, like ministers of more recent times, is to consider the ways and means to raise supplies to quiet the still turbulent Swiss mercenaries. It is his endeavour to replenish the empty treasury, and the misadventures arising therefrom, not a little augmented by the unexpected presence and inconsiderate conduct of his most Christian majesty, that furnish the subject-matter of the play. Of course, all ends happily; the king gets possession of his good city of Nantes again, confounding the machinations of the *Seigneur de Fresne* (G. BENNETT), a worthy who, as superintendent of the city, had sold it to the League, and would have betrayed his king. *Henri* pays a compliment to the devotion of his friend, unites the lovers, and prepares to enter, as king and conqueror, into Paris.

The King's Friend was received throughout most favourably, and much credit is due to the dramatist, who has certainly written an amusing and clever piece, though he must be content to see it take rank as a melodrama. Great care, too, has been used in its production. All the actors were perfect in their parts. The scenery was excellent, a view of the superintendent's gardens especially. PHELPS, as the king, was admirable; he was, perhaps, a little too bluff for the polished *Henri*, but he looked the good-hearted, enterprising, and gallant monarch. Mr. MARSTON made the *Marquis de Rosni* more the rough soldier than the reflecting minister, but probably he satisfied the author. Mrs. WARNER, as *Madame Chateaupers*, was handsome enough to secure her lover the marquis; and Miss COOPER looked interesting—she could do no more. At the close of the performance all the principal performers were called for; there was also a call for the author, to which he did not respond.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

My wife and child, come close to me,
The world to us is a stormy sea:
With your hands in mine, if your eyes but shine,
I care not how wild the storm may be.

For the fiercest wind that ever blew
Is nothing to me, so I shelter you;
No warmth do I lack, for the howl at my back
Sings down to my heart, "Man, bold and true."

A pleasant sail, my child! my wife!
O'er a pleasant sea, to many is life;
The wind blows warm, and they dread no storm,
And wherever they go, kind friends are rife.

But, wife and child! the love, the love,
That lifteth us to the saints above,
Could only have grown, where storms have blown,
The truth and strength of the heart to prove.

EBENEZER JONES.

NECROLOGY.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW, ESQ.

We have to record with genuine sorrow and regret the death of Mr. William Laidlaw, author of the exquisitely simple and pathetic Scottish ballad, "Lucy's Flittin'," and various contributions to natural history and general literature, besides being peculiarly distinguished for his long and confidential intercourse with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. Mr. Laidlaw died on Sunday, the 18th inst. at Contin, in the county of Ross.—*Inverness Courier.*

MRS. KEMBLE.

This lady, whose death took place a few days since at Leamington, was the widow of the great tragedian, John Philip Kemble. Like the widow of Mr. Garrick, she very long survived the celebrated actor to whom she had been united, her life having been prolonged to the age of almost ninety. She was probably the oldest member of the theatrical profession, upon which she had entered in very early youth, while Mr. Garrick was yet at its head. She was first married to Mr. Brereton, an actor of fine person and some talent. Not many years after his decease she became the wife of Mr. Kemble, to whom she remained fondly and proudly attached. He died about twenty years ago at Lausanne, and left her in easy circumstances and without family. Returning to England, she took up her abode at Leamington. Until the last year, when her frame began to decay, her hospitable residence was the resort of all the eminent persons who visited Leamington. The charities and the poor of that place had a liberal friend in her; and her lively conversation, her long knowledge of the world, and her well-stored memory (which, like her other faculties, remained unimpaired by her great age), made her, to the last, a highly agreeable and popular member of society. A great part of her income ceased with her life. Of the property which she has left, the larger portion goes to Mr. Charles Kemble and his children, and the residue chiefly to nieces, friends, and servants. The piece of plate which was presented to Mr. Kemble on his retirement from the stage is given to Mr. George Siddons, the only surviving son of the great heroine of the drama; and Sir Thomas Lawrence's admired picture of Mr. Kemble in plain clothes is a legacy to the Earl of Aberdeen.

SIR ARTHUR BROOKE FALKNER, M.D.

We deeply regret having to announce the death of Sir Arthur Brooke Falkner, M.D. which took place most suddenly on the evening of the 23rd inst. at his villa, Evington, near Cheltenham. Sir Arthur had retired for some years from medical practice, in which he had been eminent at Cheltenham. He had very considerable literary talent and professional acquirements, and his evidence before Parliament on the question of the plague contagion was considered both interesting and instructive. His loss will long be mourned by his numerous friends and acquaintance. He distinguished himself greatly in the Peninsula and elsewhere.

GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

Singular Fact in Natural History.—If all the accidental or eccentric deviations from the laws of nature which happen among the feathered tribes were recorded, it would form a pleasing addition to the studies of the ornithologist. The following remarkable occurrence (similar to the mysterious practice of the cuckoo of Great Britain, and the cow bunting of America) was discovered lately, within eighty yards of the residence of Mr. Bruce, gamekeeper to Lord Lovat, at Beaufort Castle. A nest was found, in which there were a woodcock's and bantum hen's eggs. The first possessor of the "local habitation" cannot be ascertained; but, at all events, there the woodcock sits close, and so tame that she remains undisturbed by visitors, who are anxious to notice the coming out of the brood. Should all the eggs produce birds, the movements of the young pullets will be watched, in order to observe whether they remain with their foster parents, or join the first party of chickens they meet with. —*Ross-shire Advertiser.*

Mortality in the Colonies.—At a late meeting of the Statistical Society an interesting paper was read by Assistant-surgeon Balfour, on the mortality of the army, in the course of which the following tabular result was given in regard to the colonial establishments: Annual mortality per 1,000—New South Wales, 14.1; Cape of Good Hope, 15.5; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 18; Malta, 18.7; Canada (Upper and Lower), 20; Gibraltar, 22.1; Ionian Islands, 28.3; Mauritius, 30.5; Bermuda, 32.3; St. Helena, 35; Tennaserim Provinces, 50; Madras Presidency, 52; Bombay Presidency, 55; Ceylon, 57.2; Bengal Presidency, 63; Windward and Leeward command, 85; Jamaica, 143; Bahamas, 200; Sierra Leone, 483.

The Woodcock at Beaufort.—We lately stated the singular circumstance of a woodcock having her own and a common hen's eggs in one nest, near the keeper's house, at Beaufort Castle. Some days since, Mr. Bruce, the gamekeeper, paid a visit to the spot, when he discovered a chicken peeping from under the woodcock's wings. The old bird fluttered out, and flew round, anxiously watching the fate of her chance youngling. On returning to the place a few minutes after, both birds were gone, the chicken having been carried off (as is the custom of woodcocks with their own young), both for safety and for food. She returned no more to the nest, and the eggs were removed and put under a bantam hen. They were hatched in due course, but from her inability to give the adopted family proper food, they all died. The woodcock is occasionally seen, but where she has hidden the chicken has not been discovered.

Magnificent Present.—The friendly deportment of the Pasha of Egypt towards our country is about to be acknowledged by the Court of Directors of the East India Company in a manner worthy of the greatest political and military power of the East. A silver fountain of extraordinary magnitude and exquisite workmanship, intended as a present to Mehemet Ali from the Company, has just been completed by Mr. Smith, of Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. It is upwards of 10 feet high, and contains 10,400 ounces of silver. It is richly ornamented with fruits and flowers, the likeness of beast, bird, or fish being scrupulously avoided, in deference to the feelings of good Mahomedans, among whom its permanent resting-place is cast. We believe that nothing of the kind has been attempted before, and but that the thing is done, it must have been regarded as impracticable. The fountain has an inscription on each of the four sides, simply, and in excellent taste, recording the titles of the givers and the receiver without any addition. The language on each side varies; the four languages employed are English, Latin, Arabic, and Persian.—*Allen's Indian Mail*, May 7.

It is but three or four weeks since that we gave an account of the extraordinary age of Mr. and Mrs. Plaisance, then living in Redmoor Fen, in the Isle of Ely, the husband of the age of 107, the wife 105!—a case without parallel perhaps in England or in the world. On Wednesday, strange to relate, after a short affliction, both expired on the same day; their united ages 212. The greater part of their lives was passed when agues were so prevalent in the Fens that very few escaped the disorder, yet their lives were prolonged to this extraordinary period; and Providence seems to have ordained that as they had lived so long together, in death they were not divided. They have left one daughter, who lived with them, of the age of 84.—*Bury Post.*

An immense brass mortar, brought from China by the *Cornwallis*, has arrived at Woolwich. It weighs eight tons seventeen hundredweight, having a diameter of bore of two feet three inches, and a chamber of twenty inches; the depth of the whole being about five feet. The mortar was found in the bush in China, and partly concealed underground. It is composed of apparently very fine metal; and the trunnions being corroded to a considerable extent, afford evidence that the mortar is of great age. It appears also as if the part where the vent is, which is very perfect and little worn, had been cast again, and inserted in its present position. Some guns recently made for Mehemet Ali in this country, with a bore of only fifteen inches diameter, took shot weighing 400 lbs.

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of The Critic to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

Seal Engraving.—Although most persons have examined seals and gems cut on cornelian stones and other hard fossil substances, yet a great deal of ignorance prevails as to the method employed in cutting devices and legends upon their surfaces; this ignorance can be easily removed, by going to the Polytechnic Institution, and seeing the process of seal engraving, and listening to the explanation given by Mr. Gifford, the artist, who attends there. In the first place, the iron instrument, or graver, made use of, which those not acquainted with the art suppose to have been hardened and made into steel, is heated in a way diametrically opposite. It is made as soft as possible, and is then placed on a small lathe, and turned to whichever pattern may be required for cutting the stone, and being from its softness porous, receives the diamond dust, ground very fine in a mortar, which adheres to it, and forms a cutting tool of irresistible power, temper, and hardness, and, with the assistance of an

upper and lower wheel, produces so great a velocity, that no further power is required but the hand of the artist, to guide and direct its motions according to the nature of the device to be cut on the stone. This very ingenious process is in daily operation at the institution above mentioned, from eleven o'clock to four. It may be as well to mention, that a likeness of her Majesty has been cut in this way, and also a splendid portrait of a lion on cornelian.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and nove phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

The Seeress of Prevorst, &c. Communicated by JUSTINUS KERNER, Chief Physician at Weinsburg. From the German. By Mrs. CREWE, Author of "Susan Hopley." London, 1845. Moore.

WE must confess to great regret at the publication of this volume, for it will, we fear, materially strengthen the prejudice existing in the public mind against the truths of Mesmerism. Already they who believe are taunted by the incredulous with the marvels asserted for it by some of its ill-judging friends. But if they have laughed before, what will they now say when they see a book seriously sent forth to the public under the authority of an eminent German physician, and having the sanction of a lady of great and deserved eminence in the literary world, the contents of which are so mystical, and its assertions so monstrous, that it will find credence in no rational mind?

At first we were inclined to account it a fiction. But as we proceeded, so many signs were given of sober earnestness in the writer, that we were compelled reluctantly to abandon the hypothesis, and to frame the less charitable but unavoidable conclusion that the German doctor who has recorded the case of the *Seeress of Prevorst* was either a credulous old fool, or one of those overwise men who have involved themselves in a maze of mysticism, until all common sense has been fairly stifled within them. It is at least clear that Dr. KERNER had certain preconceived notions, learned in the wildest school of German mysticism, and that he seized upon the Seeress as a proof of his theory, doing, as it is human nature to do, namely, twisting every thing to aid his own foregone conclusions, and even biased in his very senses by the force of the same impulse.

The *Seeress of Prevorst* was a certain Mrs. H.——, who lived at a small town in Germany of that name. She was early remarkable for excessive nervous sensibility, was a natural somnambule, and very subject to the mesmeric influence.

In this state she exhibited all the usual phenomena of *clairvoyance*, but a great deal more, which we scarcely like to name, lest it should excite ridicule. She saw ghosts, dreamed dreams, held converse with the spirit world, and could foretell future events. The Doctor indulges in conjecture as to the *rationale* of these phenomena, and he launches into such a sea of mysticism about the nerve-image, and the seven spheres of existence, and the seat of the mind, and the shape of the soul, and so forth, that a sober Englishman will be sure to throw down the book in disgust and dismay, and it will be well if the same feelings be not extended towards all who look into the very curious branch of physiological science which has been thus caricatured.

The simple explanation of the whole affair is, that the patient was insane, and the Doctor a *gobe-mouche;* and such being our conviction, we think the most becoming method of treating the volume that describes her case, is to close it with an emphatic protest against all or any part of its extravagant contents being received as an exposition of Mesmerism and disclaiming on the part of the rational and sober inquirers now engaged in its investigation, the very slightest admission of the facts, or assent to or approval of the absurd and extravagant doctrines, so solemnly sent forth by Dr. KERNER.

MR. BRAID, MR. SPENCER T. HALL, AND MESMERISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Being myself deeply engaged in Mesmerism, having in fact been many times mesmerised, and having mesmerised many others, I feel sure you will not refuse insertion to a few remarks from me, induced by the letter of Mr. Braid, in the last number of THE CRITIC, since the cause is quite as dear to me as it can be to him.

To nearly all Mesmerists Mr. Braid is known as a pertinacious theorist. His first connection with the question was as an opponent, *denying the facts* of Mesmerism. When, however, these were placed before him by M. La Fontaine, in a light too strong and clear to be longer resisted, he endeavoured to qualify his previous opposition by contriving a new mode of accounting for the phenomena; and since then, he has ever gone on as though he understood a subject of which he would have us believe all others are comparatively ignorant.

What is the general tenour of Mr. Braid's letter to you? From beginning to end it is dogmatical and egotistical in a remarkable degree, giving old explanations of various mesmeric states, as though they were solely his own; disputing clairvoyance and all besides that his hypothesis fails to comprehend; and at length, when coming to speak of Mr. Spencer Hall's experiments upon vigilant patients (which, if they do not explode his own theory altogether, at all events prove its insufficiency), he tells us, that in another publication he has "entered *his* protest" against such experiments, for reasons of his own!

The truth is here: in a letter to Mr. Hall, inserted at p. 25 of the *Phreno-Magnet*, Mr. Braid says, "My phenomena, I consider, arise *entirely* from the patient keeping the eyes fixed in one position (*and the greater the* STRAIN *on them the better*), and the mind riveted to one idea. By this means some peculiar impression is made on the nervous system, which induces a state of somnolency, and a capability of being acted on in a manner so extraordinary that no one could credit who did not witness the phenomena."

Mr. Hall (whose experiments, as well as Mr. Braid's, I have often seen) has, on the contrary, proved that without ever *fixing*, or *straining*, or *appealing* to the *eye* at all, the striking effects alluded to by Mr. Braid may generally be induced in the fullest degree, with the greatest ease and comfort to the patients, who not unfrequently complain most bitterly of the results of Mr. Braid's mode of *straining* the eye, as indicative of a tendency to congestion of the brain. But as Mr. Hall is about to bring out a new work on Mesmerism, we may, perhaps, soon be favoured with his own views on this branch of the subject, as well as on clairvoyance, which, it is important to remember, Mr. Braid confesses he has *never* induced by *his* mode of operating, although the state is by no means uncommon.

Let it be clearly understood, that I would not for a moment underrate Mr. Braid's usefulness. No doubt, important cures have been performed by him. It is his egotism and his unfair manner of treating other experimenters, who have done quite as much for Mesmerism as he has, that compels one to speak out in justice to the question.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM HOLBROOK.

London, May 25, 1845.

BASINGSTOKE.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Among the various conditions of mind which (although not always essential) render the body more susceptible of mesmeric influence, one appears to be that it is convinced of the reality of the power, and has some knowledge of its effects. It has been remarked, that in small towns where Mesmerism is little known, its practical advocates have much difficulty in finding persons susceptible of their influence; but that, after a public lecture and exhibitions on the subject, many are found on whom the usual phenomena can be easily produced, and even among those who, a short time before, appeared insensible to its operation. Hence, some have contended against the genuineness of the effects; but, while in the first case the facts may be true, the argument appears to me neither fair nor legitimate.

I have long thought that the result of mesmerising a person for the first time would in *some measure* depend on what they had seen, heard, or experienced relative to Mesmerism, and I have been struck with the uniformity of character presented in the series of phenomena resulting from the efforts of any one individual on a number of patients who have all witnessed pretty much the same amount of mesmeric experiments.

In one case I observe Phreno-mesmerism more perfectly manifested than any other phenomena; in another, the most remarkable effect will be catalepsy, of the rigid or perhaps pliant kind. Among the patients of a third Mesmeriser, the greater number shew manifestation of the mind corresponding with the cerebral organs excited. A fourth always succeeds in shewing attraction during the mesmeric sleep, but probably fails in some of the before-mentioned points; and another will produce a series of remarkable effects from volition on his patients in the vigilant state. Neither am I an exception to this rule; there is a peculiar character in my experiments, which stamps them with a distinctness of their own. The following case, among others, has convinced me that Mesmerism affects soonest those who are sensible of its real power. Being desirous of producing mesmeric sleep in a person who had long suffered under one of the many forms of hysteria, and having good reasons for believing that he knew

nothing of Mesmerism, nor of my intention, except that I had a desire to benefit him, I requested him to be seated, to endeavour to attain a passive state of mind, to think of nothing, and to regard steadfastly the pupil of my eye. I then proceeded, as usual for twenty or thirty minutes, and repeated this every day for two weeks, without perceiving any of the desired effects. On the 15th day, while my patient was waiting my leisure, two young persons entered the room for the same purpose; so I took them first, and, in the presence of the former, put them to sleep in a few minutes; and then, without saying any thing in explanation, I proceeded with him. I soon observed symptoms of incipient coma, and found it complete in less than two minutes, apparently in a great measure resulting from his first experience of mesmeric influence just before. His susceptibility continued, and the cure went on satisfactorily.

I am aware that when the object is the development of genuine mesmeric phenomena, Phreno-mesmerism for instance, it is desirable that the patient should not have witnessed any thing of the kind, lest in the exalted state of the faculties under mesmeric influence, they should act from imitation, or a recurrence to impressions made on the mind in the normal state. Where, however, the object is a remedial one, by means of mesmeric sleep it is worth consideration whether the end might not be promoted by means which I found accidentally to be successful.

ALTON. — (*From a Correspondent.*) — EXTRACTION OF A TOOTH WITHOUT PAIN.—In the present sceptical state of the public mind in regard to the subject of Mesmerism, an important fact, and that bearing on its most valuable feature—the relief of human misery—must be worthy of record.

On Tuesday, the 4th of February last, before a numerous company assembled to witness the operation, I extracted a large and firm molar-tooth without the knowledge of the patient, whilst in a state of mesmeric sleep. The patient is a girl, in the employ of Messrs. Spicer and Poulton, paper-manufacturers, in this town. She had previously being mesmerised, only a few times, by Mr. Poulton, for the sake of trying a few of the ordinary experiments, and for the relief of tooth-ache. Her employers are gentlemen who have no interest in supporting or refuting the phenomena of Mesmerism—they are as anxious to arrive at truth as any reasonable men should be—and would be equally happy to expose any attempt to deceive.

I am perfectly convinced, and so were all present, that she was not in the slightest degree conscious of the operation; and it can scarcely be imagined that a simple, and comparatively ignorant mill-girl, could have any motive to deceive, sufficiently strong to induce her to bear so painful an operation, not with *extreme firmness* merely, but with a countenance indicative of *no consciousness or emotion whatever*.

I am yours respectfully,

Alton, May 21, 1845. WM. CURTIS, jun. Surgeon.

Signed also by the following gentlemen, who were present:—

WM. NEWHAM, Surgeon, Farnham.
JOHN EDW. SPICER, Alton.
CORNELIUS POULTON, Alton.
W. F. POULTON, Architect, Reading.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE LITERARY FUND.—On Wednesday se'nnight, the 56th anniversary of the Literary Fund was celebrated by a public dinner in the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. The Right Hon. the Earl of Ellenborough officiated as chairman, and was supported on the right by the Archbishop of Dublin, Chevalier Bunsen, Lord Colchester, Lord Mahon, Major-General Pasley, and Mr. James, and on the left by Lord Brougham, Mr. Murchison, Mr. M. Milnes, Sir H. Ellis, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the Rev. Dr. Russell, Mr. Walter, Mr. B. B. Cabbell, &c. The company, which comprised some of the leading literary characters of the day, numbered about 100. The Rev. Dr. Russell, the treasurer of the fund, read a list of the grants awarded in 1844, and stated that the sum distributed between 19 men and 12 women, six of the latter being authors and six the widows of authors, amounted to nearly 1,000*l*. He also read the new list of contributions, from which it appeared that the noble chairman, in addition to his annual contribution of 10*l*. 10s., had added a second subscription of 25*l*. (cheers); Lord Brougham, 25*l*. (cheers); Chevalier Bunsen, 5*l*.; Lord Mahon, a third donation of 10*l*. 10s. (cheers); Sir P. Shelley, 10*l*; Lord Colchester, 5*l*.; Mr. Macready, 5*l*. (cheers); Mr. Twiss, 5*l*.; the Bishop of Ely, 5*l*.; Mr. Macaulay, 10*l*.; Mr. Hallam, 5*l*.; Mr. Disraeli, 10*l*.; Mr. B. B. Cabbell, 10*l*.; Mr. Walter, 10*l*.; Mr. J. Walter, jun. 10*l*. &c. The meeting was successively addressed by the noble chairman, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Chevalier Bunsen, Mr. Milnes, Lord Brougham, Lord Mahon, Mr. Murchison, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. James, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Walter, in responding to appropriate toasts.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD AND THE PREMIER.—The following is abridged from a notice by Mrs. S. C. Hall, written for the *Art Union*:—"Mr. Hood's existence was a long disease rather than a life; yet his temper, unembittered by continual pain, remained ever cheerful and kindly, turning, to the very last, his own sad sufferings into jest, and forcing those who wept over his agony, fierce as it was (till he was overtaken by the last dull sleep, that continued for three days preceding his death), to smile at the wittiness of his conceits, however strangely mingled with the consciousness of his situation, and his solemn forecast of the rapidly approaching hereafter. Nor were such terrible contrasts reserved for his death-bed only. Even when the 'Song of a Shirt' was knocking at every heart in Great Britain, its author was panting for breath; and soon after he was confined to his bed, and literally propped up by pillows to write wit. And so he struggled on, through successive paroxysms of illness, till the last few months found him working amidst the very crises and beatings of heart disease (more than once even in the intervals of delirium), at the monthly chapters of his last novel—doomed to remain, like his life, a great fragment. But it is all over with him now. He is released from labours, never remunerated in proportion to the pleasure they gave, and to the enormous profit they produced others, seldom perhaps thought of by those whose hearts they opened, and whose care they served to beguile. Latterly his friends had been agonised by his terrible lament—'I cannot die, I cannot die!' and they could not but be thankful to lay him, on the 10th of May, in a calm grave at Kensall-green. It will not, we are sure, be long before a monument is raised to his memory; and there are hearts enough in England to remember that his widow and children have but a small pension bestowed by Sir R. Peel, whose letter, in words that did equal honour to the minister and the poet, conveyed his regret that the grant was necessarily so scanty, and a request that he might be permitted to make the personal acquaintance of one with whose works he was intimately acquainted, and whose talents and character he had long appreciated and admired."

THE LATE MR. HOOD.—Sir R. Peel has sent the munificent contribution of 50*l*. to the fund now in progress of collection in memory of the genius of the late Thomas Hood, and in aid of his bereaved family.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.—The subscription of 30*l*. was yesterday paid in by an anonymous contributor to the fund now in progress of collection in honour of this eminent poet, and in aid of his bereaved family.

MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.—On a recent visit of this gentleman to Birmingham, the working jewellers presented him with an elegant gold ring, with an onyx stone in the centre; and in an address expressed their admiration of his talents, and their gratitude for his literary advocacy of their own class. This scene took place in the Polytechnic Institution.

BANIM'S WIDOW.—We have great pleasure in being able to state that Sir R. Peel has granted to the widow of the late John Banim 50*l*. from the Royal Bounty Fund, and has further engaged to place her name on the pension list when a vacancy occurs. This relief has been granted on the application of a body of Irish members of Parliament, at the head of whom was Mr. E. B. Roche, the member for Cork.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

FALSE HERALDRY ON THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—A writer in the *Art Union* of the present month has drawn attention to a number of asserted heraldic blunders which appear on the exterior of the new Houses of Parliament. He states that many of the shields are charged with devices copied from coins of various sovereigns which were never intended to represent arms, and that it would be as reasonable to take St. George and the Dragon for the arms of George IV. as to adopt those devices for the arms of the monarch on whose coinage they appear. He points out, too, amongst other objections, that supporters have been assigned to every sovereign, beginning with the Conqueror, though it is known that supporters were not used by the kings of England till the reign of Richard II., three hundred years after the Conquest.—*The Builder.*

THE FRENCH NEWSPAPER PRESS.—A new era in journalism appears to have arrived in France. The *Journal des Débats* has assumed, and on the 1st of July *La Presse*—already nearly as large—will assume, the (single) form of the *Times*, being about eight times the size of the Paris journals of 1820. This increase of dimensions has been necessitated partly by the appetite of the public for *feuilletons*, in which are given series of tales by the first writers of the day, including Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, Eugéne Sue, Méry, the Viscount de Launay (Madame Emile de Girardin, formerly Mademoiselle Delphine Gay), Frederic Soulié, &c. and partly by the rage for advertising lately created in France, which latter fact has suggested a speculation developed in the *Journal des Débats, Presse*, and *Constitutionnel* of Wednesday, and which for its novelty at least merits notice.

A M. Duveyrier proposed some time since to the proprietors of the *Journal des Débats, La Presse*, and *Le Constitutionnel* to farm the advertisements of those journals, and the right to increase them indefinitely for fifteen years, at the rate of 300,000*f*.

(12,000*l.* British) per annum each—in all 900,000*f.* (36,000*l.*) This proposition the articles in the papers above alluded to announce has been carried into effect. The lease is to run from the 1st of July next.

LONDON LIBRARY.—On Saturday se'nnight, the fourth annual meeting of the members of the above institution was held in the large room of the establishment, Pall-mall, the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, late lord privy seal, in the chair, supported by Lord Lyttleton and several members. After some congratulatory remarks on the progress of the society from the noble president, the report was read. It stated that the progress of the library had been satisfactory during the past year. One hundred and eighteen new members had been admitted, being an increase of 32 on the number of the preceding year, making the total 676. Of these, 85 are life, and 591 contributing members. Various additions had been made to the books, which now, as nearly as can be estimated, comprise about 24,000 volumes. The circulation, however, during the year was 26,210 volumes. The report next stated that in consequence of the increase in the number of books and members, the committee have determined to take a lease of more spacious premises, being the house No. 12, St. James's-square, late Beauchamp House, on the occupation of which they expect to enter in the autumn of the present year. According to the financial statement, the total receipts were 2,460*l.* 6s. 6d. including a previous balance of 292*l.* 9s. 2d. annual subscription, &c. being a large increase compared to those of last year. The expenditure amounted to 2,180*l.* 5s. 7d. and there remained a balance with the treasurer of 280*l.* The report was agreed to. Lord Mahon and Mr. H. Twiss were elected members of the committee, in the room of Mr. Macaulay, M.P. and Mr. Pemberton Leigh, retiring. After the usual formal votes, the meeting was dissolved.

We understand a new edition of the *Specimens of Early English Poetry, with an Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Poetry and Language*, by George Ellis, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A., in 3 vols. sm. 8vo. is printing by Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington, uniform with the new edition of *Percy's Reliques*, and to form a second series of the *Percy Library of Early English Poetry, &c.*

Enormous as the sum stipulated may appear in a country in which advertising may be said to be only in its infancy, it seems to be deemed by the public far below the amount likely to be realized by the speculation. The article in question informs us that M. Deveyrier has converted the property so created into a joint-stock company, with a capital of 200,000*f.* (80,000*l.*) divided into 8,000 shares of 10*l.* each. Of these a small portion have found their way into the money market, "and have already," says a private letter, "reached a premium of 100*f.* (4*l.*) each, although a supplementary article of the treaty with the proprietors of the journals named stipulates that they shall receive respectively over and above the annual sum of 300,000*f.* a clear moiety of the profits."

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

WE request attention to two letters subjoined, one of great interest to publishers, librarians, and booksellers; the other, of special interest to THE CRITIC.

The letter of Mr. PROCTOR is the first, and we hope it will prove but the precursor of many, received in response to a request preferred some time since, that country booksellers and circulating library keepers would furnish us with the results of their experience as to the classes of books chiefly patronized by their customers or subscribers. We believe that such information, gathered from an extensive circle,—from cities and towns, and even from the remote parts of the country,—will be of incalculable value to authors, publishers, booksellers, and librarians, besides being extremely interesting to the public; and a curious, because quite novel, addition to the literary history of our times. May we, then, refer our subscribers among the trade to this excellent letter of Mr. PROCTOR, and entreat them to favour the readers of THE CRITIC with their several experiences in like manner? They may even extend the range of inquiry, and inform us what works of all kinds are most in demand in their localities, and especially what has been the effect of cheap literature upon the book-trade.

The second letter is transmitted in accordance with a request preferred last week, that the Booksellers would oblige us by stating what is the repute of THE CRITIC among their customers. The object of this request is, that we might be enabled to prove to the publishers and advertisers in London, who are extremely suspicious of new periodicals (and not without cause, seeing how often they have been duped) that THE CRITIC is really adopted as a *Booksellers' Circular*, and largely read in the country. A hundred such testimonials will carry more weight than any assertion unbacked by proofs. Two lines will be sufficient, if leisure or inclination be wanting to write more. When a sufficient number are collected, they will be appended to the prospectus and largely circulated. We repeat, therefore, that we shall be very greatly obliged by a candid statement, however brief, from each of our bookseller friends of the character THE CRITIC bears in his neighbourhood.

The last fortnight has been unusually dull in the literary world. No new books of worth have made their appearance. We have received but few in number, and these of no particular interest.

A packet of apparently amusing American books has just been transmitted by Messrs. WILEY and PUTNAM, and we shall take the earliest opportunity to give our readers an account of them.

It is with pleasure we announce that another new, and, we trust, attractive feature, is to be added to THE CRITIC. Arrangements have been completed by which we shall receive from an author of high repute, intimately versed in the French language, a regular weekly record of the progress of French literature.

A similar arrangement is in progress for a like record of the literature of Germany.

We hope ere long to be enabled to extend the plan to other countries.

This will be the first systematic attempt to give to the British public an accurate knowledge of the progress of literature *abroad* as well as at home. We are induced to adopt the design from a confidence we entertain that the taste for foreign literature is both great and growing among our countryfolk, and that the time has arrived when they will need a more complete and prompt, and a cheaper guide to its riches, than Great Britain has yet possessed.

A LIBRARY-KEEPER'S EXPERIENCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—According to your request I made an attempt to furnish you with a classified return of books lent out, together with a list of authors, for one quarter. But after wading through a week, I found the task much more tedious than I had expected, or than my time would allow me to perform. I can, however, acquaint you with the result of my experience in brief. In the first place, it is necessary to state that my readers are pretty fairly divided between the poorest and the respectable classes.

Naval, military, chivalric, and humorous works, when spiritedly written, attract the great body of readers, and are always popular. The writings of Marryatt and James, for instance, are especial favourites. Fashionable novels are sad bores, and I always avoid them: political or religious tales are worse; and satirical narratives are barely readable. The *deep* romances of the Lewis and Radcliffe school have still their myriad of admirers; and the wild effusions issued by Lloyd and others in penny weekly numbers have a prodigious run. The domestic stories of Mesdames Jones, Ward, Helme, and Roche are in daily demand, and rise rather than decline in public estimation. The muses, I regret to add, have comparatively few devotees; still, the standard dramatic works are in constant use.

Will you allow me, Sir, to depart in some measure from your proposed scheme of publication? I am not aware how circulating libraries are conducted in France, but I feel certain if original works were published here at 1s. 6d. per volume, readers would buy instead of borrow, and of course "Othello's occupation" would be gone. I agree with you, Sir, that 1*l.* 11s. 6d. is much too high for three volumes; but I think you err in stating it must either remain at that figure or be reduced so low that the public at large would purchase. You seem to have overlooked the important fact that the leading libraries of Great Britain form a graduated scale, like steps in a ladder. Thirty-one-and-six takes only the very top; but as the publishers descend the ladder with their prices, step by step, so will they command the libraries, until, arriving at the bottom, they embrace the whole. But let them not take one stride below the judicious resting-place, or down go all the libraries, ladder and all!

If Messrs. Chapman and Hall would issue their monthly series *in boards*, instead of paper covers, they would find a rapid increase of sale. In their present form I doubt they will never become popular with "the trade;" but with the slight improvement I have suggested, they could not fail to be so.

The *Novel Times* is a venture well deserving general support. Still it has disappointed me so far; for though the fiction is first-

rate, and the letters of travel excellent and pleasing, the parts will not circulate with my readers, which proves that the mixture is injudicious. When the proprietor publishes each work separately, the series must be largely patronized.

Yours respectfully,
R. W. PROCTOR.

136, Long Millgate, Manchester, May 26th, 1845.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I am happy to bear testimony to the high opinion entertained here amongst the subscribers to THE CRITIC as a periodical. I have often heard it quoted in comparison with similar publications, especially with the *Athenæum;* and I am sure you will be gratified to learn that its *regular* readers (who alone are qualified to judge of its merits) consider it superior in talent to any of its contemporaries. In that opinion I heartily concur. I am a constant reader of its pages, and, in my opinion, there is in its articles a candour—a manliness—an *impartiality*, which is creditable to its criticisms. When I first became a reader of THE CRITIC, I thought it was characterized by a stinginess ill-suited to its position as a literary journal; but experience has taught me to see that the castigation, when applied, has, after all, been most judiciously inflicted, as, in this book-making age, there are too many who assume the author's chair that ought to be content to sit upon the scholar's form. On the whole, I regard it as a talented publication, and from which, after a perusal of its pages, it is impossible to rise without experiencing both pleasure and profit. As an advertising medium in the book department, I consider it fully adapted, and I feel persuaded the trade would find their interest in availing themselves of the advantages offered by its columns. I would not, as a bookseller or newspaper proprietor, recommend to others what I would not practise myself, for it is my intention to shew that I entertain a sense of its usefulness by forwarding an advertisement in connection with some branch of my establishment as soon as I have carried out certain arrangements now in progress. The contemplated, or rather the actual, reduction of charges for the insertion of advertisements must induce an increase of advertising favours, and which I shall be happy to see realized.

I am your obedient servant,
Advertiser Office, Lynn, May 26, 1845. JOHN THEW.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From May 24 to May 31.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aide-Mémoire to the Military Sciences, by Officers of the different Services, Part I. royal 8vo. 89 pl. 40 wood-cuts, 14s. bds.
Anderson's (Rev. J. S. M.) Discourses on the Cloud of Witnesses, Vol. I. 2nd ed. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Bethell's (Bishop) View of the Doctrine of Regeneration in Baptism, 4th ed. revised, 8vo. 9s. bds.
Book of Ballads, edited by Bon Gaultier, illustrated by A. Crowquill, royal 18mo. 5s. cl.
Christ, the Christian's God and Saviour, by Rev. J. Spence, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Clayton's Child's First Drawing-book, seven parts, 6d. each sd., 3s. 6d. half-bd.
Combe's (George) Lectures on Popular Education, 2nd ed. crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. sd.
Cyclopædia of Practical Receipts, by A. T. Cooley, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 14s. cl.
Davidson (C. E.) on the Improvement of Tidal Rivers, 8vo. plates, 3s. 6d. cl.
Diary of Lady Willoughby (as much as relates to her Domestic History), 3rd ed. small 4to. 8s. bds.
Dibdin's Sea Songs, new ed. imp. 32mo. 1s. 6d. sd. (Clarke's Cabinet Series.)
Dower's Short Atlas of Modern Geography, 8vo. 5s. hf.-bd.
Economy; or a Peep at our Neighbours, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Egan's (C. esq.) Observations on the New French Law of Patents for Inventions, 4to. 5s. sd.
Eight Lectures on the Scriptural Truths opposed by Puseyism, by J. E. Howard, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Family Herald, Vol. II. 4to. 7s. 6d. cl.
Family Sanctuary, a Form of Domestic Devotion for every Sabbath in the Year, 2nd ed. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.
Flowers of the Matin and Even Song, by Mary Roberts, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Ford Family in Ireland; a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.
Furgusson's (James) Description of the Rock-cut Temples of India, with 10 plates, 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.; ditto, Illustrations of ditto, 19 fine plates, folio, 2*l.* 2s. hf.-morocco.
Glance of Belgium and the Rhine, by Thomas Ramsay, esq. 8vo. 8s. cl.
Hand-Book of Foreign Cookery, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Hastings (Dr.) on Consumption, 2nd ed. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Inman's (W. S.) Essay on Symbolical Colours, 2 col. engravings, 4to. 10s. 6d. cl.
Lappenbergh's Anglo-Saxon History, translated from the German, by B. Thorpe, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.
Lectures, by John Foster, delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, 2nd ed. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Lee's Animal Magnetism and Report on Clairvoyance, 3rd ed. cn. 8vo. reduced to 3s. 6d. sd.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

L'Europe depuis l'Avénement du Roi Louis-Philippe. Par M. CAPEFIGUE. (*Europe since the Accession of Louis Philippe.*) Vols. I. and II. London, 1845, Dulau.

THE French regarded the second restoration of the Bourbons with feelings very different from those with which they had welcomed their first return. They came at first as the messengers of peace; they reassumed a government from which they had been expelled, with old hatreds mollified and modified by the fearful reaction of the Revolution. But at the latter period, upon the downfal of NAPOLEON, events had greatly changed the relationship of parties. The French army had been routed at Waterloo, its hero had been exiled to St. Helena, the troops of the allies held Paris. The Bourbons came, accompanied by the enemies of France, as the conquerors of her people. Every act of retribution, every exercise of the rights of conquest, the disgrace of defeat, the oppression of victory, the death of NEY, the restoration of the trophies of the Louvre, and the limitation of territory; all were associated with the Bourbons, or attributed to them. Accordingly, from its very origin, the restoration was disliked. Parties were soon formed, which, whilst upholding the wildest opposition of opinions, yet united in asserting,—"the charter must be maintained, and the Bourbons will not maintain it!" And they were right; the ministers of LOUIS XVIII. carried on against the charter a war of petty thefts and paltry evasions, and left to his successor a government hateful in its origin and now viewed with both suspicion and contempt. The military still cherished the memory of the Empire; its partisans were numerous, and the death of its great chief had powerfully re-organized opinion in its favour. Of the higher classes, some maintained the doctrine of hereditary right, but the majority were constitutionalists, who desired a modification of the government, and its re-establishment upon the basis of that of England in 1688. To these might be added the religious party, which incessantly clamoured for concessions, dangerous even to consider, impossible to grant. The vast mass of the population was prepared for any change, but desired chiefly a war and a republic. The doctrines of the church were despised, and a species of religious philosophy prevailed—a fusion of the systems of St. SIMON and FOUVIER. CHARLES X. might yet have reigned, but for one power he had provoked—the press. It was against this his *coups d'état* were levelled, and it was by this he fell. So great was its importance, that Prince METTERNICH considered it as the actual government of France, and said, "If I were not the prime minister of Austria, I would be a journalist at Paris." Such was the political and social condition of France in 1830, which it is necessary to review before considering the events which led to the accession of LOUIS PHILIPPE. We shall now select such passages from this work as are likely to interest our readers, observing that M. CAPEFIGUE'S sympathies seem rather to linger with the former dynasty than to belong to the present; but this has in no degree lessened our estimation of the value of his volumes, or his merits as an author, since they have not led him, like THIERS, to neglect evidence, or to indulge in that party spirit which pervades the otherwise valuable history of the same period by LOUIS BLANC.

CHARLES X.

No king ever maintained a higher opinion of the rights of the throne, and the feeling of French nationality, than Charles the Tenth. His character for frankness and generous confidence was incontestable; but he was governed by two ideas,—tenacity in resolution, and the most exaggerated conception of his own capacity. The active duties which the emigration had enjoined, and the position he had occupied as leader of a party against Louis XVIII. had perhaps created and strengthened this desire of doing every thing himself, and of governing solely by the direction of his own will. He has been described as a prince controlled by a Camarilla; this was to mistake him; he alone directed his ministers, even to the extent of ridiculing the inefficiency of his most intimate favourites, the Prince Polignac, the Dukes of Rivière and Fitzjames. He had counsellors indeed; but on this condition, that he was always to exercise over them the most supreme control—as one better acquainted with the political state of France, and all its most fitting method of government. Since the appointment of Prince Polignac, the real premier of the administration was, in fact, the king. If his knowledge was limited, that deficiency was supplied by a naturally good understanding; his religion was enlightened, and had less of the *parti prêtre* about it than has been stated. He possessed the art of governing men to an extreme degree, not alone by his opinions, but by the indescribable charm of his method of expression; and the heart readily yielded to persuasions, from which it was difficult to escape, when impressed at once by the supremacy of his position and the graceful dignity of his person. The ministers who signed the Ordinances were rather induced to do so by the king, than his instigators to that act. Yet, with all this, he sought popularity! desired the applause of the multitude! and his heart was saddened and constrained when he passed amid the silence, or felt himself unnoticed in the presence of, his people. Singular contradiction;—he wished to be popular, and marched armed with *coups d'état* to war against popular rights.

THE DAUPHINESS.

Maria Theresa Charlotte, Dauphiness of France (whom Napoleon considered as the only man of her family), was in every respect superior to her husband. The qualities of the dauphin were rather sound than brilliant; he had good sense, was of a generous disposition, had studied the spirit of the age, and understood the concessions which were due; but he cherished the doctrine that the heir of the throne should be the first to evince the most implicit obedience to the king; and thus allowed the adoption of measures he wanted the courage to oppose. The dauphiness was of a character more firm. She evinced no longer, or but feebly, that haughty expression of feeling with which she had been reproached at the first Restoration. The necessity of concession had already wrought many changes in her mind. Without any liberal tendencies, she saw that when once a revolution has pervaded a nation it has scattered the seeds of both good and evil; and that to rule, we must learn how to respect not only commonly-acquired rights, but conquests the most opposed to our own convictions, even as Henry IV. had done. All opinions, then so prevalent upon her character, were erroneous. It was said she was excessively religious; true; but her piety was real and enlightened, and sought not to be distinguished by a courtly train of bishops and of priests. As her misfortunes had been infinite, so had they left their impression; she could not abandon herself to a careless gaiety of life, and for this she was reproached; but yet there was still mingled with this an asperity both of manner and of speech, and when excited, and reassuming then all the ancient pride of her house, her opinions were imperatively expressed. Nevertheless, her firm and correct understanding, and the recollections of her misfortunes ever exercised a great influence over the king.

The sketch of the early career of LOUIS-PHILLIPE we must pass, as too generally known; but we would particularly direct attention to M. CAPEFIGUE'S narrative of a conversation with M. DE SALVANDY, at a ball given by the present King of the French, shortly before the Revolution of July, and at which CHARLES X. was present. That the *then* Duke of ORLEANS arranged the plot of the drama it is impossible to assert, since that was the construction of the ministry and the court; but that he foresaw his future position; that he had long studied the characters of the performers, and that he knew how to guide them, felt his necessity in the state, and was prepared for the reverse or victory of popular resistance to the king's measures, none, we apprehend, can doubt. He had with him the majority of the upper, the entire middle, class of France; the Imperialists were opposed to the king; the Royalists were divided; the influence of the clergy was prejudicial. At this moment M. CAPEFIGUE thus describes the

MORAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

The education of the lower classes was conducted upon the system of mutual instruction, a dry and technical method, which taught them to read and to write, without any discipline of the mind or feelings. Thus once capable of reading, they abandoned themselves to the guidance of newspapers and party writings; the events of 1793 became a hallowed recollection, and what they could spare from their hard-earned wages was subscribed to

a celebrated "History of the Revolution," and the works of Dulaure; from thence their hatred of kings, of the clergy, and aristocracy. For them France had, prior to 1789, no political existence; beyond that period all was fanaticism and imbecility; as if any fanaticism could exceed that of the Jacobins, any imbecility that of the dreamers of 1794! Contempt was lavished upon the crown and the clergy; the busts of Voltaire and Rousseau were in every room, and the worst works of the former were circulated from hand to hand. Revolutionary terms were yet popular among them; the harangues of Camille Desmoulins or of Père Duchene, and the traditions of the clubs, were cited and recalled; the priest was still nicknamed the *calotin;* the wealthy, *aristocrats;* the noble, *muscadin;* and their leaders sought but an opportunity to destroy those whom they had taught the masses to detest by passions inherited from the assemblies of 1792. In a great city, moreover, there is always a class lower than the low; a class ever fluctuating and impossible to define; the offspring of the assize courts and the streets; bold, hardy, enterprising, because habituated every day to risk their liberty and their life for bread, and the more anxious for a revolution, since it offered a fairer chance of plunder.

What follows is of great importance, considering certain recent indications of the newspaper press, and the opinions these have elicited:—

This class, thus so fatally the sport of every wind of faction, was still more mischievously influenced by much recent popular literature. They were by this taught and became accustomed to the use of the slang of the galleys and the prisons; crime was palliated, or elevated into importance; the accused was proud of his honours; his career was traced with interest, and the daily press gave publicity to the most shameless practices and the most horrible details. Then appeared the memoirs of Vidocq, those also of the hangman—the whole (Newgate) calendar of crime.

If honest and industrious workmen were found, they dwelt for the most part in the faubourgs *pêle-mêle*, in the same room, like droves of cattle. Of their children, few were baptized; and if some feeling of piety yet lingered in the mind of the mother—if with a mere mechanical compliance with forms, the rite of the first communion was subsequently performed, it was of no greater moment than a change of clothes. No external sign marked the recipient's adhesion to the church. Sunday was a day of labour; churches were empty, and the theatres were full; and at every barrier the eye traced numbers forgetful, in drunken abandonment, of every law of decency, and surrounded by crowds of young girls, exposed to seductions of the grossest kind.

We would here willingly extend our extracts. The opinions of M. Capefigue may be possibly overstrained, but they are ably and eloquently expressed; and the portion of his work, "Sur les classes diverses en 1830," is deserving of particular attention. Of the value of what Mr. Disraeli would call a "party cry," the following is an amusing sketch:—

The son of a soldier, an old soldier, perhaps himself the workman, walks to combat by a species of blind instinct. Ask him not why he fires; he has no reason to give you. A party colour, a word, a man, inflame his pride or render him delirious with enthusiasm and joy. For fourteen years they have incessantly in his hearing dwelt on the benefits of liberty and the innumerable advantages of a revolution; there are names he is accustomed to cherish with respect, and the journals have made these famous. As he must have a "party cry," he is as ready to shout out "Vive Lafayette!" as formerly "Vive le Roi!" or "Vive l'Empereur!" To the result he is indifferent, be it a monarchy, a republic, or the empire—this is of no moment; his mission is to destroy, be it church or palace, for the lower class has an instinct in this respect—it loves to try its power, like a strong but passionate child, and yet withal never does so, but with a changed mood of generous feelings and passions not always associated with evil purpose.

We need not dwell on the conduct of the ministry, resolved to war with such a population; it was the incarnation of incapacity. The king, convinced of the justice of his cause, was persuaded that his subjects felt as he did; the minister, mastered by the etiquette of a court which tolerated no opposition to that king's will, was fain to believe all Paris equally subservient. The king hunted, and was only more loquacious than usual, as men are wont to be who feel the necessity of justifying to others acts which they are conscious to be disapproved. The ministry, who had the courage to rouse rebellion, had not exercised the commonest caution for its repression. Marmont hated his mission, and the troops were disheartened. Paris in three days dethroned for a second time the Bourbons. Here is a scene often painted, part of the "Pictorial History of Versailles," but which has never been better described:—

THE PROCESSION TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

The deputies struggled along on foot, amidst the shouting populace. There was the Duke of Orleans, every feature of his face indicative of vexation and distress, surrounded and followed by a ragged crowd, and, mixed together, hackney coaches, sedan chairs, the crutches of Benjamin Constant, scowling combatants, here and there some citizen in the the uniform of the National Guard, and on reaching the Place de Grève, a vast mass undulating on all sides, whose arms glistened in the sun. M. de Lafayette had the courtesy to point out the principal heroes, some of whom insulted the prince by their gestures as he passed. As they advanced, the scene became more painful—men were seen in the wildest excitement, whose shouts re-echoed through the halls of the hotel "Down with the Bourbons!" "No more kings!" "Death to Charles X.!" And here the high courage of the duke was shewn. As the clamour for a moment subsided, his voice was heard defending the king—"You deceive yourselves;" and, moving his hand as if to obtain silence, he added, "the king never sought to violate the charter." As they circled around him, to render outrage more easy, Lafayette took him by the hand and led him away; and then took place that scene the artist has so often selected—the sudden appearance of the duke on the balcony, leaning on Lafayette, and waving the tricolor, which denoted the alliance of the lieutenant-general and the Hôtel de Ville.

Let us contrast this accession to the throne with the following of "the abdication." Charles X. was quitting France, and thus bade adieu to the few who had not yet abandoned him. It is by an eye-witness, M. Damas:—

THE ABDICATION.

The column of the guards occupied the narrow passage which led to the principal staircase, and mounted slowly in the strictest order. The noise of their footsteps alone was heard as they fell heavily on the steps. They were ranged in two large rooms, into the second only of which I was able to enter; but mounting a chair, I saw distinctly the grey discrowned king. He no longer wore his accustomed uniform, but a plain blue coat without star or decoration, and led by the hand the young Duke de Bordeaux, of whom I could just obtain a glimpse. The dauphiness was on his right. The other members of the royal family I could not see, but they were present. The deputation of the guards did not approach the king in the manner which for fifteen years we have been instructed to believe. As they stood in his presence there was a momentary silence; yet it seemed an eternity. I held my breath, lest I should mar its solemnity. It was broken by sounds of grief from the men, who rushed from their ranks and grasped the hands of their fallen master, and whose spirit was subdued even unto tears. The sight of so many soldiers thus bowing down before one old man, and the children of his race, so affected me, that I staggered from my place, ashamed to be erect when all around me were thus prostrate in respect. "Come, come, my friends," said the king, "calm yourselves; must I then be the consoler?" This appeal was felt; silence was restored, the ranks were again formed, the ensigns of each battalion advanced, and placed in the king's hands the colours of the regiment. The king touched the silk of each as a captain upheld the four, and then elevating his voice, he said, "Soldiers, I take these colours; you have known how to guard them with honour, I trust one day my grandson will have the happiness to restore them to you."

Such was the last act, such the last words of the king, whilst he yet lingered on a land he had stained with civil war. The character of Charles X. of France may be compared in some respects with that of our first Charles of England. Both were brave and fond of government; alike educated and protectors of the arts; personally attractive by their manners; of a generous and affable nature; but equally ignorant of the condition of their country and the temper of their people. Charles X. had more firmness; Charles I. greater activity; but both fell by the unreasoning conviction of their rights, and an appeal to the sword for their assertion.

To conclude; if this work be continued in the spirit with which it is commenced, it cannot fail to interest. M. Capefigue has evidently studied the history of the period he describes. His views of European politics, his opinions upon the leading men of France, and the causes and consequences of the revolution of July, will naturally be accepted or disapproved according to the political bias of the reader. It is impossible to write the history of our own time with impartiality, as it is impossible for a strong mind, or one susceptible of impressions, to be indifferent to its action. As

we stand in relation to our contemporaries, so we are interested in their course of life; they reflect our opinions and by their public conduct the future will estimate our own. No man is so humble as to believe his own utter unimportance; every one conceives he has his type, and the worship of great names is often the adulation of ourselves. M. CAPEFIGUE condenses ably, writes eloquently, is moderate in his opinions, and evidently seeks to produce a work useful as a contribution towards the history of party, and not valueless as a guide to those who may hereafter, when events can be more dispassionately traced, become the historians of the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Memoir of the Honourable and most Reverend Power le Poer Trench, last Archbishop of Tuam. By the Rev. JOSEPH D'ARCY SIRR, D.D. 1845. Dublin, Curry; London, Longman and Co.

THE life of the late Archbishop of TUAM, written by Dr. SIRR, will be read with great interest by the members and admirers of the Protestant Association. It is compiled evidently with a view to the special edification and delight of this particular class of the religionists of the present day. Each of the many divisions of our Church has certain set forms and expressions, modes of speech and modes of thought, by which it may be immediately recognised. Let which may be in the right, each has its *shibboleth*, marking its peculiar and distinctive character. Accordingly, the memoir of Dr. TRENCH will command the greatest applause and commendation from the Exeter-hall section: the champions which its author delights to honour are Exeter-hall champions; her oracles are his oracles—his prophetess is her Charlotte Elizabeth. A burning and unmitigated hatred of Romanism; a somewhat coy and unwilling scolding of dissent; an assiduous introduction of scripture phrases wheresoever they can be made applicable to the narrative; a thorough disregard for the dignity of rank or station, explained by a critical discrimination between the spiritual and the non-spiritual among bishops, priests, deacons, and laymen; a constant shrinking from any thing like a tendency to sacramentarian errors—these are among the leading characteristics of the school to which, as it seems, the biographer and the subject of the biography both belong. Now, for a saint of this school, Dr. TRENCH was really a man of no ordinary stamp. But then, the *liber sanctorum* of this school contains not a few false prophets; and about its very best and grandest specimens there hangs a familiar and domestic air, keeping down that veneration and awful regard which, by elevating our conceptions of holy and faithful men, in some measure enlarges the mind and purifies the heart. The saints of the Protestant Association are every-day, fire-side, common-place confessors. They have, indeed, at times, as in the instance before us, "angelic voices," "commanding mien," and "dignified deportment;" but then they are too much of arm-in-arm acquaintances to be revered, and they pass into the mouths of their best wishers under the appellations of "dear men," "the dear archbishops," and "the dear old gentlemen."

POWER LE POER TRENCH, third son of the Earl of CLANCARTY, was descended from an ancient French family which migrated into England to escape the persecutions of Popery in the year 1574. Of his early days in school or college, but little is remembered; and, but for the purposes of this memoir, that little would, in all probability, very soon have become nothing. If reliance can be placed upon such recollections as we are furnished with, the benevolence and philanthropy, which formed the brightest feature in his after character, developed themselves at an early period. Like A'BECKET, he was at first a good horseman, and more of the cavalier than the priest; but, like the same example, he dropped this in due course, and devoted himself to more sacerdotal employments. A priest at twenty-two years of age, a bishop at thirty-two—promoted successively to the sees of Waterford, Elphin, and then to the archbishopric of Tuam, eventually uniting in his own person the bishoprics of Ardagh, Killala, Achonry, and Tuam—he was a sign, not only of the value of noble birth and family connections in the attainment of ecclesiastical preferment, but also of the gradual inroads which time and spoliation have made upon the Church of Ireland. According to his biographer, the archbishop did not adopt the religious views which have earned him this literary monument until long after he had tasted many of the sweets of political patronage. We are informed that at certain clerical meetings, held for the purposes of religious discussion, at Elphin, in 1818, "the bishop (as it need not now be denied) had most to learn;" that up to that time, "in spite of his natural tenderness of disposition, benevolence of mind, and unwearied activity in relieving distress, he had little experience of the nature of vital goodness." "He had rather admired spiritual religion in its effects at a distance, than experienced it in his own bosom." The praise of this wonderful conversion is attributed mainly to the Archdeacon of Elphin, the Rev. WILLIAM DIGBY, whose somewhat prolix letters, statements, and arguments are set down in the volume before us. And we may here take notice at once of the unconscionable length to which the accounts of every little piece of preferment given away by the archbishop, and every little business letter which he wrote, are suffered to run. Three or four hundred pages, explaining to whom was offered the curacy of this or that unpronounceable Irish village, with a full statement of its actual value, population, and requirements, might be very interesting to a new bishop inquiring into the extent of patronage at his disposal, but are very uninteresting to the general reader. This long catalogue, however, long as HOMER'S list of the ships in the Greek armament—is made an introduction to a sketch of the personal character of the different objects of the archbishop's patronge. As might be expected, there is no great variety in the descriptions of them, and they are almost, without exception, persons holding in religion the peculiar views of the archbishop and his biographer.

The brightest events in the archbishop's life are those connected with his indefatigable zeal in the relief of the distressed. In the famine which raged in Ireland in the year 1822, Dr. TRENCH appears, like another FENELON, to descend from archiepiscopal state to the performance of the most menial offices in behalf of his poorer brethren. The account of this matter, given by Dr. SIRR, contains the following:—

> The harvest of 1821 having been very defective in Ireland, and the potato crop an entire failure, extreme distress set in early in the spring of 1822, and a direful famine pervaded almost the whole province of Connaught. The compassion and sisterly commiseration of benevolent England was immediately aroused, and immense contributions were raised for the relief of the distressed districts. The archbishop was not left, therefore, as on a preceding occasion of a similar nature at Elphin, to meet so calamitous a crisis without any other aid than that which his own private resources could command. Yet had his foresight provided against the approaching destitution by the purchase of a vast stock of meal, and his hand largely and extensively contributed to the removal of actual want in his own vicinity, before the charity of the nation had expanded itself in one wide overflowing stream.
>
> He allowed no public funds to be applied to the relief of distress in the town of Tuam itself, taking the whole responsibility of meeting it on his own shoulders. The soup-kitchen which he opened continued to be supplied from the same private source. At the distribution of the soup and bread to the famishing, his whole family assisted, and he was present almost every day himself. On Fridays, when, notwithstanding the distress, the poor creatures were not suffered by their priests to partake of the soup thus generously prepared for them, his grace ordered them to be supplied with milk. Fever, the usual concomitant of starvation, spread rapidly in the suburbs of Tuam. Some poor creatures, suffering under this grievous malady, lay in the fields adjoining the Ballygaddy road. When this information reached his grace, he proceeded with a cart and horse, straw being placed in it for a bed, to the place where they were lying, and helped them with his own hands into the vehicle, and had them conveyed into a house adjoining, which he hired as a temporary hospital, fitting it up with beds, employing nurse-tenders, providing necessaries, and watching over them with the utmost anxiety. On the recovery of any of the patients, he supplied them with clothes and money.
>
> The Irish peasantry, with characteristic warmth and impetuosity, exhibited their gratitude by assembling *en masse* at the time of the next harvest, and insisting upon reaping his grace's corn-fields, as a voluntary and unpaid offering of their labour to his service. With similarly characteristic national pride, they refused to partake of so much as a mug of ale at the archbishop's expense, lest the disinterested act should seem soiled by any thing like remuneration. A still more im-

portant, though temporary effect, produced by his grace's conduct upon this occasion, was the respect which was won from the Roman Catholics. We subjoin a specimen of the florid oratory in which one of their priests sounded forth his praises. Forgetting all the fearful anathemas of Trent and the Lateran, in a charity sermon preached for the relief of the sick poor, the Rev. T. E. GILL addressed his Roman Catholic auditors thus :—

"I call on them to co-operate with the wise appropriation already begun, in favour of the distressed and sickly of the community by his *grace* of *Tuam*, with that PIETY and zeal, with that ardent and indefatigable industry, that ever *characterize his efforts*, and *breathe on his actions* AN UNEARTHLY LUSTRE." In like manner he extolled and pressed on his congregation the brilliant example of the most illustrious people on earth—the example of the English nation! "When," he added, "the sunglow of prosperity shall have brightened the verdure of our island—when the disastrous gloom, that hangs heavily on our horizon, shall have melted away beneath the warm ray of British liberality—oh! we shall fondly entwine the loved *shamrock* of our valley with the fostering *rose*. They shall grow lovingly together. Their fragrances shall mingle like the incense of love—the dew-drops, that will glisten on their leaves, shall be like the tears of some celestial sympathy. We shall plant them in the sunniest beds of our gardens, as a grateful memorial of this generous people. . . . Mutual misunderstandings are verging to a close. *Religious* and political differences no longer remembered, our misfortunes have, at length, providentially accomplished what our brighter hours could never effect. No longer eyeing each other with distrust, the Irishman shall strain his English neighbour to his heart. *Both shall kneel at the same shrine*—yes, both shall worship *at the same burning altar of charity!* Beautiful feeling of heaven! blessed indeed is thine impulse, awakened as it has been by the cries of a distracted people, sanctified by the most lovely virtue, and forming, in its consequences, *one sacred identification* of interests."

Again, in 1831, and in 1835, similar seasons of distress, though to a less fearful extent, prevailed; and again the archbishop manifested in bright colours this noblest attribute of his nature. It was for such seasons that the virtues of his kind heart were adapted, and though they occupy but a small space in his long life, these are the times when he stands before us as a really great man. Whilst we read of them, we entertain none of those doubts and fears which press upon us in other parts of the narrative, and incline us to the opinion that the archbishop was one of the great number of those "who to party give up what was meant for mankind." To this failing we attribute the unvarying reservation which he made in the disposal of the livings in his gift, viz. that he should have the nomination of the curates in his own power. Hence, too, it was that he was constantly embroiled in some contest with libellers or persecutors, whose ire was excited by the zeal and impetuosity with which the archbishop gave in to the proselyting or anathematizing views of the Digbys, the Simeons, and the Greggs of his day. Riotous bible meetings, anniversaries of the Hibernian Society, interrupted by O'CONNELL, his partisans, or the Roman Catholic priests; tumultuous public discussions between Popish and Protestant, commencing for the most part in mutual recrimination, and ending in the forcible ejection of the party whose physical powers were the more feeble; antagonist courses of controversial sermons, newspaper squabbles, and religious polemics in every shape and form; these are stimulating doses for a spiritual life, and of these Dr. TRENCH appears to have had a most abundant experience. Of course they are represented as "trials of his faith," and tests of his constancy, and undoubtedly they may have been so. Still they were trials not altogether inevitable, and in many cases seem to have been like the rebellion which Falstaff says "lay in Hotspur's way and he found it." The fact is, that for the most part the Irish religious character delights in strong and intoxicating draughts. A calm, sober, sedate Irish preacher is a rarity as great almost as a black swan. Orangemen or Papists, toasters of the "great, glorious, and immortal memory," &c. and "the battle of the diamond," or disciples of Father MATHEW, and enthusiastic followers of HIGGINS and M'HALE, both parties alike are more violent in their hatred, and in their love, than any other set of men in the world. They are any thing for a fight. A broken head at Donnybrook, or a booted disputant at the Rotunda, is an acceptable offering to the pervading love of combativeness and disturbance. Outrageous metaphors, outrageous devotion, outrageous penitence, and outrageous crime—these are all essentially national. Our author records innumerable instances, with an apparent conviction of their ordinary character, which points him out as a real native. Take an incident that occurred in the curacy of Athenry :—

In the year 1829 an unpopular priest, who had the reputation of being very severe in the exaction of *fees*, called *dues*, was appointed over it by the Romish bishop. The chapel was barricaded against him, and the people being resolved not to acknowledge him, and being exasperated against Dr. Kelly for sending him there, they thronged to the parish church. Dense crowds filled the aisles and surrounded the building from Sunday to Sunday. Nothing could equal their surprise at hearing the glad sounds of eternal life through a crucified Saviour preached to them with simplicity and power. Frequently were the discourses of the minister interrupted by sobs and reverend cries—"Glory be to God"—"It's true for you"—"Blessed be his holy name." But the poor creatures were not long to be allowed so favourable an opportunity of hearing the Gospel in its simplicity. Galway friars were sent occasionally to *serve mass* in the open air, where old habits and prejudices induced their attendance. Once Dr. Kelly himself drove over from Tuam, demanded admittance to the chapel, and was peremptorily refused. He celebrated mass outside, and had a wrangling discussion with the congregation. In vain alike were his hard words and his entreaties: they refused to surrender the keys or to receive his nominee. He drove from the town followed by groans and hisses. The next Sabbath found his incorrigible vassals listening with devout attention to the true testimony of God, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The results of this memorable commotion will only be known in the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed. The magisterial authority of the Protestant landlord finally caused the chapel, at the instigation of Dr. Kelly, to be surrendered to the custody of the disrelished priest, and the rupture was at an end. The reward this liberal gentleman received was his rejection as a legislator by the very party whom he served. During the period these proceedings were going forward, the archbishop required a weekly report from Mr. Eyre, the curate, and sent him the assistance of a gentleman who spoke Irish.

We have adverted already to the deep-seated benevolence of the late prelate. His liberality and charity, in regard to the physical necessities of the poor Irish, knew no distinctions of race or religion. Nor was this universal sympathy peculiar to his earlier years. In the year 1835, four years only before his death, we find him conducting the assistant commissioner, employed by the Government for the purposes of the Poor Law inquiry, from street to street and from cabin to cabin, in Tuam, detailing the occupation and peculiar misery of almost each separate family. From his manner and deportment, it was evident at that time to the commissioner, that he was well and personally known among the poor as a friend and benefactor. We find him, moreover, furnishing the Government with practical advice of the very best kind for improving the condition of the lower orders. Upon matters of this nature the archbishop was a sound authority, and an invaluable assistant. The sphere best adapted for his character was that of the active philanthropist. Upon the other hand, we do not find, as the archbishop increased in years, an increasing liberality in his religious opinions. Little by little, the influence of the most violent among the Protestant clergy acted upon his natural sentiments; and of all his sermons and charges, the last delivered is probably the most bitter in its hostility towards, and its invectives against, the Romanists. And this, too, was the case, in spite of repeated experience of the tendency to dissent existing among many of his own clergy. Methodism, Irvingism, and the other forms of secession appear continually to have drawn aside those of whom his hopes were the most sanguine, and who seemed to promise the most abundant benefits to the Church. We do not say, that the inroads made by dissent among the archbishop's clergy were directly owing to the religious views generally entertained by them; but we regard it as somewhat strange that so little animosity against this more insidious foe should have consisted with such bitter hatred against error in the other extreme. Perhaps the cause of such sentiments and its nature cannot be better explained than by a statement made by the same Rev. WM. DIGBY, whom we have previously mentioned. The insinuation against the character of the English clergy contained in it is somewhat singular.

On one occasion, the archbishop had been in England for a longer time than usual, attending his parliamentary duties, which

of course, when in London, brought him much into contact with the higher ranks of the English clergy. And when he next met me after his return to Ireland, he gave utterance to a sentiment which of course he had imbibed in the atmosphere he had been lately breathing, and the unsoundness of which he had not perceived—that "dissent was a worse enemy of ours than popery!" to which I replied—"My lord, I am far from being the apologist of dissent—my principle being to embrace and live in that outward communion, which possesses the two marks of *orthodoxy* and *extension* (or nationality); but be the demerits of dissent what they may, dissent is not THE WOMAN DRUNK WITH THE BLOOD OF SAINTS, AND OF THE MARTYRS OF JESUS." "True," replied the archbishop, with much humility and gentleness, at being found fault with by me, "and I never will express myself so again," AND HE NEVER DID.

Connected still more with the archbishop's rage for proselytism were the missions to Achill and Connemara, both of doubtful utility and doubtful success. Whatever may be the course proper to be pursued towards the Papists by the Church of Ireland, it should seem that isolated missionary exertions by individuals, however earnest or however able, are neither desirable nor particularly fruitful.

The interference of Archbishop TRENCH in the ordinary and more general politics of the day was very rare, so that the part taken by him in the Upper House of the Legislature was exceedingly small. Perhaps the most memorable speech which he ever made was his indignant protest against the divorce clause in the Bill of pains and penalties introduced by the ministry at the time of the trial of Queen CAROLINE. The opinion of the prelate was founded upon that verse in the New Testament which declares, that "whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery;" his argument being, that the abandonment of the Queen by her husband amounted to such "a putting away," and that, therefore, her adultery was merely the result of his own unrighteous actions. This occasion and two others, the one connected with the Irish Church Bill, the other with the establishment of the Irish national board of education, were the only instances in which the archbishop came prominently before the English House of Parliament. His heart and soul were occupied with the cares of his diocese, and with those more congenial spirits whom he numbered among his dearest and most intimate friends.

From what has been said, something like an idea may be formed of the nature of the book under review. With reference to the peculiar object and sentiments of the writer, it is a successful production, and will doubtless be very warmly received by the friends and admirers of the late archbishop. Whether the general reader, if unimbued with similar views and feelings, will find any thing more than very ordinary satisfaction in it, is a different question, but one to which we should fear a favourable answer cannot be given. Religious biography is slippery ground to tread upon, and, while human nature remains what it is, it will be very difficult for the most admired sanctity of one class of men to be the ideal of holiness with another. We conclude with the conclusion of the author, as affording a fair specimen alike of his style and of the degree of his impartiality.

It has been said familiarly of some one, "he was every inch a gentleman;" but of our godly prelate it may be said, that he was not only every inch a gentleman, and that of the highest order, but that he was every inch a Christian, and every inch a bishop—a primitive bishop. He was the highest style of man, and to paint his portrait the limner must be permitted "to dip his brush in dyes of heaven." Softness and vigour, suavity and energy, a love that ever yearned, and a firmness that never yielded, were never more happily combined; and this combination it was that renders it so impossible a task to portray him to the life. Yet it was this very combination that qualified him so essentially for his post of rule. The curb was seldom, if ever, felt when he held the reins. Yet beyond most men he knew how to direct, and how to slacken them. Long may the force of his example be felt, the remembrance of his virtues excite to emulation. In the early days of our bereavement, for his loss his mourning clergy, I can bear them witness, offered many a united prayer, that with his mantle might descend a double portion of his spirit on his immediate and future successors; and still those prayers, I doubt not, ascend from many a heart in which his name is enshrined. Those prayers are registered in heaven; it were a want of faith to doubt that they will abundantly be answered. May they be fulfilled beyond their utmost desires, up to that hour when all derived episcopacy shall merge in its direct exercise by the Great Bishop and Shepherd of our Souls.

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

THE second and third volumes continue the extracts from his journal and correspondence. As these do not afford materials for continuous narrative, we shall extract some of the passages most likely to interest the reader, and conclude with a brief report of his latter days.

His journals contain many just reflections, which appear to have been thrown off rudely as they occurred to him. Here is one on

PATRIOTISM.

When any natural propensity is consecrated into a virtue, the greatest evils ensue. *Patriotism* is an instance of this. We are naturally led to give undue importance to ourselves—this, when the individual is clearly the object of his own feeling, is called *selfishness*. But when, under the name of patriotism, each individual indulges himself in vanity, in pride, in ambition, in cruelty—and yet does it as an *Englishman*, as a *Frenchman*, as a *Spaniard*—all these vices are reckoned virtues.

And further on he illustrates this remark.

We are Englishmen, and they are Frenchmen—a set of rascally beggars.
We are Frenchmen and they are Englishmen—*Sacre!*
We are Spaniards and they are Americans.
We are Mexicans and they are Spaniards.
We are Russians and they are Poles.
We are Poles and they are Muscovites.

"Is it not curious that words so very different in meaning as Englishman, Frenchman, Spaniard, Pole, &c. have the same effect on the passions and feelings of mankind?"

"You are mistaken.—You attribute the effects in question to the wrong word. It is the word WE that produces them."

FASHION.

He that wishes to leap over the stream of fashion and habits along which the world proceeds, must take a pretty long run from out of the crowd. To attempt the leap on the border of the stream, and as one of those who are resolved to follow its course, can only insure a plunge, with a laugh on the part of the spectators.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is curious that my admiration of the great poets has regularly increased with age. This especially happens to me in regard to Shakspeare. When I came to England, though to a certain degree I had spoken the language of the country from childhood, I did not understand it sufficiently to enter into the spirit of Shakspeare's Plays. Nevertheless there were in them characters, and passages, which I admired, and which by their peculiar attraction, brought me constantly back to those compositions. Without making his dramatic works a peculiar study, at any time, I have never dropt them for any considerable period. The marks in my old little copy prove this. Unfortunately I had it originally only stitched; and upon getting it bound, many of those marks were pared off with part of the margins; else I could shew the progress of my approbation by the gradual addition of the parallel lines, which I have long used as a sign of liking a passage.

A SCRAP OF CRITICISM.

Last night, just before going to bed, I opened Hamlet, and, reading on for a while, came to one of the most beautifully tender, as well as original illustrations, which can be met with in any poet. It had never struck me in the same degree that it did this time. The genius of Shakspeare seems here to have dropt a simile of the greatest beauty almost unconsciously, as the Queen of the Fairies would drop a pearl of immense value, without much thinking where, when, or how. It is in the beginning of Laertes' leave-taking speech to Ophelia.

> For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
> Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
> *A violet in the youth of primy nature,*
> *Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;*
> *The perfume and suppliance of a minute;*
> No more.

The *simile* is so appropriate, and yet so novel; it is so full of tenderness and life, that I cannot well express all I feel in its presence. But I was offended by the word *suppliance*, which the verse, as it is generally printed, requires to have the accent on the *i*, as coming from the verb to *supply*. Here a rash ingenuity, to which I confess that I am not a stranger in similar cases, fully possessed my mind, making me rejoice exceedingly in a conjectural reading, which I immediately wrote at the bottom of the page.

> The pérfume and (the) súppliance of a minute.

GOOD SOCIETY.

Good society is a representation of what society at large should

be. I do not know how a young person might better be told what truly good society means, than by saying, that it is a meeting of people where every one forgets himself for the sake of the rest.

Under the date of August 28, 1837, we find these

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

To write in an album!—a difficult task,
Though the paper be glazed, and though beauty may ask.
For ink, you must use the first tints of the spring;
Your pen, you should take from a butterfly's wing;
Of gossamer words all your lines shall be wrought,
Then beware lest you crush the whole work—with a thought.
For my goose-quill, believe me, such books are too thin;
Wait till albums are bound in deal-boards and calf-skin.

WAR.

From a letter by Dr. Channing.

I wish you sympathised with me more on the subject of war. I have no faith in the virtues which grow out of war. The courage of soldiers ranks little higher than brute force. It abounds among the lowest and most profligate men; and the sense of honour is almost synonymous with the want of moral independence. When I think of the spirit of duelling and war in the Christian world, and then of the superiority to the world and the unbounded love and forbearance which characterize our religion, I am struck with the little progress which Christianity has as yet made. Has not Mahometanism acted more powerfully on the Mahometan mind? This slow progress of Christianity is to be explained by its uncompromising hostility to all the selfish and sensual principles, and by the grandeur of its moral purpose, and thus attests its divine origin.

FROM ANOTHER LETTER BY DR. CHANNING.

I do not know that I ever suggested to you a fancy which has sometimes come into my head. I have thought, that by analysing a pain, I have been able to find an element of pleasure it it. I have thought, too, that by looking a pain fully in the face and comprehending it, I have diminished its intensity. Distinct perception, instead of aggravating, decreases evil. This I have found when reading accounts of terrible accidents which have at first made me shudder. By taking them to pieces, and conceiving each part distinctly, I have been able to think of them calmly, and to feel that I too could pass through them. Sympathy increases by the process, but not fear. The sympathy weakens the personal fear; but this is not the whole explanation. The soul, by resisting the first shudder, and by placing itself near the terrible through an act of the will, puts forth energies which reveal it to itself, and make it conscious of something within, mightier than suffering. The power of distinct knowledge in giving courage, I have never seen insisted on, and yet it is a part of my experience. The unknown, the vague, the dark, what imagination invests with infinity—this terrifies—and the remark applies not to physical evils, but to all others.

You speak in your letter of the relief you have found in music. Have you met a very curious book, "The Correspondence of a Child with Goethe?" Her name was Bettini. I fell in with the work on a journey, and ran through it, omitting a good deal. It interested me as a psychologist, for it gives quite a new specimen of mind. A good deal in it relates to music, much of which I could not understand, and much more sounded like extravagance,—but I felt that there was a truth at bottom, and I wanted to understand more. I am no musician, and want a good ear; and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths, in the soul, which lie beyond all other influences,—extends my consciousness, and has sometimes given me a pleasure which I may have found in nothing else. Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable. An instinct has always led men to transfer it to heaven, and I suspect the Christian under its power has often attained to a singular consciousness of his immortality. Facts of this nature make me feel what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us.

The journal during the last years of his life is an almost unvaried record of bodily torture endured with heroism. Life lingered in him for many days after he had lost the use of all his bodily organs save the power of speech. "Who," says Mr. THOM, "can describe the torture of a frame with no unwounded part to sustain its own weight, and yet make the reader subordinate the physical impression, whilst he feels full upon him the large, patient eye, the only member that could be freely moved—or sees it lifted in love, calmness, and supplication? He remained in a state of stupor for some days, until the morning of the 20th of May, 1841, when he suddenly woke up, and, with a firm voice and great solemnity of manner, spoke only these words: "Now I die." He sat as one in the attitude of expectation, and about two hours afterwards—it was as he had said. It was remarked that, in the act of dying, "a sudden darkness beneath the surface, like the clouding of a pure liquid from within, the immediate shadow of Death, was seen passing from the forehead downwards, and leaving all clear again behind it as it moved along."

The memoir most fitly closes with the following eloquent elegy, addressed by Dr. CHANNING to the editor:—

Perhaps there was not a man in your country whom I wanted so much to see. I felt that no mind could open to me so interesting and instructive a history. I know by experience some of the conflicts of spirit through which he passed, and I longed to put a thousand questions to him, about the processes through which he arrived at this and another conviction. I venerated the rare heroism with which he sought truth.—But he is gone, and I am to know him only in another world. The account you give me of his trust and patience has done me good. I am little moved by passionate piety in death; but how grand is the entire submission of so calm, reflecting a man, in such deep suffering. My own trust seems to have gained strength. I rejoice that he has committed his manuscripts to *you*, for you understand him better than anybody. I shall wait impatiently for his autobiography. I besought him again and again to leave some record of his inward history—and I expect from it singular benefits. Not that I shall agree with him in all his speculations: I differed from him a good deal; but I do not know that I ever read any thing from his pen which I did not find instructive. He understood the controversy between Romanism and Protestantism as few do. Very few of us get to the heart of this quarrel. Most Protestants fight Romanism under its own standard.—I have sometimes observed on the beach, which I am in the habit of visiting, a solemn unceasing under-tone, quite distinct from the dashings of the separate successive waves—and so in certain minds, I observe a deep under-tone of truth, even when they express particular views which seem to me discordant or false. I had always this feeling about Mr. White. I could not always agree with him, but I felt that he never lost his grasp of the greatest truths. I sympathize sincerely with you in your loss. How much have you lost! The daily privilege of communion with a great and good mind is a daily light shed over our path. I know something of your affliction, for in the short space of two years, God has taken from me two friends, Dr. Follen and Dr. Tuckerman, who were knit to me in true Christian brotherhood. But we will not say we have lost such friends. They live within us in sweet and tender remembrances. They live around us in the fruits of their holy labours. They live above us, and call us in the tones of a friendship which Heaven has refined, to strengthen our union with them by sharing their progress in truth and virtue.

SCIENCE.

Phreno-Mnemotechny; or, the Art of Memory. The Series of Lectures explanatory of the Principles of the System, delivered in New York and Philadelphia in the beginning of the year 1844. By FRANCIS FAUVEL-GOURAUD, D. E. S. London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

PROFESSOR GOURAUD has made "a sensation," in America by the announcement of a new system of Mnemonics, by which, in ten lessons, of an hour each, he promises that his pupils shall acquire the faculty of fixing indelibly upon the memory, and reproducing at will, all the facts within range of human knowledge.

The huge volume before us contains the course of lectures in which he has developed to the astounded Americans the principles of his system; and, further to engage attention and mingle amusement with learning, he has entered copiously upon the subject of memory in general, collecting all the anecdotes relating to it which history and medical records could supply.

It appears that the discovery of the system was due to the very defective memory given by nature to the discoverer. This he sought to remedy by various of the artificial processes that have been invented by the ingenious, but all failed to help him to his object. While inquiring into the causes of these failures, he lighted upon the scheme which he has now matured, and of which he speaks with all the partiality of a parent, and more than the permitted exaggeration of an inventor. An introduction is devoted to an historical sketch of celebrated natural memories, of artificial memory, its origin and progress, and to a review of the more famous of the systems which at various times

have been put forth with promises equally confident with his own.

The lecturer cites ADAM as an instance of great natural memory, because he remembered the names of all the animals. But this is a blunder of the Professor. The names were *given* or invented by ADAM, not remembered.

CYRUS knew the name of every soldier in his army. CYNEAS, an ambassador from King PYRRHUS to the Romans, was introduced to each member of the senate on the day of his arrival, and on the following morning saluted every one of them by his proper name and surname. (Query, may he not have obtained the list and learned it?) The Emperor OTHO is also reported to have known the name of every soldier in the army; MITHRIDATES and the Emperor ADRIAN had the same faculty. SCIPIO, as it is said, could call every Roman citizen by name, although their number was 243,704, and THEMISTOCLES is asserted to have shewn a like power at Athens, whose citizens numbered 30,000.

The recorded instances of extraordinary memories for isolated words are probably more authentic. SENECA says of himself that he could repeat as many as 2,000 words, although entirely unconnected. A French Jesuit, named Father MENESTRIER, repeated to CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden, 300 words, the most uncouth she could imagine, first in the order they had been written, and then in any order asked of him. It is related of the celebrated PICUS DE MIRANDOLA that he could repeat a column of 2,000 words, after one hearing or a single perusal.

A memory of languages is more common. MITHRIDATES had twenty-two different nations in his dominions, and could address each in its own tongue. CÆSAR dictated to six secretaries at once in so many languages. But he was eclipsed by an officer of LOUIS XV. of France, named MARIET, who could dictate to ten persons at the same time, in ten different tongues, without an error. And his memory was equally powerful in other ways. Sometimes he would amuse himself, and his friends by making a whole battalion of soldiers strangers to him, defile in his presence, each soldier pronouncing his own name as he passed, and when they repassed, he would call each one by his proper name. Cardinal MEZZAFONTI, now living, we believe, speaks *fifty-two* different languages, and to this natural gift he is indebted for his clerical dignity, and the office of post-master at Rome. His account of the origin, or rather the discovery, of this faculty is very curious. Being called upon to confess two foreigners condemned to be executed on the following day, he was grieved to find that he was unable to make himself intelligible to them. He retired to his cell resolved to acquire the language before the morning. And he succeeded in learning enough to confess them in their own tongue. Thenceforth he mastered languages with ease. He says his secret is simply that he never forgets a word he once hears.

Calculating memories are sufficiently familiar not to need notice.

Of a memory for prose there are some remarkable instances. SENECA tells us that his friend PORTIUS LATRO remembered all the speeches he had ever heard from the public orators of Rome, and could repeat them without missing or changing a word. HORTENSIUS the orator, committed his own speeches to memory, which never failed him, and he could repeat whatever had been said by his opponent in the pleading of any case. Once he repeated the articles, bidders, and prices through a whole day's sale, without a mistake. JUSTUS LEPOUS, a Flemish writer, knew by heart the whole of *Tacitus*. AVICENNA, the famous Arabian physician, could repeat word for word the whole book of ARISTOTLE'S *Metaphysics*. It is said that JOSEPH SCALIGER acquired line by line, in the Greek, botb the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of HOMER in the short space of twenty-one days. CREBILLON never wrote a line of his many tragedies while composing them, and his corrections were made by help of the memory alone. BARON BEYTS, a Belgian nobleman, who died in 1832, could recite all the tragedies of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES; he could name the date of almost every event in history or literature.

VOLTAIRE was made the subject of a practical joke by FREDERICK of Prussia, by means of a like faculty possessed by one of his officers. The wit had appointed to read to the King the MS. of a new poem. The company assembled, he produced his vellum, and recited the work amid great applause. When he had concluded, the King smilingly asked him how he could read as *new* a poem which one of his officers had written and submitted to him for criticism some months since. The poet in great wrath challenged the monarch to proof. An order was issued, and a young officer entered the room. The King asked him if he had found his lost manuscript. He replied that he had not, but that fortunately he had learned it by heart, and immediately repeated word for word the poem just read by VOLTAIRE. After a short enjoyment of the wit's perplexity, the secret was revealed. The young officer had been stationed behind a curtain, heard the reading of the manuscript, and repeated it from memory.

It is related of Pope CLEMENT VI. that in a riot he was knocked down by a blow upon the back of the head from a club. Before this accident, his memory was very bad; after his recovery, it became so excellent that he could remember whole books after a single reading.

The lecturer next considers the definition of memory, which he divides into natural and artificial; the latter being simply the power of recalling facts by means of *conditional associations*.

Natural memory he distributes into,—1. Recollection, or memory *at will*; 2. Remembrance, or spontaneous memory; 3. Reminiscence, or *accidental* memory; and 4. Conception, or the power of forming images from the remembrance of things we know, and which is equivalent to invention.

The origin of memory being the reproduction of impressions left on the mind through the medium of the senses, the lecturer makes a five-fold division accordingly, and he concludes by classing all memory under three heads, which he terms the *mechanical*, *rational*, and *intus-susceptive* memory.

So far we have been enabled to advance assentingly with Mr. GOURAUD, but at this point he commences the lectures that develope his system, and we must confess that, if we have read it aright, it by no means deserves the extravagant praises of its author.

The *principle* of the system is not new; indeed, all systems of artificial memory must be based upon one common principle. Memory is suggestion of one idea by the presence of another with which it is associated, and every scheme of Mnemonics must proceed upon the principle of substituting a sign more readily associated with the object sought to be remembered than is the ordinary sign. Letters and words to symbolize figures were obvious means to the end, and have been frequently recommended. It seems to us that Mr. GOURAUD'S scheme is but an improvement upon this; and that whereas his predecessors were content with letters as disconnected as the figures they represented, or words as difficult to be associated with the object as the bald date, he proposes words that have something like an association with the event.

Now this we admit to be an improvement; but so far from making his system as omnipotent as he asserts it to be, it adds only one more to the multitude of ingenious failures. Practically, it will not serve its purpose, however plausible in theory, and for this reason, that, like its fellows, it proceeds upon a false conception of the faculty of memory. It assumes that memory is an act of the whole mind, and that a good or bad memory means a readiness or inability to recal every kind of impression. But, in truth, each faculty has its own memory, and one may be excellent while others are vile. One person enjoys a ready recollection of dates, another of words, a third of events, a fourth of times, a fifth of places, a sixth of colours, and so forth; and some have more, some less of these, in endless combination. Moreover, each memory has its own train of associations, and each mind is more readily moved by some suggestions than by others. It follows from this, that there cannot be a system of Mnemonics; for that which would prove a ready association with one mind, would be no link in another mind. Mr. GOURAUD'S plan will be useful to those to whom nature has given a quick memory for words, for he addresses himself precisely to their capacities; but it must fail utterly to serve those whose associations are with places, or persons, or events, or sounds, and therefore, as a general system, it is unavailable.

But if he have failed, it is from the absolute impracticability of his aim, not from want of industry, ingenuity, or zeal. The volume before us attests the research and thought he has devoted to his theme; it abounds in curious and entertaining matter; he has collected facts from a wide range of reading, and introduces reflections which lead to thought, and will tend

to direct attention to one of the most interesting of the phenomena of mind. For these Mr. GOURAUD's lectures may be read with pleasure and profit, although the system they introduce must, we fear, be consigned to the limbo of vanities, among the myriad plausible projects that every age brings forth, promising royal roads to knowledge, but leaving mankind much as it found them, compelled to toil up the old steep path, and to acquire their wisdom by slow degrees. Many are the endeavours to cheat nature of her toll; but it may not be. The penalty of our mortality must be paid; so long as we are in time and space, we must obey their laws; perhaps, hereafter, when the soul is emancipated from their bondage, it may be a portion of its promised heaven to receive all knowledge at once.

FICTION.

Tales from the "Phantasus" of Ludwig Tieck. London, 1845. James Burns.

THE deep religious spirit that pervades the fictions of TIECK, not shewn in phrases and texts and preachments, but felt in the solemn tones it wakens in the mind of the reader, is only now beginning to be appreciated in England, the translations published by Mr. BURNS having been mainly instrumental in introducing him to a public but just entering upon the better state of intellectual existence necessary for the proper enjoyment of such a soul as his.

A Roman Catholic by birth, he learned nothing of religion save the forms. Against these his spirit revolted, and infidelity was the *first* result of *doubt*. But that no more satisfied the demands of his earnest nature than did the hollow formulas he had abandoned. With brave resolve he entered upon the awful task of seeking the truth and the light by the investigations of his own great intellect, guided by an honest purpose, and confident in the power of the mind over itself. The questions that have ever engaged the thoughtful and startled the thoughtless,—"of reason and foreknowledge, will and fate"—Where am I?—what am I?—why am I?—these, and such as these, were bravely met and vigorously grappled with; and though he confessed himself unable to solve them entirely, he obtained enough of insight into the mysteries of existence to be assured that there is a God, a religion, a business to be done here, a futurity to be sought hereafter; and thenceforth the light that had streamed into his soul was reflected in his writings, and the mighty harmonies that revolved there ran in low under-tones through whatever came in words from his gorgeous imagination. In all that he utters there is a meaning below the surface, to be gleaned only by study. Hence it is, that superficial readers, who take up his tales for amusement alone, and glide over them as over the pages of a fashionable novel, are often disappointed, and wonder what can have recommended TIECK to the popularity he enjoys among his countrymen. But they who would taste his beauties must read with another purpose, and in more sober mood. They must remember that every tale illustrates a principle of our nature, or conveys some grand moral lesson, or teaches philosophy by example. "The true poet of any time," remarks the translator in his preface, "is he who can make that time transparent,—who can let his readers in behind the curtain of their own souls, and that of the society in which they live, and shew them what they are all doing, hoping, fearing; clear up their cloudy perceptions, and say for them, what they would say for themselves, if they could. This is exactly what TIECK does. His Emelius's Egberts, Ludwigs,—what are they all, but the very men of whom every day he walked into the street he saw thousands? No matter what the conditions be under which he pictures them working, his men are real men, not fantastic; and that is all we have any right to require."

The tales collected in this elegant volume are taken from *Phantasus*, the device of which is simply this. A literary society assembles to discourse of literature and art, and the different members read aloud tales or dramas of their own composition. These are introduced by a dialogue so full of truth and beauty, that we must extract it.

"It is not at every moment, nor every time we choose to turn to her," said Antony, "that Nature will unfold her secrets to us; or rather, it is not always that we are in the mood to feel her sacredness. There must first be a harmony in ourselves, if we are to find what surrounds us harmonious; otherwise we do but cheat ourselves with empty phrases, without ever rising to a true enjoyment of beauty. It may be, perhaps, that there are times when unexpectedly some blessed influence descends out of Heaven upon our hearts, and unlocks the door of inspiration; but towards this we can add nothing. We have no right, no means of looking for it; it is a revelation within us we know not how. So much is certain, that it is not above twice, or at most three times, in a man's life that he has the fortune, in any true sense, to see a sunrise. When we do see it, it does not pass away like a summer cloud before our minds; rather, it forms one of the great epochs in our lives. From such ecstatic feelings as we receive then it is long and long ere we recover; by the side of these exalted moments years dwindle into nothingness. But it is only in the calmness of solitude that these high gifts can descend upon us. A party collecting itself to see it as a sight on the top of a mountain, is only standing as it were before an exhibition at a theatre, and can bring from it nothing but the same kind of empty pleasure and foolish criticisms."

"Still stranger is it," said Ernest, "that the great majority of men are so dead to that awe and wonder, that fearful amazement with which Nature often fills some minds. If they can feel it, it is only as an obscure bewildered sensation of they know not what."

"It is not only on the dreary peaks of the St. Gothard that we can feel the terribleness of Nature. There are times when the most beautiful scene is full of spectres that fly shrieking and screaming across our hearts. Such strange shadowy forms, such wild forebodings, go often hunting up and down our fancy, that we are fain to fly from them in terror, and rid ourselves of our phantom rider, by plunging into the dissipations of the world. While under such influences, wild poems and stories often rise up in us to people the dreary chaos of desolation, and adorn it with creations of art; and these forms and figures will be unconscious betrayers of the tone and temper of the mind in which they spring. In these kind of stories the beautiful mingles itself with the terrible, the sublime with the childish, goading our fancy into a kind of poetic madness, and then turning it to roam at will through the entire fabric of our souls."

"Are the stories you are going to read to us of this kind?" asked Clara.

"Perhaps," replied Ernest.

"And not allegorical?"

"As you please to call them. There is not, and there cannot be, any creation of art which has not some kind of allegory at the bottom of it, however little it may let itself be seen. The two forms of good and evil appear in every poem; they meet us at every turn, in every thing man produces, as the one eternal riddle in an endless multiplicity of forms, which he is for ever struggling to resolve. As there are particular aspects in which the most every-day life appears like a myth, so it is possible to feel oneself in as close connection with, as much at home in the middle of the wildest wonders as the ordinary incidents of life. One may go so far as to say, that the commonest, simplest, pleasantest things, as well as the most marvellous, can only be said to be true, can only exert an influence on our minds, in so far as they contain some allegory as their groundwork, as the link which connects them with the system of the universe. This is why Dante's allegories come so home to us, because they pierce through and through to the very heart and centre of reality. Novalis says, there is no real history, except what might be fable. Of course, there are many weak and sickly poems of this kind, which merely drag wearily on to the moral, without taking the imagination along with them; and these of all the different sorts of instruction or entertainment are the most tiresome. But it is time to proceed to our tales."

The translator has selected ten of the tales for the present volume, each bearing a different moral, all full of the profoundest philosophy, the richest poetry, with just so much of the mystical as serves to enhance the interest with which we read. "The Love Charm," especially, is a master-piece, and truly is it termed a tragedy, whose spirit approaches as near as modern thought can be made to approach to the fatalism of the Greek drama.

"The Elves," under the disguise of a fanciful fairy-tale, teaches momentous truths. Man as he is, man as he should be, and might be; the different aspect the world offers to those who look upon it from above, and to those who view it from its surface; the contrast between the perfections of nature and the imperfections of art: the eternal beauty of truth and virtue, and the deformity and perishing unsubstantiality of whatever is based upon falsehood and wrong, are displayed with an impressiveness which cannot fail to write the lesson on the heart of every reader, and especially of the young.

Such being the character of these tales, they will need no direct recommendation. The translators have done them am-

ple justice, and the best assurance that can be given of typographical excellence is to state that they are published by Mr. Burns.

Tales from the Eastern Land. Being a second series of Eastern Romance. London, 1845. James Burns.

We had not the good fortune to see the first volume of these tales, and therefore we are unable to describe the origin and design, which doubtless were there duly set forth by the translator or editor.

This second volume, however, contains eleven tales, some of them the most favourite of the gorgeous romances of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, slightly remodelled, to adapt them for family reading. The others are translations, the first ever made into the English tongue, from the German of Grimm; and really, this seen side by side, the reader will be in doubt whether most to admire, the rich fancy of the unknown Arabian poet, or the fertile fancy of the glorious old German, to whom the wild and the wonderful were so familiar that he was enabled to treat them with the earnestness of truths, and charm his readers into temporary faith in fairies, goblins, demons, genii, and all those "millions of spiritual creatures" with which the poets have peopled the earth.

And here is a volume which carries us back to the trustful days of youth, when dreams were realities, and fables facts, and which we have ill-exchanged for the half-truths and imperfect knowledge that have been substituted for them by the utilitarian tendencies of our age. Heartily do we welcome all publications of this class, in earnest hope that they will help to advance that object for which The Critic is established—the substitution of a more spiritual philosophy for the materialism which has of late years held such undisputed sway.

POETRY.

The Waif a Collection of Poems. Third edition. 1845. Cambridge, U. S. Owen; London. Wiley and Putnam.

The rarest book in our language is a collection of *good* poetry. The most valuable contribution to our literature would be a volume comprising the gems—and the gems only—of British song. The defect of all the many gatherings that have been submitted to the public lies, not so much in the absence of the excellent, as in the presence of the worthless. Selections have been made with too much liberality. The gatherer of a wreath of poems cannot be too choice and exclusive. His rule should be to reject wherever a doubt arises as to the title to admission. Yet has not the failure arisen from want of the aid of persons apparently peculiarly competent for the task. Poets, such as Campbell, and Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, have tried, but have proved no better judges of merit than they who never attempted verse. A collection of the beauties of the British Poets is yet, and we fear will long continue to be, a desideratum in our literature.

The Waif is certainly the best we have yet seen, and it comes to us from across the Atlantic. The demand for a third edition in a few months indicates that the public have discovered its worth, and shews with what cordial welcome a yet more complete and tasteful collection would be received. Although no name of editor appears upon the title-page of *The Waif*, there can be little doubt, from the place of its publication, and the Proem, which he has avowed, that Longfellow's mind presided over the choice. The poems are not numerous, but, without exception, they have claims upon our notice for their originality or their beauty. The printer has partaken the spirit of the editor and the typography is worthy of the thoughts to which it gives a local habitation. It is a volume which the lover of poetry will be sure to look upon as a treasure.

Most of the poems are already familiar to our readers. But Longfellow's Proem was written for the occasion so lately as December last, and possessing much novelty of thought, and not a little true poetry, while it is certain to be new to everybody, we extract it:—

PROEM TO A VOLUME OF SELECTED POEMS.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away

England Won a Poem. By John G. H. Bourne. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

English and Norman knights of fair renown,
The fate of Harold and the questioned crown,
On Hastings' field the deeds by William done,
My verse relates the fight, and *England won.*

Such, as set forth in the opening lines, is the subject of this epic,—an excellent theme for a poet; but ill-chosen for such a mere rhymester as Mr. Bourne, who, with natural misgivings of his own capacities for soaring to "the height of his great argument," proceeds to say, that it

May well appear a task too high and hard,
A flight too daring for an unproved bard.

Undoubtedly it is; but why, then, attempt it? Why, conscious of his infirmity, venture a flight so lofty? Why was not Mr. Bourne content to try an humbler theme? But, having sought to soar, and called upon the public to look at him and pronounce a judgment upon his performance, he must not be surprised if, finding his wings of wax, they laugh to see them melting in the radiance amid which he has presumed to plunge.

Mr. Bourne is one of that vast company of scribblers who mistake words for thoughts, and rhyme for poetry. Blessed, or it may be cursed, by nature with a flow of words and a tuneful ear, they string together some hundreds of metrical lines, and imagine themselves poets, forgetting, or, not choosing to remember, that metre and rhyme are only the graceful garments in which Poetry is pleased to clothe herself, and that of themselves they make only a scarecrow image of her, which, on a near approach, is found to be nothing but a brainless skull and dry bones. And here is Mr. Bourne, doubtless in all other matters a sensible man, taking the pains to write, and incurring the cost of publishing, some two hundred pages of words, arranged in hexameters, throughout which we have looked in vain for a single passage of true poetry. Destroy the metre and rhyme by disarranging the order of the words, and the volume would be a narrative in very flat prose, in which nobody would guess the hand of a poet.

Let Mr. Bourne but take the page he deems the worthiest, and try it by this test, and, in spite of the partiality of an author, he will confess that *England Won* has no title to the name of a poem.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Since our last notice, we have received many numbers of various serials and periodicals, which we are compelled to dismiss summarily at this season, but which claim the courtesy of a passing comment.

Of *Dr. Young's Lectures in Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts*, two more parts have come to hand. They treat of the history of mechanics, of hydrostatics, of the theory of hydraulics, of hydraulic pressure, of hydraulic machines, of pneumatic machines, of the propagation of sound, of the sources and effects of sound, and of harmonics. The style of the lecturer is popular, but strictly *correct*, and the text is illustrated by numerous engravings on steel.

The fifth part of *Knight's Political Dictionary* carries on the work to the word "Copyright." The articles appear to be ably written, carefully compiled, and when completed, it will be a very valuable addition to the library of reference.

Three more parts, namely, III. IV. and V. of W. J. FOX's *Lectures addressed chiefly to the Working Classes*, continue to handle divers popular topics with a philosophical spirit and rare power of eloquence. "Wordsworth," "The Parliament," "The Burial of the Dead," "On Impulse," "The Labour-market," "Ebenezer Elliott," "Alfred Tennyson," "The Political Influence of Church Establishments," "Thomas Moore and the Maynooth Grant," which are handled in the lectures before us, will indicate the variety of subjects selected for discourse, and we regret that pressure of other claims forbids extracts that would shew the manner of their treating. They will richly reward perusal.

HARRY LORREQUER'S *O'Donoghue* is continued with growing interest, and delighting its readers each month with a world of Irish humour and pathos.

The second part of the *Illustrated Family Journal* more than sustains the character we gave to the first. The editor exhibits equal taste in the choice of his materials, and the engravings improve with every number. They are really fine specimens of art.

The *Novel Times* has commenced a new romance from the pen of Mr. JAMES. The sixth and seventh parts of *Mores Catholici* present all the characteristics we noticed as marking their predecessors, and *Dolman's Magazine* for May and June must be an acceptable addition to the Roman Catholic periodicals.

George Cruikshank's Table Book, for June, contains one of his inimitable engravings, "Heads at the Table," full of character and spirit, and of itself sufficient to make the fortune of the periodical in which it appears. But many more wood-cuts are scattered over its pages, some clever, others unworthy of their position, and we think we perceive something like improvement in the literary matter, of which hitherto complaint has with justice been made.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine, for June, continues the editor's admirable "History of St. Giles's and St. James's;" and among other topics of present interest it attacks "the Mummery of Medicine," exposes some of the absurdities of "the Law of the Land," and in a powerful article entitled "Man and the Criminal," indignantly and truthfully denounces the system by which criminals are made and punished. The wholesome spirit of this magazine entitles it to the support of every friend of humanity.

The American Journal of Insanity, No. IV. for April, has been forwarded to us from Utica. It is edited by the officers of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, and besides a regular report of the experiences of that noble establishment, it contains contributions on the subject of insanity, and facts and cases occurring in all parts of the United States. The utility of such a publication will be apparent, and we hasten to make it known to our readers, in the hope that it will find a circulation in England among those who feel an interest in the subject to which it is devoted. Some idea of its value may be formed from the titles of a few of the papers in the number before us. The Rev. JOHN BARLOW has treated of man's power over himself to prevent or control insanity: the importance of sleep in preventing insanity is the subject of a second article. The influence of the weather upon the disposition and the mental faculties, schools in lunatic asylums, and the homicidal impulse, are severally considered, and some curious facts are stated, and many practical suggestions offered, the results of experience, and which for the sake of humanity cannot be too widely diffused. When more of the numbers of this periodical shall have reached us, we propose formally to submit to our readers the results of their investigations.

The Lives of Illustrious Lord Mayors and Aldermen of London, from the earliest to the present time, is addressed to the vanity of the Cits. The first part contains the lives of Sir WILLIAM WALWORTH and Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON, written very respectably, and got up with some labour of research. It is embellished with splendidly illuminated arms of two of the City companies.

The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science, for April, although dedicated to the advancement of phrenology, has much that is calculated to interest and instruct those who may not admit the truths of the science itself. The first essay, for instance, is a philosophical review of the question of Penal Colonies, and the treatment of criminals there, and forms a valuable contribution to criminal jurisprudence. The relative liability of the sexes to insanity is examined by Dr. THURNAM, and exhibits some curious results. The average of thirty-two asylums shews an excess of males of 13 per cent.; Dorset being the only county in which the female lunatics are more numerous than the males. But the advantage on the side of the ladies does not end here: of those who become insane, a far greater proportion recover. The third paper is an essay by Mr. CULL, "On the Organ of Language and its Functions." Mr. GEORGE COMBE has contributed a very interesting account of his visit to Dr. FERRARESE, the famous phrenologist of Naples. There is a large collection of facts and cases, and a number of reviews of books bearing on the subjects to which this periodical is devoted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters from New York. Second Series. By L. MARIA CHILD. London and New York, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

THE first book THE CRITIC was called upon to review after its establishment, now about two years since, was that delightful volume of letters of which the present is a continuation. It was with cordial welcome that we then hailed the appearance in the United States of a writer possessing undoubted genius, and, above all, having the courage to be original—to think for herself, and to proclaim her thoughts. In many particulars, and especially in this of moral bravery, Mrs. CHILD resembles our own Miss MARTINEAU. But the former possesses also some gifts which the latter wants. She has more of the poetical in her nature; her imagination is loftier in its flights and larger in its capacities. Whatever comes to her from without, whether through the eye or the ear, whether in nature or art, is reflected in her writings with a halo of beauty thrown about it by her own fancy, and thus presented, it appeals to our sympathies and awakens an interest which carves it upon the memory in letters of gold.

But Mrs. CHILD has yet loftier claims to respect than a poetical nature. She is a philosopher, and, better still, a religious philosopher. Every page presents to us scraps of wisdom, not pedantically put forth, as if to attract admiration, but thrown out by the way, in seeming unconsciousness, and as part of her ordinary thoughts. In honesty, THE CRITIC must confess to a want of faith in female philosophers; but certainly Mrs. CHILD is an exception to the general rule. Few men have thought so deeply, and fewer still have put their thoughts into such graceful language. Her manner, indeed, is as pleasing as her matter is excellent, and there are few who read the first series of her letters, or the extracts from them which appeared in our columns and in other journals, who will not eagerly turn to this new volume in hope to repeat the pleasure.

Nor will they be disappointed beyond that disappointment which attends all continuations, the consequence, probably, of the absence of the interest produced by mere novelty. The same vigorous description, the same vein of Christian philosophy, runs through these letters. They are equally miscellaneous in the topics of which they treat. Essay, criticism, description, anecdote, attract the reader by turns. In the thirty-one letters here collected, at least a hundred diverse subjects are treated of, just as events chanced to direct the writer's reflections. Some short tales even are introduced with telling effect. We observe that the eloquent criticism on OLE BULL'S *Niagara*, cited in THE CRITIC from the *Broadway Journal*, some two or three weeks since, forms a part of this very miscellaneous collection of discourses.

Such a work does not admit of formal review, for it is amenable to no canons of art; nor is it capable of analysis, for it is framed upon no plan. It can be exhibited only by extract, which may shew the writer's turn of thought and style of writing. But even in this are we puzzled—from the very profusion of passages that tempt the pencil by their beauty or their wisdom. We see that we have thus scored sufficient to fill two CRITICS at the very least, and, therefore, the still more difficult duty devolves upon us of selecting again from the select; and, unfortunately, in that we must be guided by other considerations than mere intrinsic worth—we must study variety and brevity. But the regret with which we exclude so much that would well reward perusal, is relieved by the consideration that the book is easily procured, and that it is precisely the sort of publication for the book-clubs.

But we will not longer delay to gratify the impatience of our readers for a peep at the authoress herself. Take first,

AN ANECDOTE OF WAR.

I have somewhere read of a regiment ordered to march into a small town and take it. I think it was in the Tyrol; but wherever it was, it chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the Gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighbouring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they *will* take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colours flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and the boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well, friends, it lies before you." "But is there nobody here to fight?" "No; we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for; a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity for another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned.

The following is one of hundreds of instances of charity kindled in bosoms long dead to the emotion, by—

DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

About this Carol, I will tell you "a merry toy," as Jeremy Taylor was wont to say. Two friends of mine proposed to give me a New-Year's present, and asked me to choose what it should be. I had certain projects in my head for the benefit of another person, and I answered that the most acceptable gift would be a donation to carry out my plans. One of the friends whom I addressed was ill pleased with my request. She either did not like the object, or she thought I had no right thus to change the appropriation of their intended bounty. She at once said, in a manner extremely laconic and decided, "I won't give one cent." Her sister remonstrated, and represented that the person in question had been very unfortunate. "There is no use in talking to me," she replied: "I won't give one cent."

Soon after, a neighbour sent in Dickens's Christmas Carol, saying it was a new work, and perhaps the ladies would like to read it. When the story was carried home, the neighbour asked, "How did you like it?" "I have not much reason to thank you for it," said she, "for it has cost me three dollars." "And pray how is that?" "I was called upon to contribute toward a charitable object, which did not in all respects meet my approbation. I said I wouldn't give one cent. Sister tried to coax me; but I told her it was of no use, for I wouldn't give one cent. But I have read the Christmas Carol, and now I am *obliged* to give three dollars."

It is indeed a blessed mission to write books which abate prejudices, unlock the human heart, and make the kindly sympathies flow freely.

Here is the most intelligible and satisfactory definition we have ever seen of

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

If you wish to know the origin of the word transcendentalism, I will explain it, briefly and simply, as I understand it.

All who know anything of the different schools of metaphysics, are aware that the philosophy of John Locke was based on the proposition that all knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses; and thence passes to be judged of and analysed by the understanding.

The German school of metaphysics, with the celebrated Kant at its head, rejects this proposition as false; it denies that all knowledge is received through the senses, and maintains that the highest, and therefore most universal truths, are revealed within the soul, to a faculty *transcending* the understanding. This faculty they call pure Reason; it being peculiar to them to use that word in contradistinction to the Understanding. To this pure Reason, which some of their writers call "the God within," they believe that all perceptions of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful are revealed, in its unconscious quietude; and that the province of the Understanding, with its five handmaids, the Senses, is confined merely to external things, such as facts, scientific laws, &c.

Mrs. CHILD vouches for the authenticity of the following curious incident in Natural History:—

THE TWO FOXES.

He (the narrator) was one day in the fields, near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently, he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chanced to go in a direction where it was easy for the man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time, he was not so fortunate in his manœuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling. The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch further proceedings. The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock, Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves; but lo, his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance, that he more than misdoubted whether any goose was ever there, as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies. Appearances were certainly very much against him; for his tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully. Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected, under the circumstances.

Excellent is the recommendation to parents and teachers with which she concludes these

THOUGHTS ON CEMETERIES.

I revisited Greenwood Cemetery a few days ago, and found many new monuments; one of which particularly interested me, from the cheerful simplicity of its epitaph. The body of a mother and child rested beneath the marble, and on it was inscribed the words, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well."—2 Kings iv. 26. This gives pleasant indication of real faith in immortality; like the Moravians, who never inscribe on their tombs the day when a man was born and when he died, but simply "the day he came hither, and the day he *went home*." Why Christians should have chosen a skull and cross-bones for their emblem of death seems incomprehensible. The Greeks, notwithstanding their shadowy faith in a future existence, represented death as a gentle and beautiful youth; sometimes as a sleeping winged child, with an inverted torch resting on a wreath of flowers. Even Samael, the awful death-angel of the Hebrews, resembling our popular ideas of the devil, was always said to take away the souls of the young by a kiss.

If we really believed that those who are gone from us were as truly alive as ourselves, we could not invest the subject with such awful depth of gloom as we do. If we would imbue our children with distinct faith in immortality, we should never speak of people as dead, but as passed into another world. We should speak of the body as a cast-off garment, which the wearer had outgrown; consecrated indeed by the beloved being that used it for a season, but of no value within itself.

An extraordinary incident that occurred in the family of the authoress, when the yellow fever prevailed like a plague at Boston, will so powerfully interest the reader, that though somewhat long, we must extract it.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her

against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to *her* to know who attended upon him, if *he* did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that, if he shewed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal. Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bedpost, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men came again, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

There is beauty and truth in the reflections on

MUSIC.

Love or good is the inmost universal essence of all things. Music, being disembodied tone, is the expression of love or the affections, in a general sense. Hence, it glides like a pervading soul into all things of literature and art, giving painting its tone, architecture its harmony, and poetry its rhythm. It has been beautifully said that "Music is the *voice* of God and poetry his *language*."

And again:

And all this complexity of creation, this infinite variety flowing from unity, is in the soul of man; and if it were *not* there, it could not be in creation. If there were not hope and memory in the human soul, there would be no major and minor mode in music; for the major and minor modes are the hope and memory of sound.

The Industrial Resources of Ireland. By ROBERT KANE M.D. Second edition. Dublin, Hodges and Smith, Grafton street; London, Longman and Co. and Simpkin and Co.

IRELAND is a country to which the statesman, the philosopher, and the religionist will always look with interest. Perhaps in no land have political feuds and religious animosities so effectually stayed the march of civilization, and dislocated society. Fierce party strifes have been the bane, and rival creeds the curse of Ireland. Still the storms of passion are not hushed; the calm which reason alone can produce has not passed with its healing influences over the community. But there is hope,—a hope "bright as the morning's dawn of better days." Agitation will cease as soon as honest employment for his hands, and the respect due to his humanity, are provided for the Irishman. These have been until lately systematically denied, and the Irishman has been treated as a brute, when the voice of God and nature command us to treat him as a man.

The contents of the work before us were first delivered to the members of the Royal Dublin Society, in the shape of lectures. The important facts which they contained, and the practical bearing which they had on the position, prospects, advantages, and disadvantages of Ireland, were so great, that, at the urgent request of his auditors, Dr. KANE was induced to publish his discourses.

The author has executed the task of developing the resources of his country with great ability. He has introduced a multitude of facts, and a mass of matter respecting Ireland, which, acted on, cannot fail to lead to beneficial results.

It is surprising to note the many natural advantages with which Ireland is provided, and it must be humiliating to the national pride of an Irishman that comparatively so little use has been made of them by the inhabitants of the country. In times past industry and public spirit seem to have been paralysed, giving place to a lawless feeling of resistance to order and government. According to Dr. KANE, things even now do not present a very flourishing aspect. There are large mines of copper, lead, sulphur, slate, and marble, scattered about the country; but such is the want of spirit and lack of capital, that but few of them are in working condition. A century ago there were several iron manufactories, furnishing employment for a large number of hands, but gradually they were extinguished by the spirit of the age. There seemed no mind to direct, and no power to guide these works. The gold and silver mines, too, deserve attention. The supply of these two important ores is said to be exhausted, but Dr. KANE more than intimates that by perseverance and enterprise the mines would be still found productive. Humbling as the reflection must be to the intelligent Irishman, that the resources of his country are so undeveloped, and, where developed, so unsuccessfully tested, we must not forget the night of ignorance which has fettered for years every movement and natural impulse of the people; that education has never had fair play in that country; that in the battles of the two antagonist parties in the state, the interests of the population have been forgotten. And who can wonder at the impoverished state of Ireland, after reading the following remarks from this work? "Mere industry has been in Ireland, for many generations, connected with the idea of a vulgar and depressed caste;" and the Doctor afterwards gives as his opinion, "that the mere possession of land by the Irish induces to a state of perfect idleness by the owner." This is a reproach we pray God may be speedily wiped out. Thanks to the Temperance movement, there are some signs of prosperity, signs of hope and happiness. The chief need is for men of capital, men of intelligence, to come among the Irish, and infuse into them a taste for improvement and speculation. The manufactures seem to be in a most deplorable state. There are but few linen manufactures in Ulster, and their importance is limited; in Belfast, too, the cotton manufacture has been in a declining condition for many years. How this is to be accounted for we cannot say; perhaps the cheapness and superiority of the workmanship of our Leeds and Manchester artisans may have produced this result. In a work on the Woollen Trade, published by Mr. SMITH, a gentleman whose practical experience and attainments have well qualified him for the task, whilst speaking of the Irish woollen manufactures, it is said, they had taken a prominent position in the country some eighty years ago, but in consequence of the legislative enactments of the Government, brought about by the influence of the late Sir ROBERT PEEL and the English manufacturers, they received a blow which crushed them for a time. Since then, however, they have again taken root, but they are not carried on with the spirit which alone can lead to success.

The natural water resources of Ireland are unprecedented. The finest and most capacious harbours are found on her coasts; canals she has noted for their convenience and cheapness of transit, and deep rivers which can accommodate ships of heavy burden. The facilities for steam navigation are great, as steam power may be obtained at a less expense than in England. Although good coal is not to be found in the country, the

deficiency may be supplied by a recently-invented process, by which peat can be so prepared as to answer the purposes of coal, and this fuel has the recommendation of being much cheaper.

The soil of Ireland is such as, by proper attention and care, would produce the finest crops. Flax, hemp, wheat, oats, and potatoes, when planted in proper localities, flourish in abundance; but Paddy, in the spirit of his nation, will take little trouble in the matter. The imports of British goods into Ireland are great, while the exports of grain, potatoes, and pigs are yearly increasing. The number of shipping belonging to the Irish ports is large, and meets with active employment.

Dr. KANE has executed his task in a superior manner, and his work will be valuable to all who wish to know the precise position in which Ireland stands as to its industrial resources. We are glad to find the volume divested of political partisanship, and that there is a vein of *home* feeling running through in its pages.

Irishmen, we believe, will retrieve their country from its degraded position; but they must look more to themselves and less to their priests; energetic habits of business must be cultivated; the mind must be more alive to the practical and useful, instead of wasting its powers upon party feuds and idle dreams of nationality.

Lectures delivered at Literary and Scientific Institutions. By WILLIAM HENRY LEATHAM. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

SEVEN Lectures on various topics calculated to attract the attention of a miscellaneous audience. They embrace such themes as "The Beauties and Defects of the Human Form;" "The Life and Character of Cromwell;" "Hernando Cortes;" "The Works of T. B. Macauley," &c. The lecturer's style is popular, but he has not, of course, entered very deeply into his subjects. They who heard them will doubtless be glad to refresh themselves by perusal, and they who did not hear might profit somewhat by reading them.

Knight's Weekly Volumes for all Readers. Volumes XXXVII. to XLIX. London, 1845. C. Knight and Co.

SOME months have elapsed since we last noticed the progress of this cheap and excellent series of publications. Another pile of them has accumulated upon our table, and a glance at their contents will shew how much valuable information is thus being diffused among the community by the enterprise of Mr. KNIGHT.

Vols. XXXVII. and XL. continue the series of *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*, by Mr. CRAIK, which THE CRITIC has already noticed at considerable length. They consist of biographies criticisms upon and specimens of the principal writers this country has produced, the fifth volume coming down as far as BURKE. It is well fitted for popular reading. Vol. XXXVIII. is another of the treatises on *British Manufactures*, by Mr. G. DODD, the present giving a succinct and very intelligible description of the processes in the various *Manufactures in Metal*, the text being profusely illustrated with well-executed woodcuts. Vols. XXXIX. and XL. are a reprint of the delightful work on *Insect Architecture*, by Mr. RENNIE, which formed one of the most attractive contributions to the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." *The Lost Senses—Deafness*, is the title of the next volume, and it details the experiences of the author, Dr. KITTO, well known as the editor of the *Pictorial Bible*, who lost his hearing by an accident, and who here describes his feelings, and the means he adopted to alleviate his misfortune. The narrative excites a profound personal interest for the man. Vol. XLII. is the first of a series by Mr. W. WITTICH, on the *Curiosities of Physical Geography*, and gives an account of glaciers, icebergs, the gulf-stream, the trade-winds, the monsoon, the pampas, and so forth. It is peculiarly adapted to excite and gratify the curiosity of the young. *The Dutch in the Medway* is another old England romance, by the clever author of *The Camp of Refuge*. It seeks to convey in the form of a fiction an accurate picture of men and manners in the olden periods of our history, and great ability is shewn in the execution of this design. Even as a romance, it is full of merits, graphic, spirited, and eloquent. The 44th volume is devoted to the *History of the Dog*, which is penned by Mr. W. C. L. MARTIN, who has collected a mass of amusing anecdotes of animal biography, with which he entwines the details of natural history. This also is profusely illustrated. Vols. XLV. and XLVI. commence a *Biographical History of Philosophy*, from the pen of Mr. G. H. LEWES; the philosophy of the ancients occupying those already published. They profess to be an account of the various systems that were put forth by the wise men of the ancient world, and which have served for so many centuries to divert the wise men of the modern world from the pursuit of truth in the paths where only it can be found. The next is a curious collection of *Arabian Tales and Anecdotes*, by Mr. LANE, whose familiarity with Eastern manners and people peculiarly fits him for such a theme. The last volume we have received, the 48th, is a second of Mr. JAMES THORNE'S *Rambles by Rivers;* the Avon being on this occasion the subject of the author's research. It is embellished with many woodcuts, and is written in a pleasant gossiping style, and preserves and *popularizes* many local features and traditions of old England.

Such works as these, at such a price, cannot but find their way into every family that can afford to make a library at the cost of a shilling a week.

The Medical Directory for 1845. Office, 274, Strand.

THIS is the first attempt to supply the medical profession with a complete directory, and it has proved entirely successful. It has been very laboriously got up. Besides the names of all the *regular* practitioners, it contains a valuable summary of the laws relating to the practice of medicine; the unions and their medical officers the lunatic; asylums; the medical officers of the army and navy; coroners, and indeed every kind of information useful to the profession.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve their fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

LETTERS FROM THE CONTINENT.—No. I.

WE have pleasure in laying before our readers part of a letter from a friend now making the tour of Europe, which, though written without the remotest idea of publication, as it presents, in an unassuming and condensed form, some instructive information on Holland and Hanover, and is in more places than one highly graphic in its descriptions, we unhesitatingly transfer to our columns. We shall at once communicate with him, and hope that, on seeing the liberty we have taken with his letter, and the worth at which we value it, he will, as he advances on his route, from time to time furnish us with condensed remarks on the countries he visits, of a nature similar to those here submitted, the recommendation of which lies in their entire freedom from affectation or straining after effect, and in the self-evidence they afford of their being the spontaneous outpourings of an observative and vivacious mind.

Within the last ten days I have seen some of the most important parts of Holland. After staying two days at Antwerp, which were quite sufficient to enable us to see every thing there, we left for Rotterdam: it is a day's journey, and Breda, immortalized equally by the military operations of the British and the reminiscences of "my Uncle Toby," is about midway. In the villages on the frontiers, some peculiarities offer, which attract the attention. The most remarkable are the cleanliness and order, and the abundance of space in the dwellings. I allude to the height of the upper apartments, not only of the better class houses, but of cottages; even the domicile of a common blacksmith at Rotterdam is a grand place. The Meuse flows in front of the town. Only imagine vessels of the dimensions of East Indiamen riding within a stone's throw of your hotel, whilst the opposite shore has as rustic an appearance as Battersea, and you will form some idea of this interesting place. In addition to this, the town is intersected with canals like Venice, but much larger.

From Rotterdam I started for the Hague. Delft, the parent of crockery, is about half way, and is chiefly remarkable as being the town where the Prince of Orange, the opponent of Philip the Second, was assassinated. In other respects it is, like most Dutch towns, very clean and very formal. The Hague, from being the residence of the Court, is a very lively place. There are plenty of good pictures, elegant carriages, and very well-dressed soldiers; but what made it particularly gay was the Kermes, or Whitsuntide fair. I had a lodging on the ground floor, and thought that I should never get to sleep, so noisily were the Dutchmen dancing about with their women. Of the towns in Holland, certainly Amsterdam presents the most im-

portant appearance. Families do not reside on floors, as in Edinburgh and Paris, but occupy separate mansions, with handsome doorways and windows, which are kept remarkably clean; but there are still the same canals, docks, and bridges as at Rotterdam, but on a much larger scale.

Now, after this poor sketch of Holland, let me tell you something of Hanover, where I spent the last Sunday. What will you say to the fact of the king being decidedly popular? He is always at work for some improvement; several large buildings have been commenced since his accession; he has purchased a very great number of pictures and other works of art, which are now in the palace; and he is very accessible. The Prince of Oldenburg arrived at our (the British) hotel on Sunday evening, and the king came in his carriage on Monday, and returned to his own palace on foot. On Sunday I attended church in the royal residence. The room was well fitted for a dining-room; in front were three large chairs, and in a corner opposite a piece of furniture which served as a reading-desk. First of all the king entered; his dress was a very short blue frock-coat, with gold lace at most of the seams. Then an elegant young man, taller even than the king, and of the same complexion as our Prince Albert, but with a straight Grecian nose, was led into the room by an officer in uniform; this was Prince George. He wore a blue coat, with white collar and large silver epaulettes. The service was very well performed, and the responses of the king and of the crown prince were heard above all the others. Both the eyelids of the prince are closed, and the globe of one seems to have given way. There is an expression of mildness and of melancholy on his countenance; but it is everywhere reported that he is not of an unhappy disposition, and that he is an excellent musician. Let Mrs. V—— hear about poor Prince George. He has been married now two years, but has no children. The late report that the princess was likely to have one is not to be relied on.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is sufficiently singular that while the French press teems, not only with cheap pirated editions of modern English literature and with translations of many of our popular novelists, but even with criticisms of our current productions, no attempt has been made on this side of the Channel (if the rage of Sue-ism be excepted) to afford to the reading public a similar opportunity of estimating the taste and talent of our continental brothers of the pen; nor has any literary journal as yet devoted a portion of its space to so desirable a purpose.

It is true that some few names have become familiar to English ears; such as those of Victor Hugo, Madame Dudevant, Sue, Paul de Kock, and Balsac; and the effect of most of these has been to mislead many into the belief that all the modern French writers are inadmissible to a lady's drawing-room. One has rioted through the coarse, but clever pages of Paul de Kock, about whom no one affects, even in France, to know any thing, and whom every one of course reads—pages in which the vices and follies of the human heart, and essentially of the *French* human heart, are as skilfully anatomized and laid bare, as the sinews and arteries of a subject upon the dissecting-table, and, like them, exhibited in all their unmitigated and revolting nakedness, defying scrutiny, and by their very accuracy of display and detail, forcing painfully upon the mind the reluctant certainty of their hideousness, when unveiled, in the one case, by the softening and shrouding effect of their fleshy covering, and in the other, of the no less flattering cloak thrown around them by civilization, by social conventions, and by established rule. Another has been led on, fascinated and absorbed, through the metaphysical mysticisms of Balsac, than whom no man ever understood more perfectly the analysis of that profound and intricate enigma—woman;—not, perhaps, as we should wish our sons and nephews to read it, but as the experience of our own past years has taught it, in some degree, to ourselves. A third has heard the personal history of Madame George Sand, and has, perhaps, glanced over her *Spiridion*, and so on, down to *Les Mémoires du Diable*, by Frederic Soulie, and, having so done, each imagines that *ab uno disce omnes*, and condemns the whole French school of fiction as vicious and valueless.

All things considered, this is probably by no means surprising, and yet that the English public, in their admiration of genius, can occasionally compromise with a little freedom both in style and action, is sufficiently evinced by the eagerness with they have welcomed the *Mysteries of Paris*, and by the avidity with which every edition that has been "done into English," miserable as some of them are, has been purchased by all classes, and by the necessity which was discovered of publishing a "people's edition," in weekly numbers at three-halfpence each. We should be the last to deny either the *virus* or the genius of M. Eugene Sue; but we do nevertheless aver that France at this moment boasts of many writers, both male and female, whose works appear to us to be far better fitted for popularity in moral England than those of this eminent and successful writer.

M. Sue owes his favour in this country, beyond all doubt, to the perfectly French style of his mind. Works of fiction produced across the Channel are so utterly dissimilar to those which are popular among ourselves, that we should perhaps look in vain elsewhere for so perfect a specimen of the discrepancy, both of taste and feeling, which exists between the two nations.

An attempt was made some few years back to naturalize the works of Victor Hugo among us, and what was the result? A total failure: and this failure, which assuredly arose from no want of power or talent in that extraordinary man, may be readily traced to the fact that his style (we are now, of course, alluding only to his novels) assimilated so closely to our own, with some slight exceptions (which exceptions, not being traced to his nationality, were at once decried as offensive), that the reader was not startled into that vague and unreasoning admiration and astonishment, which the abrupt, vigorous, and *staccato* manner of M. Sue at once elicited. The name of De Lamartine may be objected to us, perhaps, because his work on the East, ably translated, obtained some vogue in England; but he is, in fact, only another witness to the truth of our argument. Had one of our own writers produced that work, a cry of exaggeration and extravagance would have been raised; our critics would at once have discovered the thousand and one inaccuracies which disfigure the composition; they would have declaimed against the palpable oiling which it betrays; against the glare and glitter which, like over-varnish, destroyed the more natural tints of the picture; they would have been at no loss to discover that he had painted as a poet and enthusiast, rather than written as a traveller and a man earnest for truth. As it was, critic and public alike forgot, in the charm of his foreign and fearless style, all these little discrepancies; but, nevertheless, he has made no further progress amongst us. That such should be the case in the one instance, or in the other, is by no means the fault of either writer; it exists solely in the comparative ignorance of the English reader of the social habits and modes of feeling of the people for whom French fiction is written. To comprehend these, the sojourn of a few months in such a country as France will not suffice. It is permanent inhabitation only which can develope them in all their familiar detail; and the task of the translator is rendered difficult, and frequently onerous, from the very fact that, even should he have been by chance enabled so to study them, it is rarely indeed that he can succeed in making them intelligible, or even in giving to them a semblance of verisimilitude, so thoroughly do they jar the preconceived notions and prejudices of their new readers.

Vivid imagination, and a fertility of invention, scarcely dreamed of by our own novelists, are the leading characteristics of the French school of fiction. In one of their thin octavos, plot enough may usually be discovered to supply half-a-dozen of our modern tale-writers; but it is not the wild and frequently sublime imagination of the German, searching, and soaring, and making earth and air tributary to the yearnings of genius; nor the mechanical invention which renders it a duty to observe the relative fitness of every incident and of every portrait, so as to secure the perfect oneness of the fabric on its completion. It is a bold, reckless, confident outpouring of feeling and fancy; a random, episodical, vagrant, gushing forth of words and ideas, whose politics, both social and theological, are reduced to epigram; and where the current of the fiction is abandoned, without hesitation, to make way for every passing impulse. No subject is left untouched by the French novelist. His work appears to be a recognised arena, where he is free, not only to challenge, but even to scoff at and to defy, all worldly authorities and all social institutions. Take a French novel into your hand, and you can by no means calculate upon the subject to which you are about to give your attention. Let your interest in the tale be great as it may, you must make up your mind to lose sight of it a

score of times in some philosophical pasquinade, or some political *persiflage*; and herein precisely exists the great and peculiar charm of nine-tenths of the French writers; for you find yourself unable to regret the thread of the story as often as you fall upon these extraneous passages. Be the subject what it may, it is never made the text of a sermon. All is bright, sparkling, effervescent.

Feeling convinced as we do, that, when thoroughly appreciated, the fiction-literature of France cannot fail to obtain extensive popularity in a country like our own, where genius and originality are sure to elicit attention and to command regard, we have deemed it expedient to devote a section of our journal to the insertion of notices of, and extracts from, such of the new works which may henceforward issue from the French press as may be most worthy of comment; but as our space is limited, so necessarily must such notices be brief and limited. We, nevertheless, anticipate favour and welcome for this new feature in THE CRITIC; and the rather, as we believe that ours is the first weekly periodical which has afforded any opportunity to its readers of keeping themselves *au courant* of modern French literature.

ART.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DRAWINGS AND MINIATURES.

Of the latter of these there is, as usual, a large assemblage, singularly uniform in style, so that without the aid of the catalogue it would be difficult for the most critical eye to discover the workmanship of the various artists. The most striking, for their power and originality, are the productions of Mr. G. RICHMOND, whose freedom of brush is far more effective than the delicate prettinesses of his many rivals, male and female. 830, *Miss Minchin*, by C. DURHAM, exhibits a more masterly hand than its neighbours. 820, *The Marchioness of Ormonde*, by R. THORBURN, is another noteworthy work; the colour is beautiful, pure, and true, and the drawing very correct. In passing, we must mention as clever, a *Portrait of R. Muir* (720), by W. BOOTH. Among the half-dozen *Portraits of Lady Sale*, which occupy different stations in this gallery, and of all sizes, one of the most faithful is the miniature by Mrs. H. MOSELEY (875). Miss FANNY CORBAUX keeps her place among the crowd of competitors, and her *Portrait of Miss Hamilton* (1009) proves her to be worthy of her reputation. There is colour and expression in the *Portrait of the Viscountess Pollington, in a Fancy Dress* (1040), by F. TATHAM.

The drawings are not numerous, but some of them will reward inspection. 678, *An Indiaman scudding in a Nor' Wester, off the Cape of Good Hope*, by W. J. LEATHAM, though hung almost out of sight, is a picture of power and promise. The waves are real, and the atmosphere is full of storm. There is motion in the tossing ship. 683, *The Aspen*, is a remarkably clever pencilling by G. W. SHEPHERD; the foliage is perfect, and the effects are masterly.

754, *The First Lesson*, by J. BATEMAN, is full of character. A terrier has laid her paw upon a rat, whose squeak and terror are admirably portrayed. Her pups are gathering round, afraid, but led by instinct to attack the vermin. The expression which the artist has thrown into the group would not discredit Landseer. Near it is

757, *A Fishing Party*, by A. R. VENABLES. Some children are gathered round a bowl of gold fish, watching an elder one, who is trying to catch one of its scaly tenants. His earnest intentness upon his occupation, and the interest which the rest take in his proceedings are cleverly depicted.

806 is a good picture, but hung so high that few will see it unless their attention be specially drawn to it; it is a *Moorland Scene by Twilight*, by W. J. ROFFE. A fine effect and exquisitely natural, both as to the hue of the sunset sky and the cold gloom of the bleak moor, with which its glow is finely contrasted.

The name of H. O'NEIL will attract the eye to 809, *Martha and Mary informing Christ of the Death of Lazarus*. It is emphatically his own, having all his mannerisms, both good and bad. The grouping is good, and the colouring probably correctly Eastern; but beyond this there is little to be said in its praise.

Because it is the centre of attraction, we must notice 825, the *Christening of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales*, painted on ivory by Sir W. J. NEWTON. It is a magnificent display of rich colour, and the Queen's purple velvet robe is certainly a triumph of art, *so velvety* is it. The baby, too, is truthfully painted. But, like all such subjects, there is a stiffness about it which gives it a doll-like or puppet-show character.

Miss FANNY ROSENBERG has offered a beautiful cluster of *Hollyhocks* (927), and near it is a speaking portrait of *Mr. C. Knight*, by B. R. GREEN (936), so ably done that it is difficult to believe that it is the production of the same brush as the stiff wooden *Portrait of a Child* (937).

There is a bold and effective portrait of *The Hon. F. Walpole*, by T. TATHAM (978), at which the visitor might pause for a moment. 999 also will attract attention, both for its subject and handling. It is a *Portrait of Mrs. Fry*, by G. RICHMOND (998), in which the composition is as much to be admired as the painting. There is a quietness of tone very appropriate to the personage depicted, and the figure stands out with lifelike clearness and substantiality.

Another of G. RICHMOND'S clever portraits is that of the late *Baron Gurney* (1058), an excellent likeness and a good picture.

A delightful little bit of landscape is the *View on the Canton River* (1060), by W. WESTALL. The finish, the delicate colour, the drawing of this small sketch require close examination, and then it will be found to be one of the most meritorious productions in the room.

Here we must pause. We shall have occasion yet again to return to the exhibition, whose architectural rooms and sculpture-gallery have yet to be examined, besides many works which, passed over at first, grow upon us by acquaintance, and will claim some notice when we walk round again.

THE DIORAMA.

THE new feature of attraction offered at this most entertaining exhibition for the season is a dioramic view of the Castle and Town of Heidelberg, formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine. The first effect shewn is that of noonday in winter. Snow covers the castle, town, and plain, and is seen falling for a considerable time. In the foreground, stretched over the snow, her arms clasping the trunk of a fallen tree, is the figure of a woman who has perished in the storm. The black Neckar flows through the whited valley; the Castle, the house-tops, and the rocky slopes covered with snow, and the dense sky which hangs overhead, and pours down its feathery products, are painted with surprising accuracy. Presently sunbeams illuminate the west, light up the most prominent features of the landscape, and gradually increase into the intensity of a glowing sunset. The snow melts and disappears, and is succeeded by as lovely a summer prospect as the eye could desire. The trees are clothed with a luxuriant foliage, and verdure clothes the plains, through which flows the fertilizing stream of the Neckar, down to the foreground, where it washes the walls of the picturesquely-seated town.

The other picture is our old favourite, the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. This striking work has received some alterations at the hands of the artist, which, excellent as it formerly was, have improved it. The effects are managed in much the same manner as before. The first represents sunset, and the last midnight; but the cathedral services which peal through the taper-lit aisles are different: they are two charming compositions by SPOHR.

It is impossible to speak in terms too flattering of these admirable pictures. They do the highest credit to their ingenious inventor and painter, the Chevalier RENOUX. Not only has he shewn great judgment in the disposition of the *effects*, and great ability in adapting them so as closely to imitate nature; but there is a propriety in every accessory introduced—something which adds either to the sentiment or verisimilitude of the scene; and the care bestowed throughout on the finish of the minuter particulars challenges attention and commands our praise. Such of our readers as have not this season visited the Diorama, we do most conscientiously recommend not to suffer the opportunity to pass without their doing so. The subjects are equally interesting for their historic associations, their picturesqueness, and the perfection of the illusion which they present; and, we confidently venture to assert, will give the greatest satisfaction.

New Publications.

Finden's Beauties of the Poets. Part II. Chapman and Hall.

THE selection of subjects for the second number of this beautiful work is happier than was the first. *The Sleeping Beauty*, by FRITH, is a delicious picture. The face expresses the calmest slumber; the very hands are asleep; the eye almost looks for the regular heaving of the fair bosom, from which the veil has partially fallen. She is a lovely creature as ever ar-

tist dreamed. The next, *Young Jessica*, from the pencil of WARD, cannot claim so much applause. She is not a beauty, but rather the reverse. But as a portrait, it is certainly clever. FRITH'S *Morning of Life* has better pretensions to a place among the beauties of the poets. It is an expressive, intellectual countenance. Mind speaks upon that brow, and gives a charm which the mere features may not perhaps be deemed to possess. The pose of the figure is striking, and engraver and artist are equally entitled to praise for the ability they have displayed in the production of this charming work. *Love's Summer-cloud* does not so approve itself to our taste. The face is not pretty, and very uninteresting, and the left arm is considerably out of drawing. FRITH has not shewn his usual skill in this. All the portraits are set in frames, exhibiting equal elegance and exuberance of fancy with those which we had occasion specially to mention when noticing the first number of this graceful contribution to the drawing-room table.

The Committee of the Devon and Exeter Society for the Study and Encouragement of Art have announced their intention to have an exhibition of paintings, drawings, &c. in that city, in the course of the month of July.

MUSIC.

The Maniac, a descriptive Ballad. Music by G. S. D. SAUNDERS. Duncombe.

The Wandering Jew Quadrilles. By the Same.

WE have a great dislike to that which is called "descriptive music." Sentiment, not description, is the legitimate province of music. If a man has a story to tell, it will be better told in plain prose than by supposed resemblances of sounds to objects. Only the power of genius can successfully grapple with the difficulties thus self-imposed; and with genius it is more of a freak than a serious impulse. In ordinary hands it is always unpleasing; and therefore, although Mr. SAUNDERS has shewn himself to possess some taste and knowledge of his art, he has wasted his efforts upon a theme which he could not hope to render attractive. Let him keep to the sentimental ballad for the future.

The Quadrilles are more within the compass of his ability, and therefore will more please than the song. They are spirited, and mark time well, the two essential ingredients of music for the dance.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Don Pasquale*, in our opinion, Mr. BALFE'S *chef d'œuvre*, has been twice performed during the past week, with undiminished effect, and *Linda di Chamouni*, on its repetition, continued, by its reception on the part of an enormous house, to justify its revival. The feature of the week, however, has been the production of a new ballet, entitled *Rosida; ou, les Mines de Syracuse*, composed by CERITO, and productive of triumph to her alike as *authoress* and as dancer. The materials of the story are derived from a German tale of *diablerie;* the plot, however, in these cases, is fortunately of the slightest possible importance; the dances are all CERITO'S own, and very charming things they are, disposed with infinite taste, and with original touches here and there, which, considering the thousand and one ballets that are already in existence, one would imagine these combinations of movements to be hardly susceptible of. We may refer with especial approbation to the *Sicilienne*, executed by CERITO and ST. LEON in the first *tableau;* to the *pas de Mineurs*, another *pas de deux* by the same artists in the third, and to a *pas seul* by CERITO in the fifth *tableau*. The character she has to impersonate is that of a Sicilian maiden, who follows her lover into the mines, and rescues him and herself, by the aid of a wondrous talisman, from the *Queen of the Mines*, a supernatural of great beauty and exceedingly irregular tendencies, and from *Torbern*, an evil genius, who seeks at once to destroy *Rosida's* lover, and replace the youth in her affections. In the delineation of the character she has here created, the fair CERITO is quite unrivalled. Her expression of joy and bounding happiness is perfectly enchanting. Mr. MARSHALL'S scenery is alone worth going to see, and the music more than answers the purpose. The *Barbiere di Seviglia* was produced on Thursday, with a variety of dances, for the benefit of the Viennese children, who are about to take their departure.

HAYMARKET.—A new farce was produced at this theatre on Wednesday evening, entitled *The King and I*. It is a very amusing affair, very agreeably acted. Its plot turns upon the misadventures of *Mr. Perkin Pyefinch*, a little *parvenu*, filled with mean ambition, who mistakes *Sir William Melrose*, unjustly suspected of Jacobitism, for the great anti-jacobite William III. and under this delusion gives him up the use of his house, and lends him a sum of money, which, in the very nick of time, enables the baronet to pay off a mortgage upon his estate, the mortgagee being no other than the unconscious *Perkin* himself, who, moreover, with equal unconsciousness, places within the reach of *Sir William* papers which clear him from the treasonable imputations which had been hanging over him, and restore him to the society of his friends, and, more especially agreeable, to that of his mistress, to whose hand poor *Perkin* had been vainly aspiring. BUCKSTONE'S impersonation of the chief character may readily be imagined by our readers; it is exceedingly amusing, as this actor always is. The piece will doubtless have a run. We may observe, under the present head, that Mr. TILBURY has taken poor STRICKLAND'S part in *Time Works Wonders*, and fills it most efficiently. We are, in fact, inclined to award him in this character the greater merit of the two, as he throws into it throughout, very accurately, an air of foppishness which completes what we imagine to have been the author's conception of the part.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mrs. WARNER is determined not only to obtain success, but to deserve it. We last week recorded the production of a new play under her direction, and we have a similar duty to perform on the present occasion. The newest new play, a tragedy, was brought out on Monday, and we are happy to add, with general applause. It is entitled *The Florentines;* its plot is almost entirely identical with the story of *Fair Rosamond*, the fate of the heroine in both cases being the same. The only noticeable difference is, that, probably for the supposed sake of heightening the romantic interest, the *locus in quo* is transferred from Woodstock to Florence, whose duke it is that *Biancha*—for so the Italian frail one is named—"loves not wisely, but too well." The tragedy is effectively cast; Mr. PHELPS, unquestionably one of the very best of our very few good actors, enacted the part of *Biancha's* father, whom the obliging dramatist and the skilled player have combined to make a very prominent character. The deadly *Duchess* met with a forcible representative in Mrs. WARNER; indeed the wife, as in the case of *Dame Eleanor* herself, is here so particularly awful, that we do not feel so fierce as we otherwise might at the *Duke's* seeking "to lure some gentler tassel" for a mistress. Miss COOPER, who impersonated *Biancha*, is greatly improving, as might be expected from a clever and docile pupil under the direction of so accomplished a teacher as Mrs. WARNER. Mr. MARSTON had the part of the *Duke* assigned him, and filled it with judgment and discretion. On the fall of the curtain, the principal actors were called for—a practice of which we entirely disapprove. Nothing can be more preposterous, more absurd in its anti-climax, more destructive to all that continuity of illusion which, to a certain extent, should accompany to their homes the spectators of a fine play, than to drag on the stage, in bowing and courtesying array, the *Romeos* and *Juliets*, the *Lears* and *Cordelias*, whose story has in its progress wound itself round your heart, and engaged your highest and most refined feelings—to be patted on the head by a bawling audience, whose tears and whose silence should be the fitting tribute to the words they have heard, and to the men and women who have worthily delivered those words. Mrs. WARNER and the other principal performers obeyed the call; the author, who was also summoned, did not make his appearance, which we considered an additional circumstance in his favour.

NEW STRAND THEATRE.—We looked in here on Tuesday, and were pleased to find a numerous audience assembled to witness LEMAN REDE'S new drama, *The Saloon and the Cellar; or, Ups and Downs of Life*. The hero of the piece, who in the first act is the unconscious usurper of a large fortune, and in the second has descended to his true position, a coal-shed, is impersonated by Mr. H. HALL, an actor with a highly comic face, and considerable comic power, whom we had not previously seen for several years, but whose recollection was pleasant to us in association with that of Mr. W. HAMMOND and his immortal *Buzzbottle*. By the way, what has become of the latter excellent comedian? If he be available, we much desire to renew his acquaintance here, on the scene of his former triumphs, or elsewhere. The supply of good actors is by no means such as to render it indifferent that so much merit should be hid. The general company is far from ineffective. Among the actors we may mention, with approbation, besides Mr. HALL, Messrs. CORENO, R. ROMER, RICHARDSON, and COCKRILL; and of the ladies, Misses FITZJAMES, BROMLEY, HAMILTON, and WALCOTT. The popular burlesque of *Othello*, a rather amusing farce, and a ballet, were all included in the evening's entertainment. DOUGLAS JERROLD'S *Story of a Feather*, we observe, has been dramatized for this theatre, and is to be produced on Monday. If possible, we will be there to see.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—This old favourite, in a renovated form, preserves, under its new management, all its old attractions. The equestrian spectacle of *Godolphin Arabian; or, the Horse Race of the Desert*, is magnificently got up, and must delight the eyes of the young people as well as of the old who love to feel young again for a few hours. The feats of M. and Madame DUMOS are truly wonderful, and unsurpassed by any former performances at this theatre; and Madame LOUISE'S *Leaping Act* deserves to be recorded with those of DUCROW.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The last appearance of PLESSY and REGNIER, at the St. James's Theatre, on Friday, was honoured by the presence of Royalty, and of a full and distinguished audience. The entertainments consisted of MARIVAUX'S comedy, *Les fausses Confidences*, and the capital play, *Le Mari à la Campagne*, which would do well cleverly adapted to the English stage, if, indeed, it have not already been *conveyed* in some form which has not as yet come under our observation. The departure of PLESSY is with us a subject of deep regret, assured as we are, that "we shall not look upon her like again," until she herself is restored to us next year. Mr. MITCHELL has provided us with the best compensation in his power, in the person of ACHARD, who made his first appearance this season, on Monday, in the two deservedly popular pieces, *La Famille du Fumiste*, and *Trianon;* the latter of which we may identify to our readers by reminding them that it is the original of *Who's your Friend? or the Queensbury Fête*, produced at the Haymarket a season or two ago, with so much success, though it reflected but a feeble image of its prototype. The theatre on this occasion was absolutely crammed, stalls and private boxes being all of them occupied with illustrious, noble, and right honourable personages of either sex, anxious at once to give deserved welcome to a favourite actor, and to study the costumes of the characters in *Trianon*, which are of the period the Queen has selected for her ball, and which, being known, had all been newly prepared for the representation with the utmost attention to accuracy, and an entire disregard of expense. The attendance on Wednesday, when both pieces were repeated, was equally satisfactory.

M. PHILIPPE'S *Soirées Mystérieuses* continue to attract a full house at the St. James's Theatre, alternately with the French plays. He is decidedly the most amazing of all the professors of natural magic that have come under our observation; and there is this very pleasant and practical feature in his entertainments, that he distributes among boxes, pit, and gallery, in great profusion, and with a laudable equity of division, all the sweetmeats, and liqueurs, and toys, which by his so potent art he creates out of nothing. The things themselves are real, and very good of their kind, as we can ourselves attest from actual experience, having on Saturday night realized, for our own share, a cup of coffee, flavorous and sweet, a glass of Curaçoa, fifteen cakelets and bon-bons loose, and a paper of bon-bons elaborately packed, two Union-Jacks, one little straw hat, one do. do. bonnet, one do. do. basket, and two wooden whistles, of an effective kind. Go, then, fathers and mothers of families, with your families, to the St. James's Theatre; you will save all the money, receive your children's blessing, and have a capital evening's entertainment into the bargain. A word to the wise.

The SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS have substituted for Old London a fine modelled representation of Auld Reekie, and the illusion is perfect. Mr. DANSON in this last has surpassed any of his former achievements. But that is not the only attraction. Great improvements have been made in the gardens by the addition of statuary and new rooms for the animals, the collection of which has been considerably enlarged. The entertainments consist as usual of Promenade Concerts, and at dusk a magnificent display of fireworks. The proprietors seem resolved to maintain the popularity which the Surrey Gardens have deservedly enjoyed for so many years.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—It is now some time since Professor RYAN commenced a series of lectures on the economy and management of steam-engines, particularly adapted for the instruction of naval men who might be appointed as steam officers by her Majesty. When these lectures were commenced, we took the opportunity of attending, and were exceedingly gratified at the manner in which the learned doctor explains the uses to which steam power may be applied, and the illustrations, by means of models on a very large scale, of the whole apparatus employed in steam navigation. A great number of officers in the Royal Navy, some of them of high rank and reputation, have been among Dr. RYAN'S auditors, and have expressed their entire satisfaction at the manner in which the instruction has been imparted. This testimonial, coming as it does from such a quarter, is highly honourable to the learned Professor, shewing that his efforts have been appreciated. We cannot pass over in silence the admirable lectures on Natural Philosophy, by Professor BACHHOFFNER, which he gives with such force and feeling, simple though learned, so that the most ignorant in these matters must fully comprehend all they hear, and derive at the same time great pleasure and knowledge.

CRITIC OF INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Ingenious inventors of articles of use or ornament are as deserving of critical notice as is an ingenious author, and a knowledge of the true merits of inventions is equally interesting to the public. We purpose to supply an existing defect in critical journalism by devoting a division of THE CRITIC to a fair description of, and honest judgment upon, any article seeking public patronage that may be submitted for notice.]

SUBSOILING OF CLAY LAND.—Mr. H. Hudson, jun. of Wick, near Pershore, has sent the following answer to questions put to him respecting the experiment of subsoiling a retentive clay:—"The part of the field to which I alluded in my former communication was ploughed in the autumn of 1843, about five inches deep, and the subsoil plough moved the under part of the furrow about the same depth. I thus obtained about ten inches of soil. After so doing, I cross-ploughed it with a double mould-board plough, throwing up the furrows similarly to a celery-mound. I imagined the frosts would then pulverize the same, and in the spring it would only require the cultivator to reduce it to a good seed-bed. To my disappointment, I found the raised furrow fine on the surface, aad wet and stiff at the bottom. I therefore harrowed it as level as possible, and ploughed it with a common plough. The stiff furrows hardened in a few days, and required the spike roller to break the clods. The weather continuing dry, I burnt the whole of the surface in heaps (of about half a cart-load in each), at an expense of three guineas per acre, including coal and spreading, and planted it with Swedes to draw off in the autumn. The plants looked well the first two months, but afterwards turned blue in the top, and were not so good as those in a field adjoining that was cross-ploughed, but not sub-soiled. After removing the Swedes I planted the part of the field with wheat, and now that the burnt soil is thoroughly incorporated with the natural earth, the plants grow away vigorously, and the appearance is promising. To those who think the experiment an unfair one, as the cross-ploughing might have injured the land, I would suggest a trial without it, and should be happy to hear the result was favourable. My own private opinion is opposed to subsoiling retentive clays. I have subsoiled sixty or seventy acres of sand and deep loam with great advantage; in fact, nothing can be better than occasionally shaking the under part of the turnip soils. The same should be done when under fallow, and invariably dressed with lime afterwards."

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

THE USES AND OBJECTS OF MESMERISM.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

OFTEN has the question been asked of us, by correspondents and by personal friends, *why* we have introduced the subject of Mesmerism into the columns of THE CRITIC? *Why* we do not follow the more worldly-wise example of the other journals, and shun a subject which has not yet become popular? Even if Mesmerism be true, in whole or in part, of what *use* is it? What are its *objects*, and whither does it *tend?* What are its *claims to the consideration* of the intellectual? Whom does it concern save the physician? How does it present itself to the contemplations of the philosopher and the general reader, and thus fall within the legitimate purview of a journal dedicated to literature, philosophy, art, and science?

To these questions, so often propounded, we propose to offer an explicit reply. For that purpose we design, in a series of articles, to submit to our readers the reasons which have weighed with us in the adoption of the design to furnish in the pages of THE CRITIC a journal of Mesmerism in which the facts noted by observers throughout the empire, and the thoughts of the reflective, might be contributed, for rapid and extensive diffusion and for preservation, where they may be found in after-years, when the time shall have arrived for deducing a rational theory from the facts so accumulated.

The design was adopted with a profound conviction that, whether true or false, the pretensions of Mesmerism ought to

be systematically examined. If true, it was evident that a new world of knowledge was opened to mankind, and in the very quarter where hitherto it had been most defective—the physiology of mind and body. If true, it must inevitably conduct to results of incalculable moment to human happiness, to human progress, to religion, to ethics, to governments and laws, to philosophy, to literature, to science, to art, to society. If false, a delusion so widely spread, so long subsisting, not merely demanded exposure, but was a new phenomenon in the history of mind, and of itself was a curious subject for inquiry. In either case, it was due to the cause of truth that a subject so momentous should be taken out of the hands of quacks and charlatans, and treated calmly and philosophically, with no prejudices either in its favour or against it, with an open eye to acknowledge truth as well as to detect falsehood, and an open ear for argument and reason, on which side soever advanced.

It was with such honest intents that THE CRITIC resolved to open its columns to a topic excluded from every other journal in the British empire; and if its introduction has offended some, it has interested so many others, whose attention was first drawn to the subject by the facts and reasons that have been here advanced, that as yet we have seen no cause to regret the course pursued. But inasmuch as some still question its propriety, as others dispute the worth of the subject, and many who in their hearts feel both, are unable to give reasons for the faith that is in them, perhaps it may be excused as an act of self-justification, even if it be not of wider interest, which we hope to make it, if we devote a few lines to a calm review of the results which have been already elicited by the investigations into the facts of Mesmerism, so far as it has yet proceeded, and what are the uses and advantages to be anticipated from the knowledge hitherto gained, and the prospects of further knowledge that are opening on every side in dim and interminable vistas as yet, but gradually coming out of the darkness more distinctly to the mind's eye, and promising results which never yet have entered even into the dreams of the most ambitious philosopher.

At the very outset of our task, let us avow that the most important use we have found in Mesmerism is that which, when entering upon it, we had least expected—namely, the vast aid it brings to the cause of RELIGION.

Hitherto, the immortality of the soul, the existence of a future state, has been the point upon which the most triumph. ant stand has been made by the opponents of religion. "Where," said they, "are your proofs?—Nature gives no sign; nay, her facts are all against you. We know that the body of man dies and decays, like that of the horse or the tree. After a while nothing remains of him unchanged. The undying spirit of which you speak, what and where is it? Have you seen it,—heard it? Have you any single proof of its being?—Is not it conjecture all? You say that mind, being immaterial, must be immortal. But how do you shew its immateriality? The evidence here also is against you. By a blow on the brain, we can destroy that mind; by inflaming the brain, we can madden that mind; without a sufficiency of brain, that mind is idiotical. If facts are to afford any presumption at all, it is that they are as they appear, and that there is no other mind save that which we can destroy or render insane at pleasure."

And such reasoning had more weight than was made appear. It shook the faith of thousands, who dared not avow their doubts even to themselves. Accustomed to look to nature for proofs, they were satisfied with nothing less; and her silence upon this subject, of all others the most important to man, shook them to the heart with the sad conclusion, "It may be that I am immortal, but there is no *proof* of the fact."

Mesmerism affords this proof. Mesmerism supplies the missing link in the chain of evidence that was required to satisfy the reasoner that mind is immaterial, and therefore immortal. It has given certainty to what before was merely conjecture; it has crushed scepticism under a load of testimony which the most sceptical will not dispute; it has established the immortality of the soul as a truth in natural science.

How it has effected this glorious work, and advanced so mightily the cause of religion, will be best explained when we have reviewed the facts it has elicited. In the meanwhile, let it be proclaimed as the first-fruits of Mesmerism, as one of its many uses, that it proves as satisfactorily as any other fact in nature can be proved, the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL of MAN.

SEERESS OF PREVORST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—It is not from personal motives that I address you these few lines, in your character of impartial critic; a letter prompted by such motives it would neither become me to write nor you to receive; added to which I have, personally, nothing to complain of in your notice of the work I have just presented to the public. But allow me to suggest the question, whether you are not exactly rendering to Dr. Kerner the treatment that yourself and other believers and inquirers into the mysteries of Mesmerism, very justly complain of? You have never seen any phenomena in the slightest degree resembling those described by him, and you therefore declare them impossible; pronouncing the physician an incredulous fool, and his patient a madwoman.

As to the degree in which Dr. Kerner's views on the subject of these phenomena are deserving of consideration, I cannot myself venture an opinion; but I can assure you that, so far from being universally received in Germany with the contempt you seem to think they merit, they have met with very considerable attention from some of the most cultivated, pious, and enlightened amongst the eminent men of that country; I have also found some minds of a very high order in this, who, if not prepared to adopt, are quite as little prepared to scoff at them.

I must also take leave to observe, that in the most remarkable case of clairvoyance I have yet witnessed, one far surpassing in interest any of those recorded in your journal, there *was* some approach to the sort of revelations made by the Seeress; and these proceeded from a person who had most assuredly never heard of Mrs. H. nor of any of the German theories on this subject.

But I have always remarked, that with this (so called) Mesmerism, as with religion, every man thinks himself entitled to laugh at his neighbour, who believes something more than himself. One person admits (frequently after long denying it) that he believes in the sleep, but pronounces all the other phenomena gross impostures: another has got as far as the phrenological manifestations, but affirms that clairvoyance is both absurd and impossible; whilst those who have seen good reason to believe in clairvoyance, denounce Dr. Kerner as a *gobe-mouche* for believing what he carefully investigated for years, and what Exhenmayer, and many other eminent persons, also investigated, and have given their sanction to.

I was quite prepared to see the phenomena recorded in the *Seeress* received with very general incredulity in this country, and have said as much in my preface; but I cannot but think the book, nevertheless, a highly interesting and curious work; and so, I assure you, it has been found by those who have perused it in the original, otherwise I should not have undertaken to translate it; and you must, at least, acknowledge that it forms a most decisive answer to that large class of persons who oppose Mesmerism on religious grounds; since, were the contents of that book believed, I am persuaded there must be a very beneficial effect produced on the minds of the believers.

Requesting that you will do me the favour to insert these few lines in your your journal, I remain, yours, &c.

June 2nd. CATHERINE CROWE.

SOMNAMBULISM.—A rather singular occurrence lately took place to a respectable cowkeeper living in the neighbourhood of Chesterfield. The servant boy got up between four and five o'clock with the view of going to milk. On going into the kitchen he was much surprised in not finding the milk-cans. The lad then went to the stable to see if the pony was there, but it was also missing. He then proceeded to the field some distance from home, when he was agreeably surprised at finding his master in the act of driving all his cows into a corner, as he supposed, for the purpose of milking, the pony standing at a distance, with the cans and other missing articles on its back. On approaching his master, the lad thought he looked "very queer," which terrified him so much that he was afraid to go near; but, having at length got the better of his fears, he seized his master by the arm, and so awoke him from sleep, for in that state he had been busying himself as before stated. The same individual, some years ago, when in the service of a gentleman, got up in his sleep, harnessed the horse, and put it to the carriage, and drove to the front door before he awoke.—*Derby Mercury.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE past week has produced but few works of importance. From Mr. DOLMAN we have received a *Collection of the Letters of Mary Queen of Scots*, a costly work in many volumes, the review of which must be a labour of time. Messrs. HODGES and SMITH, of Dublin, have transmitted a *Military*

History of the Irish Nation, by the late M. O'Conor. It is a strange subject for a distinct volume. Mr. Clarke, of Pall Mall East, has sent a volume of seemingly very clever letters on Spain and Tangier, published under the anonymous of "X. Y. Z." From Messrs. Rivington has come the first volume of a *History of the Church of England*, by the Rev. S. M. Anderson, the preacher of Lincoln's Inn. Messrs. Wiley and Putnam have forwarded the first volume of an American work, entitled, *Sketches of Brazil*, by the Rev. D. P. Kidder; and Mr. Cunningham, a valuable work on *Vital Statistics*, by T. G. P. Neison. These are all of the more important new publications that have come to hand during the week, and we purpose thus to acknowledge their receipt in future, that our readers may have the earliest intelligence what works of value are produced, for some time must necessarily elapse before they can be read and reviewed with the attention necessary to the passing of a just judgment upon their merits.

The present number of The Critic contains the commencement of the "*Journal of French Literature*," to which we hope soon to add a similar one of the literature of Germany and Italy. As this is the first attempt that has been made to furnish to the English reader a systematic record of foreign literature, we must pray patience while a fair trial is being given to the experiment.

Again we are compelled to omit many articles that were in type.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—In your number for Saturday last is a letter from Mr. Proctor, of Manchester, in the last paragraph of which he says: "The *Novel Times* is a venture well deserving general support. Still it has disappointed me so far; for though the fiction is first-rate, and the letters of travel excellent and pleasing, the parts will not circulate with my readers, which proves that the mixture is injudicious. When the proprietor publishes each work separately, the series must be largely patronized."

In reference to this, I beg to be permitted to say, that, in compliance with a similar suggestion from other quarters, and agreeably to advertisement in The Critic of both the 17th and 24th May, I announced the publication on Saturday last of each of the works contained in the *Novel Times* separately in monthly parts and weekly numbers, so that those who wish to have one work only will not be compelled to take another or go without that which they want. For particulars, I beg to refer your readers to my advertisement in this day's number.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

12, Wellington-street North, The Publisher.
June 3, 1845.

IMPOSITIONS UPON AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

We have been favoured with a copy of the following letter, addressed to a gentleman whose work has been lately published, but has not hitherto been noticed in *The Times*:—

"52, Threadneedle-street, May 26, 1845.

"Sir,—Having read your work lately published, entitled ———, and having it in my power, from my connexion with the press, more particularly with *The Times*, I shall be happy to assist you in getting favourable notices being taken of it, on your forwarding me a copy, with an intimation of the style, &c. you prefer. Waiting your reply,

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"Smith Evans."

The practice of extorting money by thus professing to be able to obtain favourable notices either of new publications, of public exhibitions, or of the performances of actors, public singers, and musicians, is, we are informed, by no means uncommon; and the unwary, especially foreigners, are thus, we are told, frequently imposed upon. To the public generally we need offer no assurance that such practices are wholly unauthorized by us; but it may, perhaps, be necessary to caution strangers to whom such applications may be made, that the authors of them are merely swindlers, with no power of procuring the insertion of a single line in *The Times*, and that they will do best either to give such persons at once into charge of the police as common cheats, or to acquaint us with the names and particulars of their demand, that they may, at any rate, be exposed, and, if possible, made amenable to the law.

Of the writer of the letter given above we have no knowledge. He has not, nor never had, any employment upon our establishment, or any influence by which he could procure what he professes himself able to obtain. His application is therefore fraudulent; and if it had been successful, he might have been fairly prosecuted for obtaining goods under false pretences.—*Times*.

Sir,—In compliance with your request that booksellers would favour you with their opinions of the Critic, and also the opinions of other *readers* with whom they may come in contact, I beg to state that I so highly approve of it, as a publisher's circular, that I have discontinued taking *The Publisher's Circular*, and refer to The Critic only, as a literary production. I reap more mental and moral pleasure from the perusal of its pages than I do from the pages of any other periodical which I read, and would readily forego the privilege of reading any magazine or newspaper now published, except the *Phonographic and Phonotypic Journal*, rather than be debarred from reading The Critic. My customers who read your paper speak of it in high terms.

I am Sir, yours, &c.
T. P. Barkas.

26, Grainger-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
June 3, 1845.

The Scotch papers are publishing what they call the late Mr. Thomas Hood's last note, which was addressed to Dr. Moir, of Musselburg. "13th March.

"Dear Moir,—God bless you and yours, and good-by. I drop these few last lines, as in a bottle from a ship water-logged, and on the brink of foundering—being in the last stage of dropsical debility; but, though suffering in body, serene in mind. So, without reversing my union-jack, I await my last lurch. Till which, believe me, dear Moir, yours most truly,

"Thomas Hood."

An autograph of Shakspere has recently been discovered on the vellum cover of a little Italian book of the sixteenth century, and has been the subject of dispute at Marlborough-street Police-office this week. The work is entitled *I Quattro Libri della Filosofia Naturale*, by Giovan Saravia, published in 1565. Mr. Howard, a bookseller, recently purchased the volume, with several others, of a dealer in books living at Hoxton, for a few shillings; having detected the signature, which is very faint, on the cover. This discovery having been made, the book is now valued at 100*l.* or more. Mr. Howard placed it in the hands of Mr. Fletcher, the auctioneer, for sale; whereupon a Mr. Taylor claimed it as his property, declaring that it had been stolen from his library. He was not aware of the existence of the autograph on the cover of the volume, which he bought for sixpence fifty years ago. Mr. Alexander, the Hoxton bookseller who sold it to Mr. Howard, said he bought it with others at an auction. Mr. Howard refused to yield up his prize; and as the matter had not been brought before the magistrate by way of summons, no decision was pronounced. At the suggestion, however, of Mr. Fletcher, the disputants, to avoid a lawsuit, agreed to divide the proceeds of the sale of the book.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From May 31 to June 7.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at The CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* The Critic, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* The Critic. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anderson's (Christopher) Annals of the English Bible, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. cl.—Arnold's (Dr.) Sermons, Vols. I. and II. new edit. 8vo. 12s. each, cl.—Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) Epitome Historiæ Antiquæ, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.

Balmer's (late Robert, D.D.) Academical Lectures and Pulpit Discourses, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Barrow's Naval Worthies of the Reign of Elizabeth, demy 8vo. 14s. cl.—Bray's Novels and Romances, Vol. II. "De Foix," fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.

Chapters on National Education, by the Rev. R. M. M'Brian, M.A. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Child's (Mrs.) Letters from New York, second Series, 12mo. 6s. cl.—College Chums, a Novel, by C. Lister, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Contributions of QQ, by Jane Taylor, 4th edit. fc. 8vo. 7s. cl.—Course of Lectures to Young Men, delivered in Dundee, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.

Days and Nights in the East, from original Notes of a recent Traveller through Egypt, Arabia Petræa, &c. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Dickinson's (Bishop) Remains, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Disputed Inheritance, a Novel, by Grace Webster, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—Dog, The, by W. Youat, under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 8vo. 6s. cl.

Emblems and Poetry of Flowers, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—East-India Register and Army List, 2nd edit. 1845, 12mo. 10s. swd.

Family Drawing-Book, 8vo. reduced to 1s. 6d. swd.

Glenny's Gardening for the Million, 18mo. 6d. swd.—Grammar of the Idioms of the Greek Language of the New Testament, by Dr. G. B. Winer, translated by J. H. Agnew and O. G. Ebbeke, 8vo. reduced to 15s. 6d. cl.

Hill's (Rev. G. D.) Sermons on the Ten Commandments, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Hymer's (J.) Treatise on Conic Sections, and the Application of Algebra to Geometry, 3rd edit. 8vo. 9s. bds.

Kidder's Residence in Brazil, 2 vols. post 8vo. plates, 18s. cl.

Lingard's History of England, Vol. XIII. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Littleton's Tenures, in English, 24mo. 6s. bds.—Lytton's (Sir E. L. Bulwer) Works, Vol. XIII. "Night and Morning," royal 18mo. 6s. cl.

Mass and Rubrics of the Roman Catholic Church, trans. into English by Rev. John Cotter, A.M. fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Melvill's (Rev. H.) Sermons at Cambridge in 1839, 3rd ed. 8vo. 5s. cl.

Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, with Notes, by T. Mitchell, A.M. cn. 8vo. 5s. bds.—Orphan Boy, by Mary Elliot, square, 2s. 6d. bds.

Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland, 2nd edit. 1 vol. cn. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Peats (Rev. J.), Sapphic Odes of Horace trans. into English Verse, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Residence at the Court of London, Second Series, by Richard Rush, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 1*l.* 4s. cl.

Scott's Lady of the Lake, Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, Rokeby, and Lord of the Isles (Cadell's edition), 18mo. 1s. 3d. each, illuminated covers.—Sermons to his late Parishioners, by Thomas, Bishop of Frederickton, 12mo. 7s. cl.—Smith (Thomas) on Acute Hydrocephalus; or, Water Brain Fever, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Souvenir of the Bristol Chess Club, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Stephen's Ecclesiastical Statutes, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 3*l.* 3s. bds.—Stow's Training System, new edit. enlarged, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.

Tom Cringle's Log, to be complete in 2 parts, Pt. I. 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.

Urling's (R. W.) Laws of Patents in Foreign Countries, trans. with Notes, &c. 8vo. 8s. bds.—Upsal's (Archbishop of) Review of the Present State of the Church of Christ, trans. from the Swedish, fc. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.

Walford's (Fred.) Summary of the Laws of Railways, with Appendix, 12mo. 12s. bds.—Waverley, Abbotsford Edition, Vol. VIII. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. cl.—White's (Rev. W.) Lectures on Daniel, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Wanderings on the Rhine. By Leigh Ritchie. 8vo.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following is the moderate scale of charges for Advertisements adopted by THE CRITIC.

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THE CRITIC *may also be had in monthly parts, sewed in a wrapper, price 1s. 6d. each.*

GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

DECREASE OF MARRIAGES.—It is a curious fact, that the number of marriages in England and Wales has greatly decreased of late years, though the population is annually increasing. Thus, in 1833, there were 120,127 marriages in England and Wales; in 1834, 121,884; in 1835, the number fell more than 2,000, being 119,598; in 1836 they rose again to 120,849; but in the following year decreased more than 8,000, being only 112,727; in 1838 there were 113,123 marriages; in 1839, 116,677; and in 1840, 115,548. The number of burials in 1837 was 336,994; in 1838, 292,650; in 1839, 286,855; and in 1840, 304,407. The number of baptisms in the latter year was 364,440, some 5,000 fewer than in 1823.—*Globe.*

The meeting of the British Association, at Cambridge, is likely to prove of considerable interest, from the number of distinguished scientific foreigners expected. Prof. Struve, of Dörpat, Profs. Dove, Kreil, Kupfer, and others will be present, for the purpose of taking part in the Magnetic congress. Prof. Foggi, of Pisa, Prof. Schönbein, of Basle, and Sir Robert Schomburgh, have also expressed their intention of attending the meeting; and it is hoped that M. Quetelet, Prof. Agassiz, and others, will be able to appear. The arrangements at Cambridge will admit of a model-room, for the reception of works of art of all kinds,—forming an extremely interesting feature of the meeting. It is greatly to be desired that all who would assist in rendering this as complete as possible, by sending objects of interest for exhibition, would communicate their intentions to the local secretaries as soon as possible.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—May 2.—E. Doubleday, esq. V.P. in the chair.—Dr. Lloyd and J. Coppin, esq. were elected members. Read "Remarks on some specimens of *Rubi* (new to the British Flora)," by Dr. T. B. Salter. Specimens were presented, and respectively named by Dr. Salter, *Rubus tenuis*, *Rubus Borreri*, and *Rubus Babingtonii*.

ON DR. WALKER, THE AUTHOR OF A BOOK ON THE "LATIN AND ENGLISH PARTICLES."

Here lie Dr. Walker's particles.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HYTHE.

His net old fisher George long drew,
Shoals upon shoals he caught,
'Till Death came hauling for his due,
And made poor George his draught.
Death fishes on through various shapes;
In vain it is to fret;
Nor fish or fisherman escapes
Death's all-inclosing net.

ST. BENET'S, PAUL'S WHARF, LONDON.

Here lies *one More*, and *no More* than he:
One More, and *no More!* how can that be;
Why *one More* and *no More* may well lie here alone,
But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than *one*.

Lines written on a block of ice brought from America without melting, and exhibited in a window in the Strand, London:—

"Ice placed within a shop or room
Will turn to water, we presume;
For, 'tis a solvent, all agree;
But here IN-solvent ice we see.

Yet, though we cannot solve the ice,
We solve the riddle in a trice;
It comes from Pennsylvania's State,
And therefore will not liquidate."

To Readers and Correspondents.

E. J.—*Simpson's. Price 8s.*

BROWN.—*Mr. Hall's Book will appear in a few days: price not known yet. We are unable to answer the other query.*

FROONANT.—*We regret that we are unable to answer the first query. To the second we reply, Simpson's.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE.

PATRONIZED BY

"THE QUEEN,"

AND THE ROYAL FAMILY OF GREAT BRITAIN,

AND THE SEVERAL

SOVEREIGNS AND COURTS OF EUROPE.

A FRAGRANT WHITE POWDER, *prepared from Oriental Herbs* of inestimable virtue for *preserving* and *beautifying the TEETH and strengthening the GUMS.* It eradicates tartar from the teeth, and thus lends a *salutary growth and freshness to the gums.* It removes from the surface of the Teeth the spots of incipient decay, polishes and preserves the *enamel*, imparting the *most pure and pearl-like whiteness;* while, from its salubrious and disinfecting qualities, it gives *sweetness and perfume to the breath.* Being an anti-scorbutic, the *gums* also share in its corrective powers; scurvy is eradicated from them, and a healthy action and redness are induced, so that the teeth (if loose) are thus rendered firm in their sockets. As the most efficient and fragrant aromatic TOOTH POWDER ever known, ROWLAND'S ODONTO has for a long series of years occupied a distinguished place at the *toilets* of the SOVEREIGNS and the NOBILITY throughout Europe, while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held.

Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CAUTION.—To protect the Public from Fraud, *The Hon. Commissioners of Stamps* have directed the Proprietors' Name and Address to be engraved on the Government Stamp, thus

A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden,

Which is affixed on each box.

Sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

*** All other ODONTO'S are FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS!!!

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

ADVERTISING.

THE *Morning Chronicle* has this advantage as an advertising medium, that it is the single organ of a great party, and therefore is read not only by that party but by the other parties, curious always to learn what are the designs and doings of their opponents. The *Chronicle* is not nearly so crowded with advertisements as is the *Times*, and therefore those that appear there are more certain to be seen; while it possesses this important further recommendation, that it publishes no supplements wherein to hide the larger portion of its advertisements from human eye. The conclusion to which we have arrived, therefore, from a review of the circumstances, is, that all those classes of advertisements which may be termed *general*, or addressed to the world at large; as distinguished from those addressed to particular persons—in other words, for announcements intended to catch the eye, the *Chronicle* is a better medium than the *Times*: the latter deserves the preference for such as persons are likely to seek; and for this reason, that nobody would find an advertisement in the *Times* by accident, but everybody goes to the *Times* to *look* for an advertisement.

The same remark applies to the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post*. But the latter, being the especial journal of fashion, is peculiarly fitted for certain classes of advertisements addressed to the fashionable, and is ill-fitted for *general* announcements. Tradesmen appealing to the *beau monde*, and publishers, will find the *Post* one of their best journals; but for all matters of business, or announcements addressed to men of business, it is worthless.

Of the evening papers, the best medium for advertising is unquestionably the *Sun*. In London, there is a very absurd prejudice against the evening papers. Here everybody reads the morning papers, and few look into an evening one. The inhabitant of London appears to consider that London is all the world; he forgets that the evening papers, though not patronized here, are very largely read in the country, and therefore are really very excellent localities for an advertisement, particularly as the number is small, and each one is sure to take the eye of the reader.

Of all the evening papers the *Sun* is the best, not only as having the largest circulation, but as being much consulted throughout the provinces for its early information. This characteristic has given to the *Sun*, although a party paper, a less exclusive circle of readers than any of its contemporaries, save the *Times*, and an announcement there thus finds its way to all parties, sects, and ranks in the country. It is seen in every newsroom, and read at almost every inn. The *Sun*, therefore, is good for advertisements of *all* kinds. The *Standard* enjoys a highly respectable circulation, and is well adapted for advertisements directed to the higher classes. The *Globe* is especially patronized at the inns, and by the commercial classes, and is therefore a good medium for *business* advertisements.

This completes the review of the daily journals. We shall next turn to the Weekly newspapers.

NEW SERIES.—No. 24, VOL. II.

LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

A Biographical History of Philosophy. By G. H. LEWES. *Series I. Ancient Philosophy. Knight's Weekly Volume.* Nos. XLV. and XLVI.

WHEN the police constable espies a member of the swell mob who, by dint of impudence and fine clothes, has contrived to slip into decent company, he at once takes the intruder into custody. The critic is frequently called upon to pursue the same course with respect to literary impostors; and albeit a disagreeable, it is nevertheless a very necessary and useful part of his duty. Mr. KNIGHT'S *Weekly Volume* is deservedly popular; it professes to be "for all readers;" and as that is a *rather* miscellaneous class, it may be of service to warn some of them as to what sort of an instructor they are likely to find in Mr. LEWES. That he is but a mere smatterer in Greek, though he has undertaken to write the history of Greek philosophy, might be shewn by numerous, and some of them very gross examples; but considering the class for which his work is intended, it will, perhaps, be more useful to expose his pretensions to philosophy.

We have had *polite* philosophers, *minute* philosophers, and others of all possible kinds; Mr. LEWES is the *contradictory* philosopher. To give a few examples:—

In the life of ANAXAGORAS (Vol. I. p. 118) we find:—"The senses are accurate in their reports, but their reports are not accurate. They reflect objects, but they reflect them as these objects appear to them. Reason has to control their impressions. Reason has to verify their reports."

Mr. LEWES considers that this doctrine may be applied to "the explanation of some of those *apparently* contradictory statements which have puzzled all the critics," but which do not puzzle him.

But, before we "apply" the doctrine, may it not be as well to understand it? For here, we must confess that we are at some loss as to the following points: 1st. How can any thing *appear* to the senses, which are the mere channels of perception? 2. How can their reports be *accurate*, if reason has to *verify* (*i. e.* we suppose *correct*) them? 3. How can they be accurate and inaccurate at the same time?

Mr. LEWES has elucidated the last little difficulty by the terms *subjective* and *objective*, recently imported from Germany, and the sum and substance of the elucidation is contained in the following note:—"In the above passage, 'the reports of the senses being subjectively true,' means, that the senses truly inform us of their *impressions*; but these impressions are *not at all* like the actual *objects* (as may be shewn by the *broken appearance* of a stick half of which is dipped in water); and *therefore the* reports are 'objectively false.'"

What an admirable specimen of logic! The *universal* conclusion, that the impression of the senses are "not at all" like the objects of them, is drawn from the *particular* and hackneyed instance of a stick dipped in water—an instance for which our poor senses have been very roundly, and perhaps undeservedly abused, since they, at all events, inform us that the stick is immersed, and how far. But supposing the stick out of the water, is it not a stick of a certain size and colour? Does not Mr. LEWES regard it as such? Nay, does he not adopt its *appearance* then as a *true datum*, from which he infers the *falseness* of its appearance in the water? If he does not, there is an end of the matter; we cannot reason any longer if Mr. L. maintains the *universal* delusion of the senses; but he does not do so.

In the life of ZENO of Elea we find the following flat contradiction in the space of less than four pages. VICTOR COUSIN, in his life of ZENO, in the *Biographie Universelle*, has shewn that his arguments concerning motion, of which a well-known one is the problem of Achilles and the tortoise, are nothing but methods of reducing *ad absurdum* the doctrine of the divisibility of space and time. Now how does Mr. LEWES proceed? At page 96 he seems to agree with COUSIN, since he tells us that ZENO'S *Dialectics* were "a refutation of error by the *reductio ad absurdum*," and that "we must not, therefore, seek in his arguments for *any thing beyond the mere exercise of dialectical subtlety.*" Yet at page 100 he tells us—"The other arguments of Zeno against the possibility of motion are given by Aristotle; but they *seem more*

like the ingenious puzzles of dialectical subtlety than the real arguments of an *earnest* man!" And, to complete the absurdity, he maintains that the third problem, viz. that motion and rest are identical, as illustrated by the flight of the arrow, which, at every *successive instant*, being contained in a certain space, is therefore *at rest* in that space, is *a truth!*

His *facts* are frequently as contradictory as his arguments. Thus we are told in the life of PYTHAGORAS (Vol. I. p. 60), that "he taught only in secret;" whilst fifteen pages further on we learn that "he had two sorts of doctrine; one for a few disciples whom he chose with extreme caution; the other *for such as pleased to listen!*"

In the life of EMPEDOCLES (p. 139) he puts the most illogical reasoning into the mouth of the philosopher, which (p. 144) he calls "a syllogism;" and informs us in a note—"We are here *thinking for* Empedocles; that is, we have no other authority for this statement than that *something of the kind* is wanting to make out a *plausible* explanation of what is only implied in the fragments extant." Truly the shade of EMPEDOCLES must feel highly indebted to Mr. LEWES.

Mr. LEWES has not much occasion to shew his knowledge of physics, but we suspect that it is almost equal to his metaphysics; since he states NEWTON'S law of attraction in the following clear and correct manner (Introd. p. 17): "Attraction is the square of the distance!"

In parting with Mr. LEWES we will venture to offer him two pieces of advice. First, not to write about what he does not understand. Second, not to treat with flippancy and abuse men who are infinitely his superiors; as BRUCKER, RITTER, TAYLOR, ENFIELD, &c.

SCIENCE.

Photogenic Manipulation. By G. T. FISHER, jun. 2nd edition. George Knight and Sons.

THE purpose of this little volume is to convey practical instruction for the use of the Daguerreotype, the Calotype, the Chrysotype, the Cyanotype, the Chromatype, the Energeotype, the Anthotype, and the Amphitype. It is very intelligibly written, and, with the aid of the numerous woodcuts, the most unlearned might readily attain to the use of the instruments named.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Spain, Tangier, &c. visited in 1840 *and* 1841. By X. Y. Z. London, 1845. S. Clarke.

THESE letters have at least one recommendation—they were never intended for publication. They are not elaborated impromptus—there is no affectation of ease—they do not borrow learning from the guide-book, in the hope that it may be mistaken for the researches of the writer. They are *real* letters, addressed to a near relative by one of a family party during a tour of some three or four years, intended for the eye of that relative only, therefore written with the freedom and liveliness that are the charm of such outpourings of the mind in its undress, when it speaks as it feels, and tells of its impressions rather than of its thoughts.

The editor advises his readers that he has exercised the prerogatives of his office, and erased divers passages relating to family affairs, as well as some personalities, the publication of which would appear to violate the sanctity of private life, and he apologizes by anticipation for inaccuracies, as the writer is not now in this country, and could not correct his MS. But of these there are very few.

The first letter is dated from Biaritz, after divers excursions into the Pyrenees, between which and the Alps a comparison is drawn. The former want the vastness, the icy peaks and broad blue lakes of the latter; nor have they the picturesque Swiss cottages and costume. The Pyrenees, on the other hand, rejoice in greener and more various foliage, their valleys are more luxuriant, and the colouring is richer.

From Madrid, the writer transmits intelligence of the extreme disappointment he had experienced, and the overthrow by the sad vision of the reality of all his romance relative to Spain and the Spaniards. No serenades, no guitars, no inquisition, no monks, no assassinations! And as for the costume, somebody, he says, ought to be indicted for fraudulent practices in bringing people great distances under false pretences. Hats, trousers, and swallow-tails are as plentiful as in Regent-street. Occasionally a muleteer or water-carrier passes with a conical hat, light jacket, gay ribands, and sandalled soles, but he looks as if he were ashamed to be seen so out of fashion. The very mantilla is abjured by the ladies, who borrow the latest style from Paris. Nay, the writer affirms that the brilliant beauty whose glances were once so destructive from behind the covert of the mantilla has vanished also.

In Spain there are three classes of travellers; those who go in the *diligencias;* those who go on mule-back, paying so much a day for their mule; and those who go *as luggage* on a mule, paying *by weight!* The diligence seems to be similar in its appointments to those which are familiar to every tourist. It was in the coupée of this vehicle that our "correspondent" took his place, and thus enjoying an extensive view of the country, he was astonished at its apparent poverty, and the entire absence of gentlemen's seats, even in the neighbourhood of such a city as Madrid, and of branch roads in some two or three days' journey he counted but two. The travellers they passed were unfrequent, but instead of them they met parties of ruffian-looking, peaked-hat fellows, armed to the teeth, the guards of the road, and who are reported to be retired banditti, kept honest by the calculation that their pay is more than they could hope to gain by plunder.

Travelling accommodations are not the best in Europe. A specimen is thus pleasantly described:—

As it was, however, we enjoyed a specimen of something not far removed from the true, comfortless Spanish Posada; with its dark staircase rising from the rambling mule stable; its bare, dirty, furnitureless rooms, and its wretched truckle bedsteads, bedecked with a single cotton blanket, and solitary wool mattress. Mattress, indeed, I am wrong to call it: it is a *sack*, containing a due number of *lumps* of wool, which you may commodiously arrange through a slit in the upper surface, *left for the purpose;* and on which—*if* you can sleep on a bag of potatoes—you may get as much of a night's rest as the battalions of *voltigeurs* in attendance upon your couch will permit. After a night spent as mine was at Fresnillo, under the discipline of these same light troops, I could readily understand how the united efforts of the myriads of Lilliputians could succeed in chaining great Gulliver on his back; though, indeed, the united efforts of my voltigeurs had a very opposite, but an equally powerful effect upon me; their reiterated and persevering attacks, first on one spot, then on another, exciting me to the performance of a succession of gymnastic exercises, such as I never went through before, and hope never to execute again.

The fare was wretched; vegetables swimming in oil; animal messes redolent of garlic, and very tough fowls, composed the daily dinner. The oil, in this land of olives, was invariably rancid, and the reason alleged is characteristic of the people. There are not presses enough, and the olives lie together till they ferment.

The first impression of Madrid is that of poorness and dirt in its suburbs, and considerable splendour in its finest parts, marred, however, by the custom of guarding all the lower windows with thick iron bars, like a prison.

The inhabitants of this city convey to me the notion of a people having nothing to do; such myriads of all kinds and classes (except the more fashionable dames, who rarely at any season go out till late) lounging incessantly backwards and forwards, not walking as if they had somewhere to walk *to;* not men with earnest faces, hurrying to business, but figures moving slow and stately, as if intent on nothing but enjoying the sun. The only palpable exceptions are the poor blind song and pamphlet criers, bawling "*á dos cuartos*" everywhere in your ear; and the military with their brass bands, playing admirably, and indeed really pretty music, but unfortunately often with instruments out of tune.

Our author agrees with every other visitor in the opinion that the power of priestcraft has passed away for ever from Spain. He affirms that the idea entertained in England of the immoral lives of the monks falls very far short of the reality. The middle classes of Spain entertain the deepest abhorrence of despotism, whether spiritual or political, and their will must ultimately prevail in any country having a constitutional form of government.

Shall we call it improvement or degeneracy that has humanized somewhat

THE MODERN BULL-FIGHT?

I considered myself fortunate in having hit upon a day when the greater part of the "sport" consisted, not in the regular bull-fight, but in a sort of play with young bulls (*Novillos*, as they are called), which had balls on their horns, so that they could not seriously injure either man or beast; and which were themselves led off after a given time, also unhurt. The manner of their retreat was curious. A small drove of tamed, educated bulls were let in; these immediately made a circle about the wild animal, who was glad enough to get back to his kind; and then off they all trotted together. During part of this more harmless species of entertainment the populace were admitted into the arena, and some hundreds of them ran about with the amazed beast, while he dashed in all directions through them, "fluttering them like an eagle in a dovecote;" or, to adopt a humbler comparison, playing a capital game of blind-man's-buff with them. This is more literally accurate than you perhaps think; as the creature, when he makes a rush, closes his eyes; a fact in which chiefly consists the safety of those at whom he aims. It was by no means unentertaining to see him—now dart at one—now burst off to another—here throw down a whole string at once of the most venturesome—there give a slight and graceful toss to some other who had come inopportunely within his reach—yet apparently never hurting anybody; unless indeed these brother wild-beasts have nine lives like a cat, for they all got up when struck, and ran as nimbly as Paddy does after his head is broken.

His judgment of Spanish music is that it is deficient in soul; but little of it is national; most of the songs are in a vulgar, jaunty style; the few pretty airs that exist are already familiar in England. The hunt after good books was almost equally unsuccessful. In the *useful* departments of literature there is nothing; the drama alone flourishes. The general character of recent writings is described as "jejune, possessed of but little depth of thought, their wit often forced, their style wordy, and sometimes not a little conceited." Translations from foreign literature have been recently attempted with success. Among them, Miss MARTINEAU's Tales on Political Economy have been very popular. This is the

CHARACTER OF CHRISTINA.

As for Chistina, she seems to meet with little commendation or respect; and to deserve less. I have rarely known any one so generally ill-spoken of. Her own immediate partisans seek to justify her of course; but by everybody else, she is represented as an ill-conducted, selfish, and rapacious woman. Her insatiable love of money is a general subject of conversation. She is said to have sent incalculable sums out of the country, and to have done so for years before she quitted it. It is even asserted she stripped the royal palaces of their ornaments, &c.; an example which has, they say, been copied by various minor fry.

An amusing instance of her stinginess in small matters, has been related to us on what we cannot but consider as excellent authority. On the occasion of some disturbance in Madrid, all the ministers suddenly repaired to the palace and remained there three days and nights. The hour of refreshment on the first day came: they called for dinner;—there was none. Astonished, they asked for a little cold meat merely,—there was none:.... for *any thing* to allay their hunger,—there was *nothing*. The servants were on board wages, there was nothing! in the palace of the Queen of Spain! and the ministers actually lived during the three days on food procured from a neighbouring French shop!!

Our informant went on to say that the Queen would wear one gown almost all the year round; and had been known to mend the little Queen's shoes with her own hands. What absurd incongruity in such a person having her dwelling in the immense and splendid edifice here appropriated to royalty.

The equipages of the higher gentry are extremely handsome, differing from our own only in their greater showiness of decoration; the horses are covered with gay trappings. A better idea of the condition of this wretched country will be gathered from the brief but graphic sketch of

A ROYAL PROCESSION.

The day the little Queen made her entry into the town (on the 26th October) after her mother's abdication and desertion, the procession on the occasion would have made the veriest cynic smile. Our hotel is so situated, near the Calle de Alcalá, that I had a view of the triumphal procession from our balcony. First came an awfully fine carriage containing a couple of overdressed children; then a troop of half-naked bedizened dancing girls, performing their weary evolutions on the cold stones; next, the state coach with the little Queen and her sister, and two lady-attendants; then a troop of dragoons; and then some dozen or so of vehicles of a most beggarly and break-down description, drawn by garrons, short-eared and long-eared, that could hardly lift a leg, and driven by men in plain dirty clothes, more like paupers than coachmen. These *elegant* conveyances (which I conclude were hired articles, corresponding to what used in London to be called glass coaches) were stuffed full of officers and civil officials. A lengthy column of military, in patched and tattered uniforms, closed up the rear.

The climate of Madrid is cold, the air keen, and rendered even painful by the want of due provision for warming the houses. The natives preserve animal heat by coiling themselves up in cloaks, and lying about idle till the cold relaxes. Altogether our author considers Madrid the dearest and most uncomfortable of the capitals of Europe; the only good eatable being the game, which is abundant and well-flavoured.

Society in Madrid is any thing but attractive. The Spaniards are no entertainers. Dinner-parties are almost unknown, and balls are few, save at the carnival.

Genuine Spanish society, from what I have experienced or can learn of it, consists at all times rather in what we should call *visiting* morning or evening, than in the giving of parties.

The common *Tertulia* is usually nothing more than the meeting together in the evening, without any express invitation, of half-a-dozen or a dozen intimates, who chat or work, and now and then sing or play cards for a couple of hours or so. It is frequently the habit for a little coterie of eight or ten to arrange in this way to pass the evenings by turns at each other's houses; all collecting one day at one house, the next at another, and so on.

Our traveller was much struck with the absence of English in Madrid. Two years before, only twenty-five British residents were in Madrid; in three or four months, he met only half-a-dozen passing visitants.

Of the natives, some few of the ladies of high rank are beautiful; but in a given number there are not nearly so many handsome women as in England. The utmost profligacy prevails in the loftiest classes; the middle classes are a trifle better; but both are improving.

Education is at a low ebb, but that also is progressing. About eight years since, Madrid contained *two* libraries and *seventy-one* convents! Those who desire to have their daughters well taught are obliged to send them to England or France. At this moment many of the oldest grandees cannot write. This class is equally degenerate in body as in mind, and as mean in estate as in person. Bribery prevails universally; every official has his price. The very judges sell themselves to the best bidder. Still, with all their defects, our traveller noticed some

GOOD POINTS OF THE SPANISH CHARACTER.

There seems to me to be much more nature and simplicity about the Spaniards; much sincerity and frankness in their social relations; great kindness of disposition and amiability of temper; and an unaffected wish to oblige and serve strangers, in all things save in that which *we* are too often inclined to consider the touchstone of good-will—entertaining,! *i. e.* feasting; spending their money and health upon them—commonly *called* hospitality. I should say, too, that though, from deficient education, Spaniards, and especially Spanish women, are often common-place and trifling in conversation; they are far from being without natural talent.

We must take another peculiarity which we do not remember to have seen recorded by any other tourist:

ODD STREET NAMES AT MADRID.

Some of the names of the old streets are very odd and amusing, reminding one of the "Praise-God-Barebones" days in our own land. What think you of such as "*Aunque os pese*" ("Although it may distress you");—"*Noramala vayas*" (short for "*En hora mala vayas*" or, as we should express it, "Get along and be h———d to you")!—"*Valgame Dios*" (untranslateable; best rendered by "God bless us")!—"*Ancha* [or *Angosta*] *de los peligros*" ("Broad [or narrow] street of dangers");—"*Aguardiente*" ("Brandy");—"*Primavera y Damas*" ("Spring and the Ladies");—"*Subida de los Angeles*" ("Ascent of the Angels");—"*Sal si Puedes*" ("Get out if you can")!"

Conveniences for locomotion are very scanty; there are no hackney coaches, omnibuses, or conveyances for hire for short periods.

From Madrid our traveller proceeded to Seville, and on the way met with an adventure which well illustrates the character

of the country. A little after midnight the vehicle stuck in the mud, and produced a strange display of

SPANISH PHLEGM.

When the accident first happened there was a little hullaballo—a little talking and swearing for a minute or two, and then all was quiet. We sat quiet too, knowing *we* could do nothing, and expecting of course in a few minutes to find efforts making to extricate us from our ridiculous position. Time went on—yet not a stir! . . . "This stillness seems queer," said I to myself. "Have the fellows left us here all alone in the mud in the dead of the night? or are we put into this large hole on purpose to be the readier food for their friends the bandits? I'll know how the matter stands." So I wriggled myself out of the manifold wrappers which were making a mummy of me, and looked out. The *animals* had all *gone to sleep!* mayoral, muleteer, guards, passengers, MULES AND ALL! they apparently expected a miracle to draw us out. There they were (the men, not the mules), all packed up comfortably, their handkerchiefs tied over their heads—the guides inserted under the shelter of the luggage at the back of the carriage, snoring nineteen to the dozen. . . . The case was hopeless. . . . I drew my head back again into its shell and tried *to go to sleep too!* though being "badly habituated," as the shopman said in Madrid, I cannot affirm that I succeeded in the attempt. . . . "It is my first lesson, however," I whispered encouragingly to myself, —"I shall do better next time!"

For nine hours they thus remained, till oxen were procured and relieved them from their "fix."

Amid many annoyances, Spanish travelling has one luxury. Custom-house investigations are mere make-believes; the officer puts his hand into the bag, to the depth of some three inches, and drawing it out again, bows, and intimates that all is right. Query—Is there a fee for this?

Seville does not equal expectation. The town is far from handsome; the streets are wretchedly narrow; "the *silvery* Guadalquiver" is a muddy stream. But the houses are remarkable for cleanliness; they are whitewashed outside and in several times a year. No apartment escapes this purification; even the drawing-rooms are whitewashed! But cleanliness may be carried a little too far. The neighbourhood is by no means picturesque; and even the orange-groves, so charming in poetry, are beautiful evergreen orchards and no more; the trees do not equal fine laurels in height. If they were grown as are the shrubs in our parks, mingled with lofty trees and various foliage, they might deserve the epithets of the poets; but planted, as here, in long straight rows, as closely as they can stand together, they are extremely disappointing to the romantic ideas of the traveller.

But there is an arrangement which makes the interior of Seville houses more charming than aught that can be found out of them.

THE HOUSE-GARDENS OF SEVILLE.

Figure to yourself, in every gentleman's mansion, a large square inner court, paved beautifully with marble; surrounded by elegant marble pillars (behind which runs on all sides a broad, covered, and marble-floored corridor); and filled with every sort of lovely odorous shrub and flower—a graceful fountain playing in the midst. In the day-time, during hot weather, the sun is kept from this treasured spot by awnings spread overhead. Here, in this delicious, oriental sort of drawing-room, on seats and sofas placed in the encircling gallery, sit the family during the summer evenings, with their musical instruments and their friends about them, breathing the pure air of heaven to refresh them after the heats of the burning day.

Our traveller minutely describes the various *sights* of this city. Among other novelties, he witnessed a dance in the cathedral! He attended some private parties of the gentry, and notices the absence of ostentation which prevailed there. No other refreshments were provided than some water and sugar, and a little lemonade.

From Seville our tourist passed by Cadiz to Tangier; and thus graphically does he describe the

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BARBARY.

Every thing here is striking in place and people:—The Moorish woman in her enveloping *haik*, from under which one eye alone is allowed to see the day:—the stately, fine-countenanced Moor, much fairer than the southern Spaniard; with his red cap and white turban, his waistcoat and capacious shorts of blue or red cloth, his scarf round his waist, his white or coloured woollen mantle (father of the Spanish cloak), and his yellow slippers on his unstockinged feet:—the fierce, wild-looking, half-naked Reefian, with his bare shaved head, whence hangs but one long, wild look, by which the angel Gabriel is to pull him into Paradise: the sharp Algerine, in his brilliant, well-fitting body-clothes, embroidered jacket, loose short calico trousers, coloured stockings, and rich red sash: the long-nosed, black-capped, black-slippered, straight-gowned Jew; as ill-treated, as cunning, as industrious, and as rich proportionably, as he is everywhere else:—the Negro merry in his slavery!

Then the sheds which serve for shops! where kooskoosoo, walnuts, dates, butter (*what* butter!) soap (*what* funny soap!—in large, shapeless masses, looking like light-coloured treacle just solidified), currants, figs, &c. are all helped by the same five fingers, cleansed only, if at all, on the back of the never-failing cat, and leaving their prints deep clawed into the unctuous heaps:—the pottery, carrying you back in imagination to Herculaneum and Pompeii:—the huge, ungainly, gentle "ships of the desert" crowding into the *Soco*, from Fez on fair day; their bales of goods strewing the ground, and the little tents of their masters pitched about them:—the coffee-houses, where in one small room, matted on the floor, and on the walls as high as the head, as many men squat down as the space will hold, sipping coffee or tea, and chewing opium; to the music of a wretched two-stringed instrument (the original, doubtless, of the Spanish guitar)—a machine struck with sticks, a clapping of hands, and a cracked voice or two doling out at intervals one monotonous stave: . . . . But I must stop; for I should never have done if I were to go on enumerating all the strange things which distinguish this land of Barbary.

Life and property are represented as extremely insecure. No foreigner could venture to walk half a mile out of the town without a guard, and many instances are narrated of robberies and assassinations occurring under the very nose of the government. In Tangier there is no distinction of ranks, save as regards those who are of royal blood; no education, and scarcely perceptible differences of intelligence, manners, habits, or pursuits.

Among other introductions, admission was obtained into the sacred apartment of the wife of one of the wealthiest of the native merchants. The dame received her English visitors very civilly. She was, in the Moorish meaning of the term, beautiful, that is, very fat and very slovenly.

Having satisfied his curiosity, our traveller returned to Spain, and by a dangerous route, infested with brigands, proceeded to Granada. The roads were wretched, and the wayside inns bespoke the low ebb of civilization.

At these, travellers, instead of being met as elsewhere by the proprietors of the house or their servants, shewn into whatever room there may be at their service, and asked what they require, are left to shift for themselves as completely as if the inn did not belong to any one present, and as if it were a matter of the most perfect indifference to the owner whether they entered it or not, or whether they lived or died. You are met by nobody—conducted nowhere—asked nothing. You must find your own way in, and your way up stairs; and if you want a *cuarto* to sleep in, you must *take it*, and then it is only by dint of unceasing and vigorous efforts, that at the end of an hour perhaps, you can succeed in getting any thing whatever, even a chair, brought into the "abomination of desolation" you have chosen. Nay, for this miserable *cuarto* itself, if there be any scarcity of accommodation, you must fight. I use the word in the singular number advisedly; since it is the fact that no *one party* travelling by a diligencia is allowed, on common occasions, to occupy more than *one* sleeping-room,—no matter how numerous the members of the party may be, or how various their ages and sexes, provided it be within the limits of possibility to stretch beds for them all within the four walls.

The Alhambra was visited, of course, and is minutely described, as are other objects of interest in Granada. The morals of the people are represented as at the lowest ebb. Robberies are unblushingly committed in the very streets; the magistracy are as corrupt as those they are appointed to punish, and a striking instance is narrated.

A rich miller in the country was fixed upon by three persons as a fit object to be plucked. It so chanced that, shortly before the time appointed for the attack of his house, a party of travelling soldiers had requested lodging of him for the night, which he had granted; and these soldiers were sleeping above when the robbers arrived and demanded his money. The miller told them he would go up and fetch it. He woke the soldiers, and with their assistance killed the three thieves, and left them lying. The next day, as it was proper the authorities should be made acquainted with the circumstances, he went to the house of the Alcalde of his *pueblo*, or village, to call him to make his examinations. The Alcalde was not at home; on finding which he pro-

ceeded to the next in office, who was not at home either. He then went on to a third: neither was this one to be found, nor did anybody know any thing of either of the three. At last, therefore, he returned home, and prepared to bury the men himself, when on taking off the masks which had concealed their faces, lo! and behold—THERE LAY THE THREE ALCALDES!!!

The country round is extremely rich; the corn high, close, and fine, and the plain thickly planted with all kinds of fruit-trees, which produce luxurious crops. Further inland, the people appeared to be more civilized: the farms were neat and thriving, and the signs of plenty and comfort were visible everywhere.

It will be unnecessary to attend our traveller through the short remainder of his tour. From the notes we have made, as we have followed him so far, it will be apparent that he is an intelligent, cheerful, and agreeable companion, and that his letters may be advantageously introduced into the library and the book-club.

Economy; or, a Peep at our Neighbours. London, 1845. Ollivier.

A FAMILY, who have lived a little too fast in London, fly to Guernsey to practise economy and retrenchment, perhaps to be out of the reach of duns, bailiffs, *et id genus omne*. The lady of the household, who is evidently a lively, spirited chatter-pie, has set down her experiences of life in Guernsey, prefacing them with a vivid sketch of the miseries endured by those who, having lived beyond their incomes, see ruin stealing upon them month by month, but want the courage to strip the foe of his terrors by meeting him half-way, and grappling with him before he has grown to be invincible.

Our authoress is quite conscious of her propensity for gossip. "Women," she says, "must either write or talk." It might be supposed that *her* excuse for writing is that she is debarred from talking. No such thing. She both talks and writes, and if her tongue discourse as glibly as her pen, she must be a very pleasant companion for the drawing-room, where they who carry the lightest weight are the most esteemed. But she will not so readily be approved in the study, where her infinity of words may be voted a bore, and the discourse *de omnibus rebus*, save the subject she professes to treat, a tedious exercise of authorcraft.

We pass over the picture of the change of circumstances that compelled the change of abode, and at once accompany the family of the writer to their neat apartments in Guernsey, where the most surprising incident to them was the payment of ready money! The next business was "to look round on our new position, and find fault with every thing we see."

But time works wonders. As the memory of London luxury diminished, and familiarity rubbed off the feeling of strangeness, many objects began to excite interest and yield pleasure. Especially noted were

THE PEOPLE OF GUERNSEY.

The women are *very* pretty; their faces of more *classic* form and feature than we meet commonly in England; and they all dress well. The men are of a more clumsy material; the beau is fat and foppish; the family man very like the pictures of Mrs. Trollope's Americans. There is much beauty in the children; and an evident care is taken with their appearance, even among the lower orders; their hair is curled, and their clothes are in good taste; and one is puzzled to know when is this care given.

The country women dress in the old English style,—a costume with us nearly worn out. But here is still to be seen the black mode bonnet, most elaborate in its build, and under it the neatly plaited cap: the quilted short petticoat, the short linen jacket for hard work, and the chintz gown, open in front, and drawn through the pocket-holes, for best; they call it the Guernsey fashion; but we remember, some *hundred and fifty years ago*, when the old gude gran'dam of the farm-house wore this very self-same dress in England.

The market women are picturesque in the extreme—moving figures of Cuyp!—seated between their panniers on their rough punchy horses,—their saddles a plaited mat,—their bridle a halter; and when they speak French as they pass, it adds to the captivation of the picture. How little these people do with, in comparison to our market folks at home! And yet how poor we are, with our leather side-saddles, our upper skirts to look like a habit, and our artificial flowers withinside our bonnets, bringing out the blushes in our blowsy cheeks, with very shame at such folly. There is nothing of this here: and surely, after all, the grand secret of growing rich—the true philosopher's stone is—to do with this little.

House-rent is dear—that is, the same as in England; but there are no taxes. For 40*l.* a year can be procured "a good residence with two sitting-rooms and five bed-rooms, an excellent garden, full of fruit, and in a good situation." Upholsterers will furnish them for hire.

The country looks exactly like England, only the cattle are tethered. The farm-houses are the same; so are the roads and hedges.

The markets are abundantly supplied, with fish especially, but prices are high. Beef, 5d. to 8d.; mutton, 6d. to 8d.; pork, 6d. to 7d.; butter, 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d.; potatoes, 1s. 3d. per bushel; turkeys, 4s. to 7s.; ducks, 3s. to 4s.; fowls, 2s. 6d. to 4s. So far, in the substantials of existence, Guernsey is at least as dear as an English country town.

Taxed articles of foreign produce are, of course, very much cheaper there than at home; and the list is instructive, as shewing practically the results of free trade. Lump sugar, 4d. to 6d.; moist sugar, 4d. to 5d.; tea, 3s. to 5s.; coffee, 1s. to 1s. 2d.; rice, 4d.; currants, 8d.; sherry, 26s. per dozen; claret, 26s.; champagne, 45s.; port, 20s.; Marsala, 12s.; cognac, 6s. per bottle; cigars, 10s. per hundred for best Havannahs.

There are no poor in Guernsey, consequently, no poor-rates. "Why," exclaims our authoress, "do not those who scarcely know how to live in England come here, where, with common prudence and a small family, three hundred pounds a year is an ample income? With this you might educate one or two sons, live sumptuously, and not lose caste. No one seems to spend more."

The climate is warmer than that of England. "We have seen orange-trees in the open air, against a sheltered wall, eight feet high."

Such is the *substance* of this volume of 375 pages. All the rest is the smallest of small-talk. Our authoress is an adept in the art of book-spinning. Never do we remember to have seen so many words containing so few thoughts. The manner, indeed, is graceful and winning, but the matter is the most frivolous and diluted we have lighted upon for many a month.

Kohl's Travels in England and Wales. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. London: Sherwood and Co.

THIS is the first of a series called the *Western Family Library*, issued in a cheap form by the *Great Western Advertiser*, a newspaper published at Bristol. The translation appears to have been executed with spirit and fidelity. The only fault we have to find is with the paper, which might be advantageously improved. The work itself is already too familiar to our countrymen to justify a formal review of it now. To those who were unable to read it in its costly form, we would heartily commend the perusal of this very cheap edition.

FICTION.

Margaret; or, the Gold Mine. From the French of ELIE BERTHET. Weir, Harley-street.

To the gentle sex we owe many thanks for our introduction to no inconsiderable portion of the lighter literature of modern Europe, and truly we may desire no better pilots. Mrs. HOWITT first revealed the rich stores of romance lying hidden among our northern friends the Swedes; and but a few months since she made the English reader acquainted with the most delightful tale of the season—*The Improvisatore*—the work of the Danish poet ANDERSEN.

The translator of *La Mine d'Or* owns to her sex; also to the present work being a first attempt; and as such it is most satisfactory, both as regards the execution of her task and the taste that dictated its choice. Indeed, it fairly entitles her to a place in the female corps so gallantly commanded by Mrs. HOWITT, and which has proved its courage in many a foreign service. *La Mine d'Or* is, we believe, the first of the works of the French romancist ELIE BERTHET that has yet appeared in an English dress, and is most deserving of the distinction, as well as fortunate in obtaining so agreeable an interpreter.

The tale is so completely French in its construction, and withal so cleverly managed, that we fear it will be much injured by an endeavour to epitomize it; but we hope that our readers will obtain the book for themselves, quite satisfied that they

will be pleased with us for the recommendation. The principal character in the story is a certain Martin Simon, who, retaining all the simplicity of a hardy mountaineer, has, by generous and noble qualities, an apparently exhaustless money-chest, and an equally large fund of justice, obtained so complete a mastery over his fellow-villagers, as to gain the title of King of Pelroux. Pelroux, it may be remembered, is the most stupendous mountain of the French Alps, comparatively unknown to tourists, though in size and grandeur not an unworthy rival of the majestic mountains of Switzerland and Savoy. Of course, notwithstanding the almost universal love with which Martin had inspired his subjects, reports touching the derivation of his enormous wealth were prevalent. The most general and most rational supposition was, that the King of Pelroux's father, who had visited the village when uninhabited, save by one or two shepherds, had discovered a gold mine. In consequence of this report many had come in search of the supposed treasure, but in vain; and Bout du Monde, under the watchful care and princely conduct of Martin and his only daughter, Margaret, increased in prosperity and happiness.

Near Mount Pelroux still remains the monastery of the Lautent, erected for the same charitable purposes as that of Mount St. Bernard. Here our hero, during one of the snow-storms so common to that region, meets with two young runaway lovers, noble citizens of Lyons, fleeing from their hard-hearted relations, and closely pursued by the officers of justice, headed by the lawyer of the young lady's father. In their distress they turn to the rich peasant for assistance, and the haughty Lyonese chevalier gladly receives the offer of a mountain home until Martin shall obtain, as he promises, the consent of Ernestine's father to her union with the young spendthrift noble. Every one that comes in contact with the King of Pelroux is drawn over to his views; even the shrewd old lawyer, who manages to overtake the fugitives ere they reach their protector's little sovereignty, foregoes his original intention, and actually proposes to mediate between the incensed parent and his daughter.

And now as the party amicably enters the village of Bout du Monde, let us leave the author to speak for himself.

BOUT DU MONDE.

They might have imagined it one of those brilliant panoramic views full of light and life, seen over heavy masses of drapery at the end of a corridor, constructed expressly to heighten the illusion. This valley had not the vast dimensions of the former which they had traversed, and that had so powerfully impressed them with its beauty; but it was fresher, greener, far more cheerful and striking in its appearance, as it contrasted so forcibly with the glaciers and the snowy peaks of the surrounding mountains with which it was environed. It was an enchanting English garden among granite rocks; a terrestrial paradise, where every thing appeared good, pleasant, and harmonious. Orchards filled with fruit-trees, fields of corn and rye, and green pastures, trenched on the dark barren sides and dazzling snow of the mountains. In the centre stood the village, where each house, white and gay, with its little garden and hedge-rows of fruit-trees, seemed a palace, compared with the miserable hovels of the adjoining valleys. The church raised its tapering slated spire at the foot of an enormous rock, which, overhanging the other buildings, defended them from the fall of the avalanches. But all were partially concealed by the thick foliage now gilded by the sun's rays, and the whole valley might not inaptly have been compared to a basket filled with evergreens and flowers.

Martin Simon, for one moment, enjoyed the astonishment and enthusiasm of his visitors.

"It is I who have created the little world that is before you," said he, with the greatest satisfaction in his voice; "it is I that have made these sterile rocks productive, that have peopled this dreary wilderness, that have rendered it a sure asylum for man, in this inhospitable climate—the day that my father first put his foot on this desolate corner of the world, a ragged shepherd and the chamois were its sole inhabitants."

He paused, as if fearful of having said too much. The two strangers gazed on him in admiration.

"You must have been very rich to have accomplished such wonders!" exclaimed the Procureur.

"And most courageous to dare the undertaking," said the Chevalier de Peyrus.

The King of Pelroux thoughtfully shook his head. "Both riches and courage were perhaps requisite," said he, "and perhaps something more. I have often been accused of sorcery, and truly I know not if there be not some foundation for the charge in the history of this country. But come, gentlemen," &c.

It is not our purpose, nor would space allow us, to follow closely the tale; suffice it to say, that the lawyer Michelot returns from his mediatory mission, and that gold does its spiriting. The father having given his permission to his daughter's marriage, an impediment arises in the inconstancy of De Peyrus, whose debts have been paid and estates freed from mortgages by his munificent benefactor, who now declares himself a De Peyrus, and his uncle. But the gay Marcellin is filled with the lust of gold, and would fain resign poor Ernestine, and receive in her stead the cold and beautiful Margaret, his host's daughter, and heiress to the coveted mine. An old grinder has discovered Simon and his daughter in the act of smelting some metal in a small laboratory, and demands an exorbitant sum as the price of his secrecy. The king, in the heat of the moment, and in the presence of his daughter, threatens the beggar's life, and shortly afterwards Rabrisson is found dead, fallen from a precipice. Through the artful machinations of the lawyer, whom the beggar had consulted, Simon is accused of the murder, and Margaret, in the bitterness of her soul, curses her father. The real murderer eventually discloses himself, and the accusation of course falls to the ground. The following scene between father and daughter is one of the most powerful in the book:—

"My father," vehemently urged the young girl, "let me recal that last mournful scene which you have so often related, when unhappy Bernard left this world for heaven. He was extended on his bed of death, you were on your knees by his side, shedding torrents of tears; before you lay the Cross and the Holy Bible. You swore by the most solemn oaths that never would you reveal to any indiscreet or wicked persons the existence of the treasure which he bequeathed to you."

"Neither son, nor wife, nor mother, nor father, nor friend, could be exempted from this command; on the day in which it passed into doubtful hands, on that day it was to be annihilated."

"After that sad scene the invalid became exhausted—his soul no longer belonged to earth; nevertheless, pre-occupied by the glorious mission with which you were charged, you demanded by what signs you and your descendants could tell when the treasure would become fatal to mankind. Upon this, the dying man raised himself in his bed, lifted his hand to heaven, and said; 'My son, when your child curses you; when your friend betrays you; when he who is laden with your benefits overwhelms you with abuse; when snares multiply beneath your feet; when passions rage like a tempest around you; when, in order to please you, the old man becomes vile, the husband betrays his wife, and the priest his God—recognise the signs of the appointed time.' My father, after Bernard had pronounced these words he fell back, his eyes closed, and he expired."

"Margaret, Margaret," interrupted Martin Simon, brushing away a tear, "why recal those sorrowful recollections?"

"Because, my father, the warning signs foretold by Bernard have been fulfilled; because, now that your secret is known, crime and treason inclose you in a circle which daily narrows around you; because already by your side the old man dishonours his gray hairs, the husband deserts his wife, the priest blasphemes his God, and even your own daughter has cursed you in her heart. Yes, yes, the appointed time is come! that fatal power, which every moment threatens destruction to this humble corner of the earth, must be destroyed. Besides, have you not found the distribution of this gold too heavy a charge for a good and simple man like you?—this gold, that produces so much good and evil on the earth, from which you only reap ingratitude! Father, you have done much good with this treasure—take heed, lest you now only do evil. . . . . .

"You are good, my father, and only benevolent and charitable thoughts find a resting-place in your mind. In studying man, you have yet preserved the simplicity of heart and candid bearing of a child. Around you, you only see friends and brothers; when, alas, enemies and traitors are among them. Well!" continued she, becoming animated, and drawing herself up to her full height, whilst her large black eyes sparkled with dazzling brilliancy, "I, who am a young inexperienced girl; I, half wild, half a savage, see clearly what escapes your experienced eye; souls, which to you appear dark as midnight, are to me transparent as crystal. I see their hearts agitated by desires so base and guilty, that you would shrink from them in horror! My father, delude not yourself; the origin of our fortune is known. Only for a few short hours has it been discovered, and already we have trembled for our wealth, our lives, our honour.

"My father, fear you not to unchain those hideous passions which already yell around you? Behold! everywhere rankling hatred, growing ambition, premeditated treachery; by turns we are cringed to and threatened; snares multiply in our path, which soon perhaps we shall not have the power to avoid. The

'Gold Mine' turns every head and agitates every heart. Murder has been committed to obtain it; for, deceive not yourself, my father, this Eusèh Noel, whose probity we deemed unimpeachable, fought with Rabrisson, in the first instance, to obtain possession of our secret. For it men like Michelot become calumniators, false witnesses, intriguers; for it the sacred character of priests is profaned, as in the Prior's case; for it men like your brilliant Chevalier de Peyrus turn deceivers, false witnesses, base plotters. And have not I, myself, my father, yielded to the malignant influences of the metal, which seems to taint all within its reach? Did I not doubt you? What more is necessary, my father? Do you wait for our happy valley to be deluged with blood and rife with murder, ere you comprehend our danger?"

It need hardly be said that the mine is destroyed; but our readers must be referred to the book itself for the concluding scenes of this veracious history. The interest is fully kept up to the end, and the characters well sustained throughout; that of the noble-minded Margaret deserves a more extended notice than we can afford to give.

Although the book is not free from the besetting sin of French writers—theatrical glare and glitter—it possesses a far healthier and more moral tone than the majority of modern French romances, and therefore we heartily welcome it.

The Sulamander; a Naval Romance. By EUGENE SUE. Bruce and Wild.

THIS translation of one of the earlier novels of the now famous EUGENE SUE is published in the *Novel Newspaper*. The translation is faithfully executed, but the novel itself, though clever in parts and interesting in its plot, has not the genius apparent in the *Mysteries of Paris* and the *Wandering Jew*.

POETRY.

The Beggar's Coin; and other Poems. By R. BESTE. London: Dolman.

ALMOST every man may boast some special gift of nature, and if we must refuse to Mr. BESTE the merit of writing good poetry, we cannot deny that he enjoys the faculty of "second sight." He is more of a seer than a poet, as he proves by his opinion of his craft. Thus he apostrophizes:—

> Perchance, condemned in mine own desk to stow 'em,
> I shall muse o'er my lines while critics plead,
> Like wise postilions that the stamp I shew 'em
> Is not like their own favourite Moloch's head;
> And thus these stanzas—all their worth unknown,—
> Refused by all, may charm their bard alone.

Other great men before Mr. BESTE have read the hieroglyphics of destiny. MILTON was conscious of his greatness, and prophesied that after he had let his wings grow, he should dare a flight of which the world should be proud. GALILEO knew that ignorance and bigotry must at last kneel before him, and *he* also prophesied of his fame. But Mr. BESTE prophesies only of his failure. He has no faith in the discrimination of his fellow-men. Believing in the philosophy that "coming events cast their shadows before," he peeps into his desk, and there beholds the shadows of a large pile of unsold copies. But why this doubt? Looks it not as if the poet felt some misgivings of the "*worth*" of his productions, and not merely of the soundness of the public judgment?

We have in the volume before us a number of critical notices of Mr. BESTE's former writings. Of course they are *all* favourable. These may be a *lift* to an author, but they are no guides to our judgment. When we measure a man, we do not measure him upon stilts. We are ready to give Mr. BESTE credit for what he has really done well. Some of his novels shew him to be a rich thinker, and a proficient scholar; but the novelist and the poet only approach each other in the resemblance of their imaginations: in the use of that imagination the difference is seen. The poet does not beat out a valuable thought into a multitude of words, as the goldbeater hammers a lump of gold into a volume of thinnest leaves, the extent of surface being the sole aim of his handicraft. The true poet aims at condensation, utters the whole lexicon of love and jealousy in a single page, and with one dash of his pen proves himself to be the historian of the human heart. Such the poet is, but such is not Mr. BESTE.

In the *Beggar's Coin* we are conducted through the most beautiful parts of Italy, on which the poet descants as he goes along. Of course no one travels now without taking some pains to inform the world of his doings. And quite as certain it is that no one could think of writing of such places as Florence, Milan, Naples, &c. without seasoning his stories with a dash of love. It would look like affectation in Mr. BESTE to be unlike the rest of the world, and therefore he has followed the fashion, and the sun of Italy is made to warm a few young hearts for the poet's especial purpose.

Will *The Beggar's Coin* add to Mr. BESTE's fame? We think it will not. Its descriptions are not full, fresh, and sparkling. The writer of prose leads us through the poem. We cannot get rid of his presence, not even while we stand by the lofty Alps or the dusky shrouded Jura.

There can be no doubt that Mr. BESTE manages with skill the verse in which ARIOSTO and BYRON wrote. There are tactics in verse-making as in military movements; but what are they but schoolboys' lessons, that, being once learned, are apt to be mistaken for knowledge.

We again repeat that we are not blind to the excellences of Mr. BESTE's former writings, and we advise him to quit the walk of poetry, and follow his more natural walk of plain prose, and we are sure he will reap an advantage by the exchange. He has not set his "life upon a cast," like the tyrant of Bosworth Field, and whatever be his decision, he will only "stand the hazard" of his *fame*.

Kilda's Bridal; and other Poems. By SAMUEL GASQUOINE. London, 1845. Bogue.

MR. GASQUOINE is evidently a young and inexperienced writer. He is far from being perfect in the machinery of verse-making. Versification is not poetry, but it is the threshold of poetry, and the poet must pass it in his road to success. Mr. GASQUOINE props himself with expletives, as "Oh!" "But, oh!" "And, oh!" "Oh, yes!" and innumerable other ohs and ahs, which are strikingly inelegant. He has also a fault of repeating a word under the misapprehension, we suppose, that repetition is strength, as in such lines as

> Upon the *dark, dark* past.
> *Think, think* how swelled thy father's hate.
> *Where, where* is the soul?

And many others of the same kind. A word of two syllables may be found much more suited to the poet's purpose. Still, the repetition of a word may be used with considerable effect, as when *Othello*, strong in his love, yet doubting his wife's faith, exclaims "Ha, *ha!* false to me—*to me?*" Here the agony of the heart is expressed by the repetition. True taste will always decide when a word or sentence should be doubled.

We deal mildly with Mr. GASQUOINE, although he has hurried into print too soon, because his book is not the worst that has appeared this year. Still we cannot see a poem, as a whole, worth extracting. We advise our author, if ever he again think of publishing, to be only the poet while he is writing, and the critic *after* he has written, so as to avoid such a verse as this, which is the extreme of childishness:—

> O mother! is it sinning?
> I do, I do love you,—
> But I will love you dearer,
> If I may love *him* too."

One more word with the poet who has asked for our opinion. In reading his *Kilda's Bride*, the ghosts of many departed poets came gibbering on our ears—BYRON and SCOTT especially. Every writer—and a young one in particular—should rely on himself. His strength lies in his own brain. It was only after *Richard* was "*himself again*" that he was ready to do the work before him. Mr. GASQUOINE will take the hint.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

MR. BURNS is publishing a cheap but very interesting series of books for family reading, under the title of *Burns's Fireside Library*. They consist for the most part of original translations from the most popular of the German tales, thus opening to the English reader a new treasure in a mine of whose almost boundless wealth no adequate notion exists in this country, where a curiosity for continental literature is only of recent growth. The numerous publications of Mr. BURNS will much aid in the spreading of so desirable a taste, and we hope THE CRITIC has not altogether outrun the progress of the public mind in this direction by the arrangements it has made for supplying, for the first time, systematic information of the progress of literature in other countries. It is, however, encouraging to see the many translations published by Mr. BURNS, for the rapidity with which he produces them indicates that they find a welcome.

Seven numbers of the *Fireside Library* are now before us. The first is a translation of *Wallenstein and the Swedes in Prague*, one of the lively romances of CAROLINE PICHLER, whose reminiscences were some time since introduced to the readers of THE CRITIC. By the same prolific pen we are presented also with a tale of great eloquence, and abounding in *moral*, entitled *Quentin Matsys*. From the German of WILHELM HAUFF are taken two volumes, one of which contains his clever romance, *The Portrait of the Emperor*, and the other, *The Caravan, and other Stories*, which are delightfully German in their construction and manner of the telling. A fifth volume opens with a Russian tale, called *Prasca Leripouloff*, and comprises some six or eight more collected from various sources. The sixth volume is a gathering of *Northern Minstrelsy*, the choicest songs of Scotland. It is exquisitely printed, and lavishly illustrated with engravings. From this brief account of the parts of the series received, it will be apparent that Mr. BURNS has amply fulfilled his promise, and is furnishing to the fireside a library of entertainment which will delight old and young, not only without leaving a trace of evil, but with great profit to the heart, such admirable judgment is shewn in the selection.

A few periodicals received last week too late to be included in the notice then given of this numerous and useful class of publications must now be noticed, but necessarily with equal brevity.

The *Westminster Review*, No. LXXXV. for June, presents the aspect of a flourishing work, as we hope it is, for the ability with which it handles the original class of subjects it has taken to itself entitles it to an extensive circulation. Our readers are probably aware that for some time past the important topic of metropolitan abuses and improvements has occupied a prominent place in this review. In pursuance of this design, the first article in the present number treats both by pen and pencil of "Old and New London," a very curious, learned, and amusing paper, being profusely illustrated with wood-cuts and other engravings and maps, that make the descriptions plain to the eye. This is the gem of the number. Political and economical essays occupy the greater portion of the remaining pages; that on the "Claims of Labour" being especially worthy of perusal. There is a paper written in a fine classical spirit on "Homer's Iliad," and a very critical one on "Lord Brougham's Life of Voltaire," which will please everybody; besides many others of more than average merit. The *Westminster* is more *practical* in its tone than it used to be, and therefore calculated to be more extensively useful. Formerly it dealt too much in abstractions and theories.

The *Dublin University Magazine*, for June, has somewhat too much of review for a magazine, no less than four works being the subjects of elaborate articles. The original papers are not numerous, but they are very racy. In fiction we have a capital tale called "The Devil's Ladder," and a continuation, or rather a conclusion, of the "Nevilles of Garretstown." We would recommend the editor to consider well the propriety of introducing entire novels in this form; to us they are tedious. The second number of the "Personal Recollections of Thomas Campbell," from the first of which we made a few extracts, continues a theme which will not weary so long as there is a reminiscence of the poet to be recorded. *The* political article is on "Protestant Conversion in Ireland."

Wade's London Review, for June, should be called Wade's *Magazine*, for it is more of the latter than of the former. But the articles are written with uncommon vigour, and there is about them a large and liberal spirit, while they interest by dealing with topics of present importance, such as "The Woolwich Military Academy;" "Free Trade in Religion and Education;" "The Late Alterations in the Law of Debtor and Creditor;" "Hampton Court," "Irish Policy," and so forth.

The Family Herald, Vol. II. is the collected form of a periodical of astonishing cheapness, containing a large amount of really well-selected reading; such as essays, tales original and translated, biography, poetry, and miscellaneous matter for instruction, or food for laughter. The leading articles are very respectably written.

RELIGION.

A Prophecy respecting the Divinity of our Lord, &c. A Sermon preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, on Sunday, May 25, 1845. By CHAS. WM. WALL, D.D. London, 1845. Whittaker.

ADMITTING that great and grievous corruptions had crept into the original Hebrew of the Scriptures, Dr. WALL deems it the wisest course to acknowledge the error, and seek a remedy. He conceives that he has discovered a clue to the correction of these errors; where the Hebrew and Greek disagree, he has sought how the former could, with the least variation, be brought to yield the same meaning as the latter. He finds that in by far the greater number of instances the change was effected in the vowels, from which he infers that the sacred text was originally written in consonants only, as short-hand is now, and that it was in supplying these that the errors crept in. For the proofs of this hypothesis we must refer the reader to the very learned and interesting sermon before us.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Count of Monte Christo. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. 1845.

WE have been much struck by the power of this tale, of which the two first volumes only have yet reached us. It is full of happy and wholesome interest, and its style is, moreover, less crude than that of some other works by the same writer. The historical portions of the tale (comprising the escape from Elba, the events of the hundred days, and the restoration of the BOURBONS to the throne) are, so far as we have yet seen it, very skilfully and unobtrusively blended with the main action of the fable, and are, indeed, necessary to its development, instead of appearing,—as it is too frequently the case where they are merely subordinate,—to be unconnected, and often impertinent episodes. The work commences with the arrival of a merchant vessel from the Levant, in the port of Marseilles, on the 28th of February, 1815, under the temporary command of the mate, a youth of nineteen, the captain having died of fever off Civita Vecchia. This youth, the hero of the tale, has unconsciously made two bitter enemies. One is the purser of the ship, who is jealous of his favour with the owner, and the other a young Cataline, who has, during his absence, been vainly endeavouring to seduce the affections of his mistress, a beautiful girl, belonging to the same singular colony.

We have, ourselves, during a long residence in the south of France, frequently passed a few hours in the little Catalan village, and can vouch for the accuracy of M. DUMAS's description, which forms a romantic framework to the luxuriant portraiture of female beauty which it incloses.

THE CATALAN VILLAGE AND THE CATALAN BEAUTY.

Behind a bare and rugged hillock, stripped of its vegetation alike by the scorching sun and the withering *mistral*, rose the little village of the Catalins.

One day a mysterious colony left Spain, and landed upon the jet of land which it still occupies; it came no one knew whence, and spoke an unknown language. One of the chiefs, who understood the Provençal tongue, requested the corporation of Marseilles to give them the bare and arid promontory upon which they had, like the mariners of the olden time, drawn their barks ashore. Their application was successful, and three months afterwards around the twelve or fifteen vessels which had contained these sea-gipseys, a little village was constructed.

This hamlet, built after a picturesque and whimsical fashion, half Moorish and half Spanish, is the same which is seen in the present day, inhabited by the descendants of these men, who speak the language of their fathers. For three or four centuries they have remained faithful to this little promontory, upon which they swooped down like a flight of sea-birds, without amalgamating in any way with the inhabitants of Marseilles; intermarrying among themselves; and having preserved the habits and costume of their mother country as they have retained her idiom.

Our readers must follow us through the only street of this little village, and enter with us one of those houses to whose exterior the sun gives that beautiful grey tint peculiar to the monuments of that country, while within a coat of plaster of Paris adds that dazzling whiteness which forms the only ornament of a Spanish cottage.

A beautiful young girl, with hair as black as jet, and eyes as velvety as those of the gazelle, was standing leaning against a partition, and bruising between her slight and exquisitely moulded fingers an innocent tuft of heather, from which she was tearing the flowers that lay scattered about the floor. Her arms, which were bare to the elbow and sunburnt, but which appeared as if modelled from those of the Venus of Arles, shook with a sort of agueish impatience, while she beat upon the ground with her small and elastic foot, and revealed the pure, bold, and rounded outline of her leg, covered by a red stocking with clocks of mingled blue and green.

This fair maiden, Mercédès by name, is the affianced bride of the young mariner Edmund Dantés, still faithful to her first affection, and writhing beneath the persecuting passion of his rival. The captain of the Pharaoh, just before his death, instructs his mate to make the island of Elba, and to deliver to

Marshal BERTRAND a sealed packet, which he confides to his care for that purpose. He obeys; exchanges a few words with the Emperor, who by chance enters the apartment at the moment, and receives a letter addressed to a certain M. Noirtier, which he is charged to deliver personally. Ignorant that he is compromising himself by these concessions, and blindly obeying the instructions of his deceased commander, Dantés relates the circumstance to his owner, in order to account for a delay of which he is accused by the purser, in his homeward voyage. The conference is overheard by this man (Danglars), who combines with an old friend of Edmund's, jealous of his prosperity, and with Fernand, the lover of Mercédès, to forward to the minister of police an anonymous accusation against Dantés, charging him with being a secret agent of BUONAPARTE, and of having lately held personal communication with him. The plan succeeds, and the gallant young sailor, to whom his owner had already promised the permanent command of the vessel, is arrested at table, surrounded by his friends, on the morning of his intended marriage, and dragged to the palace of justice to be examined before a certain M. De Villefort, deputy attorney to the Crown, whose father is a rabid Buonapartist, and obnoxious to the government, while he himself, devoured by ambition, and about to make a brilliant marriage with the daughter of one of the old royalist nobles, is a firm and zealous partisan of LOUIS XVIII. Dantés, anxious to be restored to liberty, and to the arms of his bride, once more, upon hearing the accusation against him, tells his simple tale, and Villefort is about to liberate him, when, on reading the address of the letter intrusted to Edmund to deliver in Paris, he perceives upon it the name of his father. Utter ruin stares him in the face. His father's participation in the fortunes of the exile is well known to the police. He opens the letter, and becomes desperate. Affecting commiseration for the prisoner, he throws the fatal letter upon the blazing hearth, and after having cautioned him never to mention the name of Noirtier as connected with his arrest, lest he should thereby injure himself hereafter, he leaves him with a promise that he shall be set at liberty after dark.

The confiding young man, ignorant that he holds in his power the future fortunes of the ambitious and uncompromising Villefort, relies upon the pledge, and a few hours subsequently finds himself a prisoner in the dungeons of the Chateau d'If.

The law-officer, profiting by the information contained in the letter so unceremoniously opened, and anxious to make demonstration of his loyalty to the king, obtains a note to M. de Blacas, which assures him an audience, thus characteristically described:—

A ROYAL AUDIENCE.

Let us penetrate through the two or three saloons which precede it, to the little cabinet of the Tuileries, with the arched window, so well known as having been the favourite cabinet of Napoleon and of Louis XVIII. and as being to-day that of the King Louis Philippe. There, in that cabinet, seated before a table of walnut-tree wood, which he had brought from Hartwell, and of which, by one of those strange whims common to great personages, he was extremely attached, the King, Louis XVIII. was listening listlessly to a man of 50 or 52 years of age, with grey hair, and a stern and noble countenance; at the same time marking on the margin of a volume of Horace, of the edition of Gryphius, which is incorrect enough, although esteemed, and which afforded good opportunity for the sagacious philosophical remarks of his majesty.

"You say then, Sir,——" said the king.

"That I am as uneasy as I can be, Sire."

* * * * * * *

"About what?"

"About Buonaparte, or at least his party."

"My dear Blacas," said the king, "you prevent my working with your terrors."

"Sire, I wish I could share the security of your majesty."

"Wait, my dear count, wait; I have a capital note on the *Pastor quum traheret;* wait an instant, and then you can continue what you are saying."

There was a momentary silence, during which Louis XVIII. wrote, in as small characters as he could accomplish, a new note on the margin of his Horace; then, having completed it, he said, as he raised his head with the satisfied air of a man who imagines that he has had an idea, when he has merely commented on that of another. "Continue, my dear count, continue, I listen."

"Sire," said M. de Blacas, "I am compelled to inform you that it is not a mere report without foundation, a mere piece of news coming no one knows whence, which alarms me; it is a thoughtful man, meriting all my confidence, and charged by me to keep a keen eye upon events in the south, who has arrived post to tell me that 'a great peril threatens the king.' It is that circumstance which brings me to your presence, Sire.

"*Mala ducis avi domum,*" continued Louis XVIII. noting his Horace.

"Does your majesty forbid me to pursue the subject?"

"No, my dear count. But stretch out your hand; there, to the left, you will find the report of the minister of police of yesterday's date. But see, here he is himself. Did you not say the minister of police?" interrupted Louis XVIII. addressing the door-keeper. "Enter, baron, and tell the count all your most recent news of M. de Buonaparte. Hide nothing, however serious it may be. Come, is the island of Elba a volcano, and are we about to see war issue thence, all armed and glittering —*bella, horrida bella?*"

"Has your majesty been pleased to consult yesterday's report?"

"Yes, yes; but tell the count himself, who cannot find it, what it contains. Detail to him what the usurper is doing in his island."

"Sir," said the baron to the count, "all the loyal subjects of his majesty must rejoice on hearing our last intelligence from Elba. Buonaparte——" The minister looked towards Louis XVIII. who, occupied in writing a note, did not even raise his head.

"Buonaparte," continued the baron, "is wretchedly *ennuié.* He passes whole days in watching the labours of his miners at Porto Longone. And, more than this, we are almost satisfied that the usurper will shortly become deranged."

"Deranged!"

"Aye, mad enough for a strait waistcoat. His head is giving way. Sometimes he weeps bitterly, and sometimes laughs to excess; at others he passes hours upon the shore, throwing pebbles into the water; and when the pebble makes five or six bounds, he appears as well satisfied as if he had gained another Marengo or a new Austerlitz. These are, as you will admit, symptoms of derangement."

"Or wisdom, baron, or wisdom?" said Louis XVIII. laughing. "The great captains of antiquity amused themselves by throwing stones into the sea. See Plutarch's *Life of Scipio Africanus.* Well, Blacas, what do you think of it?" said the king, quitting for an instant his compilation of the voluminous scholiast open before him.

"I say, Sire, that either the minister of police or myself must be mistaken. But as it is impossible that it should be the minister of police, since he it is who has in his care the safety and the honour of your majesty, it is probable that it is I who am in error. Nevertheless, Sire, were I in the position of your majesty, I would interrogate the person of whom I spoke; and I will again venture to counsel your majesty to do him that honour."

In the interim the minister of police is despatched to his bureaux, to ascertain whether more recent accounts have been received from Elba.

M. de Blacas ascended the staircase with the same haste as he had descended it; but in the antechamber he was obliged to invoke the king's authority. The dusty coat of Villefort, his costume, where nothing courtly could be distinguished, had excited the susceptibility of the master of the ceremonies, who was astonished to see that the young man had the assurance to appear in such a dress before the king; but the count overcame all difficulties by the words, "By the king's order;" and, despite the observations which the master of the ceremonies continued to make, for the honour of the principle, Villefort was introduced. The king was seated in the same place where the count had left him. When the door opened, Villefort found himself precisely opposite. The first impulse of the young magistrate was to stand still.

"Enter, M. de Villefort," said the king, "enter."

Villefort bowed low, advanced a few steps, and then waited for the king to question him.

"M. de Villefort," continued Louis XVIII. "here is the Count de Blacas, who asserts that you have something important to reveal to us."

"Sire, the count is right, as I trust that your majesty will yourself acknowledge."

"In the first place, and before all else, Sir, do you consider the evil so great as it has been represented to me?"

"Sire, I believe it to be urgent; but I trust that, thanks to the haste which I have made, it may not be irreparable."

"Speak openly, if you wish it, Sir," said the king, who began to participate in some degree in the emotion which was visible on the features of M. de Blacas, and which trembled in the voice of Villefort; "speak, and above all, begin with the beginning."

The king, relying upon the loyalty of the provinces, laughs at the idea of any attempt on the part of NAPOLEON to escape from Elba, and to venture himself once more among the French people. He admits the existence of Buonapartist clubs in the metropolis, but, relying on the vigilance of the police, asserts the utter impossibility of any design of evasion on the part of the exile, no whisper of the sort having reached the agents of the Minister.

At this moment the Minister of Police appeared at the threshold, pale and trembling. Villefort stepped aside in order to retire, but M. de Blacas held him back.

Louis XVIII. at sight of the agitated face before him, pushed away violently the table at which he was seated.

"How now, baron!" he exclaimed—"you appear agitated! Has this emotion any connection with the tidings of M. de Blacas, since confirmed by M. de Villefort?"

"Sire," stammered the baron.

"Well, what say you?" said Louis XVIII.

"Oh, Sire, how frightful a misfortune! Am I not painfully to pity? I shall never be able to console myself."

"Sir," said Louis XVIII. "I command you to speak."

"Then, Sire, the usurper left Elba on the 26th of February, and disembarked on the 1st of March."

"Where? In Italy?" asked the king eagerly.

"In France, Sire—in a little port near Antibes, in the Gulf of Juan."

"The usurper disembarked in France, near Antibes, in the Gulf of Juan, within 250 leagues of Paris, on the 1st of March, and you inform me of this event to-day only, on the 4th! Why, Sir, what you say is impossible; you have received false intelligence."

"Alas, Sire!" what I announce to you is only too true."

Louis XVIII. with an indescribable gesture of anger and alarm, drew himself up to his full height, as though this unexpected blow had reached him at the same time both in heart and countenance.

"In France!" he exclaimed, "the usurper in France! Did no one then watch this man? or, who knows? were they not in his interests?"

"Oh, Sire;" interposed the Count de Blacas, "the Minister of Police is not a man to accuse of treason. Sire, we have all been blind, and the baron like the rest."

"But—" said Villefort; then stopping suddenly, he added as he bowed profoundly to the king; "Pardon, pardon Sire; my zeal carries me away, may your majesty deign to excuse me."

"Speak, Sir; speak boldly;" said Louis XVIII. "you alone forewarned us of the evil, help us now to find a remedy."

"Sire," said Villefort, "the usurper is detested in the south; it appears to me that, should he venture himself there, Provence and Languedoc might easily be raised against him."

"Yes, doubtlessly," said the minister; "but he advances by Gap and Sisteron."

"He advances!—he advances!" cried Louis XVIII. "is he then marching upon Paris?"

The Minister of Police maintained a silence which amounted to the most frank avowal.

"And the Dauphiny, Sir?" asked the king of Villefort; "could that, think you, be raised against him also?"

"Sire, I am grieved to declare to your Majesty a cruel truth; but the feeling in Dauphiny is not loyal like that of Provence and Languedoc. The mountaineers are Buonapartists, Sire."

"At all events," murmured Louis XVIII. "he is competent to his mission. And how many men has he with him?"

"Sire, I know not," said the Minister of Police.

"How!—you know not! You have forgotten to make this inquiry?—It is true that it is of minor importance," he added, with a withering smile.

"Sire, the despatch simply announced the disembarkation, and the route taken by the usurper."

"And how did this despatch reach you?" asked the king.

The minister bent his head, and the blood rushed to his forehead.

"By the telegraph, Sire."

Louis XVIII. moved a step forward and crossed his arms as Napoleon would have done.

"So," said he, pale with passion; "seven coalesced armies have overthrown this man; a heavenly miracle has replaced me on the throne of my ancestors, after an exile of five-and-twenty years; I have, during those five-and-twenty years studied, probed, analysed the men and the affairs of that France which was promised to me; and all this only that when I had attained the summit of my hopes, a power which I held in my own grasp should explode and crush me."

"Sire—it is fate," murmured the minister, feeling that such a weight, though to be borne lightly by destiny, quite sufficed to annihilate an individual.

"To fall!" continued Louis XVIII. who, with one glance had sounded the depth of the precipice upon which the monarchy was tottering; "to fall, and to learn one's misfortune by the telegraph! Oh, I should prefer to mount the scaffold of my brother Louis XVI. than thus to descend the stairs of the Tuileries, hunted by ridicule. Ridicule, Sir, you do not know what it is in France!"

"Sire, Sire," stammered the minister; "for pity's sake—"

"Approach, M. de Villefort," continued the king, addressing the young man, who, upright and motionless in the back-ground, was watching the progress of the conversation upon which depended the destinies of a kingdom; "approach, and tell this gentleman that it was possible to know beforehand all of which he was ignorant."

"Sire, it was materially impossible to guess the projects which this man concealed from all the world," murmured the minister.

"Materially impossible! Yes, that is a great word, Sir. Unfortunately, it is with great words as with great men—I have measured them. Materially impossible to a minister who has an administration, offices, agents, and 1,500,000 francs of secret service money, to know what is passing at the distance of sixty leagues from the French coast! Look, then, at this gentleman, who had none of these resources: here is this gentleman, a simple magistrate, who knew more than you with all your police, and who would have saved my crown had he possessed, as you did, the right of directing a telegraph."

The look of the minister, full of profound mortification, rested for a moment upon Villefort, who bent his head in modest triumph.

"I do not say this for you, my dear Blacas," pursued Louis XVIII.; "for, even if you made no discovery, you at least had the good sense to persist in your suspicions. Another than yourself would probably have considered the revelation of M. de Villefort as insignificant, or suggested by a venal ambition, and would have awaited the tidings of the telegraph."

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"We shall not forget you, Sir; and in the meanwhile," continued the king (unfastening the cross of the Legion of Honour, which he always wore upon his blue coat, beside the cross of St. Louis, and giving it to Villefort)—"in the meanwhile, take this cross."

"Sire," said Villefort, "your majesty mistakes. This is the cross of an officer."

"By my faith, Sir," said Louis XVIII. "you must take it as it is. I have no time to send for another. Blacas, see that the brevet is forwarded to M. de Villefort."

The eyes of Villefort glistened with proud joy. He received the cross, and raised it to his lips.

* * * * * *

"Ah, Sir," said the Minister of Police to Villefort, as they left the Tuileries, "you have entered by the right gate, and your fortune is made."

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Kosmos. Entwurf einer Physischen Weltbeschreibung von Alexander Von Humboldt. (*Kosmos; a Sketch of a Physical Description of the World.*) By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Vol. I. 8vo. London, 1845. Dulau.

TOWARDS the close of a life devoted to science, the personal observation of the grandest works of nature, and the most untiring investigation of her laws, ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT contributes this work, "the uncertain outline of whose form has for fifty years been present to his mind," to the literature of his fatherland. It is an offering worthy of both. It is strictly in accordance with what experience has shewn to be the most useful, because the most scientific method of conducting philosophical inquiry; for it is a record of facts, not of one age, but of all time, collected not merely from the "pilgrim fathers" of science, but by their more successful, as more largely instructed, descendants and disciples. And it is thus only that the history of creation can be written. The characteristic of ancient as compared with modern philosophy is this,—that the former disdained to be useful, was early lost in vague dogmatic theory, and perished by the very means which would otherwise have created and made it eternal,—the progress of the human mind. Philosophy, since BACON, has proceeded upon his maxim, "genus humanum novis operibus et potestatibus continuo dotare," and the result is,—wise deductions obtained from observation, analysis, experiment; and these conducted by men who did not labour to make fact subordinate or subservient to theory, but deduced theory from fact. We are free to admit, that in a history of the world, as regards its physical structure, speculation must precede know-

ledge. Not to write until we have results to guarantee the projection of philosophic system, is to exclude all general reasoning on the subject. And to write, however cleverly, the history of creation, with broken links in the chain of that general reasoning, is but to produce works of ingenious speculation. This work, therefore, will be henceforth the text-book of all who would learn how nature has herself unfolded the story of her birth, and how those she nourished by her truths have recorded what she taught. To man, one of the most interesting questions which the first awakened powers of his mind discuss, is that of origin. Whence came we? Whither do we progress? What is our comparative social condition in the scale of nations? These ideas, ever recurrent, ever disputed, seem yet destined to traverse the earth like angels who set forth in the morning, their flight at first buoyant through hope, but who return at eve, their wings wearied and weighed down by the oppressive atmosphere of ignorance and doubt. Opinion on this subject can hardly be more divided or discordant. Some argue for unity of descent from one pair; others that the first generation must have consisted of many pairs, different in external character. There are others, also, who uphold the doctrine of a designed higher and lower creation, who make one race the emanation of the Deity, and another the accidental perfection of the ape.

Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die?

Shall it be MONBODDO, MORTON, BLUMENBACH, W. VON HUMBOLDT, PRICHARD, or the author of *Kosmos?* And to all of these, except the first, how much respect is due. As to locality of origin, all seem to be united: scripture, tradition, historical investigation; the lines traced back in which the principal tribes appear to have migrated alike confirm each other, all place the land of the first-born, the cradle of the human family, in the east. To shew its general features, we shall limit our remarks to this question, premising, however, that the subject will be hereafter more largely discussed by the author; and that with the view to make the extract complete in itself, it has been in parts abridged from the original.

ON LANGUAGE AND THE ORIGIN OF MANKIND.

That general view of creation which I have undertaken to sketch would be imperfect were I not, however slightly, to attempt to trace the human race in its physical modifications, in the geographical extension of its contemporaneously existing types, and to note the influence natural circumstances have exercised upon social condition, and how it has re-acted upon these. Dependent, though possibly in a lesser degree than plants or beasts, upon the earth; less subject to atmospheric change; separated from them by the endowment of active intellectual faculties, and by a lofty progressive intelligence, man is yet essentially a part of all that Nature, in her wide exuberance of creative power, has endowed with life. Hence it is that the obscure, oft-disputed problem of a common origin comes, in a History of the Earth, within the limits it prescribes; for language is the mirror which reflects the historic progress of a people; it stands next in importance to affiliation of race; and what even but slight variations occasion in this latter respect, Greek history teaches in the highest period of Grecian civilization. The most important questions in the history of human progress are dependent upon our ideas of origin, community of language, and the continued government of the mind and feelings by impressions bearing a primordial character. So long as inquiry was limited to extremes of variation in colour, and yielded to the active sensibility of first impressions, we were taught to consider races, not as differing in degree, but as differing in origin. And the unchangeableness of certain types, amid external causes the most inimical, particularly those of climate, seemed to favour this opinion. But far more forcibly, on the other hand, it appears to me, do the various degrees of colour in the skin, analogous variations in wild and domestic animals, and the information recently obtained upon productive hybrids, attest the unity of the human race.

Many contrasts hitherto supposed to exist have disappeared, owing to the researches of Tiedemann upon the brains of Negroes and Europeans, to the anatomical investigations of Brolikk, and those of Weber upon the form of the pelvis. If we take a general view of the dark-coloured African nations over which Prichard's valuable work has shed so much information, and compare these with the races of the South Indian and West Australasian Archipelago, we see at once that dark skins, woolly hair, and negro-like features are not necessarily invariably connected with each other. Geographical inquiries as to the first country, the so-called cradle of the human race, are of a purely mythic character. "We know," says William Von Humboldt, in a yet unpublished work, "no period in which men were not found segregated in families." Whether this were originally so or not, we are unable to decide. In countries far distant from each other, some oft-repeated traditions, of very uncertain connection, support the first view, and infer the origin of all society from the first two created. And the wide extension of this tradition has given it all the credit of being one of the earliest memorials of the history of mankind. Yet, if any thing, it tenders rather negative evidence; it wants strict historical character, and seems to have its origin in that general method of describing an event, of which the conception was uniform, and the probability similarly apparent to the earliest settlers in a land. In fact, all these traditions betray invention; the origin of society ascribed to a period beyond all research, is brought within the range comparatively of one of modern experience; centuries pass over the human race, and then a waste island, or some remote valley was peopled. Men, in truth, are so fettered to their own race and time, that none willingly admit a generation or a period unconnected with antecedents or the past. Thought and experience alike fail, and inquiry into the origin of language cannot solve the question.

The membership of mankind is that of species, which we describe by the somewhat indefinite term race. We may accept the old classification of Blumenbach,—the Caucasian, Mongolian, American, and Maylayan, or adopt that of Prichard,—the Iranic, Turanic, American, Bushman, Negroes, Papuas, and Alfouras, but yet no typical exactness, no unvarying natural principle of division in either system can be traced. We set aside what extremes in form and colour equally establish, and races which cannot be included in the above are now called Scythic, and then Allophylic. Iranic is indeed a better term than Caucasian, but geographical nomenclature as the authority for the exode of nations is in general an uncertain guide; for the land which gives the name, for instance Turan, has at various times been inhabited by different tribes—Indo-Germanic and Finnish, but not of Mongolian origin. Language, indeed, when exhibiting a national form, is of great importance either to trace affinity or variation in race. But strict ethnographical study shews that great caution must in this respect be exercised; for conquest, social intercourse, the influence of a new religion, and the blending of races even but to a limited extent, have caused in both continents similar recurring phenomena; so that in languages entirely dissimilar, amid a people of widely different origin, idioms of the same derivatives have been found. And there are other disturbing causes; those, namely, of climate and descent. Whilst, however, we maintain the unity of the human race, we are met by the saddening opinion of a higher and lower order. But this may hardly be. A race more civilized, more susceptible of civilization, more ennobled by intellectual culture may exist, but no race is originally nobler than another. All are equally destined for freedom, whether in the rude condition of savage life, or through the protection of political institutions. If there be one idea of greater import than another which pervades all history, it is that of humanity and the progress of man. To remove the prejudices which selfish feelings have caused and encouraged between men, to consider them without reference to religion, nation, or colour, but as a great brotherhood destined to the same end,—the free development of intellectual power, is the lesson which all history teaches.

Well for society would it be, if this last sentence of lettered wisdom were to enjoy its practical effect. Better, far better, than the theology of controversial truths, is the theology of the human affections, to promote that happiness which flows from the brotherhood of man; and if these inquiries have no other result, they have in this their reward. With respect to the importance of language for their solution, it must, we feel assured, be subordinate, or at best be considered as simple, conjectural, accessory proof. The character of a people is, after all, of artificial formation, and their speech bears the mark of external impressions. Language in some conditions of life seems instinctively created. The tribes of Africa, separated from others, soon form a dialect of their own; and this is but a type of what has occurred in the history of great nations. We may trace descent by derivatives and systems of formatives, but we suspect that to the best proofs so many exceptional cases might be opposed, that to origin, at least to unity of origin, language is no guide. And this we believe to be equally true as regards physical structure. It is modified by natural laws and accidental circumstance. It is affected by calamity and blessing, conquest and civilization. Traces of the first race remain, but softened down and tempered into beauty, or debased till they approach the beast. Thus the origin of the human race is for inquiry, not decision. Most earnestly we recommend this book, and as anxiously await its completion.

(To be continued.)

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve their fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

Memoranda of a Continental Tour, Personal, Pictorial, and Political.

IN some of the early numbers of THE CRITIC, were notices of a MS. under the above title, submitted for this department of it. Many passages were extracted, which appeared much to interest readers, until the growing flood of new publications compelled their abrupt postponement to a time when enlarged space might permit their continuance. That time has now arrived; and we resume the MS. at the page where we last parted from it. For the information of the many new readers since that period introduced to THE CRITIC, it will be necessary to state that the Tour before us was through a well-worn track,—Belgium, the Rhine, the Baths, and Switzerland. Already we have traced the traveller to Lausanne, and up the Rhigi, and to St. Gothard, where we left him and his companions anxiously waiting the morning light. As the *impressions* of a stranger on his first visit to the mountains are really much more interesting than any mere pen-and-ink pictures of places no words *can* describe, and the Tour before us is rather a record of impressions, than, as tours are usually, transcripts of scenery and facts, we propose to give entire the lively chapter that narrates the author's first experiences of Alpine travelling.

AN ORATION—ALPINE TRAVELLING—ALPINE PASTURES—THE GLACIER OF THE RHONE—THE SOURCE OF THE RHONE—THE GRIMSEL.

Day was just dawning when the vigilant guide thundered at our chamber door, and would not be quiet until assured that we were fairly out of bed; a long daylight in prospect being essential to the safety of mountain wanderings. We were loath to leave our mattresses, though they were somewhat hard—(straw makes a delicious couch when one is tired); but there was no help for it, so we dressed in the dusk, and, descending, found our welcome breakfast spread, and we could hear the tramp of horses below, and the voices of their impatient conductors complaining of our delay. But our West Indian friend was not to be deterred by all the guides in Switzerland from paying honour due to the good things spread before him. Excellent coffee, the sweetest and most fragrant mountain honey, huge jugs of new milk, fresh butter, hot rolls, eggs, and a hash of chamois, were not to be despatched in a moment, so, when a remonstrance arrived from below that the sun was rising and that it was time to depart, the humorist thrust his long Scotch body out of the window, and, in his broadest northern accent, harangued the grumblers in the court-yard, who did not understand a word of English. "You d—d rascals," he began, while we were in convulsions of laughter, "the more you tease, the more we won't come; I won't cross one of those beggarly horses till I've eaten a good breakfast; you are hired for the day to wait upon us; we shall not wait upon you." Then, hearing our shouts of fun within, and recollecting that his audience did not understand him, he bethought himself of the only two German words he had learned, and which he continually applied with magical effect; "*Kein trinkgeld*, you blackguards." The charm did not fail now; we heard no more complaints; our friend's eloquence had prevailed. We breakfasted in peace, and leisurely.

The reader must understand, that the traveller who desires to explore the Alps with the aid of horse or mule is compelled to hire the owner with the beast, and, however numerous the party, each animal has its human attendant. The charge is fixed by the government at so much by the day, the traveller paying for return, so that the real cost is exactly double the apparent one, unless the traveller is lucky enough to meet on his way some other traveller taking the route over which he has passed, with whom he may exchange horse and guide, and so each will be saved the charge of return. In addition to their legal hire, it is usual, as a matter of favour where there has been civility and attention, and fidelity, to give an extra franc or two per day, under the title of *trinkgeld*, or *drink money*, and it was the threat of the loss of this "*kein trinkgeld*"—"no drink-money, you blackguards"—which had crowned with success the oration of our friend.

What ragged, raw-boned steeds are these before the door! What uncomfortable saddles, and no bridles, nothing but a halter of chain or rope tied about the neck! What civilized being ride thus, and over such rough ways, too. Imagine yourself, S——, thus parading the Park in the fulness of the season. What a figure would you cut, G——, were you so to meet your congregation at the Kirk. But complaint and remonstrance were vain. The guides were invincible; not a bridle would they give us, though the Planter thundered "*kein trinkgeld*" in their ears till he was hoarse. They knew better than we what was good for us. Our excellent host, hearing the noise, and probably accustomed to like scenes, explained to us that in the difficult and dangerous paths we were about to traverse, fear would be apt to get the better of discretion; a bridle in the hand would perchance be checked involuntarily, and horse and rider hurled down a precipice half a mile in depth. Consolatory news for novices at starting!

But there was an exhilaration in the mountain and morning breeze, in the scenery that surrounded us, in the anticipations of the day's wonders, that forbad annoyance or alarm. We were in the most exuberant spirits, and ready to snatch pleasure from every thing. My heart literally bounded with delight, to be, and breathe, and see, and feel, among the actual, palpable, visible Alps, no longer a dream or a picture, but a sublime reality. Precipices! pshaw!—I could hang over the darkest abyss without a shudder. Danger!—ha! I could face the most uncertain path without a tremor—for am I not in the Alps. Go on, then, guide, where you will.

Our path for a mile or two lay through a valley of no great width, and of scanty herbage, flanked on either side by a ridge of mountain, bare and barren, in crevices of which lay patches of snow that reflected the rising rays of the sun. It was seamed throughout by the tracks of torrents, that had brought down with them huge masses of rock, which they had thickly scattered over the plain, and around which our horses were compelled to pick their way, with repeated stumbles. Indeed the entire path was rough beyond any thing we in macadamized England could conceive as practicable for steed or man. It would give but a faint idea of it to compare it with a London street, in which the pavement has been torn up, and the stones scattered about in every conceivable posture, for the blocks that paved our path were five times as large and quite as numerous. An English horse would have broken his knees ere he had gone twenty yards; but our practised scare-crows threaded them with slow and cautious steps, now stumbling, now jumping, now slipping, yet never falling. It was a miracle of horsemanship and would have puzzled the most daring of our steeple-chasers.

At length we commenced a very gentle ascent, upon a path beaten in the turf. On our right there was an extensive range of table land, with swelling knolls all over it, on our left a precipice that descended almost perpendicularly to the bed of the stream that noisily rushed along at its foot. As we mounted, the path gradually grew more narrow, until it was a mere ledge cut in the side of the tremendous steep, of just sufficient breadth to admit the horse and his rider, but not enough to permit a passage to aught we might meet. The right foot touched the bank as I went along, the left hung dangling over the abyss. Moreover the path was worn, uneven, sometimes covered with huge stones, sometimes it had yielded to a torrent or a heavy tread, and the animal was obliged to cross the treacherous spot with a spring. It was interesting to mark the sagacity with which the horses moved, putting out the feet with caution, as if to feel the firmness of the spot before they threw their weight upon it. A rolling stone, a treacherous turf, an accidental trip or slip, would inevitably have hurled horse and rider over the precipice.

Still I did not, and *could* not, feel fear. I look back upon my sensations with surprise and perplexity. At home, nothing would have tempted me to cross such a path. There, a man who would dare such would be accounted mad. But upon that mountain side, never for a moment did my head grow giddy, or my cheek blanch, or my nerves quiver. Onward I went, as unconcernedly as if I had been travelling over the smoothest highway. Even then I tried to analyse my sensations and trace them to a cause. Was it the exhilaration of spirits produced by the fresh mountain breeze, or the soul-absorbing grandeur of the scene, or the novelty of the adventure, or the conviction that there was no help for it, and that, whatever the danger, it must be faced? To this hour I cannot tell. Perhaps it was a mixture of all these emotions. The excitement of Swiss scenery makes one almost mad with buoyancy of spirit and springiness of limb. The pure fresh air produces sensations very similar to those which, I should suppose, follow a draught of the laughing gas.

But what words can I find to convey to the reader any thing like a notion of the surpassing loveliness of the alpine pastures. You travel through a garden. Myriads of flowers of the brightest hues and richest fragrance cover the face of the country. Butterflies, small in size, but of the gayest colours, hover about in clouds! Bees and grasshoppers keep the air alive with their humming and chirruping. The latter are not like ours, but have brilliant wings of red and blue, which they spread as they

leap. The wild thyme, crushed at every footstep, sends up a delicious scent. The strawberry, now just ripe, peeps out from beneath its canopy of green leaves, and tempts your palate by its peculiarly fine aromatic flavour. The turf is mossy, and you long to lie down upon it amid this excess of flowret and insect life, and admire the compensating bounty of Providence, that has lavished upon the short summer of these high regions all the loveliness that is spread over months before the inhabitants of the plains. Yet here there is not a tree, or a shrub, or a bush; nothing but these wildernesses of flowers, and bees, and butterflies, ranging for miles upon the verge of the reign of eternal winter. My heart beats and my bosom heaves at the very remembrance of them, as they pass again before my mind's eye while scribbling these hurried memoranda of the *impressions* of those wanderings.

But anon this paradise is passed and the way grows more steep, and the rocks more rugged, and on the mountain sides are the tracks of avalanches, shewn in broad streams of rocks they had brought with them in their fall. Now the flowers had vanished, and the bee's hum was no more heard, and no bright butterfly was visible. The snows that lay between the peaks on our left, on the other side of the ravine, seemed almost on a level with our feet, and the glitter of the sun's rays upon them was distinct. Presently we turned an abrupt promontory of rock, and the next moment we trod upon the yet unmelted ice. We were in the region of eternal frost. Here we passed a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen, whom we had long seen in advance of us. Exchanging a hasty greeting as we went by, we discovered that they were our countryfolk.

A few minutes and a magnificent scene opened upon us, which made us halt with one accord, and stand staring in silent astonishment.

It was a gorge between the mountains whose range extended far as the eye could strain, all lifting their snowy heads into the sky, and having glaciers streaming down their sides. Below lay the glacier of the Rhone, to which our path wound down a precipitous descent, over which our guides would not permit us to ride. But who that had the free use of his limbs would desire to sit idly in such a region as this? We leapt, and jumped, and bounded down the steep. Even the old planter felt the influence of the place and was a boy again. We plucked the flowers, scrambled for the strawberries, hunted the butterflies and grasshoppers, and coming to a little spring sat down, and opening our flasks of cognac, deprived the water of its dangerous though tempting chillness, and, thus refreshed, went on again and reached the valley long before the horses.

Our excellent companion of the Kirk had lingered behind, hunting flowers as intently as if he had been a botanist; we shouted to him to come on; he would not hear, but continued his employment. Suspecting a purpose in this, I threw myself upon a bank of campanulas and gentianellas and wild thyme, and watched him.

I am not mistaken. Two of the ladies whom we had passed upon the snow are descending the mountain with steps as light as fawns. As they approach, our companion moves yet more slowly, and botanizes more intently. Now they pass; he takes off his hat; they stop; they talk; he joins them; he helps them to cross rough places. They are friends already. No more botany—no more lingering—Ah, Mr. G————g!

We join them, and their party follow; the place is our introduction. They are five ladies and three gentlemen, from Guernsey, descendants of a French family of rank there, with a decidedly French name. The senior is conducting his son, a widowed sister, with her two daughters and a son, and two other maiden sisters, through a summer tour. He is a pleasant man, of middle age, and gentlemanly aspect; the mother is like the mass of mothers. One of the girls is tall, and pale, and plain; the other short and rather pretty. The elder of the maiden sisters is the very personification of a kind-hearted single gentlewoman, tall, thin, of antique mould, but with a world of benevolence in her face. The other has considerable pretensions to be termed a handsome woman. Her features are finely carved, her eyes are black and keen, she rides with an air, like an accomplished horsewoman. The elder of the young men is a good-looking fellow, with a frank countenance, and a merry twinkle of the eye; the other has very much the aspect of a youth just released from school, and not quite emancipated from his mother; somewhat dubious whether he is a boy or a man. Such a reinforcement made our cavalcade a very formidable one.

It was not long before we reached the glacier, and there was a general resolution on the part of the younger men to cross it on foot, leaving the rest of the company to traverse its brink upon the horses.

Wading through a thick bed of rhododendrons in full flower, we were speedily upon the ice, and the difficulties and dangers of such a journey were soon apparent. The hot sun had melted the surface of the glacier, and made it exceedingly slippery. Here and there huge crevices gaped before us, in which, when we gazed, we could see no bottom, but only an atmosphere of the most lovely blue. Many of these were too broad to permit us to step across them, and we were obliged to jump, which, upon a glazed surface, was no easy or agreeable enterprise. My inclination was to move with bended body and cautious step; but the guide assured me that the safest posture was to stand bolt upright, with the arms pressed against the sides, so that they might not sway, with the knees and thighs stiff and straight, the feet thrown flatly and firmly forward, and the pace a slow trot. Higher up the mountain side, the glacier was an ocean of ice, wave piled upon wave, each one a little mountain. It was as if a sea, in the midst of the most tremendous hurricane that ever lashed it into fury, had been suddenly, with all its billows, transformed into ice. The hue was the most delicious azure, rivalling the heaven above.

The ice-sea is passed, and a roar of waters breaks upon our ears. We climb a ledge of loose rocks and look down on the other side. There is a fall of water bursting from the glacier, from out a cavern of the ice, and thundering over the crags, throwing up a cloud of spray that drenches our clothes in an instant. The mid-day sun is just now lying upon it in unclouded glory, and there—*there* is a perfect iris of the gaudiest hues spanning the fall. Can aught be more beautiful?

But we must not linger here, however tempting the picture; our friends are waiting in the chalet below. A path on the brink of the glacier will conduct us to them.

"Gentlemen," said our guide, "are you thirsty?" We replied in the affirmative. "Should you like some milk?" We thought him joking. "If you please we will rest under this tree and drink some." Before we could answer, he had seized one of a multitude of goats that were feeding near, and began to milk her. We comprehended him now, and being assured that it would not be deemed larceny by the owner, we drank successively. Having satisfied us, the rogue set himself to supply his own wants. But he disdained the formality of a cup; he applied his lips to the fullest udder he could find, nor quitted it till it was drained. "Ah!" said he, wiping his mouth, "you don't know what goat's milk is till you take it from the teat."

Our path to the chalet was upon the shore of the ocean of ice, and here we witnessed one of the strangest of Alpine wonders. On the very margin of the ice, and even forcing their way from under it, the summer flowers were basking in the sun, burthening the air with fragrance; the blue butterflies brushed the snow with their wings as they flew from sweet to sweet, bewildered among the charms that tempted them to rest and sip. Two climes, two seasons, stood side by side in startling contrast. One hand was numbed in the domains of winter; the other plucked the fruits and blossoms of summer. While one foot was imbedded in the region of eternal frost, the other sunk into a sunny bank that breathed of the warm south. A few minutes since and we could see nothing but a waste of snow: now there was the excess of life, and the rich verdure of the tropics.

Our friends, new and old, were waiting for us at the chalet; having taken some refreshment there, and paid an exorbitant price for it, we resumed our journey. Now we climbed a mountain side so steep that our horses rather scrambled than walked. For the first time I felt something like terror, for the path was much worn, very narrow, very rough, and at almost every step the animals slipped backwards, and with difficulty saved themselves from a fall, which would have been destruction to those behind them, as well as to themselves. I dismounted, and some of the rest followed the example; but a few, more venturous, kept their seats. On foot we had considerably the advantage of the riders, and reached the mountain top long before them. An entire change of scene here burst upon us. It was one of utter desolation. The rocks were scattered about confusedly, and heaps of stones were piled here and there, as if it had been the ruins of some stupendous castle. In the midst of them was a little lake, whose waters were clear as crystal. Throwing myself upon a smooth crag in the warm rays of the sun, I waited the coming up of my companions. What a solitude was that! The flat water below unruffled by motion of any living thing, not so much as a gnat to wrinkle its cold, repulsive face. Around me, nothing visible but distant mountain tops capped with snow, lying against the red evening sky. No wind stirring, no sound; but silence itself a presence and a portion of the scene. No living thing near, no bird, nor even an insect in the air. No motion; the very lake looked like solid crystal, and every other object around me was hard stone, and over all the cloudless canopy of heaven. This stillness and solitude were oppressive, almost terrible, and I was glad when the coming voices of the party dissipated the sensations that were stealing over me.

A descent literally of steps cut in the rock, so slippery that we could with difficulty preserve our footing, conducted us to the Hospice of the GRIMSEL. It lies in a valley, on the borders of a small lake, walled round with barren rocks, so bare of herbage that the goats, to glean their day's meal, are compelled to take a

circuit of twelve miles, returning in the evening to be milked. There they were gathered now, patient creatures, waiting their turn to be relieved of their burdens. A few had strayed, but when the musical *U-loo-loo* of the goatherd echoed among the heights, we could see them leaping from crag to crag in their descent to join their companions, and in a wonderfully short space of time they had thrown themselves from the steep, and were crossing the stream that separated them from the fold. In this wild spot a single habitation has been erected by benevolence for the accommodation of travellers. It is kept by a man and his daughter, whose beauty is famous throughout Europe. I must confess my disappointment in this particular, for it is a very milkmaidish sort of beauty, and would scarcely have attracted notice but for being found shut up in one of the most desolate regions in the world. No charge is made for the abundant accommodations provided for the tourist, and the poor are always entertained without the acceptance of any thing from them. But the wealthy, of course, offer as a gift as much as elsewhere would have been made a charge, and a little more. In this wilderness we found good tea, excellent wine, and comfortable beds, and we enjoyed them all!

MUSIC.

New Publications.

Good Night! Canzonet. Poetry by SHELLEY; Music by G. J. O. ALLMAN. London: Prowse.

MR. ALLMAN perseveres in the plan for which we have more than once commended him—that of selecting for his music the best compositions of our best poets, in preference to the nonsense-verses of a friend, or the namby-pamby of a professional song-writer. On this occasion he has resorted to the boundless treasures of SHELLEY, and, lighting upon the exquisite lyric, "Good Night!" has set himself, with a spirit inspired by his subject, to breathe it in music.

It is no serious reflection upon Mr. ALLMAN'S genius to say that he has not *quite* succeeded in his endeavour. His "Good Night" is not exactly *the* "Good Night" contemplated by the poet. Mr. ALLMAN has erred—in common, we admit, with many greater men—in the repetition of lines and parts of lines, thus murdering the poetry in obedience to some supposed necessities of the music. But, in truth, there is no such necessity. Genius will adapt itself to any measure. The sentiment of a song may be quite as perfectly expressed in three bars as in six. This is the one fault of a composition otherwise having considerable merit. We hope it will be the last time Mr. ALLMAN will so err. He can afford to follow the bent of his own genius, and set conventionalisms at defiance; and the more he dares to do so, the more certainly will he secure the position at which he aims, and for which he has natural qualifications that need but self-reliance, industry, and incessant practice of "the art of blotting."

MADAME DULCKEN'S CONCERT

On Friday last attracted as usual a brilliant and crowded audience, who flooded the saloon of the Opera Concert with their beauty and elegance. The programme of the occasion called into action nearly all the array of musical excellence with which London at present abounds. We need do little more than enumerate the names of Mesdames Castellan, Dorus Gras, Thillon, Schloss, Shaw, Birch, and Rainforth; of Messrs. Pischek, Staudigl, Lablache (2), Moriani, Mario, Corelli, J. Parry, Sivori, L. de Meyer, in addition to that of the amiable and accomplished *beneficiaire*, to give assurance of the rich treat which she had provided on the occasion. The playing of Madame Dulcken, whether in the severe school of Beethoven, in the lighter conceptions of Bertini, the laborious (physically) productions of *de Meyer* (with whom she played a duetto crowded with difficulty), was equally admirable and appropriate.

When the *Times* next condescends to give a notice of a concert, it would perhaps be as well to abstain from assertion of particulars, and keep within the trenches of generality. For instance, it might have been as well not to have asserted that *Miss Birch was absent on this occasion*, or that *Madame Hasselt Barth made a first appearance, and promised to be a favourite*, inasmuch as neither of these assertions adds to the value of the *Times*, either as regards its trustworthiness, or extent of acquaintance with the matters treated of. Miss Birch did sing—and charmingly; and perhaps *Madame Schloss* was taken to be Madame H. Barth.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Miss Bassano has just made another brilliant step in her profession by the performance of *Romeo*, to a delighted audience at Venice. This talented young artist, on whom the eyes of musical England are now turning, although a native of this country, is Italian by her paternal parent, who was a tradesman in London. By the early loss of her father, she was at the age of 15 years compelled to begin her career in the very humblest walk of the profession; that is, as a chorus singer at the Italian Opera. She was soon removed to the Royal Academy, where she was remarkable for her excellent sight-singing. She will return to England next autumn twelvemonth. If we are to believe the accounts in the Italian papers, she is likely to take the lead at once in her profession. Her style of singing was always decidedly dramatic, and her taste pure and elevated.

MILAN.—The newspapers here are in raptures with a new tenor, Signor Traversi (Mr. Travers), who has played at several towns in the vicinity with immense success. Signor Traversi is an Englishman by birth, and has been four years in Italy, studying with equal ardour and success.

Thalberg is about to leave Paris for Ems on the Rhine, for the benefit of his wife's health. He has engagements to play at eight different philharmonic societies between Paris and Strasburgh.

Signor Cavallo, the celebrated extempore pianist, has just arrived in London from Paris.—*Musical World.*

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Lucrezia Borgia* was presented for the first time this season on Tuesday; *Don Giovanni*, to our infinite regret, for the last, on Thursday. There was a crowded house on both occasions, a circumstance, however, which has become so much a matter of course here as hardly to require mention.

FRENCH PLAYS.—These refined and most delightful entertainments are, much to our sorrow, drawing towards a close. ACHARD will give but four more representations, and the eminent actor who succeeds him, ARNAL, is the last name of the series announced in Mr. MITCHELL'S programme at the commencement of the season—a programme, we may observe, by the way, the honourable adherence to which exhibits a striking contrast to the flourish-of-trumpets-and-enter-Tom-Thumb principle acted upon by managers of inferior character. M. ACHARD has, in the course of the past week, appeared in two new pieces—*Le Petit Homme Gris* and *Babiole et Joblot*, both of them, but more especially the latter, amusing affairs. The moral of *Babiole et Joblot*—for French plays have their moral quite as much as our English dramas—is summed up in the concluding words of the piece—"*Les grands avec les grands, les petits avec les petits, et Babiole avec Joblot*," or, in other words, that it is best for the happiness of the various classes of society to marry within their own sphere. *Joblot* is a good-hearted journeyman cabinet-maker, who takes a fancy into his head that a lady of rank has fallen in love with him, and, while this delusion lasts—the phases of which give rise to some ludicrous *qui pro quos*—he neglects the love of a charming and virtuous grisette—for there are virtuous as well as charming grisettes—to whom he had previously been all but affianced. However, he finds out his mistake, and himself marrying *Babiole*, enables the young lady, his supposed *innamorata*, to wed the real object of her affections, by discovering in an old escritoir a will which removes the objection of her parents to the match. On Wednesday M. ACHARD appeared in no fewer than four pieces, without a bit of sulking: *Le Petit Homme Gris; Le Brasseur des Champs Elysées* (a laughable monopologue); *Trianon;* and *L'Aumônier du Régiment*, one of the most charming of comedies. As to *Trianon*, it is, from all we can hear, infinitely better worth seeing than the Queen's late *bal costumè;* the dresses being as accurate and as rich, and carried moreover with far more ease and consequent grace, and there being at the same time something extremely amusing going on, which we understand was by no means the case at the palace.

FRENCH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The transferrence of an entire and a most efficient operatic company from Brussels to London, and that in one day, per steam on sea and railway, is one of those circumstances which make the wonders of the Arabian Nights seem less wondrous to the present generation. To them, the agency which, in *Scharazade's* story, conveys the princess from furthest Ind to nether Arabia is no longer a delightful, but incomprehensible mystery: the wooden horse was a *cheval à vapeur;* the black man a mere engineer at two pounds per week. Thus, one by one disappear all the charming delusions of our youth, before the dull realities which now surround us. Not that the French Opera Company is a

dull reality; on the contrary, it is a most decided accession to our sources of intellectual entertainment; and we sincerely hope that the reception given to M. HANNSEN's *troupe* will be such as to induce them to pay us an annual visit. The experiment itself is flattering to us as a nation, evincing on the part of its undertakers a strong reliance upon an advanced civilization. The company to which we refer, comprises not only the entire *troupe* of the Grand French Opera at Brussels, but, moreover, its orchestra, choruses, and all the subsidiary personages engaged in the establishment. Their performances commenced on Friday with *Guillaume Tell*, and we do but re-echo the universal critical decision of the metropolis in saying that never, even in Paris, has that admirable opera been done greater justice to. The *Mathilde* of the evening was Madame LABORDE, a pretty woman, with a high soprano voice, great skill in the management of her vocal resources, faultless intonation, good science, and a considerable amount of dramatic power and capability. Her execution of the *scena* "Sombre forêt" was a perfect model of purity of style and excellence of musical manner. There was the clear rendering of the score, unmixed with any capricious interpolation on the part of the singer; and before she came to a close there was but one opinion as to her position in art in the minds of the best judges present. That position is among the first, as a histrionic vocalist; the "mode" of the French school, in which she has evidently studied, and with which she is quite endued—the modern French school of music—being taken into consideration in arriving at this decision. Monsieur LABORDE, a distinguished pupil of the Académie Royale at Paris, was the *Arnold;* and with a full recollection of even DUPREZ in our minds, we do not hesitate in saying that a better representative of the character is not known to the European public. His voice is a high tenor, full of sweetness and flowing with tenderness, with a fund of feeling in its execution, and great energy and distinctness in the enunciation—a most important feature. He is, moreover, an excellent actor. The two principal vocalists were admirably supported by M. LAURENT QUILLEVERI, as *Tell;* M. ZELZAR, as *Walter Furst;* and Madam QUILLEVERI, as the son of *Tell.* Great, however, as were the individual merits of these artists, the distinguishing beauty of the performance consisted in its perfection as a whole. It was a complete and entire model of unity without any let or impediment. From the soprano chorus singer to the soprano solo singer, every one was in his place; and all laboured there to one end—that of producing a complete opera. The parts were in subordination to the whole; and the result was a noble development of a great idea. An amusing vaudeville, in which M. CONDERE, a comic tenor of great merit appeared, preceded the opera. *La Favorite* was performed on Monday, and *Les Diamans de la Couronne* on Wednesday, but we have not space to enter into particulars respecting these admirable representations on the present occasion. If the French opera of Covent Garden is not eminently successful, it will be an utter disgrace to the public.

LYCEUM.—A new comedietta, by Mr. TAYLOR, was produced here on Monday evening, under the title of *Friends at Court.* It was successful, owing, mainly, to Mrs. KEELEY impersonating a Gascon adventurer, who comes to the Court of LOUIS XIV. in search of employment, and is married by the merry monarch of France to a lady whom the merry monarch designs for his mistress. There is a good deal of lively action, exhibiting the tantalizing state wherein the King and the Duc de Lauzun, also in love with the lady, and the poor Gascon, are kept for a time, each watching an opportunity of carrying off the fair one; but, in the end, morality is triumphant. The King desists from his illicit pursuit, persuaded thereto by the Countess d'Ossona and her mistress the Queen; the Duc de Lauzun is discomfited; and the Gascon, now a baron and *superintendant* of a province, by royal favour, departs with his bride to the provinces. We have observed that the piece is mainly indebted for its success to Mrs. KEELEY, but it would be unfair not to add that she is ably supported by Miss VILLARS and Mr. WIGAN.

SURREY.—We had fully intended to visit this theatre, and report upon the new piece produced on Monday; but we have not been able to fulfil the intention this week. Both the Surrey, however, and Astley's shall receive due attention in our next publication.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The summer wind, which has thinned the benches of the theatres, has crowded the out-of-door entertainments, and among them the Gardens at Vauxhall take the foremost place, not only for their ancient fame, but their present splendour. The *coup d'œil* on entering is magnificent, the promenade and the building in the centre, outlined in coloured lamps, producing a most brilliant effect. The leafy walks are arranged much as they used to be, but some new *tableaux* are stationed about that come suddenly upon the eye and are singularly effective. The amusements of the evening are various. MUSARD presides over a most efficient band, and a concert of vocal and instrumental music is a prominent portion of the entertainment. There are moreover a ballet, an eruption of Mount Ætna, a fire-work on a large scale; the descent of Joel on a wire, around a blaze of pyrotechny, and at the conclusion a magnificent burst of fireworks in the Waterloo Ground. The Vauxhall slices and prices alone are no longer what they were. A substantial ham, chickens, wine, and stout are supplied at the regular tavern charges, so that visitors may feed without fear of an extravagant bill. At this season it is certainly the most attractive spot in the metropolis.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONG.

Hush! a spirit from afar
Quits its heavenly throne—
Glorious as the evening star
In the sky alone.

Hush! it is a spirit laden
With a balm for pain;
And this snowy phantom, maiden,
Is called *Hope* by men.

See, its wings are shadowing thee!
Softly!—let it come;
Prophet 'tis to thee and me
Of a happy home.

Softly! or its wings will close—
Now approaching near it;
Like a storm-sign to a rose,
Stalks another spirit.

Ebon-plumed as moonless night,
With no lights about;
Maiden, drive it from thy sight,
For its name is *Doubt.*

See its wings are shadowing thee,
Never let it come;
Prophet 'tis to thee and me
Of a troubled home.

Doubt the fallen seraph is,
Hope is gloomy never;
Then the better angel kiss,
And hope on for ever.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

OBJECTS AND USES OF THE STUDY OF MESMERISM.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

IF Mesmerism accomplish no more than to supply demonstrative proof of the IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL OF MAN, and overthrow entirely the doctrines of materialism, *we* should be satisfied that it was a subject demanding the most respectful attention, the most eager and scrutinizing investigation. But there are many, it may be a majority, of the busy world to whom this fact alone would give to it no interest, inasmuch as they have never thought about the matter at all, and are content to take even their immortality upon trust. To them some more obvious benefit, more visible, palpable profit, must be shewn, ere they can be induced to pause amid the cares and pleasures of their daily existence to regard with observant eye and thoughtful brow an unaccustomed phenomenon freshly brought into open day from the great storehouse of nature's myriad mysteries.

Our province will be to address to each the arguments most calculated to win them to incline the ear to listen, and thus to waken the mind to curiosity. Hence, in asserting the claims of Mesmerism to the consideration of the world at large, we

shall be obliged to state them all from the loftiest to the lowest. But in doing so we will endeavour to avoid needless prolixity.

The reader must bear in mind that in treating of this, as of all kindred subjects in science, two questions present themselves, entirely distinct, but which opponents are fond of mingling and confusing for obvious purposes. Is Mesmerism a fact in nature? is one question. What are its uses and advantages if true? is another. For the design of *these* commentaries it is necessary that we assume Mesmerism to be an existing fact in nature, and on that assumption we proceed to shew that, if a fact, it is one of incalculable value and importance to mankind.

In proof of its existence, another and distinct series of papers would be necessary, and indeed every individual who will not believe what other persons of credibility assert, can only be satisfied by personal inquiry and trial. The fact must be proved like any other fact, by evidence; and that evidence it is the object of this journal to collect and diffuse. But our present purpose is simply to shew by argument that, if Mesmerism *be* true, it is fraught with certain mighty benefits to society, and therefore that it is *the interest* of society, and of every individual, to investigate it with care, in order to ascertain if it be true, in the whole or in part, or how far its pretensions are to be sustained.

We propose to descend by steps from the loftiest uses of Mesmerism, to the consideration of its lowest uses. The first and grandest we have already asserted, the evidence it affords of *the immortality of the soul:* but we did not shew in what manner Mesmerism proves this great fact. That, then, will be our first duty.

In the mesmeric state the mind receives impressions from other minds, and from external matter, through other than the ordinary media of the senses; so much is certain, if there be any truth in it at all. The patient (if such a term can properly be applied to an *exalted* state of being) perceives objects without the help of his eyes, tastes without the aid of his tongue, hears far beyond the reach of the waves of sound —feels without touch. We ask the patients *how* they accomplish this—do they see, or hear, or feel? The answer of all is the same in substance. "I do not see you," said the young lady whose case, as it occurred in our own household, we have already recorded in THE CRITIC, "I am *conscious* that you are standing there, and what you are doing. That is all I can tell you. It comes into my mind I can't tell how, but I do not see you." ADOLPHE gave much the same reply to the inquiry if he *saw* the words inclosed in the nine times folded paper. "They arose into my mind." Another clairvoyant described it as though the letters were cast on a rippled water; they floated before her mind's eye as on little waves, rising into view and vanishing until she perceived the whole sentence. The youth S——, whose curious case we have narrated as one to which we can personally pledge ourselves, answered, when we asked him if he saw the letters he had just read inclosed in two envelopes, "I don't see them. When you ask me what is inside, the letters rise up in my mind. I don't *read* them." These uniform results prove that it is not through the bodily senses that the mind operates in this strange condition of existence, but that it is (partially, at least) emancipated from the subjugation to the corporeal organs which attends the ordinary state of being, and in this state exhibits powers which *prove* it to be *spiritual*, and being spiritual, the conclusion follows that it is immortal.

And not only does it, in this state, make acquaintance with material things to the bodily senses impervious, but it communicates directly with other minds. How but thus could it be influenced by the silent unexpressed will of another? How read a thought—feel a sensation—reflect an idea—as it is seen to do, not rarely, not in a few patients, but daily in hundreds and thousands of cases, and so commonly that, wonderful as it is, from its very frequency it has ceased to excite the astonishment of the spectator accustomed to witness the phenomena of Mesmerism. Mere brain and nerve could not thus intercommunicate. Fibre inclosed in a skull could not read the motions of other fibre inclosed in another skull situate a dozen yards apart. The *thing* that does this cannot be a material thing; at all events, according to any definition or notion of matter hitherto acknowledged. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the fact we witness daily is the result of mind —soul—spirit; not matter—not any thing corporeal, that we see and handle, and which dies and decays—but something impalpable—invisible—immaterial—in that being who seems to sleep before us so calmly, which enables him to feel as we feel, to taste as we taste, to perceive and obey the wish almost ere it is formed within the depths of our own mind; to read the thoughts, to transcribe the images, that are passing through the alembic of our own kindred mind; and thus again the conclusion comes, if that mind be other than body—if it *be* immaterial, spiritual—it is immortal.

We might multiply proofs upon proofs, all tending to the same conclusion, but these are enough to shew that, if Mesmerism be true, it establishes a fact of the mightiest moment to mankind, and which of itself should induce all the friends of religion and of humanity to hail it as the most powerful coadjutor their cause has ever yet received from the hands of science.

Here, then, we pause for awhile.

LETTER FROM MR. BRAID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—The attack upon me which appeared in THE CRITIC of the 31st ult. under the signature of "William Holbrook," I should not have considered worthy of a reply as far as I am *personally* concerned; but it involves *higher* interests, which induces me to hope that you will favour me by inserting the following remarks.

There was no occasion for your correspondent to raise as a serious charge against me, that I commenced the practical investigation of Mesmerism as *a sceptic*. I was simple enough to think it neither a sin nor a shame for a man to acknowledge he had been in error, and that he comprehended a subject better *after* investigating it *practically* than when he relied entirely on reading or hearsay evidence for his knowledge of it; I therefore did not hesitate to state this fact most explicitly in my little work on hypnotism; and you also referred to it as nothing uncommon with others at page 131 of No. VI. of THE CRITIC, where you say,—"Mr. Braid went to witness some mesmeric cases a complete sceptic; like everybody who has seen and *tried* them, he returned a believer." Now, whilst I readily admitted what I believed to be facts, after having taken pains to *prove that they really were facts*, still I can see no obligation I was under, on that account, to subscribe to what I *then* believed, and *still as firmly do believe*, to be an erroneous explanation of the *cause* of the phenomena.

It is quite obvious that your correspondent has no wish to deal fairly by me, or he would not have resorted to the very disingenuous expedient he has done, for misrepresenting my views, and raising a prejudice against hypnotism, by merely quoting a brief extract from what was written as a *private* letter to Mr. Hall in Dec. 1842, but which he published in the *first* number of his *Phreno-Magnet*, which appeared in Feb. 1843. Had he intended to act honestly in this matter, he could not have made the remarks he has done in connection with that extract, as he is well aware that, in my work on hypnotism, published six months after the date of said letter, *I have given particular instructions how to guard against the unpleasant effects to which he refers, as resulting from acting on patients as proposed in the paragraph he quotes.* Altogether the letter bears strong evidence that it was written for very different purposes from those avowed; and, moreover, that the author and sponsor were different persons. I may observe that the only William Holbrook whom I have known answering to the description the writer gives of himself, —"deeply engaged in Mesmerism, having, in fact, been many times mesmerised, and having mesmerised many others," and who had called and witnessed my experiments as well as Mr. Hall's, I say the only person answering to this description whom I have known, was a young man who travelled round the country with Mr. Spencer T. Hall as one of the subjects with whom Mr. Hall exhibited the mesmeric phenomena at his lectures.

However much individuals engaged in such experiments may feel inclined to defend them because they attract audiences and excite astonishment in the multitude, still I beg most respectfully to submit, that, in my opinion, the frequent repetition of such experiments, performed during the waking condition, must have a most pernicious tendency on the *minds* of the *subjects* of such experiments, *as well as on those who frequently witness them.* They have a direct tendency to throw the faculties of the mind into a morbid condition, so that they are rendered unable to distinguish between substance and shadow, and thus they become unable to rely on the evidences afforded by impressions made on the external organs of sense, as more trustworthy than *mere ideal impressions.* When a man has suffered himself to be reduced to this pass, his judgment and self-control are lost, and he may be rendered the slave of the grossest delusion. He

has suffered his imagination to run riot until it has got the ascendency of his reason and will; and thus the noblest attributes of his nature, by which he is enabled to control and direct his actions in accordance with certain approved principles, have been dethroned, and rational man is reduced to a condition of abject and helpless imbecility.

In illustration of this, and of the nature of the vigilant experiments, I shall quote what are recorded in THE CRITIC for the 3rd ultimo, at page 17, performed *whilst the patient was in the wide waking state.* "At will his extended arm was made rigid; against his most resolute efforts he was compelled to obey the will of the Mesmeriser. A stick was put into his hand, and involuntarily the arm was thrown into rapid motion, which continued until subdued by the command of the operator. But the strangest phenomenon was, the entire subjection of the senses of the *waking* patient to the silent will of the Mesmeriser. Sight and hearing were destroyed and restored instantaneously. A handkerchief presented to the eyes assumed a variety of colours in succession, appearing to the patient to be white, and blue, and green, and yellow, by turns. The same stick in his hands imparted a sensation as of burning, so that he was obliged to let it fall. Many other experiments of a like nature were made." In my paper in the *Medical Times* for the 14th December last, which I referred to, are detailed various feats of the sort, in which the subjects, *whilst wide awake, appeared to be no longer voluntary agents, but, influenced by a charm or spell, were irresistibly directed in their movements in obedience to the will of the operator.* In like manner I have read and heard of those who have been made to believe in *the transformation of any animal or object into any other animal or object the operator willed.*

Now, I think such experiments as these are eminently calculated for raising a prejudice against all which is real and of practical value in hypnotism and Mesmerism; for what are rational men to think of such proceedings as many of those exhibited on such occasions, but that the whole is a system of rank collusion, or *results from the imagination and belief of the patients being wrought upon until they have been brought into the confines of insanity?* Yes, and insanity in its worst form too, in which the hapless victim feels himself irresistibly impelled to execute whatever commands or ideas are suggested to him by another party. According to this conceit, the subject must irresistibly become a thief, a robber, or an assassin, or the perpetrator of any other enormity, according to the *silent will* or *suggestion of his Mesmeriser;* and it may be worthy of inquiry whether the continual repetition of such experiments, the success of which arises from acting on the mind by false impressions, until the suggestions of the imagination become too strong to be corrected or controverted by the external organs of sense and by an appeal to reason, may not in the end lead to some such dire practical results.

I feel confident that the whole of this alleged mysterious power, by which the effects noted above are produced, depends *on the excited imagination of the patient, and* HIS IMPLICIT BELIEF IN THE OMNIPOTENCE OF SUCH INFLUENCE *so paralysing his reason and will as to render them for the time inoperative.* In consequence of this the subject implicitly obeys whatever he *apprehends to be the will or behests of the operator,* by whatever signals such suggestions are conveyed to him.

In proof that such is the true *rationale* of these "vigilant" phenomena, I beg leave to submit that I have myself repeatedly performed such experiments *successfully* (even on powerful men, who had never been mesmerised or hypnotised) *so long as they believed in the existence of such a power, and were kept ignorant of the* CAUSE *of the remarkable phenomena;* BUT, FROM THE MOMENT I EXPLAINED MY THEORETICAL VIEWS TO THEM, THE SPELL WAS BROKEN, *and I could no longer exercise such power over them.* Several of my friends have also tried and proved the same. It may have been all very well to perform a *few such experiments so as to determine the fact that the human mind could be so acted upon,* because this could enable us to explain much of the mystery in respect of what has been recorded of the past; and by giving a candid and philosophical explanation of the *cause* of the phenomena we may thereby prevent similar delusion and mischief occurring in future. The fact being established, however, that the imaginative, and ignorant, and credulous are liable to be so affected; and that the *rationale* I have here given, *being known and acted upon,* is sufficient to shield any one against the malign influence of such fascination and delusion, I consider nothing can be more pernicious and reprehensible than reiterating such experiments, the tendency of which is to throw the faculties of the human mind into such a morbid condition.

The pernicious influence of an over-excited imagination is well illustrated in cases of fright; such as where people have imagined they have seen a ghost. The impression recurs, with painful intensity, for some time thereafter, whenever they are placed under similar circumstances. It was still more remarkably evinced in the extraordinary delusion which occurred to a number of people on the banks of the Clyde, below Lanark, in 1686, where "many people gathered together for *several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords which covered the trees and the ground*: companies of men marched in order upon the water-side; companies meeting companies, going all through each other, and then all falling to the ground, and disappearing; other companies immediately appeared, marching the same way." Now, *two-thirds of those who went to witness these strange sights bore testimony to their reality,* not merely by their words, but also by the physical manifestation of fright and trembling, which was visible to those who could see nothing of the apparitions and martial array themselves. No doubt all this miraculous appearance resulted from excited imagination, and the confusion of vision consequent on overstraining their eyes, by constant and persevering efforts to see the invisible phantasms. Had there been any reality in the objects of observation, they ought to have been obvious to the *whole spectators.* But, what is of most importance to my argument, as proving the baneful influence of repeating false impressions and associations, is the concluding remark of Walker's history of the transaction; and I therefore wish to call especial attention to it: "*Those who did see them there, whenever they went abroad, saw a bonnet or a sword drop in the way.*"

I trust the arguments now adduced will justify me, in the opinion of *most* of your readers, for endeavouring to point out to their consideration what appear to me to be the natural and baneful tendency of the frequent repetition of what are denominated the "vigilant experiments." Exhibitions of like phenomena, during the nervous sleep, are not liable to the same objections, for this reason:—by proper management, the whole of the abnormal combinations of feeling and acting, *although perfectly remembered when in the sleep again, are entirely forgotten on the patient's awaking.* And on the other hand, by another mode of acting, most beneficial results may be realized. Thus, by exciting and allowing it time to develop itself, any function or emotion which it is desirable to arouse into greater activity, by keeping it in the state of activity *up to the moment of awaking the patient, the impression will be carried into that state,* as certainly as a person may be affected the following day by an impressive dream during the previous night.

As to my scepticism in respect to the faculty of any mesmeric patient being able to see and read through opaque bodies, as many allege, unfortunately I remain as incorrigible as ever, and, notwithstanding the assertions of W. H. and Co. about the commonness of these manifestations, I hesitate not to repeat my firm conviction that there is no clairvoyant patient in existence will give a literal reading of the simple tests I have intrusted to your care, and that of my friend Mr. Daniell; but we shall see, when you have applied them and published the results. I understand from Mr. Daniell, that Mr. Vernon had intimated to him that it would be *unsafe* to apply my tests in *public.* In what way it could possibly be unsafe to do so in public more than in private, I cannot imagine; and the tests are so simple, obvious, and unexceptionable, as must at once convince every intelligent person, either that he *has* or *has not* the power of reading through opaque bodies. By such means Mr. V. has contrived to put off the opportunity which ought to have been afforded ere now, for you and Mr. D. to apply my tests; however, another gentleman who had *one* of them has applied *it* to Adolphe, and found *that he could* NOT *read it.* The same gentleman also informed me, as well as another who had personally tested Adolphe, that he had failed in *all the other* independent tests but one, on two separate occasions; and the only word which he succeeded to read in an envelope was the name of a town in France, and this he hit upon only after a great many manœuvres, and guesses, and promptings, and seemed overjoyed at his success, as he had previously failed with half-a-dozen others presented by the same gentleman. I hope soon to have the result of your own testing of this debateable point, and in the mean time beg to subscribe myself

Your very obedient servant,

3, St. Peter's-square, Manchester, JAMES BRAID.
June 7, 1845.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have had additional proof in support of my position of the incompetency of mesmeric patients to read through opaque bodies. I have been informed by the able author of *Mesmerism True, Mesmerism False,* that he lately had the opportunity of testing Adolphe at Dr. Forbes's, in presence of a number of the most eminent physiologists and scientific gentlemen in London, and *that it was a complete failure. He could not read a word even of only three good-sized letters, inclosed in three envelopes;* and all the other independent tests were failures likewise. He also read me reports of other two séances which took place since, one at another professional gentleman's house, and the other at Mr. Vernon's, where every independent test was a failure but the one which I have referred to above, namely, the word "Toulon," and which he read through an envelope, *without bandaging over the eyes.* This rendering of one word induced the gentleman who applied it to believe that a proof of clairvoyance; but it has since been discovered that

those who were wide awake could read it through its envelope, BY HOLDING IT IN A CERTAIN DIRECTION AS RESPECTS THE RAYS OF LIGHT. I have no doubt but his mode of vision, when bandaged, is by moving the muscles of the face until he makes a channel, which admits a ray of light, *under the cotton bands*, sufficient to enable him to see by one of the eyes. No person who has not attended to this particularly would believe how difficult it is to prevent this being accomplished by some parties, and hence I made the observation in my last letter, "I know from experience that no mode of bandaging the eyes ought to be relied on."

In making such remarks, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that it is not done with any unreasonable desire on my part to oppose a fact in nature; my sole object is to point out sources of fallacy with which I am familiar, but which have been overlooked by some, so to enable us to arrive at truth with the greater certainty, without raising prejudices against what is obviously true and of practical value, by vain endeavours to prove that to be true which may probably, after all, from its rarity, and the unsatisfactory nature of its proofs, be only a delusion or an illusion. J. BRAID.

June 9, 1845.

MR. BRAID'S THEORY.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—His principal doctrine is that the mesmeric state is "subjective or personal, not an affluence passing from the operator to the patient." If this be the case, how does Mr. Braid account for persons being mesmerised when the operator is out of sight or at a distance, and the patient entirely unconscious of any mesmeric process being directed towards him? In these instances there can be no "imperfectly purified blood, arising from the suppressed respiration, resulting from attention to the processes acting as a narcotic;" neither can the effects arise from "imagination, belief, habit, sympathy, or imitation," which Mr. Braid asserts may account for the slight means by which very susceptible patients are affected. A case occurred yesterday which I look upon as no proof of the hypnotic theory. For the last ten days I have been mesmerising a boy of eleven years old for the cure of a deafness to which he is subject. Hitherto I had easily thrown him into the trance by means of the usual passes, but yesterday I carefully mesmerised a glass of water, and desired him to drink it. He had scarcely swallowed it when his eyes closed, he began to tremble, and in less than five minutes fell on a sofa totally insensible. Here, in an ignorant child, there could be no more imagination than there was attention exerted in drinking the water. I have also thrown this same boy into the trance by making passes at him whilst he was conversing with others, and totally unaware of what I was doing. These circumstances have occurred within my own experience, but many similar and much more remarkable facts might be found in different works on Mesmerism to confute Mr. Braid's argument. I would particularly refer your readers to Mr. Townsend's valuable book, in which are related several instances of his having mesmerised his patients without their having the slightest knowledge of his intention. I would also demand attention to a singular case published in THE CRITIC two or three weeks ago, of a gentleman willing a person into a trance when he was at Birmingham, above a hundred miles distant from his patient. What can Mr. Braid say to such facts as these? Surely neither attention, imagination, nor sympathy has any thing to do with them. It is also not unfrequently the case that a patient is very susceptible to the passes of one Magnetiser, whilst another Magnetiser can make no impression whatever. If the trance arises from emotions excited in the person mesmerised, and not from the influence of the Mesmeriser, how is this accounted for? I must now refer to another part of Mr. Braid's letter, in which he professes disbelief in the existence of clairvoyance. I found no argument on the prevision of Miss Martineau's maid, for no real proof can be given whether it arose from her increased power of hearing or an intuitive and mysterious knowledge of distant events; but there are cases which no augmented acuteness of the common organs of sense can account for. It seems difficult to believe that all bandages that have been placed on the eyes of different clairvoyants could be seen through; yet, admitting that to be possible, the clairvoyant has been known to read through the closed back of a book, or with a sheet of paper interposed between him and the writing. How, also, is he able to give his minute description of distant places which he has never been at, or heard of? I myself have been witness to this power (so common amongst mesmeric somnambulists) in Ann Pattenson, the epileptic patient whose case I transmitted to you two or three months ago. I asked her whilst in her trance to describe to me a friend of mine in Ireland. "What is she like?" "She goes on crutches, and can hardly move from room to room." (Right.) "Is she young or old?" "Old, and very stout, with blue eyes and white hair." (Right.) "Who lives with her?" "Two young gentlemen and one old one, and two young ladies with dark hair." (Right.) "Where does she live?" "At a very pretty house, and its windows look on to something like the sea, with many ships and boats on it." (Right; the house I alluded to looked to the mouth of a large river, which was generally covered with shipping.) Ann then went on to describe most accurately the furniture of some of the rooms, which indeed I had partly forgotten myself till reminded by her. She had never been out of the county in which she was born, and the place and its inhabitants which she spoke of were over the sea, and some hundreds of miles from her home, and she had no possible means of knowing any thing about them. Now, how can "fixing the thoughts and the sight on the tip of the nose" (see Mr. Braid's letter) give rise to so accurate a description of distant places and people by one who had never seen or heard of them? I have written this in no spirit of opposition to Mr. Braid, whom I respect for seeking after truth and freeing himself from the prejudices of his profession, but in the hope that it may cause useful discussion on a subject which is as yet so little understood. E. A. A.

MR. SPENCER HALL.—The weekly conversaziones at Mr. Spencer Hall's residence in Pall-Mall continue to be attended by persons of high rank in science and letters, as well as by many distinguished members of the aristocracy, who appear to take a deep interest in the proceedings. Mr. Hall is delivering a course of lectures on Mesmerism at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Aldersgate-street, to large and increasing audiences, whom he never fails deeply to impress with a conviction of the importance and interest of the singular natural phenomena to which that title has been given.

MESMERISM AT READING.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. Spencer T. Hall, having been invited to give a course of public lectures at Reading, was received by the inquiring people of that town with much interest. That amiable and talented writer, Mary Russel Mitford, attended every lecture, and expressed herself most favourably as to the results; and one gentleman, a son of W. Blandy, esq. the banker, being desirous of testing the mesmeric influence in his own person, offered himself to Mr. Hall on the public platform, and was operated upon very successfully, and the more satisfactorily, as he was well known to the audience, which included several of the most important families of the neighbourhood.

In consequence of the interest excited by these results, Dr. Cowan, a physician, of Reading, delivered a lecture against the practice of Mesmerism, admitting the facts, but urging that it was wrong to induce them—firstly, because they were supernatural, and beyond the legitimate bound which God has set to the desires and rights of humanity; secondly, because they indicated that one man had power to control and to modify the will of another, which was not only supernatural, but criminal, and subversive of our best interests; and lastly, with reference to the cure by Mesmerism of those diseases which medicine could not reach, because man, being in a fallen and corrupt state, and under a curse, there were some diseases of which it was never intended by the Almighty that we should be cured!

To this line of argument Mr. Hall, who was present, replied, that we could only understand what the nature of man was, by a development of his powers; and that the very fact of his developing these powers at all, indicated that it was *within the scope of his nature* to exercise them. Secondly, that it was not supernatural, nor was it necessarily criminal, to control or modify the will of others, since in the first place great conquerors, who subjected not individuals merely that had first consented, but whole nations—men, for instance, like Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon, who trod the world on the neck—were not accounted supernatural; nor was it considered in our day supernatural that, in spite of their own will, thousands, nay millions, of people should be still held in slavery; while, in the next place, it was not criminal to make others do our own will; else all jailors, keepers of lunatic asylums, magistrates, schoolmasters, and clergymen would be criminal in every attempt they made to suppress the bad passions, and to give new impulses to those who came under their charge, since all control or restraint was such only in the proportion of its superiority or opposition to the will of the governed or restrained. And lastly, he was not aware of a case on record in which any doctor had repressed a fee, on the ground that the disease of his patient was one it was improper to cure if he could. He should therefore call upon Dr. Cowan to define the limit which he said had been set to the faculties of man; to prove that there was no human being in the world, whose will was held in subjection but by supernatural means; and to declare what diseases they were it was never intended should be cured.

To this Dr. Cowan rejoined that Mr. Hall's arguments did not need an answer, and therefore he should refuse to give any, but he would take that opportunity of warning the audience against encouraging mesmerists, who he had repeatedly declared were in league with Satan.

Mr. Vines, a surgeon of the town, having also taken a some-

what similar course of reasoning to that of Dr. Cowan, in a pamphlet against Mr. Spencer Hall and the mesmerists generally, Mr. Hall again took up the argument in a public lecture on Monday evening, and not only defended Mesmerism in an unaffected and common-sense view of the question, but illustrated its advantages by operating upon two youths who have been cured through his agency after one of them had been declared incurable by his ordinary medical attendant.

Mr. Carter, a surgeon, as we have also heard, has published a pamphlet in reply to that of Mr. Vines.

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

No work of importance has been received this week. But foreign literature supplies the interest wanting at home; and the notices in the present Number of German and French books just published, are an earnest of our ultimate design in this new feature of The Critic, should we find it as favourably received by the public as our confidence in the growing taste for the productions of mind abroad, as well as at home, has led us to anticipate. As yet, the experiment being new, it must necessarily be imperfect; but we hope ultimately to be enabled to make such arrangements as shall secure a complete record of the literature of Europe.

It is necessary to inform our bookseller subscribers, that in consequence of the growing business at The Critic Office, we must, for the future, require pre payment of *not less than half a year's subscription* (4s. 4d.) for the copy supplied to them for their own use.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,— In answer to your request to Booksellers, I beg to hand you a few details of the state of bookselling and bookreading in Edinburgh.

The number of booksellers is about 120, many of them are in highly respectable circumstances. Thirty of these are also publishers to a greater or lesser extent. The books most sold are religious works. Perhaps the sale of these is equal to the sale of all other works put together.

Of libraries;—there are twelve or fourteen circulating libraries, kept by private individuals; six or eight clubs, chiefly of the wealthy class; and three or four subscription libraries, the books being the property of the subscribers. A large proportion of the 100 congregations in Edinburgh have also congregational libraries, composed chiefly, though not exclusively, of religious works. There are also the College Library, for students; the Advocates' Library, and the Writers' to the Signet Library, both of which, like the British Museum, during certain hours, are open to the public. The working classes are not supplied out of any of these libraries, except the congregational, to any great extent. Their reading I believe consists chiefly of the newspapers and cheap periodicals, such as *Chambers' Journal*. They have, however, one excellent library for themselves, the Mechanics' Library, and the Library of the Schools of Arts, in which the books are chiefly scientific; but I do not think the books in either reach a large number of that class, for permanent reading.

I find in my own library, that the books most read are novels. Those of James are, perhaps, more read than any other; one cause of which may be their *purity*. Lever's, Dickens's, Bulwer's, &c. are of course also in great request. I cannot say that any one class of novel is more sought for than another; fashionable novels, if clever, are as well liked as historical; a dull historical novel is counted more tolerable than a dull fashionable novel. *Jack Sheppard* and the *Mysteries of Paris* would, I daresay, be popular, but I do not keep these works.

I may correct a prevalent mistake regarding novel reading. I believe the number of *habitual* novel readers is very small. Most people have once in their lives had a fit of novel reading; this is followed by an utter distaste of them, and a desire for more solid reading. In general, the novels read are spread over a great number of readers—1,000 read in a year will have, say 300 or 400 to read them,—that is to say, each of these 300 or 400 will only have read three or four novels apiece.

Next to novels in popularity are such works as Strickland's *Queens of England*, *Eöthen*, Macauley's *Essays*, *Eldon's Life*. One reason why these are less sought for out of libraries is plainly, that more people purchase them for themselves; another reason, peculiar to Edinburgh, is the existence of the Advocates' and Signet Libraries. So many of the most wealthy classes belong to these professions, that they supply themselves with solid reading from their own libraries.

The popularity of ordinary novels is about six months; they are in considerable demand for a year,—are read for two years, and after that are forgotten. Memoirs and travels have a much longer life.

Cheap literature has been, I think, favourable to bookselling, but injurious to libraries.

Your obedient servant,
Edinburgh, 5th June, 1845. A Bookseller.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I cannot afford you a greater proof of the estimation in which The Critic is held by my customers than the simple fact of its introduction into their families in preference to other periodicals of the same class, and their unanimous approval of the healthful and moral tone and tendency of its writings. I will not occupy your valuable space by obtruding my own opinion on the merit of your journal. Its utility and excellence must be felt and appreciated by all who peruse its instructive pages.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
Monmouth, June 7, 1845. R. Y. Waugh.

A SUGGESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I am induced to trouble you with a few lines respecting a subject on which I have often thought, and which the perusal of your remarks on French literature in the last number of The Critic has recalled to my mind.

You are doubtless aware that there has been for some years past a monthly magazine published in Paris, entitled the *Revue Brittanique*, which professes to give to its readers translations of the best articles which from time to time appear in our periodicals. This work enjoys an extensive circulation on the continent.

Now, Sir, my idea is this—namely, the establishment of a monthly periodical in London on a somewhat similar plan, giving *translations* of the higher class of articles which are scattered through the French periodical press, such as tales, essays, and articles on politics, literary criticism, &c. &c.

It might be urged, in opposition to this scheme, that the French language is now so universally known amongst us that readers would naturally prefer the original to the translation. To this I reply, that when you consider the *hundreds* of periodicals published in Paris, not a tithe of which ever meets the eye of the English reader, and in which, I know from experience, many a clever and well-written article lies hidden, buried beneath (I must allow) a vast quantity of rubbish, you will admit that my proposed scheme is not unfeasible on these grounds.

The funds necessary for the undertaking might be created by a proprietary of *contributing shareholders*, with a responsible editor at the head; and I am of opinion that, if properly carried out, the scheme would not fail of meeting with encouragement. It would have the merit, at least, of being a novelty in our periodical literature, and I, for one, would be happy to contribute my mite of labour, &c. towards its success.

I now beg to offer the idea, crude and unformed as it is, for your consideration, in the hope that these lines may meet the eyes of those who would feel inclined to assist in the carrying out of the project which, I must own, has long been a favourite hobby of mine.

With many apologies for thus intruding upon your valuable space,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Tuesday, June 3, 1845. Anglo-Francaise.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From June 7 to 14.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at The CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* The Critic, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* The Critic. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Agathos, in French, by S. Wilberforce, 18mo. 5s. cl.—Apel's (H.) Elementary Grammar of the German Language, Part I. "Etymology," 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.

Bridge's (Rev. W.) Works, now first collected, 5 vols. 8vo. 37s. 6d. cl.—Burton's (J. H.) Law of Bankruptcy, Insolvency, and Mercantile Sequestration in Scotland, 8vo. Part I. 16s. Part II. 18s. cl.

Catechism of Things in Common Use, by E. E. Willement, square 16mo. 3s. cl.—Caunter's (Rev. J. H.) Triumph of Evil, a Poem in Eight Cantos, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. XXIII. fc. 8vo. 7s. cl.—Collection of Examples in Pure and Mixed Mathematics, by A. Wrigley and W. H. Johnstone, 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Connon's (C. W.) System of English Grammar, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Corner's (Miss) History of Ireland, new edit. improved, 3 plates and map, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Corner's (Miss) Questions to History of Scotland, 12mo. 6d. sd.

Dictionary of the Farm, by the Rev. W. L. Rham, 2nd edit. with Supplement, square crown 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Donaldson's (J. W.) Constructionis Græcæ Præcepta, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Donn's Hortus Cantabrigiensis, 13th edit. enlarged, by P. N. Donn, 1 large vol. 8vo. 1l. 4s. cl. lettered.

Female Disciple of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Era, by Mrs. H. Smith, fc. 6s. cl.—Fox's (W. J.) Lectures to the Working Classes, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—French Revolution, by C. M'Farlane, Vol. IV. (Knight's Library for the Times) square crown, 8vo. 6s.

Greek-English Lexicon, based on Passow, by H. G. Liddell, M.A. and Robert Scott, M.A. 2nd edit. revised and enlarged, 2l. 2s. sheets, 4to., 2l. 4s. cl.—Guide to Service, "The Gardener," 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Guthrie (C. G.) On Cataract and its Appropriate Treatment, 8vo. 4s. cl.

History of Ceylon, by William Knighton, esq. post 8vo. 9s. bds.—History of Greece by C. Thirlwall, D.D. in 8 vols. Vol. I. new edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.

Letters from the Mountains, by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, Vol. I. imp. 32mo. 1s. 9d. swd.—Lays, Legends, and Lyrics, by William J. Bosomworth, post 8vo. 5s. cl. gilt edges.

Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation, comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France, by the late Matthew O'Conor, esq. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Mitchell's (Lieut.-Col. J.) Fall of Napoleon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 7s. cl.—Montreal's (Bishop of) Journal during a Visit to the Church Missionary Societies, N.W. America Mission, fc. 4s. cl.—Murchison's (R. I.) Geology of Cheltenham, new edit. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Murray's Colonial and Home Library, Vol. II. "Bracebridge Hall," square crown 8vo. 6s. cl.—Murray's Illuminated Prayer Book, Part II. royal 8vo. 5s. 6d. swd.

Nichol's (J. P.) Views of the Architecture of the Heavens, 5th edit. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Paterson's (A. S.) Concise System of Theology, 3rd edit. 18mo. 3s. cl. Perilous Times, by George Smith, F. A. S. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller, translated, with an Introduction, by J. Weiss, royal 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Practical Notes on Insanity, by J. B. Steward, M. D. post 8vo. 4s. cl.—Practical Sermons, Vol. I. demy 8vo. 7s. cl.—Prout's (Dr.) Bridgewater Treatise on Chemistry, Meteorology, the Function of Digestion, &c. 8vo. 15s. cl.

Scripture Texts Arranged, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Some Observations on Organic Alterations of the Heart, by S. Scott Alison, M. D. fc. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Spain, Tangier, &c. visited in 1840 and 1841, by X. Y. Z. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Tales of the Trains, by Tilbury Trump, No. I. royal 18mo. 6d. swd. Thiers's French Revolution, Part VII. (Whittaker's Popular Library) 8vo. 2s. 6d. sd.—Thornthwaite's (W. H. Guide to Photography, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Times of Daniell, by George, Duke of Manchester, 8vo. 14s. bds.

Warning from the East, by the Rev. W. S. Mackay, 8vo. 1s. swd.—Winslow's (O.) Glory of the Redeemer in his Person and Work, 2nd edit. royal 12mo. 7s.

GLEANINGS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

We copy the following poem from the *American Review*, on account of its unusual beauty. Mr. Willis copies it into *The Mirror* with the following remarks:—"In our opinion it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country; and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. It is one of those 'dainties bred in a book' which we *feed on*. It will stick to the memory of everybody who reads it."

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his song one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the melancholy burden bore
Of "Nevermore"—of "Nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil;—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil;
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

A PRETTY THOUGHT.—A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are reserved for her future husband.

Human life is a gloomy chamber, in which the images of the other world shine the brighter, the deeper it is darkened.

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

OF all kinds of philosophy, that which relates to health and morals is the most useful. It is essentially a philosophy for society—practical, not speculative. There is a regular code of health and morals, a prescribed footpath in which men are wont to walk; but there are also diversified routes that lead into the main way, as various streams pour themselves into the Thames, making a grand whole. Dr. MOORE arrives at his conclusions by a different process of reasoning from others who have preceded him. He continues the long-contested war concerning the tendencies of popular phrenology; but, apart from the religious question, we believe that the materialist and the anti-materialist have both for their object the establishment of moral and physical health. Dr. MOORE is one of the *anti*-party, and warm and energetic he is in the defence of his opinions. The book before us is valuable for the information it gives on such subjects as the structure of the nervous system, the action of mind on the body, the will, somnambulism, insanity, &c.

It is argued that the nervous system is merely a galvanic apparatus through which the chemistry of life is carried on. The will is distinct from the brain and spinal cord. WEINHOLD cut off a cat's head, and when the arterial pulsation had ceased, he removed the spinal marrow and brain, and filled the skull and vertebral canal with an amalgam of mercury, silver, and zinc. Life appeared to be instantly restored. The animal lifted its head, opened and shut its eyes, and *endeavoured* to walk, and when it dropped *tried* to raise itself again. It continued in this state twenty minutes, during which time the circulation of the blood went on regularly.

The power of attention in connection with sleep is treated with much skill. In sleep the spirit retains a vigilant discrimination with regard to sound. The mother, who cannot be disturbed by the din and rattle of a London thoroughfare, will wake at the smallest cry from her baby. The captain of a steam-vessel will sleep soundly amidst the rush and the roar of wind and waves, but he would probably wake if the engine were to stop.

In sleep the will is in active operation. TARTINI composed his famous *Devil's Sonata*, while he dreamed that the devil challenged him to a trial of skill on his violin. CABANIS was often a better politician when asleep than when awake, for his dreams solved difficulties.

Dr. MOORE has drawn a careful and nice discrimination between *absence* and *abstraction* of mind. The former he considers to be a morbid vacuity, but the latter an intent occupation. Absence of mind belongs to men in general; it visits them after dinner, in churches, in schools, and in lecture-rooms. We have often seen in such places and circumstances a host of absent men who look seriously wise, and would pass for such with the ignorant, but who are only serious fools. Mental abstraction is very different from this; it only clings to the intellectually great, and to it we are indebted for many of the most brilliant productions in science, literature, and art.

Dr. MOORE is a spacious thinker, and although professedly a physician of bodies, he is also a physician of minds, and understands how and for what they are fashioned. We extract the following for the benefit of all teachers and parents.

Children are not formed for monotony and fixedness: their nervous systems will not bear it with impunity, and even their very bones are intolerant of the erect position for any length of time. *They are made to be restless and active*, and are not healthy if forced to be otherwise. The system of excessive restraint is therefore unchristian, because it is unnatural; for Christianity is not opposed to nature; it is not a violence, but a superior influence in correspondence with an inferior.

Piety itself is not unfrequently rendered terrible by a perverted application of memory to descriptions in which Omnipotence is associated with the final judgment and the terrors of guilt. Many a little child, whose susceptible heart is as ready to yield to the gentlest breath of affection as the aspen-leaf to the zephyr, and whose spirit sparkles with love as readily as a dew-drop with the light, acquires the habit of terror, and scarcely dares to look up because he is taught as soon as he can speak to repeat—

> There's not a sin that we commit,
> Nor wicked word we say,
> But in the dreadful book 'tis writ,
> Against the judgment day.

And the thoughtless and fond parent too frequently makes that appear to be wickedness and sin which, however proper to childhood, is inconvenient to those who should tenderly train it. Surely that is a dangerous expedient for the correction of a child, conscious of having offended the only being he has learned to love, and while perhaps in agony of heart begging pardon from a mother, to be told to remember

> There is a dreadful hell
> And everlasting pains,
> Where sinners must for ever dwell
> In darkness, fire, and chains—
>
> And can a wretch as I
> Escape this cursed end, &c.?
>
> *Divine Songs for Children.*

There is reason to believe that insane despondency and a disposition to suicide, may often be traced to abuse of religious discipline, if religious it may be called, especially that form of it just alluded to.

There is another abuse here demanding remark. No treatment can be more injudicious and injurious than that often resorted to, even in schools of high character, namely, the exertion of memory, not for the sake of acquiring and retaining a knowledge of facts, which must always be useful, but merely to punish some dereliction. What good can arise from thus fatiguing the brain, by excessively straining that faculty, in the happy and spontaneous associations of which all the value of every acquirement consists? No plan is more likely to disable the mind and impair the body, as the servant of the mind; for by this practice the idea of fixing the attention on words becomes peculiarly irksome. The very countenance of a boy thus distressed is apt to assume an expression of vacancy or irritability, and every function of his life to indicate the mischief arising from a debilitated brain under disorderly associations.

The power of the mind over the body is proved by a science, the truth of which few are hardy enough to deny openly; we mean Mesmerism. Baron DUPOTET, who recently visited London, could without contact throw a patient into sleep, convulsions, or a rigid condition. But why refer to the past when at the present moment many operators have the same power? Dr. MOORE is a true disciple of MESMER, and his remarks on this valuable science are more worth, as coming from one of the medical profession.

The literary merits of this work are great, as our readers will perceive by the following extract.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Our experience testifies that the greatest mental confusion and distress of brain arise not so much from steadily continued and determined effort of the mind, in a rational manner, as from interruption to the purpose of the will. Thus, when some daily vexation breaks the chain of thought, or draws the attention off from the intellectual pursuit on which the spirit had earnestly been bent, displeasure and distraction take the place of complacency, and the cause of the disturbance is apt, when thus frequently returning, to take complete possession of the mind, and to haunt the attention like a hateful goblin, blighting the soul with its cloudy presence. Hence the soured misanthrope often appears when the philosopher might have been expected; for unless the man of thought has his heart soothed by affectionate and comfortable appliances, in a suitable and seasonable manner, his resolute and perplexed spirit, incapable of resting from reflection, is very likely to find successive vexations terminate in madness, or some milder form of mental derangement or unhappy eccentricity, which constrains him to seek pleasure only in imagination and with solitude.

Those who are connected with persons constitutionally prone to reflectiveness cannot be too cautious in their manner of opposing the bias of their dispositions, or too gently endeavour to win them from the danger of absorbing study, for both their

sensibilities and affections are generally fine in proportion to the intensity with which they habitually contemplate the objects of their attention. Men of genius, whatever the direction of their minds, are usually as full of feeling as of thought, their intellect being urged on under the dominion of that love which cannot rest without constant approval. Their habit of abstraction may cause them to appear selfish, unsocial, or absurdly whimsical; but they are only engaged too intensely to exhibit in an ordinary manner the appearance of passing interest. They are, however, exactly those who are most subject to insanity, as their minds are kept unavoidably busy to the full extent of nervous endurance. Yet persons of this deep style of thinking and feeling are most devoted to the well-being of others, and are the first to demonstrate the nobility of their nature by those self-sacrifices which have distinguished the best names in history.

Dr. MOORE evidently understands the nervous constitution of genius, and not only this, but the work it can accomplish. No matter how genius may be employed, in constructing railroads, in making us familiar with the order of the heavens, or in conceiving a hero for the young in the person of a Robinson Crusoe, still its business is to send improvement into the world—and it will not fail to fulfil its mission.

The work before us is somewhat dangerous to the science of medicine. Dr. MOORE philosophically represents *hope* as the great mediciner. Surely his brother professors will not blame him for honestly unmasking the assumed virtues of physic. What can be a stronger case than the following, quoted by himself? At the siege of Breda, when the garrison was ravaged by scurvy, a few phials of *sham* medicine were introduced by order of the Prince of ORANGE. Now mark the result. Many who had not moved their limbs for months were soon afterwards seen walking in the streets. Convicts transported for life rarely recover an attack of illness, simply because they have no hope of liberty, and therefore no hope in medicine. Perchance it will benefit our readers to know these facts; for in sickness they can indulge in hope over a glass of pure water, and not make wry faces at the gamboge and aloes of the quack, or the less injurious compounds of the regular practitioner. We have been often called upon to lament with our author the number of diseases that crowd into our workshops and markets. Trade, as it is now conducted, is a certain pestilence; he who ventures into its busy marts may as well venture beneath the shade of the Upas. The extreme excitement of competition, the fear of being shuffled aside by a successful rival, and the envy that thence arises, are the curses that punish the inordinately selfish; but, alas! the unselfish suffer also. The rottenness is in the *system*, and we are not such pseudo-philosophers as to blame individuals. But an evil is never removed without first being clearly understood, and therefore we are pleased to make another extract from a book which possesses so much sound argument, and so much valuable information.

The grand struggle of the multitude is excited neither by ambition nor covetousness; nor that nicer torment, a morbid love of approbation, which racks the sensitive genius; nor by the delirium of an entrancing affection, nor by the tyranny of grosser passion;—but the common aim of the majority in their daily toil, is rather for means to sustain a bare and comfortless existence. The weariness of the scarcely successful effort is visible in almost every face. The vast increase of heart and nervous diseases arises from the distracting excitement and stretch of mind which now prevail throughout society, especially in large cities, where great competition exists, and where an uncertain commerce furnishes a precarious support, and wealth and pride too often take mean advantages of laborious poverty.

The votaries of pleasure are scarcely more exposed to the causes of mental disquietude than the devotees of Mammon, and both alike waste the energies of life in excitement, and alike suffer the penalty of breaking those laws which naturally regulate the uses both of mind and body. The gambling spirit as constantly haunts the exchange and corn-market as the play-table; and, by perplexing and distracting the mind, soon saps the basis of health and anticipates old age. Hence, in large commercial towns, we often witness, even in persons who have barely reached the middle period of life, the haggard face, sunken eye, hoary hair, and feeble gait, which properly belong to "wearied eld." Nor can the results be surprising to those who reflect that anxiety is but a chronic kind of fear; a sort of intermittent fever or ague, which as manifestly disorders the circulation and secretions as that which arises from the poisonous malaria of the marshes, and which is sarcely more deadly than that of the market, in these days of desperate speculation and grasping monopoly.

Here are some

CURIOUS CASES OF MORBID SYMPATHY.

There is a form of sympathy which compels us to imitate what we witness in others. This tendency is greatly aggravated under certain circumstances, as when persons are secluded from the domestic and social duties of life. Thus a French medical practitioner of great merit relates, that, in a convent of nuns, one of the fair inmates was seized with a strange impulse to mew like a cat, and soon the whole sisterhood followed her example, and mewed regularly every day for hours together. This diurnal caterwauling astounded the neighbourhood, and did not cease to scandalize more rational Christians, until the nuns were informed that a company of soldiers were to surround the convent, and to whip all the holy sisterhood with rods till they promised to mew no more. A remedy which would be equally serviceable in many other mental epidemics.

Cardan relates that, in another nunnery, a sister was impelled to bite her companions, and this disposition also spread among the sisterhood; but instead of being confined to one nunnery, it spread from cloister to cloister throughout the whole of Europe. There is a kind of biting mania, not confined to nunneries or to the fair sex, and which may often be witnessed in almost every coterie; it is backbiting; a malignant sort of insanity, which spreads worse than the plague, and disorders alike the body and the mind, both collectively and individually.

The conclusion at which Dr. MOORE arrives from the investigations he has submitted, are thus eloquently stated. He finds in them these

EVIDENCES OF IMMORTALITY.

The one conclusion of all research on this, as on every other subject, is inevitable. There is certainly some end worthy of man's creation, and suited to his spirit, in his advancing struggle after knowledge and goodness, which the economy of earthly existence does not furnish. The purpose of being is not here explained; intelligent desire is not satisfied; the sunshine of truth is only reflected on earth; there is no perfect day to the soul; light direct from its source falls not on the sight; we must imagine the delights of which we are capable, but which we cannot here realize; we must live abstractedly if we would live reasonably in holy intimacy with divine and human science; we must look forward into futurity for the meaning of the past. The present adds but a stone to the grand erection, the design of which is to occupy our contemplation everlastingly; for each individual mind, in its memory and experience, is adding material to material, in an order and for an end at present unknown to itself, but yet manifestly according to the plan of a mind that cannot be disappointed.

The very body, which in health so beautifully obeys us, while the soul seeks only perishing enjoyment, becomes an impediment to our nobler aspirations; and when the spirit awakes to the consciousness of its infinite capacity, its very efforts to be free tend to burst the bonds of the body, which becomes more and more irksome as the mind grows mature; at length the ruinous condition of the earthly tabernacle strengthens the desire for one that is heavenly and eternal; and when the body obeys not, then the attentive believing spirit begins to enjoy true liberty in acquaintance with God's purpose to his creature; and already catching a gleam of glory from beyond the grave, the regenerated man passes through death, and finds it only one step to enter for ever through that gateway into satisfying and endless life.

HISTORY.

Military History of the Irish Nation; comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the service of France. By the late MATTHEW O'CONOR, Esq. Barrister-at-law. Dublin, 1845. Hodges and Smith,

THE military history of the Irish nation is not only a history of Ireland and her wars, but in reality of all the contests that have agitated Europe during the last three centuries. In most modern continental quarrels, the Irishman has played no inconsiderable part. Now on one side, now on the other, a mercenary truly, but of a different description to the modern Swiss, he rather resembles the Free companion of the middle ages. The Irishman fights, not so much for lucre as through the reckless love of adventure, and, moreover, with a chivalrous devotion to the cause he espouses for the time being, feelings of which the common mercenary has no conception.

That no chronicler should have arisen long ere this to tell the noble deeds of the sons of Erin is remarkable, and must, we presume, be attributed to indifference rather than to modesty.

The present history attempts to supply this deficiency, and

though perhaps not so comprehensive as might be desired, and as probably it would have been had the author lived, ample justice is awarded to his gallant countrymen. No notice is taken by Mr. O'Conor of the early history of Ireland, with its wars great and small, carried on by petty sovereigns in petty states. Nor is even its subjection to England more than cursorily mentioned, and only then for the purpose of noting that the Sister Isle was the last to succumb to the Norman invader, and further to impress upon all true Irishmen the great fact that Ireland, after bearing the oppression of the Danes for two centuries, totally routed them in a pitched battle at Clontarf, and thus set a brilliant example that the Saxon and Frank were unable ever to imitate.

Their last king, Roderick, too, we have the pleasure of learning, was not inferior to, nor need fear comparison with, our own Harold, and with such preliminary observations Mr. O'Conor commences his history at the period preceding the close of the sixteenth century.

The revolt of Hugh O'Neal, Earl of Tyrone, forms the subject of the earlier chapters of the book, and the rebel O'Neal loses none of his reputation for bold deeds and martial daring in Mr. O'Conor's hands. Perhaps his temporary success was as much owing to fortuitous circumstances, and the incompetency of his opponents, the Generals of Elizabeth, as to his own military abilities. Certainly Sir John Norris, whom the ignorance of Lord Burrough quickly superseded, was the only commander of the Queen's forces worthy of the name. As to Lord Essex's disgraceful government, and still more shameful treaty, we are inclined to agree with Mr. O'Conor, that he deserved the harsh punishment he suffered. The mismanagement of the four Irish viceroys, who so rapidly succeeded each other, is sufficiently proved by the almost uniform success that attended Lord Mountjoy's assumption of the vice-regal dignity, and the consequent rapid decline and ultimate fall of the rebel chief.

The rebellion of Tyrone has sometimes been dignified by the name of a religious war and as the effort of an enthusiastic people to recover their religious rights and privileges; and yet, while these same enthusiasts were fighting in Ireland for their religious immunities, their fellow-countrymen were engaged in the Netherlands on the Protestant side. True, they shortly afterwards displayed the strength of their attachment to the Catholic faith, by a seasonable desertion to the Spaniards; yet, even their historian attempts not to exculpate them from the charge of treachery, and severely censures their leader, Sir Edward Stanley, an English Catholic, who had but recently fought for his Protestant mistress in Ireland. However faithless the Irish may have been, they performed for their new masters, the Spaniards, good service, and gallantly bore their share in the defence of Amiens, as also in the numerous enterprises of the campaign, ending in the battle of Nieuport, that destroyed for some time all Spanish hopes of success.

Cromwell's victories in Ireland are passed over without comment, which, with due deference to our author, deserved, we think, some portion of his attention; but Mr. O'Conor at once proceeds to detail the fortunes of the 40,000 Irish landed by the Protector on the shores of Spain and France. To trace their steps would be both tedious and unprofitable; however, they served indiscriminately in the ranks of Turenne and Conde, and were present at Ligni and at Arras.

When Charles II. by the treaty between Cromwell and Mazarin, was obliged to retire into Flanders, the Irish regiments in France displayed their loyalty by offering their duty to the Duke of York. As one or two of these same regiments had previously deserted the Imperialist service, the Spaniards, "a jealous and suspicious people," so Mr. O'Conor calls them, had not the most exalted opinion of their new allies; and thus distrusted by all, as well as perhaps dispirited pirited by the issue of the battle of the Downs, and the taking of Dunkirk, they returned home after the Restoration, with neither increased honour nor respect. To make amends, Charles, on recovering the throne of his fathers, paid them a compliment on their loyalty—but his gratitude extended no further.

Sir George Hamilton afterwards raised an Irish regiment by Charles's command, for the use of his ally Louis, and which was present with Turenne in that marshal's infamous devastation of the Palatinate, and at Altenheim, the deathbed of so many of Louis's best officers, including the excellent, though rapacious, Marshal Turenne.

There still remained during the Rhenish campaigns in the Imperialist camp some few of the Irish troops whom the wear and waste of war had not destroyed; but they soon necessarily lost their identity, and the last achievement we hear of the Irish regiments was at Cambray, but which not even their almost supernatural courage could save from surrender.

And now we come to the formation of the far-famed Irish Brigade; and in justice it must be declared that from the period of its formation we have no more instances of treachery and desertion, but a continued and honourable devotion to the cause of the Catholic house of Stuart and their natural allies the French. Louis XIV. on sending out troops to the assistance of the unfortunate James II. demanded Irish soldiers in exchange. The regiments so sent to France formed the nucleus of the time-honoured Irish Brigade.

Whilst there Irish soldiers were raising the character of their country in the mountains and valleys of Savoy, their countrymen at home were busily employed in preparing for the grand struggle on the banks of the Boyne. Mr. O'Conor's opinion of James II. is not the highest; he hardly allows sufficiently for the despondency—almost hopelessness—that must have bowed down the soul of James when he found himself alone, forsaken by those who had most cause to remain faithful, above all, by the child of his affection, and the man whom from boyhood he had loaded with benefits. The history of the reign of Charles II. and his brother is the most melancholy, most degrading portion of our national annals. Never were men so faithless, so lost to all feeling of honour and shame. Among the Cavaliers and Puritans on either side were men who ennobled by their disinterested and high-minded conduct the cause they fought and bled for; but at the second revolution all high principle appears to have fled; nothing influenced but selfishness and interest. But in our indignation we are wandering from our subject. Let us see the view that our author takes of James's conduct at the Battle of the Boyne:—

James beheld from the hill of Donore, his left wing outflanked, his centre broken, his right inactive. The spirit of his youth was frozen; the elasticity which gives nerve to enterprise was relaxed; old age and the impression made by unwarlike advisers had chilled those feelings, which, in his earlier years, impelled him to encounter the dangers of the field. The hero, who in Flanders excited the admiration of Turenne, sunk into the coward on the banks of the Boyne, and declined leading the charges of his own horse, when he might have restored the battle, and prevented an inglorious retreat. Panic-struck, and guided by counsels suggested by selfishness and fear, he abandoned an army that was beaten, not broken; that yielded to superiority of numbers and generalship, but had still resources and determination to prolong the contest indefinitely. Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Youghal, and the line of the Shannon, all of which were in the hands of the Irish, presented obstacles to William's success, that should have inspired James with confidence in maintaining the contest; but Lausun, sensible of his own incapacity in camps, but conscious of his admirable talents for courts, was eager to quit a country where he could reap no harvests of glory, and where he had no field to exercise those arts, and practise those intrigues, which had raised him to the pinnacle of favour at Versailles. He, therefore, advised James to seek safety in flight, to return to France, and thus escape being made prisoner by William. He would give his right hand to have accompanied him, but his duty commanded him to guide the retreat of the French troops, or perish with them. This ill-judged counsel was seconded by Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel. Talbot was brave in danger, pusillanimous in disaster. In the route of the Boyne he viewed the cause of James as hopeless, that of William as triumphant. He had estates and dignities to preserve, and only in an accommodation could he see security for them. If James remained, the contest would be prolonged beyond the hope of an accommodation. He, therefore, sent his chaplain to him to press his flight to France, and to work on his fears of falling into the hands of William. James reached Dublin on that same day; and, conscious that his flight would be construed into cowardice, he sought to shelter his fame, not only under the cover of the suggestions of his officers, but likewise under that of the advice of his privy council.

The incapacity of the French general Lausun had no slight share in the disasters that befel James's party in Ireland. On his departure the Duke of Berwick took the command, but the quarrels and intrigues of Tyrconnel and Sarsfield could not but render unavailing the great talents they undoubtedly

possessed. The arrival of St. Ruth from France, with fresh assistance, for a time changed the aspect of affairs, but it was only temporary, and the death of St. Ruth at Aughrim destroyed the last hope of the war being favourably concluded. Affairs were not improved by the appearance of treachery in the camp. Baldearg O'Donnell claims to be remembered as the first traitor to the cause, and his example was followed, amongst others of less note, by Henry Luttrel, the bosom friend of Sarsfield. Tyrconnel's death, too, had occurred a short time previously. Perhaps our author's account of this extraordinary man may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

TYRCONNEL.

Tyrconnel was the founder, in a great degree, of the Irsh brigade—his character is an important part of their history. It has been handed down to posterity in such various colours, and flattery and malignity have had such a share in distorting and misrepresenting it, that a fair portrait of this singular personage has never been presented to the public. He was the eighth son of Sir William Talbot, a barrister. Born to no inheritance but his talents, he obtained a commission in the Irish army after the insurrection of 1641. He afterwards went to Spain with the troops exiled by Cromwell, and thence to Flanders, following the fortunes of the exiled Stuarts. He there ingratiated himself with the Duke of York, by a handsome figure, insinuating address, and chivalrous loyalty. After the Restoration, by Court favour or play, he was enabled to purchase large estates in Ireland. Here he became enamoured of Miss Elizabeth Hamilton. Paintings of Aurora, or poetic descriptions of the goddess of Spring, could give but a faint image of that celebrated lady. The Graces had put a finishing hand to the symmetry of her figure, and to the elegance of her movements. The vivacity of her eyes, the rosy hue of her countenance, her sparkling wit, the charms of her conversation, the purity of her mind, the elevation of her sentiments, captivated every person that came within the sphere of her attractions. Talbot saw and loved, and his perseverance in this amour gives a good example of the ardour and energy of the man in all the affairs of life. The Duke of York's favour, an ample fortune, the prospect of a peerage, promised success to his addresses. Refusals, coldness, and contempt could not relax his ardour. He endeavoured, but failed to emancipate himself from the charms which Venus, in the form of this enchantress, had thrown around him. The frost of reserve, and avowed partiality for Phillibert, Count de Grammont, only added fuel to the fires with which he was consumed. He called to his aid his two brothers, one the celebrated Peter Talbot, Almoner to the Queen, and a great matchmaker, the other a secularized friar, who, according to Count Hamilton, retained the licentiousness of his order, and the reputation attached to it. Grammont's uneasiness at the superior fortune and influence of his rival was relieved by a quarrel between Talbot and Ormond, occasioned by the ardour of the former in espousing the cause of his plundered countrymen, and in endeavouring to procure restitution of their estates to many who had been deprived of them by open violence, or the forms of law in the Court of Claims. Though he occasionally received gratuities from those whom his influence rescued from poverty, their gratitude or policy abstained from imputations of corruption. He stood alone in the breach against the assaults of power and religious persecution. Ormond, the great plunderer and persecutor of these times, expressed his dissatisfaction in terms of haughtiness and insult; Talbot's pride retorted in terms of asperity, and afterwards refused an apology, rejected terms of reconciliation, and he was sent to the Tower. Released from confinement by the influence of friends, he renewed his addresses. The success of his rival did not cool his friendship for the house of Strabane, and in every vicissitude of his fortunes his early love seemed to influence his partiality for the brothers of Miss Hamilton. Raised to the peerage and to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, by imprudent zeal for his master he injured his cause; appointed Roman Catholic sheriffs and lord-lieutenants for almost every county in Ireland, many of them paupers, without birth, education, or property; and excluded Protestants from all power and situations of trust and emolument, so as to alienate the whole body. He had, it is true, great difficulties to encounter. In the race for petty posts, honours, and emoluments, the ambition, vanity, and hunger of a party, spoliated at the Restoration, had no bounds, knew no restraints, and in the rage of disappointment thwarted his measures, exulted in his difficulties, and exaggerated his defeats. Yet he was not altogether devoid of conduct or moderation. He would not deprive the Protestant clergy of their churches or livings, nor admit the Catholic bishops into the House of Lords.

Talbot inherited the hatred and contempt of the English of Ireland for the native Irish. Like most men who rise from humble beginnings, he was haughty, proud, and imperious. Courage he possessed in a high degree, had distinguished himself by numerous acts of bravery in the wars of Flanders, and had been a volunteer in the famous naval engagement between Van Tromp and the Duke of York. His ambition was unbounded; his avarice considerable, but this, indeed, was more the passion of his Duchess than his own; his friendships were said to be inconstant, but they appear to have been steady. To the connection between England and Ireland he was unalterably attached. To this attachment, after the affair of the Boyne, and to the desire of preserving his estates, he sacrificed his loyalty to James, his own safety, and the hopes and prospects of his party in Ireland. The English praised him as a lover of peace, yet confiscated all his estates, which, if he had lived a month longer, would have been preserved by the treaty of Limerick. Tyrconnel died without issue male, and his nephew inherited his title of Earl, the dukedom being entailed on the male issue only. The Earl pined in poverty, a poor dependant at the Court of St. Germain; his son attained the rank of a lieutenant-general in the armies of France, but died without issue, and in him the earldom of Tyrconnel in the Talbot family became extinct.

The gallant stand made at Limerick, and the advantageous terms on which Sarsfield surrendered the town to the Dutch general De Ghinkle are well known. In accordance with the agreement, the Irish regiments sailed to the Continent, preferring, almost to a man, to live in a strange land, than serve a monarch of the house of Orange. They afterwards joined their brethren in the Irish brigade; and in Dauphiné and Piedmont carried everywhere death and terror to the mountaineers. At Marsiglia they contributed their quota to the gaining of that great victory; nor should their noble defence of Guillestre and Embrun be entirely forgotten.

To follow in detail the fortunes of the "bold brigade," it would be necessary to recapitulate all the sieges, battles, and skirmishes the French were engaged in during the long war of the Spanish succession. The Irish legion obtained both honour and renown whilst the good fortune of Louis lasted, and were constant and faithful in his days of tribulation; indeed, could bravery and energy have insured success, fortune would never have forsaken the Irish regiments. The battles of Ramillies, Blenheim, Turin, and Malplaquet, saw the brigade in the foremost of the fight; but all their efforts were unavailing. Mr. O'Conor is a great admirer of the Prince Eugene, whom he eulogizes at the expense of Marlborough: probably national pique has something to do with his depreciation of this great general, whose glory has been, according to him, raised above his deserts, through the servile adulation of "hungry poets." Alas, for poor Steele and Addison! As Eugene is Mr. O'Conor's *beau ideal* of a commander, we insert his comparison between the two rival generals:—

THE PRINCE AND THE DUC DE VENDÔME.

Vendôme inherited the intrepidity of his grandfather, Henry IV.; careless of danger, hot and impetuous in a field of battle, plunging into the midst of the fight when his troops yielded, to animate by his example, and restore confidence by his personal exposure; yet judicious and calculating, and, when not engaged in the midst of the combatants, surveying every part with serenity, sustaining weak points by reserves, throwing in additional battalions to break the enemy's line when yielding, and availing himself of every mistake of his opponent, and of every chance which the fortune of war presented to him. In other respects he was deficient in the qualities of a great commander. In courting the love of his troops, he allowed marauding, and corrupted the discipline of his camp. On a field of battle he shone like a meteor in a clouded sky; his white plumes and scarlet mantle careering in the midst of smoke and fire, moving death and dismay in their rapid course; but when the thunder ceased to roll, and his fiery spirit had no longer the excitement of the conflict to sustain its energy, his soul languished in indolence and repose. He slumbered when his enemy watched; his want of vigilance exposing him to surprises and defeats. The attachment and heroism of his troops often retrieved his mistakes, and often extricated him from difficulties insuperable to his genius. He was slow in penetrating the designs of his enemy; but when they flashed upon him, they electrified all his energies, and the hero and the general were alike conspicuous in the impetuosity of his attack and the skill of his evolutions. In private life he was haughty to his equals, condescending to his inferiors, improvident, extravagant, heedless of private engagements, negligent in the ordinary decencies of personal appearance. Affability of manners, benevolence of disposition, disinterestedness, and love of glory, stamped him as an inheritor of the virtues of his grandfather, Henry IV. Pride, hatred, or revenge had no part in his noble nature, and his prodigality, and indulgence to the vices of others, were the only foibles that clouded the purity of his elevated mind.

Eugene surpassed him in military genius, equalled him in bravery, and rivalled him in the affections of the soldiery, though rigid in discipline, and inexorable in punishing disorders. The love of the one sprung from affability, familiarity, and connivance at their excesses; that of the other in gratitude for ample supplies, for never-failing care of the sick and wounded, and for that confidence in the commander, which genius alone can call up in the breast of the soldier. In enterprise and activity, no comparison can be instituted between these great men. In stratagems, surprises, marches, passages of rivers, encampments, the art of creating resources in the enemy's country, and of turning, with inferior forces, a defensive into an offensive war, Eugene far surpassed the level of his age, and rises to a comparison with Hannibal or Napoleon, the two greatest generals of ancient and modern times. Napoleon, indeed, by the rapidity of his marches, multiplied his forces, beat his enemy in detail, and triumphed over enemies often five times as numerous as his own. But he exhausted his soldiers by fatigues too great for nature to sustain. Eugene, on the contrary, spared his troops, took advantage of canals and defiles, and cast up intrenchments to cover them; never exposing them, but when chance favoured, or necessity required. He effected much by espionage, intrigues, and bribery; but more by great genius, matchless valour, inviolable secrecy, bold conception, and heroic execution. As a military character, Eugene was all virtue: a single vice does not stain him as a warrior in the pages of the historians of his age. In one respect Vendôme and the prince approached each other. They were both descended from houses equally illustrious. The princes of Maurun and Bourbon exhibited constellations of glory for 800 years. They both commanded armies equally brave and equally disciplined, both were nearly of the same age, and the resemblance is only lost in the superior talents of the great Eugene.

BIOGRAPHY.

Collections towards illustrating the Biography of the Scotch, English, and Irish Members of the Society of Jesus. By the Rev. Dr. OLIVER, of St. Nicholas' Priory, Exeter. London, 1845. Dolman.

THIS volume must have been a work of vast research and labour. It is a sort of biographical dictionary of the Scotch, English, and Irish Jesuits: those of each country being distinctly classified under a distinct alphabetical arrangement. It forms a considerable volume, very closely printed, in double columns, and each article relates whatsoever is known concerning the subject of it. To devout Catholics it cannot fail to be welcome as a book of reference, and indeed it may be consulted by others for a great deal of information that could nowhere beside be so readily procured.

SCIENCE.

A Guide to Photography, &c. By W. H. THORNTHWAITE. London, 1845. Horne and Co.

THIS volume contains the most simple and practical details we have yet seen of the most improved processes for the production of pictures by the chemical action of light, including the Daguerreotype, the Calotype, and the other instruments which apply the same principle in various forms and to various objects. It is illustrated with drawings in stone; and no person possessing one of the instruments should fail to keep with it these explicit instructions for its use.

FICTION.

The Mabinogion. By Lady CHARLOTTE GUEST. Part VI. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

The Mabinogion is a collection of ancient Welsh manuscripts, now, for the first time printed, and accompanied with a translation and notes, by Lady CHARLOTTE GUEST. No expense has been spared in the getting up of this bold enterprise; the type and paper being in the handsomest style of the art, and excellent wood-cut illustrations adorn the pages.

As this sixth part is the first we have seen, we are unable to give to our readers any account of the origin, history, or design of the publication; we can state only that the part before us contains three Welsh legends, entitled severally "Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr," "Manawyddan, the Son of Llyr," and "Math, the Son of Mathonwy." The first tells how "Bendigeid Vran was the crowned king of this island, and he was exalted from the crown of London." One afternoon he was sitting on a rock looking over the sea, and with him were his brothers. "One of these youths was a good youth, and of gentle nature, and would make peace between his kindred and cause his family to be friends when their wrath was at the highest; and this one was Nissyen; but the other would cause strife between his two brothers when they were most at peace." As they were sitting, they saw thirteen ships coming from the south of Ireland, with "beautiful flags of satin," and one outstripped the rest, and displayed a shield with the point upwards, in token of peace. The crew landed, and the king saluted them from the rock, and asked whence they came, and wherefore.

"Lord," said they, "Matholwch, king of Ireland, is here, and these ships belong to him." "Wherefore comes he?" asked the king, "and will he come to the land?" "He is a suitor unto thee, lord," said they, "and he will not land unless he have his boon." "And what may that be?" inquired the king. "He desires to ally himself with thee, lord," said they, "and he comes to ask Branwen, the daughter of Llyr, that, if it seem well to thee, the Island of the Mighty may be leagued with Ireland and both become more powerful." "Verily," said he, "let him come to land, and we will take counsel thereupon."

The king of Ireland lands accordingly; his suit is granted, and the wedding takes place. But the quarrelsome brother of the bride comes by chance, and seeing the horses of the bridegroom, demands to whom they belong, and being informed that Matholwch, king of Ireland, had married his sister, he flies into a furious rage that the match should have been made without his consent.

And thereupon he rushed under the horses and cut off their lips at the teeth, and their ears close to their heads, and their tails close to their backs, and wherever he could clutch their eyelids, he cut them to the very bone, and he disfigured the horses and rendered them useless.

On learning the insult that had been offered to him, the King of Ireland departed for his ships in great dudgeon, without asking leave at court. His royal host sends messengers to inquire the cause. This being reported, the king was grieved, and sends another embassy with an apology.

"Arise, Manawyddan, son of Llyr, and Heveydd Hir, and Unic Glew Ysgwyd, and go after him, and tell him that he shall have a sound horse for every one that has been injured. And beside that, as an atonement for the insult, he shall have a staff of silver, as large and as tall as himself, and a plate of gold of the breadth of his face. And shew unto him who it was that did this, and that it was done against my will; but that he who did it is my brother, by the mother's side, and therefore it would be hard for me to put him to death. And let him come and meet me," said he, "and we will make peace in any way he may desire."

The embassy went after Matholwch, and told him all these sayings in a friendly manner, and he listened thereunto. "Men," said he, "I will take counsel." So to the council he went.

The terms were accepted, and the guest was invited to a grand feast, but he was not so cheerful as usual, and this was attributed by his royal host to a feeling that the atonement had not been sufficient.

"Oh man," said Bendigeid Vran, "thou dost not discourse to-night so cheerfully as thou wert wont. And if it be because of the smallness of the atonement, thou shalt add thereunto whatsoever thou mayest choose, and to-morrow I will pay thee the horses." "Lord," said he, "Heaven reward thee." "And I will enhance the atonement," said Bendigeid Vran, "for I will give unto thee a cauldron, the property of which is, that if one of thy men be slain to-day, and be cast therein, to-morrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech." And thereupon he gave him great thanks, and very joyful was he for that cause.

The history of this magic cauldron is thus narrated:

And a second night sat they together. "My lord," said Matholwch, "whence hadst thou the cauldron which thou hast given me?" "I had it of a man who had been in thy land," said he, "and I would not give it except to one fom there." "Who was it?" asked he. "Llassar Llaesgyvnewid; he came here from Ireland, with Kymideu Kymeinvoll, his wife, who escaped from the Iron House in Ireland, when it was made red hot around them, and fled hither. And it is a marvel to me that thou shouldst know nothing concerning the matter." "Something I do know," said he, "and as much as I know I will tell thee. One day I was hunting in Ireland, and I came to the mound at the head of the lake, which is called the lake of the Cauldron. And I beheld a huge yellow-haired man coming

from the lake with a cauldron upon his back. And he was a man of vast size, and of horrid aspect, and a woman followed after him. And if the man was tall, twice as large as he was the woman; and they came towards me and greeted me. 'Verily,' asked I, 'wherefore are you journeying?' 'Behold this,' said he to me, 'is the cause that we journey. At the end of a month and a fortnight this woman will have a son; and the child that will be born at the end of the month and the fortnight will be a warrior fully armed.' So I took them with me, and maintained them. And they were with me for a year. And that year I had them with me not grudgingly. But thenceforth was there murmuring, because that they were with me. For from the beginning of the fourth month they had begun to make themselves hated and to be disorderly in the land; committing outrages, and molesting and harassing the nobles and ladies; and thenceforward my people rose up and besought me to part with them, and they bade me to choose between them and my dominions. And I applied to the council of my country to know what should be done concerning them; for of their own free will they would not go, neither could they be compelled against their will, through fighting. And [the people of the country] being in this strait, they caused a chamber to be made all of iron. Now when the chamber was ready, there came there every smith that was in Ireland, and every one who owned tongs and hammer. And they caused coals to be piled up as high as the top of the chamber. And they had the man, and the woman, and the children, served with plenty of meat and drink; but when it was known that they were drunk, they began to put fire to the coals about the chamber, and they blew it with bellows until the house was red hot all around them. Then was there a council held in the centre of the floor of the chamber. And the man tarried until the plates of iron were all of a white heat; and then, by reason of the great heat, the man dashed against the plates with his shoulder and struck them out, and his wife followed him; but except him and his wife none escaped thence. And then I suppose, lord," said Matholwch unto Bendigeid Vran, "that he came over unto thee." "Doubtless he came here," said he, "and gave unto me the cauldron." "In what manner didst thou receive them?" "I dispersed them through every part of my dominions, and they have become numerous and are prospering everywhere, and they fortify the places where they are with men and arms, of the best that were ever seen."

Matholwch returns to Ireland with his bride, and in due time a son was born to them. In the second year a tumult broke out there on account of the insults offered to Matholwch in Wales, and his foster brothers took part in it, and their vengeance was to drive away Branwen, his Welsh wife, from the same chambers with him, and make her cook for the court, "and they caused the butcher, after he had cut up the meat, to come to her and give her every day a blow on the ear, and such they made her punishment." And all intercourse with Wales was prohibited for three years.

And Branwen reared a starling in the cover of the kneading trough, and she taught it to speak, and she taught the bird what manner of man her brother was. And she wrote a letter of her woes, and the despite with which she was treated, and she bound the letter to the root of the bird's wing, and sent it towards Wales. And the bird came to this island, and one day it found Bendigeid Vran at Caer Seiont in Arvon, conferring there, and it alighted upon his shoulder and ruffled its feathers, so that the letter was seen, and they knew that the bird had been reared in a domestic manner.

Bendigeid Vran was sorely grieved at the tidings of Branwen's woes, and he gathered an army, and sailed for the invasion of Ireland.

Now the swineherds of Matholwch were upon the sea-shore, and they came to Matholwch. "Lord," said they, "greeting be unto thee." "Heaven protect you," said he, "have you any news?" "Lord," said they, "we have marvellous news; a wood have we seen upon the sea, in a place where we never yet saw a single tree." "This is indeed a marvel," said he; "saw you aught else?" "We saw, my lord," said they, "a vast mountain beside the wood, which moved, and there was a lofty ridge on the top of the mountain, and a lake on each side of the ridge. And the wood and the mountain, and all these things moved." "Verily," said he, "there is none who can know aught concerning this, unless it be Branwen."

Messengers go to Branwen to ask her the meaning of these strange appearances.

"What is the forest that is seen upon the sea?" asked they. "The yards and the masts of ships," she answered. "Alas," said they, "what is the mountain that is seen by the side of the ships?" "Bendigeid Vran, my brother," she replied, "coming to shoal water;" there is no ship that can contain him in it." "What is the lofty ridge with the lake on each side thereof?" "On looking towards this island he is wroth, and his two eyes on each side of his nose are the two lakes on each side of the ridge."

Matholwch calls a council, and they resolve to retreat across the river, and break down the bridge behind them. When Bendigeid Vran comes to the bank, his followers ask him how they are to cross. "What," said they, "is thy counsel concerning a bridge?" "There is none," said he, "except that he who will be chief, let him be a bridge; I will be so." "And when he had lain down across the river, hurdles were placed upon him, and the host passed over thereby."

On the other side messengers from Matholwch meet him and offer amends. But the terms are, in the opinion of the council, not sufficiently tempting, and they advise something more irresistible.

"Lord," said they, "there is no other counsel than this alone. He was never known to be within a house, make, therefore, a house that will contain him and the men of the Island of the Mighty on the one side, and thyself and thy host on the other; and give over thy kingdom to his will, and do him homage. So by reason of the honour thou doest him in making him a house, whereas he never before had a house to contain him, he will make peace with thee."

The offer was accepted, and a house built "both vast and strong."

But the Irish planned a crafty device, and the craft was that they should put brackets on each side of the hundred pillars that were in the house, and should place a leathern bag on each bracket, and an armed man in every one of them. Then Evnissyen came in before the host of the Island of the Mighty, and scanned the house with fierce and savage looks, and descried the leathern bags which were around the pillars? "What is in this bag?" asked he of one of the Irish. "Meal, good soul," said he. And Evnissyen felt about it until he came to the man's head, and he squeezed the head until he felt his fingers meet together in the brain through the bone. And he left that one and put his hand upon another, and asked what was therein? "Meal," said the Irishman. So he did the like unto every one of them, until he had not left alive of all the two hundred men save one only; and when he came to him, he asked what was there? "Meal, good soul," said the Irishman. And he felt about until he felt the head, and he squeezed that head as he had done the others. And albeit he found that the head of this one was armed, he left him not until he had killed him.

But in spite of this, concord was established between "the men of the Island of Ireland," and "the men of the Island of the Mighty," and the sovereignty was, by agreement, conferred upon the boy, the son of Branwen. But the strife-lover Evnissyen resolves to murder him, and, under pretence of a wish to fondle him, takes him in his arms, "and before any one in the house could seize hold of him, he thrust the boy headlong into the blazing fire." Thereupon there was a tremendous tumult and a great slaughter.

Then the Irish kindled a fire under the cauldron of renovation, and they cast the dead bodies into the cauldron until it was full, and the next day they came forth fighting men as good as before, except that they were not able to speak.

But it would not resuscitate the dead bodies of the men of the Island of the Mighty, and Evnissyen, in despair, casts himself among the dead bodies of the Irish, and two of the people, taking him to be an Irishman, fling him into the cauldron. "And he stretched himself out of the cauldron, so that he rent the cauldron into four pieces, and burst his own heart also."

In consequence of that the Welsh were successful, but only seven men of them all escaped. Then

Bendigeid Vran commanded them that they should cut off his head. "And take you my head," said he, "and bear it even unto the White Mount, in London, and bury it there, with the face towards France; and a long time will you be upon the road. In Harlech you will be feasting seven years, the birds of Rhiannon singing unto you the while; and all that time the head will be to you as pleasant company as it ever was when on my body. And at Gwales in Penvro you will be fourscore years, and you may remain there, and the head with you uncorrupted, until you open the door that looks towards Aber Henvelen, and towards Cornwall. And after you have opened that door, there you may no longer tarry: set forth then to London to bury the head, and go straight forward."

They did as they were bidden; and Branwen exclaiming "Two islands have been destroyed because of me!" uttered a loud groan, and then broke her heart. For the adventures of these seven in their journey to bury the head—how at one repast they continued seven years, charmed by the song of a bird they could not see; and at another they remained fourscore years, unconscious of the flight of time and unwearied; and how while the head remained buried on White Mount "no invasion from across the sea came to this island"—the reader is referred to Lady C. GUEST'S valuable work, where they will find other legends equally curious and equally illustrative of very ancient manners and modes of thought.

The College Chums: a Novel. In 2 vols. By CHARLES LISTER, Esq. London, 1845.

LET no library be tempted to order this weak and worthless production, in which we hesitate whether most to condemn, the conception or the execution. The plot is most extravagant, unnatural, and uninteresting. Dormer and Saville are the names of *the Chums*, and their adventures the subject-matter of the story. Dormer is seduced to gamble, and escapes with difficulty the toils laid for him. Saville is engaged to Dormer's sister, and, while in this position, seduces another girl, and thence arises a whole melodrama of murder, madness, and death, the incidents being introduced without the slightest regard for probability in substance or order of event. The characters are the veriest wooden puppets that ever were played with, and the composition is in the worst style of the penny-a-liner. Such productions ought to be discouraged, and therefore we deal with them thus severely, and according to their deserts.

The Disputed Inheritance: a Novel. In 3 vols. By GRACE WEBSTER. London, 1845. Newby.

THE plot of this novel is sufficiently simple, and entirely without originality. Mr. Dunbar is the owner of Dundauvie Castle. Some persons in his neighbourhood, out of spite, prompt a woman to assert a claim to the inheritance on behalf of her child. But the fraud is too transparent to impose upon any person, and hence it excites no interest. The merit of this novel lies wholly in the quiet, truthful, characteristic picture it presents of a laird's family in Scotland, and for this it may be read with much pleasure. Miss WEBSTER in this emulates the author of *The Inheritance;* and when she writes again, we would recommend her to pay more attention to the plot, for it is dangerous to rest the prosperity of any novel on its descriptive powers alone. Readers require to be at the same time interested in a stirring story.

Eastern Romances. Select Tales from the Arabian and other Sources, adapted to Popular Reading. Vol. I. Burns.

A FORTNIGHT since, we noticed the second volume of this publication. The first has since come to hand. It fully justifies all that then was said in praise of the design, which was simply that of collecting from the *Arabian Nights* and other sources the best Eastern romances, stripping them of whatever militated against delicacy or morals. Thus purified, they are fitted for the family circle, who, thanks to Mr. BURNS, have now opened for their enjoyment the richest stores of a romance, without the slightest fear of evil consequences.

POETRY.

Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry; with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. By JOHN DALY. *Together with metrical verses* by EDWARD WALSH. 1845. London: J. R. Smith. Dublin: Machen.

ALTHOUGH the editor indulges in his preface in the stock language of hostility to "*the Saxon*," "*the foe*," "*the stranger*," and nationality, as it is absurdly termed, is the aim of this publication, yet, as it contains some really curious matter, we will not pass it unnoticed.

The poems are collected from popular traditions, or from the shelves of old libraries. They are printed in their native Irish, both language and character, and each is accompanied with an interlinear and literal translation, and a free version in English rhyme. Explanatory notes are introduced occasionally, and narrate the legends alluded to in the verses.

The greater portion of these old poems breathe a spirit of intense hatred of the oppressors of Ireland, as unhappily our countrymen then were; and as the sins of nations, like those of individuals, are ever visited, even to the third and fourth generation, so are we now paying the penalty of our fathers' wrongs; and the spirit they kindled in Ireland, and which flashes on every page of these relics of her popular ballads, is now vexing us, and rises up the most formidable shadow in the pathway of our national greatness. In these poems there is abundance of fire and passionate emotion, and the translator has evidently thrown his entire soul into his task, and done ample justice to the bards whose inspirations he has rendered into another tongue. If they are so fresh and spirit-stirring in translation, what must they be in the original? If they move even the heart of the now unjustly hated Saxon, how must they stir the very soul of the passionate Irishman, stung by centuries of wrong?

EDUCATION.

The New London Copy-Book, with Copies set for the Pupil. Parts I. to X. London. Darton and Clarke.

INFINITE are the designs for copy-books. They are to be found in every conceivable variety of arrangement; the copy set at the head, lines to guide the letters' length, lines to direct the slope and the breadth, faint strokes over which the pen is expected to pass until from sheer habit the hand is made to move mechanically in the same direction. Of all the systems, this last was the worst. It was akin to the scheme of learning to swim by bladders; the aid removed, the pupil was as helpless as ever. Of one thing teachers may be assured, that the child never masters the slightest knowledge until he is thrown upon his own resources. So long as letters, for instance, are shaped for him, he will never learn to shape them for himself. These copy-books, published by Messrs. Darton and Clarke, shun the error we have named. Their merits are two-fold—the copy is given at the side instead of at the head of the leaf, and the lessons are progressive, the progression being arranged, not by the order of the letters, but according to the order of form, advancing from the simple to the more difficult shapes by almost insensible steps. By help of this series, we should think, an attentive child might, by copying a single set, obtain a very decent mastery of the art of writing. Certainly no better copy-books than these have ever passed under our notice.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

American Factories and their Female Operatives; with an Appeal on behalf of the British Factory Population, &c. By the Rev. WM. SCORESBY, D.D. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

IN the year 1844 Dr. SCORESBY visited the United States, and having personally witnessed the condition of the factory girls at Lowell, he was so impressed with the spectacle, that on his return he made the information he had gathered the subject of two lectures delivered to the Bradford Church Institution.

Dr. SCORESBY'S description of that interesting place and of the novel sights he witnessed there so entirely coincides in all important particulars with that given by Miss MARTINEAU, and of which a full account was published in an early number of THE CRITIC, that repetition will be unnecessary. The novelty of these lectures lies in the Doctor's inquiry into the causes of the superior moral and intellectual condition of the Lowell Factory-girls. These he concludes to be—1. A general superior tone of moral principle prevalent among the young women of the operative classes of New England. 2. The universal prevalency of education among all classes, combined with a general respect for the Bible and religion. 3. The considerable wages they receive. 4. The watchful consideration and moral care for the young women taken by their employers and others. 5. The self-consideration and regard for moral character of the female operatives themselves.

The reverend Doctor concludes with some valuable suggestions for the improvement of the condition of *our* factory operatives. To the females he proposes that they should emulate their American sisters in their zeal for acquiring education—that they should carefully cultivate a high tone of chaste and moral principle, and exercise a prudent economy in the spending of their wages. To the masters he recommends a more watchful regard to the moral character of their female operatives, and that of those who overlook them; that they should do something for their morals and general benefit *beyond* the walls of the mills and factories; and, lastly, that they should place the operatives generally in a better position by abridging the hours of labour.

These views are enforced by Mr. SCORESBY with great powers of argument and much earnest eloquence, and his pamphlet will not only interest those in the manufacturing districts whom it specially concerns, but the narrative portion must attract the attention of all who acknowledge the improvement of the condition of the working classes to be *the* question of the time.

RELIGION.

The History of the Church of England in the Colonies and Foreign Dependencies of the British Empire. By the Rev. JAMES S. M. ANDERSON, M.A. Vol. I. London, 1845. Rivingtons.

THERE are scarcely any two words in the English language which convey an idea more vague than that suggested by the term "Colonial Church." The instant that a definition of either is attempted, the mind reverts to all those disputes and contentions which have in all ages distracted politicians and theologians. We employ the word colony at one time to denote a particular district or situation, and then, perhaps, define it with CLARK, as "a remote possession or province of this realm, occupied for the purpose of trade or cultivation." At another, we separate it from any mere geographical notion, and understand by it an association of colonists, or, according to JOHNSON, "a body of people drawn from the mother country to inhabit some distant place." And these two are only among the most loose and indefinite significations applied to the term colony. There are not wanting many who hold that the term colony is rightly to be confined within much narrower limits than either of these; that it imports a peculiar stage in national life, a particular development of social civilization, an era in the history of a community springing into existence under circumstances and conditions appropriate and confined to itself. Again, to what single word do men attach such various ideas as to the word "church"? Not only in its deeper and more difficult meaning, but in that which is proper to it—as descriptive of an organized system, an institution religious or political, an orderly scheme of government, effective as one of the most important elements in the history of civilization; it is the source of debate and controversy, anxious thought and unsettled deliberation, presenting to the mind forms grand and majestic, but such as it cannot easily grasp. To write a history, then, of the Colonial Church is no light task, requiring clear and accurate conceptions, and a systematic and well-regulated plan. The materials out of which such a history might be composed are thinly scattered over a vast literary field, lying in incidental notices and occasional allusions, rather than in minute detail. Commencing with the early collections of voyages made by HACKLUYT and PURCHAS, they branch out into an immense number of particular histories and memoirs extending through two centuries and a half, and are carried down to the important discoveries which are even now almost daily being made of papers and documents having reference to the early histories of, or to missionary exertions in, our different colonial settlements.

Mr. ANDERSON'S book has at present reached only the conclusion of its first volume, and therefore it is as yet impossible to say how far his task will be successfully achieved. We are, however, able to judge somewhat from its commencement, and of that little we must now speak. The volume before us professes to carry the history of the Church in the Colonies to the end of the reign of JAMES I. There were no real attempts at colonization before the age of ELIZABETH, so that the present volume is occupied mainly with these two reigns. These occupied a period the most unfavourable for establishing or extending a new branch of the English Church. When the depths of society are once broken up, it is not until after a long lapse of time, and many heavings to and fro, that they can settle down again in peace and order. A religious reformation had at that time been hardly accomplished. Two hostile parties, Romanist and Puritan, stood on either side of the English Church, each equally bitter in hostility, equally intractable and equally feared. At home there was a certain amount of stability and strength in the moderation of the Church of England sufficient to withstand the aggressions of either antagonist. But there was neither will nor power to plant a permanent church among the restless adventurers who had just begun to settle in Virginia, the Bermudas, or Newfoundland, and who might have requited the care of the first planters by changing the character of the church established amongst them in such a sort as to give it a violently Puritanical or Romanist character. Among the settlers themselves were to be found the same strifes, gainsayings, and differences which harassed the country at home. The contentions of hood and tippet, the disputations between the favourers and opponents of Genevan discipline; the libels of Martin Mar-Prelate, and the counter-blasts of the author of "Pap with a hatchet," were re-produced and re-enacted upon the shores of New England. The terms of the Hampton Court Conference were re-debated upon the banks of the Potomac and the Susquehanna. No inconsiderable or uninteresting part therefore of Mr. ANDERSON'S history is devoted to a consideration of the state of the English Church at this time. This is ground which has been often turned, but can never be too often considered. The view now given of it is clear and succinct. The succession of archbishops, from the beginning of ELIZABETH to the end of JAMES, is neatly set down, and the character of each impartially reviewed. This may fairly be considered as one of the preparatory steps necessary for the better understanding of the general subject in hand. Another preparatory step is, the glance taken at the several attempts, effectual or otherwise, made during the period within which we are at present confined, towards occupying or colonizing the northern parts of the continent of America. This, however, could not be adequately done without a short notice of the expeditions which, even so early as the close of the fifteenth century, departed from the English shores, under the guidance of the enterprising JOHN CABOT and his sons. These almost fruitless exertions were followed by the expedition of Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, in the year 1553, in search of that great object of all similar voyages, the north-east passage to India and Cathay. The cold of Russian Lapland exterminated every living thing that sailed in two of the ships in that expedition. The frozen bodies of the dead were afterwards found in the vessels, of which they were the crews, upon the coast of Russian Lapland. The third and only remaining vessel parted company from the other two in a violent storm, and succeeded in reaching Archangel, where her people were received with great kindness and hospitality by the inhabitants of the country. The following is the striking description given by CHANCELOR, the only commander who survived, of the squadron when about to sail:—

> It was thought best by the opinion of them all that by the 20th day of May the Captaines and mariners should take shipping, and depart from Radcliffe vpon the ebbe, if it pleased God. They hauing saluted their acquaintances, one his wife, another his children, another his kinsfolkes, and another his friends deerer then his kinsfolkes, were present and ready at the day appoynted: and having wayed ancre, they departed with the turning of the water, and sailing easily, came first to Greenewich. The greater shippes are towed downe with boates and oares, and the mariners being all apparelled in watchet or skie-coloured cloth, rowed amaine, and made way with diligence. And being come neere to Greenewich (where the Court then lay), presently upon the newes thereof, the courtiers came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thicke vpon the shoare; the priuie counsel, they lookt out at the windowes of the Court, and the rest ranne vp to the toppes of the towers: the shippes hereupon discharge their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the manner of warre, and of the sea, insomuch that the tops of the hilles sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gaue an eccho, and the mariners they shouted in such sort, that the skie rang againe with the noyse thereof. One stoode in the poope of the ship, and by his gesture bids farewell to his friendes in the best manner hee could. Another walkes vpon the hatches, another climbes the shrowds, another stands vpon the maine yarde, and another in the top of the shippe. To be short, it was a very triumph (after a sort) in all respects to the beholders. But (alas!) the good King Edward (in respect of whom principally all this was prepared) hee onely by reason of his sickenesse was absent from this shewe, and not long after the departure of these ships, the lamentable and most sorrowfull accident of his death followed.

The progress of maritime discovery was, however, very slow, and the progress of colonization upon the part of the English still slower. At the end of the reign of ELIZABETH, while some of the richest provinces in the east and in the west were tributary to Portugal and Spain, the territories of England were still confined to her own shores. It was true, indeed, that she had claimed sovereignty in Newfoundland and Virginia, and even among some of the islands of the West Indies, and on the coasts of Brazil, Guiana, and Peru. But the petty forts and villages which her settlers had built had been dismantled, and the settlers themselves destroyed, by the hostility of the native tribes. The science of establishing a colony was not yet understood, and there is scarcely any thing more gloomy in history than the fearful waste of human life committed in the attempt to establish our earliest American

possessions. And if the science of colonizing was little understood, that of planting new churches was still less so. Whether we have even now advanced much in this last particular is questionable. Assuredly, until within the last few years, of all missionary labours those of England were the worst planned and the worst executed. We have no space to enter upon an enumeration of the various causes of failure in our attempts at founding colonies or colonial churches, but chief amongst them may be mentioned the mutual jealousies, the weakness of all executive power, the cruelties towards native tribes, the iniquities of the slave-trade, and the want of all systematic action exhibited by the government and the settlements themselves. An instance of English injustice at once interesting and melancholy occurs in the case of Pocahuntas, a daughter of Powhatan, an Indian chief, who was captured by the English settlers of Virginia in 1612. This woman, when a child of some twelve years old, had saved the life of the English governor, Captain SMITH, then a prisoner in the hands of her father. At a later period she had more than once risked her own safety that she might bring succour to the English in their distress, warning them of dangers, and supplying them with provisions. Those whom she had thus benefited ill requited her. Anxious to regain from her father certain prisoners' arms and implements of which he had gained possession, by a series of stratagems they made Pocahuntas their prisoner. Ultimately, peace was agreed upon between the Indians and English, by means of certain consequences resulting from this exploit:—

Pocahuntas, however, returned no more to her own people. During the time which had already elapsed since her capture by Argall, Dale and Whitaker had been most careful and assiduous in bringing her to the knowledge of the Christian faith. She shewed a great capacity, as well as an earnest desire for instruction; and, after the lapse of some months, made, at her own request, a public renunciation of the idolatry of her country, and was baptized, receiving the name of Rebecca. An attachment also had sprung up between her and an Englishman named John Rolfe, who is described as 'an honest gentleman, and of good behaviour;' and information of this circumstance having been communicated, with the approval of Sir Thomas Dale, to her father Powhatan, that king sent an aged uncle of hers, Opachisco, and two of his sons, that they might bear the tidings of his consent to the marriage, and do what was required in his behalf for the confirmation of it. The marriage was celebrated on the first of April, 1613; and Dale, speaking of it in the letter which has been before cited, says: "She liues ciuilly and louingly with him, and I trust will increase in goodnesse, as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will goe into England with mee; and were it but the gaining of this one soule, I will thinke my time, toile, and present stay well spent."

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Having stated thus much of the conversion and marriage of this the first Indian princess who had been brought to the knowledge of the true God, it may be well to anticipate, for a few moments, the exact order of our narrative, and follow her brief story to the end. She accompanied her husband and Sir Thomas Dale to England, when that officer, having placed the affairs of the colony in good order, and left them under the charge of Mr. George Yeardly, deputy-governor, returned home in 1616. They landed at Plymouth on the twelfth of June in that year; and great interest was felt and shewn, as might be expected, towards her who came, under such circumstances, a stranger to these shores. Among the first who welcomed her was Captain Smith, whose life, in the days of her childhood, she had saved at the hazard of her own, and whose wants, and the wants of his countrymen, she had so often relieved. He was eager to introduce her to the notice of the consort of King James, and the letter in which he commends her to the favour of her Majesty, and relates the services she had rendered to himself and the Colony under his command, is not among the least striking evidences which remain to tell us of the honest and hearty zeal of that extraordinary man. He was himself on the point of embarking at that time upon a voyage to New England, and could not stay to render to Pocahuntas the service which she required, and so well deserved. He was the more desirous, therefore, that she should receive a generous reception from those who were in authority. There is something very touching in the simple and affectionate spirit with which she received the man who had exercised such wonderful influence upon her life. At first, Smith relates, she seemed disturbed, and unwilling to express her thoughts; but not long afterwards she began to speak, and called him "Father," —the same title, she said, by which he had addressed her own father, Powhatan, when he had been a stranger in his land. And when Smith hesitated to receive such a title from one who was a king's daughter, she answered, "Were you not afraid to come into my father's countrie, and cause feare in him and all his people (but mee), and feare you here that I should call you father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call me childe, and so I will be for euer and euer your countrieman. They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plimoth; yet Powhatan did command Vitamatomakkin to seeke you, and know the truth, because your countriemen will lie much."

Mr. ANDERSON will neither diminish nor increase his reputation by the first volume of his *History of the Colonial Church*. The style is pleasing, and seems to indicate a mind whose tone is religious, without being puritanical or unhealthy. His research, too, is considerable, and his extracts from early writings are happily made. But there wants historical arrangement and a certain definitiveness of object. He writes like a man who has not quite determined upon his plan—who has read much without systematizing that which by reading he has acquired. His pages form, in consequence, very pleasant rambling, desultory reading, but they want the severe dignity which betokens the inspiration of the muse of history; and as they do not belong to the province of history generally, still less have they any part in ecclesiastical history. Incidental notices of religious men do not constitute the history of a Church. To write the biography of individuals is one thing—to exhibit the development of national or political life is another.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bokhara Victims. By Captain GROVER, Unatt., F.R.S. London: Chapman and Hall.

A PERUSAL of this book suggests the question, "Has the soldier, whilst in the execution of his mission, a right to expect protection from the power at whose command he acts?" The answer of every rational person will at once be in the affirmative. Even in the days of serfdom, such justice was not refused. Yet, if we are to believe this narrative, two brave men have been wantonly sacrificed.

The position of the soldier is curious. It is one of passive submission to the will and direction of others. He must have no thought of his own. His mind is purely mechanical. Reckless of danger, and careless of social ties and family affections, he rushes onward, daring destruction and looking death boldly in the face. His individuality is lost; he lives and moves and has his being without consulting his own impulses, obedient only to the dicta of other minds. What shall, what ought to be, returned, for these fearful sacrifices? For what are the faculties that distinguish man from the brute surrendered? Wherefore does the British soldier lay down his liberty? The answer must be, for a paltry pittance, whereby to eke out his daily existence.

The work before us is a minute, and seemingly faithful, revelation of all the known circumstances relative to the sufferings of the two envoys sent to Bokhara by the English government. Accounts are given of the steps taken by the author and Dr. WOLFF to arouse the attention of the executive to the fact that two of their agents were confined in dungeons by the Ameer of that distant country.

Our readers will doubtless recollect, that about five years ago Colonel STODDART was sent to Bokhara by the Persian ambassador. The object of his mission was to induce the chief of Meimanah to abandon the system of pillage then devastating the north-west frontier of Persia, and to endeavour to put a stop to the capture of slaves. He was directed to use his best efforts to obtain the liberty of any Russian prisoners he might find at Bokhara, and to conclude a friendly treaty with the Ameer. We have not space to follow the narrative of this book through its many interesting details, but enough that at length the envoy reached his destination and, without any just reason, was seized, bound with cords, and treated as "a spy." The Ameer wrote to the Queen of England, asking for an account of this "traveller." The following is the description of one of the earliest modes of

STODDART'S INCARCERATION.

He was carried to a subterraneous dungeon, which, in fact, was nothing but a well, twenty-one feet deep, the only means of descent to which was by a rope, by which, also, food was conveyed to the prisoners. Here he found three men, companions of his misery, two thieves and a murderer. He was confined two months in that well. He soon made friends with his

wretched companions, one of whom had been several years in that dreadful place; and having contrived to get some tobacco, they passed their time in smoking. The second day of his imprisonment, the executioner descended the well with an order from the Ameer instantly to kill him if he did not embrace Islamism. Colonel Stoddart, his body and mind weakened by the horrid sufferings to which they had been submitted, to save himself from certain destruction, made the required profession of faith. This, however, did not ameliorate his position, although it saved his life.

Ahi dura terra, perchè non t' apristi?

This horrid dungeon, in which he was confined, swarmed with innumerable ticks, and every disgusting species of vermin, which are especially reared to annoy the wretched prisoners; and should this prison, by any extraordinary chance, be without an inmate, that the vermin might not perish, they are supplied with rations of raw meat.

On his removal to another prison, the colonel announced that he still believed in Christianity, averring that the confession of a belief in the religion of the natives was wrung from him through fear. This was the signal for fresh indignities; and attempts to poison the unfortunate envoy were made by members of the court. An unfounded report soon afterwards (1840) reached England, to the effect that STODDART had been executed. On the arrival of this rumour, his name was struck from the Army List. This step is severely rebuked by Captain GROVER.

In 1841, Captain CONOLLY, at his own request, was allowed to visit Bokhara. He was coldly received, and gloomy reports as to the punishment intended for this new guest were soon spread abroad. Imprisonment was deemed certain, and the prevalent opinion was that this would be but a slight portion of his sufferings.

On the 2nd December, the Ameer, a second time, ordered the sufferers to be brought to his palace; when, addressing CONOLLY, he said—

"That as he had not brought any letters for him, he suspected he was a spy; that Bokhara was not so easy to conquer as Affghanistan; that he would put him in prison; and that, then *the English would only have to come with some troops to rescue him.*" Captain Conolly replied, "That the Queen of England never employed such subterfuges with foreign powers; and that it was an offence to imagine for a moment that a government, powerful as the British, could descend to such duplicity as the Ameer imagined." The Ameer then dismissed him, and they were forced to pass a wretched night in the palace. On the following day, however, they were allowed to return to their residence. At this time a messenger arrived, bringing important letters to Colonel Stoddart. This man was immediately conducted to the palace, and the letters were taken to the Ameer, who ordered the bearer of them to be chained to the wall of the passage which leads to the presence-chamber. In a short time one of the Ameer's people came to this messenger, and said, "Can you say the true believer's prayer?" The man began: "There is but one God, and . . . ." Here he hesitated, having in his fright forgotten the remainder; and in an instant his head was struck off!

The letters brought by this unfortunate victim of Islamism led them to expect better treatment. Among the epistles was one from Lord PALMERSTON, in answer to the Ameer's letter to the Queen. At this the Ameer seemed indignant, and stated that her Majesty, and not "her Vizier," should have replied to his communication. He was thus confirmed in his former belief that his prisoners were spies, and persons whose object was to injure his nation. They were again imprisoned in the well.

The author made various attempts to awaken our government to a consideration of the situation in which its envoys were placed, but was unable to prevail on them to demand their release, or resent the injuries done to them. He called a public meeting, subscriptions were raised, and Dr. WOLFF was despatched to Bokhara, having letters of authority from this country. He soon learned that the unfortunate officers had been executed a short time previously, and in a letter related the following as the cause of their murder:

"Firstly, on the 29th of April, the king stated to me by medium of the above-named Nayeb, and in the presence of *Mullah Kasem*, the king's *mahram* (private chamberlain), *that he had put to death*, in the month of *Sarratan*, 1259,* Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. The first had been put to death, firstly, on account of his having treated royalty with the greatest disrespect on different occasions; secondly, that he had turned Mussulman, and then returned to the Christian faith; thirdly, that he had promised to get letters from England, and fourteen months had elapsed without receiving any answer, though the king had erected *Japar Khanas* (post houses) on his account. And with regard to Conolly, that he had been put to death for having induced the Khans of Khiva and Kokan to wage war against the King of Bokhara, &c. His majesty has given me permission to leave Bokhara on the 9th of May, *i. e.* Friday next."

Dr. WOLFF, spite of the authority he carried with him, was soon treated as had been his predecessors, and for a long time doubted whether he should not share a similar tragical fate. Notwithstanding his belief that STODDART and CONOLLY were dead, and the evidence he adduced to support that belief, Capt. GROVER still doubted its accuracy, and again asked the government to seek, and, if found, to protect its servants. The correspondence which passed between him and Lord ABERDEEN on the subject is published, and the evasions of the Foreign-office are fearlessly exposed. He still hazards a supposition that his friends exist, and that the information conveyed by Dr. WOLLF was palmed upon him to mislead our government.

Thus the matter is left in doubt. We trust that this last attempt of Capt. GROVER may have the desired effect, and that if Colonel STODDART and Capt. CONOLLY are still living, means will be adopted to insure their freedom. Those of our readers who may be curious to acquaint themselves with all the minute particulars of this extraordinary event, will find the Captain's book a pleasant informant. Sure we are that they will award him many thanks for the humane and manly anxiety he has manifested for the release of his unfortunate friends.

* I have the highest authority in this country for stating, that the month of Sarratan, 1259, means July, 1843.

The Irish Watering Places; their Climate, Scenery, and Accommodations, &c. By ALEXANDER KNOX, M.D. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

DISABLED by infirm health from pursuing his profession, Dr. KNOX was tempted to try the effect of a prolonged tour in Ireland, in preference to a ramble among the spas of the continent; and that his time might not be wholly wasted, he resolved to perform some service to his native country by collecting accurate details respecting her most celebrated bathing-places, hoping thus to create and increase an interest in her natural resources, by directing public attention to spots which for their beauty to the eye and benefits to the health are unsurpassed by any in Europe.

Although addressing the physician, the author's aim has been to render his work attractive to the general reader by a popular style, and the introduction of passing notices of scenery, history, and antiquities. Accommodations, and the costs and conveniences of locomotion, are carefully noted; while for the benefit of the sick he has treated with much ability of the peculiar classes of ailments for which mineral waters are prescribed as remedies, and added some very valuable, because practical, instructions for the employment of the remedial agent.

In pursuance of this scientific manner of treating his subject, he commences with a statement of the chemical and physical properties of water, whence he passes to the consideration of its medicinal properties. Mineral waters are next treated of, and the properties of some of the most remarkable in Europe are described. He proceeds then to give a series of practical instructions for the use of mineral waters, comprising explicit instructions as to food, drinks, hours of eating, clothing, &c. The following chapter is devoted entirely to a review of the various affections mineral waters are calculated to cure or relieve, and this closes the first part of the work, the entire of the second part being occupied with the description of the watering-places of Ireland, each one of which is noted, with its peculiar claims to attention, arising either from the nature of its waters, the healthfulness of the locality, the beauty of the scenery, or the accommodation it offers to the visitor.

Dr. KNOX is a remarkably *intelligent* guide. To intimate acquaintance with his profession, he adds an extensive range of general knowledge, which enables him to impart an interest even to the driest topic, and to convey information even in his least pedantic moods. With so many other works of more extended interest in their subject-matter, we may not further pause upon this, either for review or extract, but we may recommend it heartily to all invalids seeking health in Ireland.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Without a Dowry. By Madame Charles Reybaud. 2 vols. 8vo. 1845.

Madame Henri Arnaud, under her *pseudonyme* of Madame Charles Reybaud, one of the purest, if not the very purest, of French female writers, has just put forth another of her clever novels under the above singular title. The genius of this lady—and she really possesses genius—is essentially feminine. There is no clap-trap in her inventions, nothing meretricious in her style. Her fount of feeling never fails, and it is sound and healthy feeling, which speaks to the heart. Although a prolific writer, Madame Arnaud has no mannerism, nor does she repeat herself in her various works. Her invention is at once active and graceful; nor does she ever condescend to assist her plot by the slightest deviation from propriety or womanly dignity. Not only are all the events upon which her stories are built up possible in themselves, but they never pass the boundaries of probability, and appear to be the natural and inevitable consequence of a peculiar train of circumstances. Perhaps her *Dernier Oblat* discovered more vigour of talent and depth of thought than any other of her writings with which we are acquainted; it contained scenes and situations almost appalling in their power; but, *en revanche*, her *Deux Marguerites*, and the volumes now under notice, are replete with tenderness and grace. However it may appear as a mere matter of course in England that a lady should produce a series of works, throughout the whole of which it would be impossible for the rigid moralist to distinguish any laxity of principle or expression, such is by no means the case in France. The most uncompromising opinions, both as regards religion, social conventions, and individual independence, have there been boldly put forth by women; the fetid corruptions of vice have been wreathed by the roses of female eloquence, which have only served to make the taint more foul and poisonous. The stage and the bookshelf have alike been thus contaminated; and that not only without shame, but even amid the applause of a thoughtless and reckless age, eager only for variety and excitement, and content to batten mentally on garbage, so that it but present itself in the garb of novelty. To this vicious and perverted taste Madame Arnaud has never condescended to truckle. Other names have resounded further and louder than her own, but they have not produced the same echo. In short, Madame Arnaud is a writer of whom any country might be proud, and who would be an ornament to any age.

The tale under review treats, as its name at once implies, of an undowried wife, an individual sufficiently rare among the *haute volée* of France, where marriage is to the full as much a matter of recognised speculation as the fluctuations of the *Bourse*. The story opens with a death-scene. The young and beautiful, and inexperienced Félicie, at once the bride and the ward of the wealthy Paul de Clavières, is watching anxiously by the side of her expiring husband, who is inhaling, for the last time, the perfumed wind of evening upon the terrace of his villa at Mendon, amid the song of the nightingale and the shivering of the leaves of the ancient wood. Alone in her anxious guard, the wife of seventeen, easily cheated into hope, is beguiled by the voice of the dying man into a belief that the flattering but fatal glow of fever by which his disease is accompanied is a symbol of returning health, and she is only aroused from her error by the arrival of an old friend and distinguished physician, Adrien de Ramsay, who seconds the advice of a selfish and grasping old housekeeper, looking for a legacy, that she should induce the invalid to make his will; a ceremony which at thirty-three years of age, full of projects, and deep in love, he had hitherto neglected. In order to enable some of our readers to understand the generous nature of the refusal by which this proposal is met on the part of the bride, it is necessary to remark, *en passant*, that there exists in France a law, by which, in the event of a man dying intestate who has married an undowried wife, the widow loses all claim to his property, of what nature soever it may be, which passes intact to his next nearest relative. But Madame Arnaud will tell the tale better than ourselves.

A WIFE.

"Not a word, not an allusion, I beseech of you," interrupted Madame de Clavières; "he would understand you too well—I know him. The idea of death is horrible to him; he has never ventured to glance at it. He was so happy! life appeared to him so easy and so sweet! What hopes, what projects will die with him! Oh, let him not know to the last moment that he is about to leave us!"

"But, madam, do you know the price that you must pay for the tranquillity of those last moments?" exclaimed La Carbonnet, perfectly beside herself; "it will cost you a fortune of more than a million."

"Were it necessary, I would purchase it with my life," replied the young matron.

"But, once more, it is your very existence which you sacrifice," persisted the housekeeper; "to-morrow you will wake up stripped of every thing, poorer than me. Mademoiselle de Clavières is the next heir—the monster, as she is called. No, madam! I will not permit you to work out your own ruin in this way."

She made a step towards the death-chamber, but the young wife advancing also to the door, said, in a voice of blended sweetness and authority, "No, you must watch here with the other attendants, Madame Carbonnet; and let no person enter unless by my order or that of the physician."

As she spoke she passed the threshold; but when about to enter the fatal room she paused for a moment, and trembled with horror. Where she had left, as she believed, only an invalid, she was about to look upon a dying man. The physician promptly came to her assistance, and having supported her into the chamber, closed the door behind him.

"That woman witnessed the birth of your husband," he said as he listened in alarm to the sobs and loud words of La Carbonnet in the saloon; "she is, perhaps, interested in the production of a will, and may dare, despite your orders, to intrude during the night."

"I will prevent it," replied Madame de Clavières, as she drew the bolt; "she shall not approach this bed of death."

Tenderness, gratitude, and a sentiment of noble generosity gave at that moment to the young wife at once all that courage, strength, and vigilance with which cupidity so often inspires those who surround the dying.

Doctor," she said, suppressing her sobs, "it is Providence which has sent you to my succour. Alas! I am not quite desolate during these terrible moments. And now I must wear a tranquil face, and cease to weep."

She wiped away her tears, and softly approached the sick man, who, with his eyes still closed, was groaning feebly, and, kneeling beside him, she murmured with mournful firmness, "I shall watch here—I will not quit this spot until——" the words expired upon her lips, and she added, as she made a fresh effort—"until he is at rest for ever." Ere long, in defiance of the injunction of her mistress, La Carbonnet endeavoured to enter the room, but perceiving that the bolt had been drawn within, and well knowing there was no other outlet, she burst forth into lamentations, called loudly to the other servants, and signified to them the orders of Madame de Clavières, after which she exclaimed, as she took her own seat opposite the door,

"As for me, I will not stir from this spot until to-morrow."

The night was calm and serene, and the nightingale was singing in the flowery hedges. A deep stillness reigned in the villa of the Vale of Mendon, and the servants, collected in the saloon, listened with an attentive ear to every sound which issued from the sick-chamber, and awaited in mute anxiety the fatal event which was anticipated.

De Clavières dies; and the girl-widow finds herself totally dependent upon the sister of her husband, a woman whose extreme and revolting ugliness is a proverb throughout Paris, but whose enormous wealth and profuse ostentation collect about her the most select and fashionable society. Of this female Caliban the author has had the courage to make her *seconda donna*, and most ably has she overcome the extreme difficulties which such an attempt engendered. The trials of poor Félicie under the gilded roof of her sister-in-law may be readily imagined; her extreme beauty, her youth, her talents, and her dependence, were all grievances in the eyes of the ill-fated Mademoiselle de Clavières, who, unhappily for herself, unites to her Gorgon head a true woman's heart; she dares to love—humbly, it is true—for she fixes her affections upon a cripple of small fortune, whom she pleases herself by believing could be loved by no other woman upon earth. She looks around her upon the evidences of wealth, scattered over her hotel, and by degrees, forgetting her own hideousness, and remembering only his deformity, she succeeds in convincing herself that the first word which she may deign to utter will bring him to her feet. Alas! even here the perfections of Félicie discover to her the immensity of the error into which she has fallen. With

as much energy as hopelessness, the cripple worships the beautiful young widow. But we will not further reveal the frame-work of the story, which is of absorbing interest; we will rather introduce our readers to the interior of a Parisian hotel *du grand genre*.

A FESTIVAL NIGHT.

There was, on the ground-floor of the hotel de Clavières, an apartment which was known as the summer saloon, and which in fact was habitable only when the burning influence of the dog-star inflamed the lukewarm atmosphere in which we live. A magnificent caprice of Séraphine had transported to this spot the luxury of another age, and the voluptuous inventions of another climate. It was one of the halls of the Alhambra copied in a Parisian house. The walls, covered to a certain height by varnished panels, were embroidered in arabesques, whose details, painted in bright colours and relieved by gold net-work, were of inconceivable delicacy and grace; the folding-doors were of cedar-wood; in the centre of the hall was a fountain formed by two immense basins of alabaster resting against each other; the water did not flow in a noisy stream, but fell in drops as it overflowed with the soft murmur of a summer rain, and bathed in humid dust the flowers that floated on the summit of the vase. The artist who designed the model of the furniture had, without doubt, a vision of the splendour of an Arabian palace, after having read a tale from the *Thousand and One Nights*; and the Queen Zoraya would have recognised the divan starred with gold, the rich carpets, and the seat covered with Cordova leather, and resting upon four globes of ivory. The foliage of the acacias which bordered the terrace shed a green twilight into this spot of silence, coolness, and perfume.

* * * * *

At eight o'clock at night Mdlle. de Clavières was still wandering in her dressing-room through her saloons, already lighted up; she then returned for a moment to her room to dress. As usual, she suffered herself to be decorated as they pleased by her attendants. They attired her in a dress which Mdlle. Camille had just sent home, encircled her hair with a garland of natural flowers, and attached to her bony arm a row of pearls, of which the favourite Sultana of the commander of the Believers might have made her richest necklace.

"What a delicious toilette!" stupidly exclaimed La Carbonnet; "how well Mademoiselle is looking to-night."

Séraphine turned upon her waiting woman a look at once displeased and melancholy; and then, without raising her eyes to the glass before which they had dressed her, descended to the reception-room.

Félicie soon followed; the young beauty wore the rich costume of a Dogeresse; a coif, edged with gold lace, half concealed her hair, which was combed back from her forehead, and sprinkled with precious stones. Her shoulders were covered with a magnificent collar of Venetian point, and her dress of flesh-coloured brocade, with a slight train, gave to her movements a majesty and a grace which are indescribable. But she was pale beneath the sumptuous dress, and her eyes were yet glistening with the tears that she had shed.

* * * * * * *

The carriages began to roll into the court.

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"I here find once more," said the Count Lucien, "memories of all the lands which I have visited. Yonder are the orange-trees of the kingdom of Valence, and the palm-trees of Egypt. Here I find the cactus which flourishes in the ravines of the Balearic Islands; and in the distance, through the windows which open upon the terrace, I distinguish a hall similar to those of the Alhambra. Might it not be said, moreover, that we stand at the entrance of the Arab palace, and dance under the lemon-trees of Grenada?

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The ball was magnificent; the glittering crowd undulated in the vast saloons, and mixed its joyous murmurs with the melodies of the orchestra. The air, impregnated with the perfume of flowers, began to animate the complexions of the fair dancers, and amid this brilliant throng came and went continually the frightful countenance of Séraphine, like the figure, which, in the scenic games of the middle ages, appeared in the midst of every festival, and represented Death, for ever an intruder upon the joyous revels of the living.

A handsome young *roué*, of noble birth, discarded by his family, and persecuted by his creditors, resolves to offer his hand to the hideous hostess. The fête progresses.

A FORTUNE-HUNTER.

Séraphine ascended the terrace steps, and seated herself upon the golden-starred divan, which dominated like a throne the whole length of the saloons. Gazing around her with a dark and eager look, she resembled one of those horrible fairies who reign over the giddy swarm of tricksey spirits. M. d'Altefaye had followed her; and, seated at her side, he played with the fan which served as a sceptre to this mournful sovereign, and appeared to be overwhelming her with gallantry and homage.

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Meanwhile Mdlle. de Clavières, at first astonished by the marked attentions of her companion, began to comprehend his meaning. Never previously had such a circumstance occurred to her, and, be it said to her praise, her first sensation was one of secret indignation. Her penetrating and sagacious nature at once probed his vile spirit, and the result was contempt and disdain. Then, it struck her that it would be laughable to allow M. d'Altefaye to pay his addresses to her, and to amuse herself with his projects and his hopes. She felt disposed to play the coquette, and determined to do so at the expense of this interested lover. Despite his cunning, Gaston did not perceive the snare into which he was about to fall, and his conceit being stronger than his modesty, he assumed without delay his destined part.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, looking towards the reception-rooms, "my heart will long retain the memory of this fête; I never witnessed any other at once so completely elegant and magnificent. The imagination of a woman like yourself could alone have created and ordained such marvels. It is inspiration, it is the genius of an art as charming as it is rare in the present day—the art of living splendidly."

"It is a natural gift," replied Séraphine, carelessly; "I love luxury, and I am rich. Such is the inspiration, the genius. Many persons, without doubt, have not that genius; but we must remember that it is not their fault. Come," she added, as she rose, and looked towards the garden, "we sup to-night by torch-light, beneath a dome of orange-trees, myrtles, and oleanders. I have had the presumption to introduce my friends to the bowers of Greece or Italy."

M. d'Altefaye had also risen. He waited until Mdlle. de Clavières should point out in the crowd the person who was to lead her to the banquet-hall; and as she looked around her with an air of indecision, he said, in a low voice—"Among so many noble personages, who is the fortunate individual who is to offer his hand to the queen of the festival?"

She turned towards him, and answered, with a singular smile, "You!"

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil, embracing Historical and Biographical Notices of the Empire and its several Provinces. By the Rev. DANIEL P. KIDDER, A.M. In two vols. Vol. I. New York and London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

FAMILIAR as recent discussions in Parliament and the newspapers have made to English ears the name of Brazil, there are few parts of the civilized world of which our countrymen really *know* so little. The American press has produced *no* work exclusively on Brazil; and some time has elapsed since any book containing original information on that remote empire and its people has proceeded from the British press, although our travellers have almost exhausted every other land, and have long been seeking some new field for the indulgence of their vagrant tastes, and the employment of their busy pens.

In these circumstances, the narrative of an intelligent missionary, such as Mr. KIDDER, enjoying extensive opportunities for observation, and having the capacity to turn them to the best account, cannot but be heartily welcomed here, as on the other side of the Atlantic; and the more since he writes in an agreeable strain, possesses considerable powers of description, and not unfrequently rises to eloquence when excited by a congenial theme. His fault is an occasional ambitious endeavour at fine writing, an error too common to be the subject of peculiar censure in Mr. KIDDER, but one which he would do well to avoid in any future literary adventure. The general tone of a narrative should be plain, straightforward, and even,—but always lively and graphic; only occasionally are flights of eloquence permissible, and the utmost care should be taken that they *never* be indulged in save when the subject is one which, beyond all doubt, excuses raptures or passionate emotions. If there be the slightest question whether it *be* a case for a soaring, a prudent writer will err on the safe side, and give to sober narrative the benefit of the doubt.

Mr. KIDDER has combined with reminiscences of his residence and travels in Brazil, historical and geographical sketches of the country. His attention was primarily directed

to the subjects of morality, education, and religion. He pleads a needless apology, that in the collection of his materials he met with many embarrassments arising from the unsettled state of the people.

The first volume, which only we have yet received, contains a sketch of the history of Brazil, briefly but succinctly written. But for our readers the other materials, descriptive of the place and the people, will possess the most interest; and the subject being very nearly a new one, we shall make no apology for dwelling upon it at more length than we are wont to do when we accompany travellers through countries well trodden, save where they have the faculty of scattering a glow, reflected from their own minds, upon the objects through which they move, and so as to present the most familiar things in new aspects that interest us in them almost more than if they had possessed the charm of novelty in substance.

Mr. KIDDER takes us at once to Rio Janeiro, its harbour opening by a bold and narrow passage between two granite mountains, so situate that fortresses upon the islands and heights might defy the hostile ingress of the proudest navies of the globe. These passed, the city bursts upon the view.

RIO JANEIRO FROM THE SEA.

The aspect which Rio de Janeiro presents to the beholder bears no resemblance to the compacted brick walls, the dingy roofs, the tall chimneys, and the generally even sites of our northern cities. The surface of the town is diversified by several ranges of hills which shoot off in irregular spurs from the neighbouring mountains, leaving between them flat intervals of greater or less width. Along the bases of these hills and up their sides, stand rows of buildings whose whitened walls and red tiled roofs are both in happy contrast with the deep green of the foliage that always surrounds and often embowers them.

It is called by the natives the City of Palaces, and it well deserves the proud title. It is thronged with fine edifices. The streets intersect each other at right angles, save where the beach and the declivities of the hills forbid. Open to the sea-breeze is a public promenade. Large squares are scattered about. Fountains, supplied by aqueducts from the adjacent mountains, some of them beautifully constructed, abound in every direction. From the centre of the city the suburbs ascend four miles in each of three principal directions. The ways are paved with stones of large size. The houses seldom exceed three stories in height, and are built, for the most part, of granite, but coated with plastering on the outside, their colour is, consequently, a clear white, painfully dazzling to the eye.

A regulation, requiring vessels to discharge and receive their cargoes only between the hours of nine and two, produces an animated scene of bustle, especially as the labour is almost entirely performed by negroes, there being scarcely a cart or dray in the city. Hence this curious

STREET SCENE AT RIO.

The coffee-carriers usually go in troops, numbering ten or twenty individuals, of whom one takes the lead, and is called the captain. These are usually the largest and strongest men that can be found. While at work, they seldom wear any other garment than a pair of short pantaloons; their shirt is thrown aside for the time as an incumbrance. Each one takes a bag of coffee upon his head, weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and when all are ready they start off upon a measured trot, which soon increases to a rapid run.

As one hand is sufficient to steady the load, several of them frequently carry musical instruments in the other, resembling children's rattle-boxes; these they shake to the double-quick time of some wild Ethiopian ditty, which they all join in singing as they run. Music has a powerful effect in exhilarating the spirits of the negro, and certainly no one should deny him the privilege of softening his hard lot by producing the harmony of sounds, which are sweet to him, however uncouth to other ears. It is said, however, that an attempt was at one time made to secure greater quietness in the streets, by forbidding the negroes to sing. As a consequence they performed little or no work, so the restriction was in a short time taken off. Certain it is that they now avail themselves of their vocal privileges at pleasure, whether in singing and shouting to each other as they run, or in proclaiming to the people the various articles they carry about for sale. The impression made upon the stranger by the mingled sound of their hundred voices falling upon his ear at once, is not soon forgotten.

A striking peculiarity in the aspect of Rio arises from the circumstance of all the most commanding sites being occupied by churches and convents. The hospitals are numerous, and many are richly endowed. One of them, situate without the city, is devoted to persons affected with elephantiasis and other disorders of the leprous kind. It is occupied by about eighty patients. A curious anecdote is related of this institution. Some time since an ingenious antiquary announced that the elephantiasis of Brazil was the identical disease that used to be cured among the ancient Greeks by the bite of a rattle-snake. The assertion made some noise, and one of the patients resolved to try the experiment. The physicians and his friends assembled on the appointed day, and this was the result :—

The serpent was brought into the room in a gaiola, a species of cage. Into this the individual introduced his hand with the most perfect presence of mind. The reptile seemed to shrink from the contact, as though there were something in the part which neutralized its venom. When touched, the serpent would even lick the hand without biting. It became necessary at length for the patient to grasp and squeeze the reptile tightly, in order to receive a thrust from his fangs. The desired thrust was at length given, near the base of the little finger.

So little sensation pervaded the member, that the patient was not aware he was bitten, until informed of it by those who saw the act. A little blood oozed from the wound, and a slight swelling appeared when the hand was withdrawn from the cage, but no pain was felt. Moments of intense anxiety now followed, while it remained to be seen whether the strange application would issue for the better or for the worse. The effects became gradually manifest, although it was evidently retarded by the disease which had pre-occupied the system. In less than twenty-four hours the Lazarus was a corpse.

The Foundling Hospital has produced the same effects upon society here as elsewhere. It has encouraged unbounded licentiousness, and the consequences to the infants thus removed from parental care are most fatal.

Out of three thousand six hundred and thirty infants exposed in Rio during ten years anterior to 1840, only one thousand and twenty-four were living at the end of that period. In the year 1838-9, four hundred and forty-nine were deposited in the wheel, of whom six were found dead when taken out; many expired the first day after their arrival, and two hundred and thirty-nine died in a short period. By means of all possible endeavours, and the expense of all the wet-nurses to be procured, it has only been possible to save about one-third of all that are received. Well might one of the physicians of the establishment, in whose company I visited several departments of the institution, remark, "Monsieur, c'est une boucherie!"

At Rio, our missionary remarks the singular scarcity of inns and boarding-houses. Visitors are, for the most part, compelled to take lodgings or rely upon the hospitality of the inhabitants.

From the returns of the prisons, it would appear that homicide is much more frequent, and theft much less so, than in our northern climes. A horrible instance is related of the desperation of a band of robbers condemned to be executed for murder. When the guard approached to conduct them to the place of execution,

to their astonishment the convicts had filed off their fetters, and stood brandishing them as weapons of defence. They challenged the fire of the soldiers, and demanded to be killed on the spot. The officers preferred that they should be executed according to the form of law, and put them in siege, thinking that the torments of hunger and thirst would soon reduce them to a surrender.

The next morning a ball of ignited sulphur was hurled into the dungeon, designed to produce suffocation; a single voice responded, crying for mercy. Three of the assassins had committed suicide by means of a razor, with which in regular turn they had cut their own throats. The fourth had become horror-stricken while witnessing the dreadful deed, and the dying agonies of his companions, with whose blood the floor of the prison was now covered. Weakened by hunger, tormented by the stings of conscience, and despairing of life, but afraid to follow the example of those who rushed before him into the presence of the Eternal, he survived to give the frightful details of the original crime, and of the scene of desperation to which it led.

Rio is well lighted by oil-lamps, the luxury of gas not being yet introduced. The streets at night are quiet and secure, and the police is efficient. Schools and colleges are numerous, and the government appears to recognize the vast importance of education, which it aids with a liberality that

might put richer countries to the blush. The National Library is a noble institution, comprising both a library and reading-room, the latter well supplied with home and European periodicals, and open without charge to all who choose to enter the saloon and read.

The book trade in Brazil is by no means flourishing. Native productions of the press are few; an increase of readers is but an extension of the Parisian market, whence comes the greater portion of the literature patronized by the people. Translations have been substituted for original works. Every petty *feuilleton* from the French newspapers is translated to make a book for Lisbon and Rio. Indeed the language of France is almost the language of the country—it is entirely that of good society, and held requisite to an entrance into all public institutions of a higher grade.

The newspaper press is, however, extremely prolific. Rio issues four daily, two tri-weekly, and from six to ten weekly journals. But their conduct is quite unique.

The established papers are not, as in this country, the organs of different political parties. While they enter warmly into political discussions, they seem to consider it a duty to be always on the side of the government, or the party in power. Hence, however much any change is deprecated before it occurs, yet when it is once consummated, it is chronicled as a glorious event. If the party in the minority wish to abuse those in power, they must establish a journal for the express purpose, or publish their correspondence in hand-bills, which will be sent out as an accompaniment to the daily, into whose columns it could not be admitted.

The advertisements, with which the journals are crowded, are very curious, and throw much light on the peculiarities of the people.

One peculiar custom may be noticed, growing out of the patronage of the numerous lotteries authorized by government. Persons frequently form companies for the purchase of tickets, and those at a distance order their correspondents to purchase for them. In order to avoid any subsequent transfer or dispute, the purchaser announces, through the newspaper, the number of the ticket bought, and for whose account—as for example: "M. F. S. purchased, by order of J. T. Pinto, two half-tickets, Nos. 1513 and 4817, of the lottery in behalf of the theatre of Itaborahy." "The treasurer of the company, entitled '*The Friends of Good Luck*,' has purchased, on the company's account, half tickets, Nos. 3885 and 5430, of the lottery of the cathedral of Goyaz." Following this custom, individuals who wish to publish some pert thing, usually announce it as the name of a company for the purchase of lottery tickets; although that name extends sometimes through a dozen lines of rhyme.

Not a few of these annuncios would appear very singular among us. It was announced at one time that a solemn *Te Deum* would be celebrated on a given day, in the church of S. Francisco de Paula, for the happy restoration of Bahia, subsequent to a rebellion in that city, and that his imperial majesty would attend. A few days after the following appeared:—"The committee to make arrangements for the *Te Deum* in S. Francisco de Paula, thinking that they would better satisfy the philanthropic designs of those who have subscribed for that object, by remitting the money in their hands to Bahia, to be divided among the poor widows and orphans, and especially since *due thanks* have already, in another church, been offered to God for the restoration, have resolved not to have the proposed *Te Deum* sung, of which persons invited are now informed."

Again—"Senhor Jozé Domingos da Costa is requested to pay, at No. 35, Rua de S. Jozé, the sum of six hundred milreis; and in case he shall not do so in three days, his conduct will be exposed in this journal, together with the manner in which this debt was contracted."

The natural scenery in the neighbourhood of Rio is represented as charming. Von Martius has thus depicted

EVENING IN BRAZIL.

A delicate transparent mist hangs over the country; the moon shines brightly amidst heavy and singulary-grouped clouds. The outlines of the objects illuminated by it are clear and well defined' while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those which are in the shade. Scarce a breath of air is stirring, and the neighbouring mimosas, that have folded up their leaves to sleep, stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mangueiras, the jaca tree, and the etherial jambos. Sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaju rustle; the richly flowered grumijama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they overshade, like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shrill cries of the cicada, the grasshopper, and the tree-frog, make an incessant hum, and produce by their monotony a pleasing melancholy. At intervals different balsamic odours fill the air; and flowers, alternately unfolding their leaves to the night, delight the senses with their perfume—now the bowers of paullinias, or the neighbouring orange grove—then the thick tufts of the eupatoria, or the bunches of the flowering palms, suddenly bursting, disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance; while the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fireflies, as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night by its delicious odours. Brilliant lightnings play incessantly in the horizon, and elevate the mind in joyful admiration to the stars, which, glowing in solemn silence in the firmament, fill the soul with a presentiment of still sublimer wonders.

Here, as in all Catholic countries, religious festivals abound. The Intrudo, answering to the carnival of Italy, is a time for unlicensed frolic, but wanting the gracefulness of the Venetian *bon-bons*. The pelting in Rio is performed with showers of waxen balls, made in the shape of oranges and eggs, but filled with water. The shell is of sufficient strength to admit of being thrown a considerable distance, but when it strikes, it bursts and floods the victim with its contents. This sport is played by high and low, in and out of doors, and without any respect to persons.

In fact, whoever goes out at all on these days would do well to expect a ducking, and at least to carry his umbrella; for in the enthusiasm of the game, the waxen balls are frequently soon consumed; then come into play syringes, basins, bowls, and sometimes pails of water, and they are plied without mercy until the parties are thoroughly drenched.

Males and females perch themselves along the balconies and windows, from which they not only throw at each other, but also at the passers by. So great, indeed, have been the excesses that have grown out of this sport, that it has been prohibited by law.

But custom is more powerful than law, and police notices are laughed at.

Religious processions are conducted with great pomp, but they appear to excite little reverence in the people; a small proportion only are seen to kneel as the host passes.

No class enter into the spirit of these holiday parades with more zeal than the people of colour. They are, moreover, specially complimented from time to time by the appearance of a coloured saint, or of Nossa Senhora under an ebony skin. "*Lá vem o meu parente*," "there comes my kindred," exclaimed an old negro standing near me, as a coloured effigy, with woolly hair and thick lips, came in sight; and in the overflow of his joy the old man had expressed the precise sentiment that is addressed by such appeals to the senses and feelings of the Africans.

In spite of slavery and its usual concomitants, it is pleasant to learn that condition, and not colour, is the test of respectability in Brazil. The only observance required to admit a person of any hue to all public places is that he be well dressed. A jacket is held in especial abhorrence, and a coat, however inconvenient in such a climate, is therefore indispensable to him who would be deemed respectable. At Tejuco Mr. Kidder lighted upon a novelty in mechanics.

A NEW MILL.

The reader will imagine a stick of timber, ten feet long, poised upon a fulcrum, with six feet of one extremity reaching to a quantity of corn in a cavity, and upon the other end a box, constructed and placed so as to receive a small stream of water from a brook running down the ravine. When the box is nearly filled with water, the equilibrium passes to the shorter extremity of the timber, and the long end is thrown up into the air; as the short end goes down the water is spilled out, and the long end falls back upon the corn. Thus, by the process of filling and spilling, the timber is kept in a regular motion, and the corn is at length pounded into meal.

The emperor moves familiarly among his subjects. He is often upon the promenade, dressed plainly as any citizen, and he salutes politely the persons he meets. The people are devotedly attached to their sovereign and his family, and unanimous in their loyalty.

The funeral ceremonies in Brazil are various, but all exhibit that fondness for parade and display which appears to be characteristic of the people. In the case of infants and young children, the occasion is considered joyous, and the procession is one of triumph. In the case of adults night is generally chosen, and there is a profusion of the usual trappings of woe. When the body is placed in the catacomb, quick-lime is thrown

over it to hasten the progress of decay; and after the lapse of about twelve months, the cavity is opened, the bones are taken out, cleansed, and by the friends placed in a box, which is carried home or remains in the church.

Very different is the funeral of the slave. His body is placed in a hammock, the ends of which are fastened to a long pole carried on the shoulders of two comrades. Within the cemetery of the Misericordia a grave is daily dug in the form of a pit, seven feet square. In this are placed the bodies of those who die in the hospitals, and of the slaves and poor brought for gratuitous interment. In the evening the pit is closed, and on the next morning another yawns for its prey.

For a Christmas excursion Mr. KIDDER visited some villages on the upper borders of the Bay of Rio. The government had not been so vigilant here as at Rio; robbery was rife; and education was so little cared for, that, according to a priest whom our missionary met, scarcely one in thirty of the population could read. Intemperance, too, was common.

Travelling in Brazil is sufficiently primitive. There are no carriages. All who do not walk must ride on mules or horses. Baggage is transported in the same manner. Professional carriers thus travel in large troops, each troop under the care of a conductor, and regularity and security can be relied upon. This is a sketch of

A TROPEIRO.

The first characters that engaged my attention were the two tropeiros, or conductors of the troop. They were not mounted, but preferred going on foot, in order to give proper attention to their animals and baggage. The latter being mostly of an inconvenient form, and not easily balanced, gave them great annoyance from its propensity to get loose and fall off. The principal was a very tall, athletic man, apparently about thirty years of age. His features were coarse in the extreme, and a hair-lip rendered his speech indistinct. His arms, feet, and legs to his knees were bare; and soon after starting, off came his shirt, exhibiting a tawny and properly yellow skin. His companion, and probably younger brother, was not so large, but appeared to have equal nerve. He was better dressed, and walked with his shoulders inclined forwards. His jet black hair was long, and hung in ringlets upon his neck. His eyes were dark and flashing, and his countenance not dissimilar to that of a North American Indian. These persons were a specimen of the Paulista tropeiros, who, as a class, differ very much from the Mineiros and conductors that visit Rio de Janeiro. They have a certain wildness in their look, which, mingled with intelligence and sometimes benignity, gives to their countenance altogether a peculiar expression. They universally wear a large pointed knife, twisted into the girdle behind. This faca de ponta is perhaps more essential to them than the knife of the sailor is to him. It serves to cut wood, to mend harnesses, to kill and dress an animal, to carve food, and in case of necessity, to defend or to assault. Its blade has a curve peculiar to itself, and in order to be approved, must have a temper that will enable it to be struck through a thick piece of copper without bending or breaking. This being a favourite companion, is often mounted with a silver handle, and sometimes incased in a silver sheath, although it is generally worn naked.

It was with such a party that our missionary proceeded upon a journey into the interior. In the more unfrequented parts a species of caravanserai is erected for the accommodation of travellers, and called

A RANCHO.

The ordinary rancho is a simple shed, or rather, a thatched roof set upon posts, entirely open below. It is built expressly for the accommodation of travellers, and its size corresponds to the public spirit of the neighbourhood. Sometimes a rancho is from sixty to one hundred feet long, and proportionally wide. Occasionally one may be found inclosed. Those who first come are entitled to their choice of position. They unlade their mules, and pile up their saddles and cargo, frequently constructing a hollow square, within which they sleep, either upon skins extended on the ground, or in hammocks. Their beasts are turned out to graze for the night; and as each troop ordinarily carries such culinary apparatus as its company requires, they have abundant leisure for preparing food while their animals are resting.

The ladies are, of course, excellent horsewomen, and not the less so because, in the absence of side-saddles, they are obliged to sit after the fashion of the other sex. The caravans, or troops, so often met with on the road, are an interesting sight.

They are composed of from one to three hundred mules each, attended by a sufficient number of persons to manage and protect them. The animals are generally accoutred with simply a pack-saddle, bearing upon each side well-balanced panniers, containing bags of sugar, or other cargo. One, however, is trained to take the lead. This animal, selected on account of experience in the roads, and other good qualities, is often adorned by a headstall fantastically wrought with sea-shell and galoon, and crowned with plumes of peacock's feathers. The same animal wears a bell, and yields the foremost place to no other. The conductor of each troop is well mounted, and wearing a lasso at the skirt of his saddle, is ready to pick up a stray animal at any moment.

At S. Paulo Mr. KIDDER made a long stay. He describes it as a delightful town, the inhabitants highly refined and civilized, the women remarkable for beauty, grace, and *esprit*.

Among other curiosities of its neighbourhood was the manufacture of madioc flour, the principal farinaceous product of Brazil, having the peculiarity of an union of a deadly poison with highly nutritious qualities. The poison is confined to the root, and the operation of preparing it for food is deemed an unwholesome one. It is cut, dried, and pressed; then pounded, moistened, and granulated. The poison is exuded in the juice; that again is allowed to stand, when it deposits the valuable substance known in commerce as tapioca.

The domestic arrangements of a country establishment in the neighbourhood of S. Paulo are thus described:—

There was a princely profusion in the provisions for the table, but an amount of disorder in the service, performed by near a dozen waiters, which might have been amply remedied by two that understood well their business. The plate was of the most massive and costly kind. The chairs and tables were equally miserable. The sheets, pillow-cases and towels, of the sleeping apartments were of cotton, but at the same time ornamented with wide fringes of wrought cambric. Thus the law of contrast seemed to prevail throughout. Dinner was served at six P.M.; supper at about nine.

In the course of the evening half an hour was devoted to vespers. I had observed a great number of the slaves entering, who in succession addressed us with crossed hands, and the pious salutation, "*Seja louvado Nosso Senhor Jesus Christo*"—"blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ." Presently there commenced a chant in the adjoining room, when the padre, who sat by my side, rising, said he supposed I did not pray, but that he was going to do so. I corrected his mistake, and he went out laughing, without, however, inviting any of us to accompany him. I was told that he attended these exercises merely as any other member of the family—the singing and prayers being taught and conducted by an aged black man. The devotions of the evening consisted principally of a *Novena*, a species of religious service including a litany, and consisting of nine parts, which are severally chanted on as many successive evenings. It was really pleasant to hear the sound of a hundred voices mingling in this their chief religious exercise and privilege. This assembling the slaves, generally at evening, and sometimes both at morning and evening, is said to be common on plantations in the country, and is not unfrequent among domestics in the cities. Mistresses and servants, at these times, meet on a level.

Great efforts are being made to establish the cultivation of the tea plant in Brazil, and sanguine expectations are entertained that ultimately it will be enabled, not only to supply its own wants, but to carry on a large commerce in it with other countries. The plant flourishes luxuriously, but the quality is not equal to that from China.

In the region of Coritiba, our missionary met with the famous Paraguay herb, the Matte.

The infusion is prepared in a bowl. A small quantity of the leaf, mixed with sugar, is suffered to stand a short time in cold water. Boiling water is then added, and it is at once ready for use. A peculiar method of drinking has grown out of the circumstance, that the particles of leaf still swim in the tea. It is sipped through a tube, with a fine globular strainer at the end, immersed in the fluid. For ordinary and plebeian use, a reed with a wicker bulb, neatly wrought, suffices. Among the wealthy, the *bombilha* must be silver. Great virtues are ascribed to this tea. It is said, especially if taken cold, to relieve hunger and thirst.

Indians, who have been labouring at the oar all day, feel immediately refreshed by a cup of the herb, mixed simply with river water. In Chili and Peru, the people believe they could not exist without it; and many persons take it every hour in the day, debauching with it, as the Turks do with opium. Its use was learned from the natives; but, having been adopted, it spread among the Spaniards and Portuguese, until the demand became

so great as to render the herb of Paraguay almost as fatal to the Indians of this part of America, as mines and pearl-fisheries had been elsewhere.

The Jesuits attempted to cultivate the shrub bearing the Matte, but only partially succeeded. It grows spontaneously in the regions of Coritiba and Paranaguá, and flourishes best when suffered to propagate itself. I might remark, that the flavour of the Matte was, to my taste, quite as agreeable as that of the Chinese tea—both decoctions being, in my judgment, quite inferior to the pure water of either North or South America.

It is not only on the prairies that a hunt with the lasso may be enjoyed. It is seen at times also in the streets of Rio.

At the *Matadouro publico*, situated on the Praya d'Ajuda, vast numbers of cattle are slaughtered daily. Among the droves that reach the capital from the distant sertoës, there is occasionally an ox so wild and powerful, that he is not disposed to surrender life without a desperate struggle. He breaks from his inclosure and dashes into the streets of the city, threatening destruction to whomsoever opposes his course. A horse, caparisoned with saddle, bridle, and a lasso festened to him by a strong girth, stands ready for the emergency, and is mounted in an instant to give pursuit. The chase is widely different in its circumstances from that which occurs in the open *campos;* but, perhaps, no interest is lost in the rapid turning of corners of streets, the heavy clatter of hoofs upon the pavement, and the hasty accumulation of spectators. In a short time, usually, the noose of the lasso strikes and fastens round the horns of the fugitive; an area is cleared and the scene above described is enacted, until the runaway ox is killed on the spot or led away in triumph to the slaughter.

At Paolo he heard the following

STORY OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

A poor man in England, on reading the work of Mr. Mawe, had become so enthusiastic with the idea of the vegetable and mineral riches of Brazil, that in order to get to the country, he actually came out in the capacity of a servant. After reaching Rio de Janeiro, he had, by some means, found his way up the Serras into the interior, where his industrious exertions had been rewarded with success, and where the botanist found him actually possessed of a fortune.

An appendix contains a large collection of statistics and other documents, and thus closes the first volume.

The second will be heartily welcomed, if it contain as much solid information as is to be found in this, and we would only hint to the author the propriety of a little more strictness in expunging Americanisms, the single fault we have to find with a very valuable contribution to the library.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland. Fourth edition. Edinburgh, 1845. A. & B. Black.

EVERY BODY who has crossed the Channel must be familiar with *Murray's Handbooks*, those indispensable companions to travellers upon the continent. What those hand-books perform for the tourist abroad, the volume on our table supplies to the tourist at home. Since the visit of the Queen to Scotland, the tide of travelling has turned thither, and the increasing accommodations of the railways will doubtless soon make the highlands as well frequented as the Rhine.

They who are rational enough to contemplate a visit to Scotland during the present summer, must not omit to take with them this volume as their guide. They will find it to be a singularly intelligent, useful, *sensible* companion. It really supplies the information wanted; and not, like most guide-books, every sort of instruction save that which is required. Scotland would, in fact, be scarcely half seen without its aid, to inform us what to look for, and what it is we are looking at. Then it tells in most intelligible and business-like form of the travelling expenses upon which the intended tourist must reckon, and how he may proceed with the most economy of cash or time. Fifteen tours are successively described, compassing the whole country, together with the objects to be beheld in each; and short but graphic accounts of their history and most striking features; and these are moreover illustrated by no less than sixteen maps and plans, and forty-five views of scenery, &c., some engraved on steel, others on wood, forming in the whole one of the most complete and practically useful guide-books we have ever opened either at home or abroad.

ART.

SCULPTURE.

IN our last critique upon the Royal Academy exhibition we remarked, with expressions of disappointment and regret, that there were fewer specimens of superior statuary this season exhibited than we for some years remembered. Arriving in this country too late for admission to the gallery, or excluded from some other cause, we know not which, a singularly beautiful and meritorious statue has, through the kindness of Messrs. GRAVES, been made known to the public. It is called *The Greek Slave*, is the production of an American sculptor named POWER, and surpasses beyond a doubt the best work of this class in the year's exhibition. The figure is that of a female, tall, and of exquisite proportions. She stands naked, her head inclined gently downward and towards the left shoulder; her weight thrown upon the left leg, while the right is eased back. Her wrists are fettered loosely, and with her right hand she leans upon a kind of post over which is cast some drapery. The *pose* of the body is highly graceful, the limbs are round and symmetrical, and the countenance is most lovely. The eyes are downcast, and the expression (equally conveyed by the attitude of the entire figure, as well as by the lineaments of the face), is a mingled one of humiliation, modesty, and resignation. The manipulative merits of the statue are great; the chiselling is perfect, and the marble has not been overwrought—a fault to which the works of one of our best sculptors are too clearly obnoxious. It may be objected that the posture of the left arm of this beautiful statue is borrowed from the Medicean Venus, and as far as action goes, undoubtedly it is; but the line is varied, and as the act itself is the natural result of an emotion springing from the circumstances which bear upon the figure, there is no reason why the modern should be shut out from availing himself of the same as the ancient sculptor. Altogether this is a work to remember, one of which CANOVA might have been proud, and our own classic-minded FLAXMAN not ashamed.

In the opposite corner of Messrs. GRAVES's gallery is shewn a "Statue of a Nymph preparing for the Dance," by Mr. W. THEED. A descriptive card, placed beside it, informs us that this marble was forwarded by the artist from Rome for the Academy exhibition, but reached England too late for admission. It is a work full of pretensions; one on which much time and labour have been lavished. The nymph holds a tambourine in her right hand, whilst with the other she adjusts her drapery, so that it may least encumber her when dancing. The face is handsome; the attitude unhackneyed, and the modelling of the limbs singularly bold and prominent—so much so, indeed, as to amount to a fault. The drapery is finely cast, and the hollowing out of the folds has been so cleverly managed as to convey the idea of lightness and texture so as we never before saw it in marble, if we except, perhaps, the notable instance in the figure of Grief on ROUBILIAC'S fine monument of Bishop Hough in Worcester cathedral. The care bestowed on this statue deserves the highest praise, and makes us regret that greater judgment had not been at the artist's command, when he meted out the proportions of his figure, to have contributed to the production of a perfect work of art. The air of sturdy, rustic strength, which the lower limbs present; the squatness of the figure, and the idea the work suggests of a forced and exuberant womanhood, are objections which all the merits of this work fail to counterbalance.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

They nam'd Him; a Ballad. Words by L. E. L.; Music by G. J. O. ALLMAN. London, Prowse.

Mr. ALLMAN still improves; there is evidence of growing feeling in his composition, and of more self-reliance. This is better worth a place in the portfolio than nine-tenths of the music every day produced.

The Musical Bouquet. Parts I. to V. 1845. Bingley.
THIS is a collection of miscellaneous music, original and selected, comprising opera, overture, quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, songs, duets, glees, &c. published at a very trifling cost and illustrated with engravings. Here a piece of music that used to be *marked* 2s. may be had for *threepence*, and the great success which, as we understand, has attended the enterprise, proves that there was an immense public previously debarred from the purchase of music by its immense cost. That complaint no longer exists: the *Musical Bouquet* has removed it.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We have little to record this week as to the Italian Opera: the chief feature has been JULIA GRISI'S benefit, which took place on Thursday, when *Otello* was performed for the first time this season. We need hardly add that it was nobly performed, and that a vast crowd assembled at once to do homage to the great cantatrice, and to enjoy ROSSINI'S glorious production. *Lucrezia Borgia* has been presented twice. As the heroine of this terrible drama, GRISI is finer, as actress not less than as singer, even than PASTA herself—the Mrs. SIDDONS of the opera stage. Indeed, we cannot imagine JOHN KEMBLE'S sister greater in the part than GRISI, with such mighty power, such intense passion, such perfect nature, does she impersonate the high-souled, intellectual, bold, bad woman, angel in her feelings as a mother, devil in all besides, whose story she presents before us with such awful reality. What a *Beatrice Cenci* she would make! Towards the close of the ballet, the charming CERITO slipped, and falling as heavily as such a sylph could fall, created a general alarm throughout the audience—an alarm, however, almost immediately dispelled, the dropped curtain being again raised, by her reappearance before them safe and sound. You may readily conceive the thunder of *vivas* which congratulated her escape. The Viennese children have been re-engaged.

FRENCH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—We have sincere pleasure in stating that this refined and most agreeable entertainment is fast achieving the success it so amply merits. We found a good attendance on Friday, and on Monday the house was well nigh full in every part. The performances on the former evening were AUBER'S opera, *La Part du Démon*, and *Le Maître de Chapelle*, an operetta. The plot of the former is known to English playgoers from *The Little Devil*, the Anglicized form under which it appeared at the Haymarket, with MATTHEWS and Madame VESTRIS as its principal personages. It was also, we believe, *conveyed* under the designation of *The Devil's in It* at the Princess's. But the imitation gives the barest possible idea of the original. In the first place, there is infinitely more wit and point in SCRIBE'S libretto than in the English version; and, secondly, you want AUBER'S graceful, sparkling music, which, at Covent Garden, you realize in all its perfection. Madame LABORDE is the heroine—a pretty woman, an accomplished actress, full of graceful, lady-like ease, of quiet animation, and a charming singer; to our mind, quite as "fascinating" as Madame THILLON, though she takes no trouble about the matter, whereas the fair ANNA, though she has no need to do so, works as hard to be fascinating as a snake-charmer. Madame LABORDE is excellently supported by CONDERE, as *Rafael*; by ZELZER, as the *King*, and by the whole company, high and low. Indeed, one main cause of the masterly manner in which the operas here are executed, is that every body seems to make a pleasure of his business, the footman being as careful to fill his part well and accurately as is his master. In the *Diamans de la Couronne*, for instance, the company assembled at the house of the minister of justice, instead of standing painfully about, silent, and with long faces, when they have no chorus to join in, with still longer faces when they have, or, if seated, sitting as though they had no business to be so, are grouped comfortably and easily about the stage on chairs, on sofas, on ottomans, chatting, laughing, and playing as they would at a real *soirée*. The operetta we mentioned above, *Le Maître de Chapelle*, is an exceedingly pleasant affair, wherein, among other pleasant things, LAURENT QUILLEVERI, in the character of a musical composer, sings a capital burlesque *scena*. It was repeated on Monday, preceding *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, which we counsel our readers to go and see on the first recurring opportunity, as the only chance they are likely to have this year, in England at least, of seeing so charming an opera done complete justice to. We say *this year*, for we are in full confidence that the welcome given to the Brussels *troupe* on the present occasion will be such in its results as to induce them to pay us an annual and an extended visit. Let us not omit to offer just tribute to Mademoiselle PLUNKETT; her *Cachucha* is a true thing, so full of fire, of purpose, of meaning, and withal so graceful, so artistically excellent! Her costume is perfectly gorgeous.

Robert le Diable was produced on Tuesday. We were unable to attend, but shall notice it next week, only observing now that this magnificent work has never been adequately performed in this country since MONCK MASON brought over the Grand Opera Company from Paris. The German Company gave it not badly, it is true, but the German *Duke Robert* was so preposterously fat as to make the whole thing look somewhat burlesque. We recollect, when he was going to fall on his knees before his mistress, we anticipated that a footman would have to come and help him up, as happened to over-obese GIBBON, when he popped the question to his Lausanne fair one; but the *Duke*, foreseeing this dilemma, only made a feint of kneeling, and that was a terrible business.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The indefatigable SELBY'S pen was hardly dry from revising the last pages of his *Irish Dragoon*, when he set to work, or, more correctly speaking of such a trifling matter, to play upon, *Powder and Ball; or, St. Tibbs's Eve*, a joke upon the *bal costumé* at the Palace, which was successfully produced here on Tuesday. It is in truth an amusing extravaganza, and capitally acted by SELBY himself, WRIGHT, Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS, and Miss WOOLGAR. The piece was put on the stage with excellent effect.

HAYMARKET.—A new piece was produced here on Wednesday, entitled *The Old Soldier*. It is only a sketch, but as full of good stuff as a plover's egg. M. VALLEBRECQUE used to say that an Italian Opera Company need only consist of Madame CATALANI and *trois ou quartre poupées*; the *personæ* of *The Old Soldier* are Mr. FARREN and *trois ou quatre poupées*, for on the competent shoulders of that accomplished actor the whole thing rests. The plot, if we may employ so lofty a term on the occasion, is this: *The Old Soldier*, a disbanded veteran, ninety-five years old, poor as a church-mouse, but heart-whole as ever, has, some time back, received on the field of Worcester, from the dying hands of his *seigneur*, Sir Roger de Trevor, a letter addressed to "Honest Michael Crump," the steward, which tells him where the family papers are deposited, within a secret panel in the library at Trevor Hall. With this document, carefully preserved in an old handkerchief, old *Leathersole* arrives, after many painful wanderings, at his native village within the domain of Trevor. To his utter amazement he finds that the roguish steward has, somehow or other, got possession of the estate, to the exclusion of Sir Roger's only remaining relative, a nephew. Seeing how matters stand, *The Old Soldier* opens the letter himself, it being obvious that *Master* Michael Crump is not the *Honest* Michael Crump indicated on the superscription. But now occurs a difficulty; *The Old Soldier* cannot read the letter, nor can *Buff*, a worthy fellow, serving *Crump*, but devoted to the old family, and therefore cordially hating his master. At this juncture in comes Sir Roger's nephew, who, in the overhearing of *Leathersole*, proposes to *Master Crump* for his daughter and is rejected, for the sake of a supposed better match, though the fair *Helen* is as attached to the nephew as he to her. The letter is accordingly intrusted to the nephew, who learns from it that the panel in question is beneath a particular picture in the library; but, alack-the-day! all the pictures have been removed! *Leathersole* is for a moment *au dessus poir*, but a thought strikes him; he remembers that the picture designated hung exactly opposite to him when, many years ago, he was undergoing, at Sir Roger's hands, in that very room, an examination touching deer-stealing. With excellent effect, he goes over the scene, incident by incident, and placing himself where erst he stood, thus ascertains the exact position at that time occupied by the picture; the panel is found, and the papers, which declare the nephew heir of Trevor; *Crump*, no longer *Master*, any more than *Honest*, is but too glad to escape other punishment by resigning land and daughter to the just claimant. It is needless to add that Mr. FARREN'S impersonation of *The Old Soldier* is life-like; it exhibits, in a high degree, the nice discrimination which distinguishes this finished actor's representations of senility. With ordinary dramatic artists, all old men are exactly the same; old courtiers and old citizens, old peers and old peasants, old civilians and old soldiers present identically the same features, whereas they are all marked by as different characteristics after they have attained sixty years of age as before. The *comediettina*, which we take to be adapted from *Le Père Tourloutoutou*, one of BOUFFE'S pieces, was, with the general approbation of a full house, announced for repetition every evening till further notice.

SURREY THEATRE.—We found a string of novelties in successful progress at this theatre on Monday last. First came *The Old Mint of Southwark*, a drama with immense effects, and as much (red) fire in it as in any of the productions of our old dramatists. The plot is too complicated to admit of description in our columns; suffice it to say, that it has some scenes of no inconsiderable interest. Mr. HENRY SMITH, the American vocalist, who has entered upon an engagement here, sang "The Maniac," a *scena* we cannot abide, but which he sings very well; and "The Ship on Fire." Next came, its first performance, a drama called *L'Estelle, or the Wrecker's Bride*, ad-

mirably adapted to the lovers of the terrible who throng this establishment. The story runs thus:—A lady and her child, about twelve years before the commencement of the drama, were wrecked at or near the *locus in quo*. The mother perished, the child was saved by one of the marauders who plundered the vessel. 'Tis a stormy night when the scene first opens upon us, and a stranger seeks shelter in the cottage of *Pierre La Roche*, the benevolent wrecker, in gratitude to whom he tells the story of his life. From this it is evident to the meanest capacity that he is the father of the preserved girl. Further on, we find *Pierre La Roche* proposing to his adopted daughter the chief of the wreckers as a husband, but on her declining the suggestion on the score of pre-engagement, the worthy fellow withdraws his proposition. That very evening, the accepted lover happens to be the only survivor of a wrecked vessel; the marauders are about to kill him, when his mistress saves his life by offering on these terms to marry First Ruffian (we have lost our play-bill, and forget the name). Not that she means to keep her word, for as soon as her lover is free, off they go, and when pursued, she fires a powder magazine, and blows all the nefarious crew into immortal smash. The stranger turns out to be *Colonel La Roche*, brother of *Pierre*, and giving his daughter and his blessing to the accepted lover, every thing ends happily. We confess to a great fancy for these melo-dramas, with their intensely thrilling effects and terrific combats. They *mind us of our boyhood*, when the Coburg was the Coburg, and when Messrs. BLANCHARD, ever the defender of innocence, and BRADLEY, utterly incorrigible as a remorseless assassin, were wont to fight a good hour by Shrewsbury clock, amid the wrapt attention of pit, boxes, and gallery.

VAUXHALL.—The masked ball at these gardens on Monday night was superior to any thing of the kind we have had occasion to notice of late. In the first place, it was *al fresco*, a great blessing to dancers and promenaders, at all times, weather permitting, and more especially in the Canadian summer which has all at once come upon us; then the incomparable MUSARD was there, conducting with all his wonted excellence, with all his accustomed grave consciousness of command, his Band of One Hundred Performers; then, the dresses were much better than usual, and we actually observed several attempts at sustaining the characters assumed; then, the deportment of the company, while, as inevitable in the default of a responsible committee of selection, sufficiently *dégagé*, did not, in any cases that fell under our notice, up to half-past two, when we left, necessitate a caning or a call for the police. Then the wines and viands, of a good quality, were purchasable at a reasonable rate; the whole of the arrangements, in short, as far as we observed, were effective and in good taste. The appearance of the Royal Promenade, in all parts brilliantly illuminated, with its broad walks, festooned and trelliced o'er with endless wreaths of infinite-coloured lamps, thronged with the gay representatives of all known and unknown lands, "from Indus to the Pole," was really very striking. We have no doubt these *Bals*, for that of Monday was the first of a series, will be successful. We do not understand why similar fêtes, conducted on a system which should exclude improper persons, are not organized. Once established, they would unquestionably be profitable to all parties, "enriching him that gives and him that takes;" the one by the money, the other by the merriment realized; for "to our poor way of thinking," an evening spent pleasantly, and not too irrationally in its pleasantness, is, as well in its actual enjoyment as in its reminiscences, capital stock, enabling us to do our daily work more cheerfully and contentedly till the next joyous occasion comes round. A series of *Bals Masqués* or *Costumés*, under the direction of a committee of management and authentication, such as that which rules Almack's, would, in our opinion, be decidedly beneficial to that portion of English society constituted by the higher class of industrials, professional and commercial, which is at present for the most part in a deplorable state of stagnation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," says the aphorism; and a dull affair does Jack Bull, rich Jack Bull, make of his leisure time. Observe whole squares, streets, crescents, and what not, in more or less affluent urban and suburban quarters, not actually aristocratic, and you shall find them 300 out of the 313 available nights of the year, as silent as sepulchres. The master of the house goes to business in the morning; goes home at four, or five, or six, as the case may be; goes to dinner, and then goes to sleep till bed-time, and the rest of the family acting, first perforce, and then from habit, conformably. "They manage these things better abroad."

The anniversary of the memorable day which gave birth in the ancient capital of Normandy, A.D. 1606, to PIERRE CORNEILLE, was celebrated on the 6th inst. at the THEATRE FRANCAIS, in Paris, in this fashion: When the curtain drew up, all the principal performers were seen grouped around a bust of the great dramatist, holding in their hands, more or less listlessly, according to M. JULES JANIN'S account, garlands, more or less faded. The charming PLESSY was there, and the terrible RACHEL. M. GEFFROY then came forward, and recited CASSIMIR SOPHIZNE'S oration on the inauguration of the bronze statue of CORNEILLE, at the close of which the garland-bearers deposited their offerings at the feet of the pedestal, and the curtain fell; rising again, in due course of time, for the representation of the author's *Menteur*, a much more satisfactory affair than the preliminary apotheosis.

THE COLOSSEUM.—Already we have noticed at considerable length the magnificent day exhibition at this building; we must now briefly review the still more magnificent night-scene, limiting our present remarks to that which is certainly the most extraordinary *sight* in London—the panorama of the metropolis by night—reserving the other attractions of the place for future notices.

Imagine, then, a view of London by night; every street lighted up, even the shop-windows visible; and thus being enabled to trace a plan of the whole metropolis. The full moon is shining above; the Thames lies bathed in light, its surface sometimes slightly stirred by a passing steamer or a summer wind. We say passing, because the water is seen to move, light clouds actually flit across the face of the sky, and indeed in all respects, so perfect is the deception of pictorial art in this unique exhibition, that it would be very difficult to persuade a stranger who had been taken thither by night, that he had not gazed upon veritable London, instead of a canvas; nay, while looking at it we caught ourselves continually relapsing into a sense of the reality of the scene. Every part is painted with most elaborate care, and the countless lines of streets are shewn with such distinctness, that the spectator has no difficulty in at once discovering his own residence.

This monster diorama, the greatest triumph of pictorial art that ever has been accomplished, should be seen by all who can feel an interest either in the subject, or in the astonishing achievement of the artist, and, being one only of a number of attractions collected within this noble building, no visitor from the country should fail to make it one of the earliest, as it will certainly be the most splendid, of the *sights* he beholds.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the many attractions we have noticed there is one which certainly deserves great commendation; it is the optical department, which we understand to be under the superintendence of Mr. LONGBOTTOM, and which has of late been carried on with much activity. The particular instrument to which we allude is called the Chromatrope; its wonders are shewn in the theatre, after the Dissolving Views. It consists of a series of beautiful concentric circles of various colours, exhibited upon the white ground or disc. These revolve rapidly, presenting a most singular appearance. The circles seem at times to be moving independently of one another, and often in opposite directions, and at such times the general effect is similar to the rose turning on the back of a watch, the rings being divided into little compartments, although still maintaining their concentricity of colour. Another very striking peculiarity of this exhibition is, the undulation of the colour, which seems to possess a centrifugal motion, yet without confusion. The waves of light appear to emanate from a central nucleus, and assume in succession the colours of the various rings through which they pass. The phenomena are somewhat similar to what might be expected if a kaleidoscope were put in rapid revolution, the arrangement and combination of colours being varied at pleasure. There is another very interesting instrument, called the *Physioscope*, by which the human face and form are magnified to an immense size; while by another, called the *Proteoscope*, flowers and fruit are also highly magnified, and yet retain their delicacy of colour.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

A SIMILE.

How soon, how very soon,
No vestige will be left
Of one who loved the pallid moon
And died of hope bereft!

I see thy hand, oh Death!
I hear thy stealthy tread;
And as I feel thy icy breath,
My days are numbered.

Come, then, thou churlish friend;
When pleasure lit my way
I scorn'd a passing thought to lend
Unto the coffin'd clay.

But I can greet thee now,
Grim chastener, grisly form,—
Take these grief-wrinkles from my brow,
And let it feed the worm!

E'en thus the bodily eye
Caught by the garish ray,
Can mark no stars for brilliancy
Throughout the sunny day;

But down the chilly mine
Though noon still reign above,
Each gentle star will softly shine,
And cast its gleam of love.

NECROLOGY.

REV. MR. BARHAM.

We regret to have to announce the death of the Rev. Mr. Barham, better known to the literary world as the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and of one of the most popular of our modern novels, "Cousin Nicholas." Mr. Barham died on Tuesday at his residence in Amen-corner, St. Paul's, after a short but severe illness. It seldom falls to the lot of a journalist to record the death of a gentleman who more thoroughly combined high and distinguished talents with all the social virtues and qualities. Those who had the happiness of knowing the deceased, will read of his death with unfeigned sorrow, and sympathize with the members of his family in their deep affliction.—*Globe.*

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

USES AND OBJECTS OF THE STUDY OF MESMERISM.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

HAVING considered the *religious* uses of Mesmerism, let us turn now to its scientific uses.

Of these, the foremost in our estimation is the light which it throws upon that branch of science concerning which our ignorance has been hitherto the most profound—the physiology of mind, both as respects its relationship to matter, its anatomy (if the term may be permitted in default of one equally descriptive), and its mode of operation. Of these, at present, we may be said to *know* almost nothing. Theories and conjectures there are and have been without number, but of ascertained and proved facts, founded like the other sciences upon demonstrative evidence, as yet the world has possessed none. One of the many and invaluable uses of Mesmerism, if true, will consist in this,—that it supplies the evidence so long demanded, and opens to us the portal through which, if at all, we shall be enabled to explain the mysteries of mind, and make a science of that which hitherto has been but conjecture. The possibility of a result so important to the highest interests of humanity would, it might be supposed, of itself have attracted the most earnest attention of every man whose reflections had rested at any moment of his life upon the smallness of our present knowledge in this direction, compared with the incalculable value of a more accurate and enlarged knowledge, were it but possible of attainment.

A glance at the knowledge we do not possess will best indicate what remains to be learned, and help the reader to understand how it is that Mesmerism promises to help us to that knowledge.

What know we of mind? So little, that at this moment its very existence is disputed, not a few persons of unquestionable intelligence contending that there is nothing save that which we behold as forming part of the man—brain, nerve. Among those who admit the existence of mind as distinct from matter, there is equal difference upon every subsidiary question; such as, How is it linked with the body? What is its relationship to the body? How does matter operate upon it, and how does it operate upon matter? What are its functions as a whole or in parts. How does it think, feel? What are its influences upon other minds, or how is it influenced by them? What are its faculties, what its boundaries, what its prospects? There is not one of these inquiries the solution of which would not be fraught with incalculable blessings to humanity, and yet upon no one of them are philosophers as yet agreed. In almost every other region of science there are ascertained truths which no sane man questions; and which, because established, are practically applied to the advancement of human happiness and the enlargement of the sphere of human knowledge. Mind alone is yet a region of cloud and conjecture, where each man is at liberty to differ from all the rest; and, conscious that it is so, men shun with instinctive caution the application of any single doctrine of mental physiology to the practical affairs of life.

It may, therefore, be pronounced that, spite of the thousand conflicting systems the ingenious have delighted to weave—of the actual physiology of mind, as a science founded on demonstrated facts, we are, at this nineteenth century of the Christian era, still entirely and shamefully ignorant.

We affirm that Mesmerism, if it be true, *must* remove a very considerable portion of this ignorance; that it affords the only known means of experimenting directly upon mind, and substituting facts for conjectures, proofs for hypotheses. *What* Mesmerism must thus accomplish for mental science, and *how* it will effect that momentous object, we propose next to consider; and the subject is so large, that it must ask the serious attention of our readers for a few minutes during the next and some following weeks.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—The following is related by the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, which asserts that its authenticity is well attested:—"On Wednesday in last week, a young man named B——, aged 19, the only son of a wealthy farmer of the commune of Wuissons, in the canton of Lonjumeau, went with a cart and carter to the rock of Saulx-les-Chartreux, a distance of about two leagues, to bring back a load of stones. The cart being filled, it was driven towards Paris, the young B—— following it to Lonjumeau. There he met with a young friend, with whom he went to dine at his house, about half a league from Wuissons. At eight in the evening they walked together half the way towards Wuissons, where they parted. As the night passed and the next morning came without the appearance of the young B——, his family were thrown into the greatest distress, and had every possible search made for him during the three following days—forests and woods being penetrated in every direction, and the river and ponds dragged with the utmost care—in which labours a large party of gendarmes and upwards of 60 inhabitants were engaged, but no trace of the absentee could be found, except a letter, which was known to belong to him. Two poachers, however, were caught on Friday night netting quails, and robbing the partridges' nests. As a forlorn hope the parents came to Paris, and consulted a female somnambulist. The result of this consultation is thus related:—The somnambulist, in answer to the questions put to her, said, 'Your son is not dead. I see him on a rock. He is now coming down, and is following a cart towards a town. There he dines with a friend. I see them at table. They separate on the road. A little after I see your son stopped by two men—they make him drink, but what they give him I cannot tell. I have now lost sight of your son, and know not what has become of him. But he will return, and will not himself be able to tell what has become of him during the three days. He will return home tomorrow morning, Sunday.' On their return to Wuissons, the parents of the lost youth communicated to the inhabitants the hope given them by the somnambulist. The news spread to all the surrounding communes. The singularity of the circumstances, the miraculous words of the somnambulist, the coincidence of the two men having been arrested, excited all minds to wonder and anxious expectation. On Sunday morning all the roads leading to Wuissons were covered with people, watching for the arrival of the lost youth. At last, about 11 o'clock, the diligence from Orsay drove up, and from it jumped the young man, and threw himself into the arms of his mother. On being questioned he confirmed in every particular the statement of the somnambulist. After having been left by his friend, ande whil he was walking home, he was stopped by two men, who made him drink. From that moment he lost his senses, and had no recollection of where he was taken, or what became of him for three days. On Saturday night, however, a woman came and conducted him from where he was to the village of St. Aubin, and left him in the middle of the street, saying that a coach would shortly come through, take him up, and carry him home. This actually occurred, but he was totally unable to give any other account. One important fact, however, must be added,—the watch and the sum of 10f. that he had with him were stolen from him."

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

The past week has brought some new publications, which have been distributed among our corps of contributors for review according to their various merits, and in the meanwhile we here, according to custom, acknowledge their receipt. Mr. Moxon has sent two very handsome volumes, the one an *Essay on the Wisdom and Genius of Edmund Burke*, illustrated by extracts from his speeches and writings, and with a summary of his life; the other, a new edition of the *Works of Spenser*, in one volume, a very gem of typography. From Mr. Dolman we have received a curious volume, entitled *Collections towards illustrating the Biography of the Scotch, English, and Irish Members of the Society of Jesus;* from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Oliver. Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh, have forwarded a new and handsome edition of their *Picturesque Guide-Book for Scotland*. From the author, Mr. Colquhoun, of Edinburgh, we have received a translation of Wienholt's *Lectures on Somnambulism*. Messrs. Dearden, of Nottingham, the publishers, have transmitted a new and revised edition, in three volumes, of Wright's *Translation of Dante*. From Messrs. Taylor and Walton we have the second volume of Dr. Gregory's *Outlines of Chemistry;* and from Maclachlan, Stewart, and Co. of Edinburgh, a seemingly useful treatise on *The Human Body in Health and Disease*. Mr. Chapman, of Newgate-street, has inclosed a volume which will hereafter be the subject of a notice proportioned to its great intrinsic worth: it is a translation of the *Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller*. A parcel from Messrs. Curry and Co. of Dublin, incloses a promising volume of *Dramatic Sketches and other Poems*, by the Rev. James Wills; and a *Guide to the Irish Watering Places*, by Dr. A. Knox. Many works of lesser importance, reprints, serials, &c. have come to hand, but of such, brief notice in their proper places will be sufficient. The list here is intended to serve the double purpose of an acknowledgment to the publishers and authors of works that have come to hand, and to our readers of literary intelligence—a current record of the progress of publication in England.

Again we request the booksellers and country librarians to send us communications as to their experience of books and readers similar to those which have already appeared in our columns.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—As you have expressed a wish to have the opinions of the various library-keepers as to the class of books most in request, I beg to express my concurrence generally in the statements of the librarians which have already appeared in your journal. The works of Bulwer, James, D'Israeli, Marryatt, Dickens, and Lever are the favourites. Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Grey have many admirers; Mrs. Trollope but few. Fashionable novels are little sought after here, and I don't know that historical ones are preferred in a general way to others. Travels and biographies are often inquired for, but by no means so generally as novels; neither are they so well adapted for circulation. Much more *time* is required for the perusal of such books, and this circumstance, in addition to the comparatively small demand, renders them very unproductive to such libraries as are obliged to be limited in their selection.

The cheap editions of Murray, Chambers, Smith, Burns, Knight, Bruce and Wyld, and Clarke, interfere sadly with the libraries, but certainly improve the book trade.

I do not think that if novels were published in a small form at 4*s.* or 5*s.* they would be *generally* purchased by the public. There is always an objection to small print. But if they were *half* the present price, I have no doubt the sale would be amazingly increased, because *all* the libraries would then purchase books *new*, instead of waiting, as numbers at present do, to pick them up second-hand at a reduced price, only buying a new one here and there.

The monthly series of Chapman and Hall certainly deserves encouragement, and is, I think, an important step towards an alteration in the guinea-and-a-half system; yet, as it is to the libraries they must chiefly look for support, I am of opinion that an entire work should be published *at once*, bound in the usual library style. Such books as *Mount Sorel* would be sure to command a sale.

The *Novel Times* should also be supported, and as the publisher has adopted the suggestion of Mr. Procter, I see no reason why it should not circulate.

In conclusion, allow me to observe that The Critic is becoming very popular in my reading-room, and I am chiefly guided by its reviews in my selection of books, and have hitherto been well satisfied with its judgment. The articles on advertising are instructive—an alteration in the present system is required. No doubt if the charges were reduced, a proportionate increase would soon follow. I am, yours, &c.

Tenby, June 17, 1845. G. H. Hough.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the merits of your publication. At first I found my customers were somewhat reluctant to venture upon ordering it, since so many new publications are worthless; but after a trial I soon perceived that the merits of The Critic were duly appreciated, and its sale with me is now greater than either the *Athenæum* or the *Literary Gazette*. I am, yours, &c.

Leighton Buzzard, Beds. Edw. Rowland.

The Critic.—(From Mr. J. Charles, bookseller, Dublin.)—The late alteration in the publication has given complete satisfaction.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The late Thomas Hood.—We are informed that a local subscription was last week set on foot at Manchester by a few private gentlemen in aid of the fund now raising for the family of this distinguished writer, and that upwards of 100*l.* were collected in the first two days. Contributions are still flowing in with a rapidity that well attests the liberality of Manchester, and the estimation in which literary genius is there held. It is probable that, in the other great towns of Britain, subscriptions for this excellent object, if started with equal spirit by individuals, would be supported with similar liberality by the public. Among the distinguished names which have already appeared in the subscription lists of the fund now raising in honour of this eminent writer are the following:—Lord Francis Egerton, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Ashley, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Charles Dickens, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mr. Monckton Milnes, the Marquis of Northampton, Mr. Rowland Hill, Mr. G. P. R. James, the Marquis of Normanby, Lord John Manners, Sir John Hanmer, &c.

The late M. de Schlegel.—The *Journal des Débats* publishes the following extract from a letter dated Bonn, the 7th inst.:—"The will of M. de Schlegel was opened last week. The illustrious author bequeathed all his unpublished manuscripts to the celebrated archaiologist, Frederic Theophilus Welcker, Professor at the Royal University of Bonn, with a request that he would publish them. The writing-desk, which M. de Schlegel bequeathed to the King of Prussia, is of massive silver, and belonged formerly to Madame de Stael, who presented it to M. de Schlegel."

The late Rev. Sydney Smith.—We are gratified to hear, that with the entire approbation of the family of the late Rev. Sydney Smith, his biography will be written by his friend Mr. Thomas Moore. Numerous letters from the pen of the late witty canon must be scattered about in the hands of his correspondents, and we earnestly hope they will avail themselves of this occasion of making them available to Mr. Moore for the purpose of his work.

To Readers and Correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following is the moderate scale of charges for Advertisements adopted by The Critic.

For 6 lines and under..... 5*s.*
For every three lines above ..... 1*s.*

The volumes of The Critic *neatly half-bound, as completed, for* 4*s.* 6*d. each, if the numbers be forwarded to the office. The stamped edition may be sent by post with the ends open, and a letter of advice should contain directions how it is to be returned.*

A portfolio, on a novel and convenient plan, for preserving the numbers of the current volume of The Critic *may be had at the office, or by order, of any bookseller in the country, price* 4*s.* 6*d.*

The Critic *may also be had in monthly parts, sewed in a wrapper, price* 1*s.* 6*d. each.*

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

ADVERTISING.

THE weekly papers offer a much larger and more perplexing choice than do the daily journals. In amount and character of circulation, in the different classes by whom they are patronized, they submit to the advertiser claims so conflicting that it requires some knowledge of the actual condition of the press, combined with considerable calculation and forethought, to insure that the money intended to be spent in advertising be laid out to the best advantage.

It must be borne in mind that two elements are always to be considered in the choice of an advertising medium, *the extent* of circulation, and the *character* of circulation. A journal with two thousand subscribers may be, and very often is, a better medium for certain kinds of advertisements than a journal that can boast its sixty thousand buyers. *Extent* is the primary recommendation for advertisements addressed to the poorer classes, as quack medicines and such like; but *character* is the most important consideration for announcements addressed to the wealthy and intelligent.

Of all the weekly papers the *Weekly Dispatch* has the largest circulation; but that is chiefly among the lowest classes, and consequently it is peculiarly fitted for advertisements addressed to those classes. Its charges are high, but not unreasonably so, considering the number of copies issued.

The next in point of circulation is the *Sunday Times;* and that being among a better class (chiefly the middle class), it is adapted for a far wider range of advertisements than is the *Dispatch*. Its charges are extravagantly high, but they do not appear to deter advertisers, as its columns are always crowded. It would be unwise to address the aristocracy through this medium; but as a middle class medium it has few rivals.

The next in point of *number* is *The League*. This journal circulates to an immense extent (upwards of 20,000 weekly) among the manufacturing and commercial classes, and especially in the northern hive. Its readers are almost exclusively among the enterprising, the wealthy, and the intelligent of the community, and consequently it is an unrivalled medium for advertisements addressed to them. We are enabled practically to shew the excellence of this journal for an advertisement. We have advertised THE CRITIC in many of the daily and weekly papers, stating that a copy, as a specimen, would be sent to any person inclosing three postage stamps. A comparison of the results will afford a fair test of the value of each journal as an advertising medium for such a work. *The League* produced 18 applications; the *Athenæum*, 1; the *Spectator*, 4; the *Examiner*, 5; the *Britannia*, 2; the *Sunday Times*, 4; the *John Bull*, 2; the *Morning Chronicle*, 5; the *Morning Herald*, 5; and the *Times*, only 1. But the *League* is not very accessible. Only two pages are devoted to the reception of advertisements, and they are generally engaged a fortnight in advance. The charges are moderate, its circulation considered.

The *Spectator* has not a large circulation, but it is very choice, and it possesses the advantage of being read by all parties. It is an excellent medium for books and advertisements addressed to the intellectual, but not for quack and trade announcements. Its charges are very high, and therefore great care should be exercised by persons transmitting advertisements from the country to compress them into the fewest words consistent with intelligibility.

And here we must again pause.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Causes and Consequences of National Revolutions among the Ancients and the Moderns compared. A Prize Essay read in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, June 4, 1845. By SAMUEL LUCAS, B. A. Queen's College, Oxford. London, 1845. Murray.

A SYNOPSIS prefixed to this singularly thoughtful essay will help to such a brief description of the author's views as it is the duty of a literary journal to present to its readers, not by way of substitute for the book reviewed, but as an introduction from which they may form their own judgment whether a further acquaintance with it will be likely to satisfy their wants or tastes.

Prize essays and prize poems are usually remarkable for wealth of words and poverty of thought. Whatever the cause, whether the fault be in the judges, who are more taken by sounding periods and mechanical excellencies than by largeness of ideas, or whether genius shrinks from a competition with mediocrity, conscious that its claims are not those usually acknowledged in such contests, certain it is that prize compositions are, with few exceptions, very dull and worthless works, and die almost as soon as they are submitted to public criticism.

The essay before us is undoubtedly one of the brilliant exceptions to the rule. It is not only a skilful piece of writing, but it is a masterly production of thought. The subject was large, too large to be properly considered within the limits assigned to a prize essayist, yet has Mr. LUCAS contrived with singular ingenuity to compress into his pamphlet a complete argument, which, with less labour, he might have expanded into a portly volume. The difficulty the reviewer feels is, how he shall yet further analyze that which is in itself but an analysis of a mighty theme.

Mr. LUCAS opens appropriately with a statement of his design, in viewing which he beholds "the spectacle apparent of two civilizations—Past and Present—the living and the dead," each the witness of revolutions. To understand aright the causes of these movements, it is necessary to group events; to observe the laws that governed each series, both in their origin and development, and thus to discern "the proportions of history in all their harmony, simplicity, and truth."

Thus methodising, we elevate history to a science, and are able to classify its laws, according as they are transitory or permanent, local or universal. We see the difference in the changes which spring from the spontaneous movement of nations within the range, according to their free volition, and those which are attributable to a higher power, defining and limiting the conditions of their progress. Revolutions are no longer assumed to be the result of accident, of characters and circumstances in fortuitous combination. They are seen to proceed from certain definite functions of national life, to be the result of a free and conscious agency in political society; yet, in their impulse, succession, and later result, to be a part of the Divine scheme which orders the universe.

History, thus philosophically viewed, establishes the existence of two laws as regulating all national movements,—the *law of development* and the *law of equalization*, the former being the chief cause of the differences, the latter of the resemblances, in revolutions.

The *law of equalization* produces two movements which can only proceed by consecutive stages, each designating an epoch in the history of nations; first comes the contest of property for equalization with birth, and then follows the conflict of numbers against property. We find civil equality invariably preceding political equality: "in other words, the recognition of a right to an equal administration of existing laws was prior to a share in the power which enacts them."

In ancient and modern history, we trace the same tendency to equality of both kinds. In the ancient world the revolution was fully accomplished. In the modern world it is only yet

in progress. It has reached its first stage, the equalization of property and birth; it is struggling towards the second, the equality of numbers with property. In the ancient world, the completion of the revolution was attended with entire destruction. The fate of the modern world under the development of the same law can but be conjecture, but Mr. LUCAS feels much confidence that the results will be different, inasmuch as the elements by which and upon which the change is to be wrought are different.

What then are those differences in the constitution of modern communities which are likely to affect the results of the inevitable progress of the *law of development?* These, according to Mr. LUCAS, consist in four elements—race, religion, the municipal system, and the idea of empire: from the two former especially may we expect the main difference in the aspects of our revolutions.

The temperament of the modern race is more in accordance with national liberty than was that of the ancients.

> In no respect did the northern races, the Celts and the Teutons, differ more remarkably from Classic nations than in the readiness with which the latter could sacrifice their liberty to their eager desire for political organization. When Aristotle asserted that the notion of a state was antecedent to that of an individual, he was merely giving philosophic expression to a natural sentiment of the Greek mind. To the Greek's lively and social temperament *αὐτάρκεια*—independence—was the greatest of evils; a condition befitting only gods or beasts, and, as happiness was impossible apart from a community, he was ready to surrender every thing to its welfare. Thus he had no regard for individual rights as opposed to the state. He never discussed their origin or extent, or treated them as having a substantive existence. On the contrary, he acquiesced in the state's interference with his personal liberty less reservedly than his Persian enemies submitted to every caprice of their king. What consequences, on the other hand, have followed the opposite tendency of the Northern! Prizing above all things his personal independence, history represents him as only overcoming by degrees his natural repugnance to political connection. For a time he appears in direct antagonism to the necessity of government, seemingly unwilling to sacrifice any portion of his individual will for a common purpose or united effort. He is thus seen rudely subverting the systems which the genius of Pepin and Otho had constructed, and relapsing into anarchy under the later Carlovingians and the Salic descendants of Conrad. The same spirit in a subdued form he exemplifies in the isolating tendencies of his feudalism, in his later struggles to preserve its privileges of private war and territorial jurisdiction. He is reluctant at first to be incorporated with the state,—incorporated, he revolts at its interference with his inclinations. Variously he exhibits his jealousy of its control—in Hermandads of Castile—imperial interregnums—rough sessions at Runnymede or Oxford—in the characters and guarantees he sought to exact as the price of his co-operation or the limits of his obedience. In later times he is found appealing to these past compacts for fresh concessions, persisting in the privilege of self-taxation—claiming liberty of conscience and freedom of speech—holding ominous language respecting rights of resistance—in habeas corpus acts and assertions that his house is his castle—maintaining the inviolability of his person and his home.

> Combined with this is a respect for the law, as distinct from the monarch or the magistrate; the entire separation of the judicial from the executive power; the municipal system, accustoming men to association and combination independently of the state, which were entirely unknown to the ancients, but which must vastly modify whatever revolutions may occur among the moderns.
>
> Religion constitutes another important distinction. Christianity, as compared with Paganism, has mighty influences upon private and public conduct. It has established a new code of morals, it moulds public opinion, and turns it into more wholesome channels; it is the antagonist of tyranny in all shapes; it connects duties with rights, and responsibility with power. Whatever the form of Christianity, its tendencies are the same. Almost everywhere it has become a recognised political element, and though sometimes perverted for purposes of state-craft, its influence upon the whole is to the maintenance of honesty and liberality in governments, by keeping ever before them a code of morals from which they cannot very widely depart.
>
> The modern world, then, presents this remarkable contrast with the ancient world, "that while the latter attained a more absolute unity, the former has resolved a more difficult problem, sustaining a balance in the internal strife, the frequent and active antagonism of all."
>
> The closest examination of ancient states presents them commonly at all periods, yielding to the preponderance of a single principle. Monarchy, aristocracy, tyranny, democracy, each hold sway by turns—each have their special term of domination. In modern history all are contemporaneous—flourishing in the closest juxtaposition — great monarchies — aristocracies—free cities and federal republics, encountering, repelling, or combining with each other.
>
> The energies of material civilization in modern times are scarcely less powerful in modifying the results of revolutions. Gunpowder, the art of printing, mechanical improvements, and so forth, prepare the way for the change, without the convulsion that accompanied it when there were few other elements in the struggle than physical force.
>
> Another important modifying influence is the *place* of the development of the law. Climate, soil, and geographical situation are all in favour of its more fortunate solution.
>
> And, lastly, *the time* of that development is a source of confidence to the philosopher. We have a past fraught with lessons that cannot fail to teach us wisdom; what changes we must look for, so that they will not find us unprepared; how we may best avoid the evils from which the ancients suffered, and how make the most of the benefits that may lurk in changes we cannot avoid.
>
> But withal the question comes,—is it true, as many assert, as all must have some lurking fear,—that the lot of individuals is the necessary destiny of nations? that in the history of a single state we may read the history of all? that youth, maturity, decline, old age, dissolution, are the course of empires as of men? that the cycle of each is the same, and the same the doom, and that thus ultimate and enduring progress is unattainable?
>
> Mr. LUCAS sees in Christianity a source of confidence in the permanence of progress. He finds it also in the *internal* movements of Europe.
>
> Could we also for the present purpose expose the *internal* movements of Europe, though the mind might regard them not without anxiety in their painful testimony to existing evils, yet as a whole, they too would be found to rebuke the despondency which could indulge in apprehensions of decay. It would be seen that society, old in years, has none of the symptoms of feebleness or lassitude—that it has attained refinement without enervation—and grown in wealth without deepening in corruption. Rarely would mind appear to have been more variously active, or private morality, in even recent exemplars, to have prescribed to itself a purer standard. Social wants, wherever detected, would be seen to attain an adequate expression, in the growing worth of earnest endeavour, may we not add, a possible relief? Above all, it would be recognised that the tone of the higher minds among us is hopeful—secluded thinkers—active politicians, turning with confidence to the distant horizon. The more distinct political changes also of the last century would be found altering indeed in form, but invariably tending to the stability of government. It would be seen that its resources have been increased by centralization—that where the latter was urged forward by violence or necessitated by emergency, its results have been accepted and perpetuated under circumstances of the strongest re-action—that local and secondary powers once superseded, the supreme executive, clothed with their functions, is enabled to fulfil them more efficiently, and in virtue of its strength and enlarged circumspection, to take to itself daily new responsibilities. Without, if war has made its conquests, peace would be seen enjoining its restorations—Westphalia—Utrecht—Paris—Vienna, all restoring the balance of power shaken for the moment by international encroachment. Lastly, the Church would be seen, mindful yet of her ancient prerogative, cherishing the poor, elevating the depressed, reconciling social extremes in her charity, and, in her promise of abiding strength, guarantee, as it were, of permanence to the system in which she has sunk her deep foundations. All elements and institutions—the aspect of the wide earth—the inner inspirations of the soul of man—and, if without irreverence we may so apply it, the language and tenor of Holy Prophecy—all would seem to point to the conclusion that "the *great* mutations of the world are acted"—that within the limits of a system, as a whole indissoluble, the "increasing purpose which runs through the ages" may some day consummate its ends in peace.

And with this eloquent and hopeful passage we conclude our notice of one of the most thoughtful and interesting compositions we have read for many a day.

NEWSPAPER

SCIENCE.

On the History and Art of Warming and Ventilating Rooms and Buildings; with notices of the progress of fireside and personal comfort, and of the Management of Fuel. By WALTER BERNAN. 2 vols. London, 1845. Bell.

WERE the success of a book in this country always commensurate with its utility, the author of these volumes would receive a larger bonus for his labours than accrues from all the fashionable fictions and light reading of the season.

Notwithstanding the high degree of refinement we have attained in domestic conveniences and arrangements, and the perfection to which, in particular cases, the arts of warming and ventilation have been carried by scientific men at the present day, a thorough knowledge of them has never become popular. The ignorance, indeed, that for the most part prevails on these subjects, at a period when people are abundantly intelligent on matters which much less closely affect them, is absolutely astonishing. One might suppose that the comforts of home, the equal and sufficient distribution of heat and light and air, since they affect men so powerfully as to lengthen or contract the period of life, while they have an immediate effect upon the health and spirits, would be regarded by them as of paramount importance, and command a proportionate degree of attention. Yet that such is not the case the experience of every one must give assurance. The requisite of light, indispensable though it be to the animal economy, is to a great extent denied by an ill-judged and pernicious fiscal enactment; ventilation is almost wholly disregarded, and if an improvement of late years has been introduced in our stove-grates by lowering them, as compared with those of former times, it is owing, not to local architects, nor to the usual fabricators of our houses, but to the sagacity of the manufacturer at the foundry. How rarely do we see a flue so constructed as to insure a uniform and sufficient draught, while, on the other hand, how provokingly abundant are smoky chimneys. Yet the means of securing the one, and of correcting the other, and of distributing warmth and pure air in a simple, adequate, and economical manner, are well enough known among scientific men, though the public prejudices in favour of long-established custom, the indolence of builders, or an aversion to what is looked upon as experiment, have one or all operated against their diffusion and adoption.

Compared with its profusion in past centuries, before agriculture had swept away the woods, and whilst our population was some two-thirds less than it now is, fuel at the present day is both scarce and dear. The value of inventions for the effectual heating of apartments, and for the purposes of trade, becomes therefore the more apparent; and it is to be regretted that the public eye is not more frequently turned in this direction. On the mismanagement of fuel, and the unwillingness of people to benefit by the inventions for their good which have from time to time been laid before them, our author has the following pertinent remarks:—"Though much has been done by ingenious men in the art of distributing heat for household uses, it must be confessed that in one or two instances only have they been able to make a permanent impression, or bring their contrivances into such general use as to constitute them 'machines of society;' while in the economy of fuel for manufacturing purposes invention has already produced marked benefits; yet, however great the saving that may ultimately be effected in furnaces, still, from the nature of things, it must ever be of small importance when compared with that which would arise were better methods of heating and ventilating dwelling-houses generally followed. Of the fifteen-and-a-half millions of tons of coals raised yearly from the mines, not more than three-and-a-half millions are consumed by steam-engines and in manufacturing operations; leaving eleven or twelve millions of tons of fuel to be mismanaged in kitchens and sitting-rooms throughout the country. The register-plate was described at the close of the fifteenth century by Alberti, the ancient Florentine architect, and by others who wrote afterwards. Were this simple and cheap smoke-valve introduced into every cottage chimney, it would save the heat of five or six millions of tons of coals that is now annually wasted and thrown away." This assertion of the author's, that more than one-third of the coal consumed in Great Britain is annually wasted, is a bold one; yet there can be little doubt it is founded on fact; at all events, it contains enough of truth to deserve consideration and justify attempts to correct so serious an evil.

Of the varied merits of the volumes which have given occasion for the foregoing remarks it were difficult to speak in terms too flattering. Keeping steadily in view to the very last the praiseworthy object with which he sets out, namely, the heightening of domestic comfort and the promotion of the public health, our author has urged every argument, and successively shewn every useful invention, having a tendency to secure those ends. He divides his work into nine essays; in which he traces the history of those inventions which have successively contributed to raise man in the scale of social comfort, from the very simplest form of society down to the civilization of the present age. His reading is most extensive; he has ransacked the works of every author among the ancients, and many of the moderns; seizing upon every thing that served his purpose, either for illustration, information, or amusement. The result has been, that, whilst producing an eminently useful and practical book, he has made a most entertaining one also. He philosophizes with judgment and shrewdness on the general influence of climate and temperature on communities; suggests the means of counteracting the pernicious effects of either by artificial appliances; enumerates the best of these, and describes them in a popular manner, so that not only the intelligent reader may understand them, but the humblest artificer construct from the details and diagrams set before him. So full of matter are these volumes, and so succinct is the arrangement of the many subjects embraced in them, that it would be impossible in the brief space we can here command to follow our author through the several divisions of his work. We must therefore content ourselves with laying before our readers such extracts as will convey a fair idea of the volumes themselves; that these are amusing and instructive will at once be seen, for we have not met with a page that is not both.

The hieroglyphics and paintings of the Egyptians furnish us with the first examples of social life drawn from the existing reality. The following is Mr. BERNAN'S description of the

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE EGYPTIANS.

Their houses were generally small, connected together, and formed the continuous sides of streets: they seldom exceeded two stories in height, and had the reception-rooms and dormitories placed in the upper floor. All parts within and without were stuccoed; the walls of the rooms were painted, and the floors paved. The doors, formed with one or two valves, turning on metal pivots, opened inwards, and were fastened by bolts and locks. Window openings were fitted with lattices and shutters, that could be secured like the doors; they were made very small, on the principle that where little light is admitted, little heat penetrates. Yet though familiar with the manufacture, and many of the uses of glass in the time of the Pharaohs, the Egyptians overlooked its application as a transparent weather screen, and thus were without the enjoyment of rooms with a cheerful light and a proper ventilation in all seasons. Their furniture consisted of chairs and ottomans with stuffed seats, carpets, floor mats, raised bedsteads, and couches with mattresses; or the Egyptian might repose on the floor on skins and cushions, with bedding perhaps composed of the same materials as his garments—linen, cotton, or woollen. From the manner in which their houses were constructed, the use of doors and shutters, and the convenience of the furniture, it is clear this people, at a very early period, had made great advances in the arts of life, and were in possession of the elements of a comfortable indoor climate in the genial seasons.

But in this region there are great vicissitudes even of diurnal temperature. Fires are often pleasant in the evenings of June; and if they may be sometimes omitted in the middle of the day for an hour or two between November and March, the nights and mornings during that season are so cold that artificial heat becomes necessary to comfort. This was obtained by the primitive means of a fire on a hearth, or by placing a pan of live charcoal in the apartment; either method so strangely opposed in its rudeness to the elegance and ingenuity of the other domestic arrangements, that the great discomfort it must have occasioned to a race scrupulously nice and cleanly in person and dwelling, was not much lessened by the practice of burning odorous substances, and strewing their couches and floors with flowers. Their houses being designed more with a view to increase the enjoyments of summer, than to mitigate the privations of winter, subterranean chambers, grottoes, and galleries were formed for retirement from the heat; and with the intention also of promoting ventilation, the top of the house was often formed into a terrace, covered with a roof supported by columns, that by excluding the sun caused a

refreshing stream of air to pass through them. In the warm weather the citizen slept on the terrace at night, covered with a net to protect him from the gnats; or he trusted to a current of wind flowing over the elevated space for preventing the visits of these troublesome insects.

To the same ingenious people is attributed the invention of that useful adjunct to the hearth, *the bellows*. It was in use so long back as the time of MOSES, and a curious implement was

THE FIRST BELLOWS.

The art of producing fire was imperfect until a method was found out of concentrating its energy; the first bellows was probably a mere reed or pipe, that was afterwards improved by a metal tip to resist the heat. On the authority of Strabo, who quotes from an ancient historian, the invention of the bellows with a bag of air was assigned to Anacharsis, though in use among the Egyptians long before the time of the Scythian philosopher. Its form and the method of using it are represented in a painting executed about the time of Thothmes, who was contemporary with Moses. The machine consisted of two leathern bags fitted into a frame attached to a long pipe, which conducted the wind to the fire. A string attached to each bag was held by the operator in his hand, as he stood with a bag under each foot. When, by throwing his weight on one foot, he had compressed one bag, and expelled the air, he transferred his pressure to the other foot, and pulling the string attached to the flattened bag, he raised it, and permitted it to be again distended with air. After his weight had pressed down and exhausted the second bag, he then again threw his weight on the first bag, and drawing the string of the second flattened skin upwards, he allowed the air to enter it also. And thus, pressing on and drawing up each skin alternately, he forced a continuous blast of air through the pipe into the fire. One instance was observed, of the wind-bags being raised up as if full of air after the man had left the bellows, which would imply, as correctly suggested by the truly ingenious antiquary, a "knowledge of the valve" among the Egyptians.

The Jews heated their dwellings with fires on a hearth, the smoke from which escaped through a hole in the roof, or by an opening for vision termed *arubbah*.

The Greeks, notwithstanding their refinements in other arts, knew little that contributed to domestic comfort. They burnt their fuel in a manner similar to the Hebrews. They relied on their fires equally to diffuse light as well as heat; for in the heroic age of their country, though they had oil and tallow in abundance, they were ignorant of the manner of burning them in lamps. The subjoined extract conveys a notion of the state of domestic manners among this renowned people:—

With all their ingenuity, the Greeks were but novices in the art of comfort. Though obliged to take great care of his coarse clothes, the Spartan, in his affected contempt for personal indulgence, made no difference in his dress during summer and winter; and living in a house, whose timbers by law were to be formed with the axe only, and the doors with a saw, if his dwelling and clothing were comfortable in the summer, both must have often been intolerable in the winter. The other Greeks were accustomed to go lightly clad, but as their rooms were well finished, and had doors, shutters, curtains, and carpets, they probably shivered less in cold weather than their Arcadian neighbours. They could also keep themselves warm enough at night, for they had bedsteads, soft mattresses, skins, cushions, carpet-blankets, and coverlets. The beautiful Greek undressed when she went to rest for the night, yet her bed wanted the delicate and refined ventilators—sheets. When she arose from her blanket-covered plane of repose, to array herself in woollen, she had no stays nor stockings to add to her comfort, and a buckle only, or a skewer, instead of a paper of pins, to make her garments air-tight. If this perfumed model of woman-kind, with her painted cheeks and lips and eyebrows, did not indulge in the luxury of the shift, neither had her lord any shirt, nor drawers, nor hose, nor buttons, nor handkerchief, nor pockets, nor lining to his cloak, nor gloves, —items essential to the perfection of the most common modern portable climate. Their lamps, too, though elegant, were offensive; and if they had wax and tallow pith and rush lights, of candles they were always entirely ignorant. Abroad, therefore, the Greek, during his sharp winter, must often have suffered much privation; and within doors, he never could enjoy artificial heat or light without smoke and risk of suffocation, for his house had not a chimney; nor, in the cold weather, could he enjoy warmth with daylight in his elegant apartment, for he made no use of glazed windows.

We can afford no more space in the present number to this valuable work, but propose returning to it at the first opportunity, when we hope to find room for a few extracts suggestive of alterations and improvements in the economy of that "seat of self-fruition" (as Sir HENRY WOTTON has termed it) the Englishman's hearth.

Seven Lectures on Somnambulism, translated from the German of Dr. Arnold Wienholt; with a Preface, Introduction, Notes, and Appendix. By J. C. COLQUHOUN, Esq. Advocate. Author of "Isis revelata," &c. Edinburgh, 1845. A. and C. Black.

AN Essay on Somnambulism, from the pen of the translator, introduces the valuable lectures of WIENHOLT to the English public. To that essay we propose to devote a short notice before we enter upon a review of the lectures.

After a brief history of the rise and progress of Mesmerism as a science, Mr. COLQUHOUN proceeds to comment upon that which has already so often engaged the attention of THE CRITIC, and which, indeed, it is one of the purposes of its establishment to counteract, the tendencies of the age to mere utilitarianism—to mechanical science and other means of money-making, to the entire neglect of philosophy, and the cultivation of the higher and nobler faculties of the mind.

It is, unquestionably, a strange and unaccountable thing, that, in this pretended "age of intellect"—and more especially in our own country—men will voluntarily subject themselves to the severest labours and privations, in order to advance our knowledge of external nature, even in the most minute, and apparently trivial particulars: they will traverse the tempestuous ocean; penetrate almost impervious forests; ascend the loftiest mountains, descend into the bowels of the earth; with unwearied zeal, and inexhaustible ingenuity, invent instruments for exploring the immeasurable heavens—(*cælum ipsum petimus stultitia*);—yet will they start in alarm, as if frightened for their own shadow, at the mere proposal to investigate a much nearer, and far more important and more interesting object—the wonderful microcosm of man—with the view of ascertaining the recondite phenomena of their own internal organization, and the laws by which they are governed, and of becoming thereby more intimately acquainted with that peculiar constitution of the sensitive and percipient being, upon which all our knowledge of external and internal nature must ultimately depend. In our own country, where, as has been remarked, the disposition in question principally prevails, this aversion from psychological studies may, no doubt, have been produced by the paramount importance which has long been assigned to physical and mechanical philosophy; to the absorbing pursuit of wealth through the means of manufacturing machinery and mercantile adventure; and, perhaps, in some degree, to a most mistaken notion that the philosophy of Bacon is hostile to the cultivation of anthropological and mental science. Nay, so far has this prejudice been carried, that all psychological inquiry is frequently reprobated as mere mysticism; while the veriest tyro in physical science, who has been taught to perform the most simple experiment in chemistry, or to carve the most trifling article on the turning lathe, does not hesitate to sneer at the idea of any higher philosophy.

With such a tendency of public opinion, it was not wonderful that the announcement of the curious and apparently anomalous fact, that in certain abnormal states of the organism, persons were found to be capable of perceiving external objects while the natural organ of vision was unsusceptible to the impressions of light, should have been received with unbounded ridicule and incredulity, and that it was only by slow degrees, as conviction was forced upon spectators of the fact by actual and careful experiment, that it began to be admitted by a few of those least under the blinding influence of prejudice, and that even yet many should be found who persist in denying that fact in the face of the cloud of witnesses of unquestioned capacity and honesty who have attested to it. To those whom *facts* cannot move, Mr. COLQUHOUN addresses some philosophy to shew that the facts asserted are not so mystical and unnatural as at the first glance they appear to be. It is admitted by Dr. REID that the whole philosophy of perception is involved in obscurity. "We shall find," he says, "many things in this operation unaccountable; sufficient to convince us that we know but little of our own frame." Elsewhere he observes of our perception by means of bodily organs, "We know it from experience only. We can give no reason for it, but that such is the will of our Maker. No man can shew it to be impossible to the Supreme Being to have given us the power of perceiving external objects without such organs. We have reason to believe that when we put off these bodies, and all the organs belonging to

them, our perceptive powers shall rather be improved than destroyed or impaired."

And Dr. REID is right. It is not the eye that sees, the ear that ears. The eye and the ear are but the media through which the impression of the external object is conveyed to the mind. No one reason can be adduced why the mind may not, in certain abnormal conditions, receive these impressions either directly or through some other media.

Mesmerism asserts only that such a condition does exist, and that such are, in fact, its phenomena. It appeals to the same experience on which alone the ordinary mode of perception is based, as proof of the existence also of the extraordinary mode of perception. We are unacquainted with the *rationale* of either process; both are equally unaccountable; both rest upon the evidence of experience, and there is nothing in the more rare condition at all inconsistent with reason or the soundest experience. It is not unnatural, it is only uncommon.

Mr. COLQUHOUN, while very properly objecting to the application of Scriptural texts to philosophical dogmas, yet offers *pro tanto* a remarkable proof of the perfect agreement between the phenomena of nature, the deductions of reason, and the tenets of Christianity.

In the first Epistle to the Corinthians (chap. xv. 40), St. Paul informs us that "there are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial;" and in the 44th verse of the same chapter, we are told, n regard to our own bodies, that "it is sown a *natural* body; it is raised a *spiritual* body;" and then follows the important declaration:—"*There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.*" Man, in short, is composed of two different natures—the physical or corporeal, and the psychical or spiritual. In our present state, these two natures are conjoined; in the future state, the soul, or spirit, will be disembodied, and our knowledge, instead of being acquired through the instrumentality of material organs, will probably be derived from immediate intuition—the product of pure consciousness.

A brief biographical notice of WIENHOLT follows this introduction. He was born at Bremen on the 18th of August, 1740, and there died on the 1st of September, 1804. He studied medicine, and devoted his life to his profession. He was a man of quiet habits, much addicted to research. Sir J. D. BRANDIS, physician to the king of Denmark, who knew him well, speaks of him as "my honest and upright WIENHOLT."

In the year 1787 his attention was attracted to the discoveries of MESMER: he was at first very sceptical, but, earnest in the pursuit of truth, he resolved to play the part of an honest man, and make trial of the facts alleged before he denied their existence. His experiments were successful, and he became a decided convert, and published the grounds of his conviction. Soon afterwards the controversy upon the question raged furiously. WIENHOLT declined to take part in it, but pursued his investigations with industry. One of the most gratifying results of his practice of Mesmerism was, the perfect cure of his own son—a delicate epileptic, who, after all other means had been tried in vain, was restored to health by Mesmerism, and afterwards attained a vigorous manhood.

The cases in which he was engaged are reported in a work of three volumes, which forms a rich treasure for the student.

Among many productions of WIENHOLT upon the same subject, his lectures deserve a prominent place for their philosophical and enlarged views; and as they well deserve attentive consideration from their great interest and value, we purpose to make them the subject of a distinct notice.

Outlines of Chemistry, for the Use of Students. By WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D. London, Taylor and Walton.

THIS is the second part of a book of which we lately noticed the first part. It is devoted to a concise account of the laws regulating organic chemistry. The work is intended more particularly for students, and as an introduction to treatises of greater bulk. The subject is divided into numerous branches, each of which is dealt with in a learned, yet intelligible manner. Compound radicals, known or admitted, are treated with due and careful attention. So undeveloped is this branch of the science, that extreme care is necessary lest the student be misled. Even whilst this book was in progress of being printed, new and valuable discoveries were made, an account of which is given in Addenda. The warm commendation we awarded to the volume on Inorganic Chemistry, we have pleasure in repeating as applicable also to the one before us.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Sportsman in Canada. By FREDERICK TOLFREY. Author of "The Sportsman in France." In 2 vols. 1845. Newby.

SHORTLY after the battle of Waterloo, Mr. TOLFREY obtained a staff appointment in Canada, and there spent many years hunting, shooting, fishing, sleighing, and living the merriest of lives, as a sportsman always contrives to do, in whatever land his lot is cast. The recollections of his adventures in these various enterprises are the pleasant theme of these pleasant volumes, interspersed occasionally with army jokes, mess stories, stray anecdotes, and sketches of character and manners, making together an amusing and very readable *mélange*, not exactly amenable to any canons of criticism, nor offering to the reviewer a theme for disquisition, but affording some excellent bits for extract, and just the work for the book-club and for such of the circulating libraries as are wont to look beyond the department of *fiction* for their orders.

The charm of these recollections lies in the truly sportsmanlike spirit of the author. He enters heart and soul into his subject; his descriptions of hunts and takes have that peculiar raciness which only a sportsman can infuse, and we suspect only a sportsman can thoroughly enjoy, because he alone can understand and appreciate it. His style is not highly polished, but it is vigorous, graphic, and straightforward, well adapted to the nature of his theme, and more attractive, probably, than would have been the laboured effusions of a professional writer, who *rounds* sentences and makes paragraphs, and will blow the veriest ghost of a thought into as big a bubble as may be desired, by sounding words that have no meaning.

But we must present a passage or two to exhibit the author's manner, and what may be expected by the reader. Here is a lively description of

WINTER IN CANADA.

The Canadians of high and low degree invariably adopt a fur or seal-skin cap for winter wear; but a stout beaver hat of an extra size, to admit of a strong lining throughout of the aforesaid chamois leather, will be found a more comfortable covering for the head-piece.

To proceed to extremities—a word about the feet: the Indian moccasin is the lightest, warmest, and best protection: a large boot made of cloth with a sole of felt, is a favourite adoption with some; but a moccasin over an easy boot is the best of all.

But methinks I hear the impatient reader exclaim, "This is all very well; but the nose—what is to become of the nose?" Ay! there's the *rub*, as I shall presently shew.

A Canadian frost is no respecter of persons; his rude, uncouth hand twitches the prominent feature of all: and well do I remember, in the first week of my campaign, when a private of one of the regiments came up to me, and, saluting me with his right hand, rubbed my nose most unceremoniously with his left. To draw back, with a clenched fist preparatory to knocking the fellow down, was the work of a moment: but ere I had carried into effect this pugnacious resolution, the man had retreated, and respectfully announced that the most remarkable feature in my countenance was frost-bitten; and that unless I submitted to instant friction with a bountiful application of snow, I should, in all probability, rue the consequences, and carry with me, to say the least, very equivocal symptoms of having been deprived of my nasal proportions in a less glorious cause. I gave the fellow a trifling reward for his timely assistance, and have frequently tendered a similar service to the greenhorns.

One of the most interesting portions of the work is the minute particulars which Mr. TOLFREY has recorded of the melancholy death of the Duke of RICHMOND, from hydrophobia, produced by the bite of a tame fox. It is curious that at a dinner-party on the previous day, before any symptom of the disease had manifested itself, the Duke observed to Colonel COCKBURN, as he was sipping his claret, "I don't know how it is, Cockburn, but I cannot relish my wine to-night as usual, and I feel that if I were a dog I should be shot for a mad one." The following particulars of the progress of the malady, and the last sad scene are deeply interesting.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

Colonel Cockburn and Major Bowles pressed the Duke to partake of some nourishment; but the tea and coffee were untouched, and an impatient gesture of the hand betrayed the sufferings of

the object of their solicitude at the sight of liquids. The meal was hurried over with all practicable despatch, and the Duke consented to accompany these gentlemen down to the river and embark in the canoe; and it had been decided upon that Major Bowles was to attend the Duke, while Colonel Cockburn rode from the place of embarkation to the Rapids, there to make arrangements for the Duke's being conveyed down the Ottoway to La Chine, about nine miles from Montreal. Leaning on the arms of his companions, the Duke walked to the river's side. But the moment his Grace saw the water, a spasmodic seizure told the agony he was enduring. He was turning away from the obnoxious element, when his Grace was entreated to muster resolution and enter the canoe. With a desperate effort he did so, exclaiming, as he rushed into the frail bark, "Charles Lennox never was afraid of any thing!"

Major Bowles as quickly followed; the Canadian boatmen shoved off, and the canoe with its illustrious freight was soon floating down the current. Its course, however, was but of short duration; for a few seconds had scarcely elapsed ere the Duke, in a paroxysm of agony, seized one of the Canadian boatmen by the throat, commanding him with frantic earnestness to row to land.

The mandate was of too imperative a nature to admit of a refusal or even delay: it was obeyed on the instant; and the canoe had scarcely grated on the strand before the Duke had leaped upon the bank, and was making for the woods. Colonel Cockburn, who had mounted his horse for the purpose of apprizing the *Bateliers* at the station at the head of the Rapids of the Duke's approach, had not proceeded half a mile on the road when he caught a glimpse of his Grace through the pine-trees running at the top of his speed in an opposite direction from the river. To turn his horse and gallop after the Duke was the work of a moment; and having succeeded in his object, the next point was to place the unhappy nobleman under shelter. One of the boatmen who had followed the Duke into the woods having reached the spot where Colonel Cockburn had overtaken his Grace, undertook to conduct the party to a farm-house about a quarter of a mile lower down the stream.

To this humble dwelling the Duke was taken; but, when laid upon a sofa in the only habitable part of this building, his Grace's agitation increased to a violent degree; and, while labouring under frightful spasmodic affection, he entreated to be removed *further from the river*, as he could hear the rippling caused by the current. In compliance with this request, the Duke was supported by Major Bowles and Colonel Cockburn to a barn about a hundred yards in the rear of the dwelling-house; and a rude bed of clean straw having been piled together in one corner, his Grace was laid upon it. It became evident to those around the sufferer, that the dreaded crisis was approaching; indeed, the Duke himself was aware that his last hour was at hand. His Grace was perfectly calm and collected and resigned to his fate; so much so, that a very short time before he breathed his last, the Duke wrote a letter to Lady Mary Lennox, his eldest daughter, the contents of which related to family matters of a strictly private nature. From the moment this task had been accomplished, the Duke grew gradually worse, and appeared to be sinking. Towards evening, his Grace was seized with shivering fits, and the extremities became cold; but his senses never forsook him: he recognised every one around him, and prayed to be released from his sufferings. About eight o'clock, this revered and lamented nobleman breathed his last, with the resignation of a Christian, and the fortitude which is inseparable from the just and the good.

FICTION.

Life in Dalecarlia: the Parsonage of Mora. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by WILLIAM HOWITT. 1845. Chapman and Hall.

THERE can be no more pleasing task to the critic than to review a new work by Miss BREMER; and yet the labour, light and agreeable as it seems, is not unattended with difficulty. The charming dialogues and picturesque scenes which our authoress touches off so happily, are too apt to cause him to forget the sterner portion of his duty, and to overlook the great defect of these popular fictions—the lax tone of morality pervading the majority of the series. We may probably be deemed fastidious; but it appears to us that too low a standard is allowed to feminine purity, and thus a dark shade is cast over that otherwise beautiful story, *Home;* and we fear that *Life in Dalecarlia* cannot be exempted from a similar reproach.

In the former novel, a lady represented as moving in the higher circles of Swedish life, an excellent and exemplary woman, but just escapes an entanglement with the tutor of her children, a young man of 20. In the present tale a lady of equally admirable character, loved and respected by an attached and worthy husband, lives with him for years without acquainting him with her former marriage—a marriage unhappily contracted against the advice of friends with a clever, but unprincipled man, whose contempt for human ordinances separates him from his wife, and subjects him to the ignominy of a shameful death. This man is believed dead; so far the wife is justified in marrying again; yet how she can live on year after year with an open-hearted, confiding husband, keeping her own secret, and yet happy, seems such an anomaly, that really we can neither reconcile ourselves to the fact nor the lady.

Perhaps we might not have made this protest, but for the purpose of noticing the difference existing between English and Swedish manners; and of observing, that although our own domestic life may be less romantic than that of our northern friends, it is, in appearance at least, infinitely more moral. Yet how ungrateful it seems to make these remarks when we consider how much we are indebted to the HOWITTS for the introduction of their books,—books that have pictured in such bright colours the delights of home—that holy word so dear to every Englishman—and that have thrown a halo around the most trivial and common-place offices of life, investing them with a charm, which many must have felt, but more forgotten; ever existed; or if remembered, remembered but to ridicule.

And now, having finished our homily, let us at once start for Dalecarlia, where a Mrs. Ingelborgh, the wife of the pastor of Mora, the identical lady whose matrimonial conduct we have dared to censure, assembles around her some young relations, whose pursuits afford her both employment and pleasure. The little party consists of two young ladies, Valborg and Brigetta; Brigetta's brother; Lieut. Lam; Mrs. Ingelborgh's stepson, Olof, just returned from Upsala; and her niece, "the fifteen-year old Siri;" the lady herself and her husband, Gustaf Nordevall, complete the list.

Of these Siri, the young and elf-like Siri, and the heroine of the tale, is one of the most beautiful creations that a modern author has conceived. Her child-like simplicity, joined to a reflective, yet wayward spirit—her love of nature and nature's creatures—her fondness for the poor elk Durathor, admiration of the fiery Brunehilda—by the way a capital name for a lady's courser—her affectionate, though energetic disposition, render her most engaging, and centre in her the whole and undivided interest of the reader. How to introduce this fairy-like being—mind, a German fairy, not the pretty, delicate elf of merrie England, or the waggish imp of ould Ireland, whether sailing on the Silja, "the eye of Dalarna," galloping wildly on the before-mentioned furious Brunehilda, or diving for the wedding ring of Martin's Stina, is difficult to decide. Perhaps her thoughtful, gentle, though sportive spirit, may not be better displayed than in a walk with her lover and self-elected tutor, Olof Nordevall, on the banks of the Silja.

Olof gazed on the river's playful windings, on the distant mountain, veiled in an azure mystic shadow, and he thought on Siri; for that landscape with its changing physiognomy was to him as an image of the charming enigmatical maiden, who continued more and more to occupy his mind. His heart was now softened towards her, for he called to mind her late acquiescence and her tears. As he then went on, and thought he began to hear delicious notes of a flute. They played one of those northern melodies, in which a sad seriousness is pervaded by, I know not what, touching, innocent joy, and every close has a moriendo, in which the tone does not seem to terminate, but to disappear like a spirit in space, which goes to continue its song upon another shore. Deeply was Olof's soul now smitten by these notes, and by this holy still life—the life of Dalarna—which he seemed to drink in from them. The young man became warmed and elevated in spirit; and it seemed to him as if some deep and beautiful secret of existence was about in this moment to be revealed to him.

He knew well that the siren who called forth these tones was no other than Siri; and he followed them in order to discover her. He soon descried her, where she lay in the soft grass, by a verdant sepulchral mount near the river-bank. Wild rose-bushes, which in certain districts so richly adorn the margin of the Dalilf, budded around her, and the elk Durathor shook, as he lay at her feet, his little bells, as he already at a distance heard some one approaching. Siri, too, looked up; she blushed a little at Olof's presence, and greeted him in a friendly manner. She looked gentle but not joyous.

"That was beautiful which you just now played!" said Olof.

"Did you think so?" said she; "then I will play more for you." She played again some melodious measures, and then said, "Do you know what these are?"

"No."

"That is the song that the water spirit by Husby sings at night as he sits on the rock at the waterfall, above the mill. The words are:—

"'And I hope, and I hope, that my Redeemer liveth!'

"Ah! how gladly would I hear him, when he sings this!"

"And he actually sits there at night, and sings?" said Olof, smiling, while he seated himself on a little hillock opposite to Siri.

"Yes, so they say," answered Siri, hesitatingly. "I know well that others say that it is all superstition; but then much must be superstition which is right, beautiful, and which sounds like truth. For example"——

"Tell me something more about these things," said Olof, familiarly.

"For example, about the cairn-people," continued Siri. "Do you know what dwells in the cairn here? They are the cairn-people, for the sepulchral mount is a spirit-house. And when we, on a summer evening, lay ourselves down beside such a mount, we hear the music within. They are the cairn-people who play on their harps, and sing laments over their captivity, and call on men for salvation. If you promise it them, then they play blithely the whole night through. But if you answer them, 'You have no Redeemer!' then do they dash their harps to pieces, amid lamentations, and remain silent in the cairn. And do you know, that in the springs live maidens, who are very beautiful, but who are captives, and beneath their silver roof long for the day of judgment, for then shall they be free. They are dumb, and look very sorrowful, and roll slowly their eyes, and shed large tears. Yes, in all streams and lakes, in mountain and wood, are these beings found, who are captive, and who seek after release. Ah, Olof! how do I pity all these, and gladly would I liberate them. I have often felt, and feel it again at the present time, how hard it is to be in thraldom; and only think to be so all life long!" And Siri stooped her face into her hands and wept.

"But, my sweet child," represented Olof; "all these beings over whom you grieve are the offspring of phantasy—they do not exist."

"Yes, so many people say," answered Siri; "but I know, nevertheless, that in some way or other, they do exist, although I cannot explain how. Often when I am out alone, by day or by night, I think that I will talk to all around me, and that all shall talk to me, and that I will get to understand about it. Yes, I cannot tell what hinders, but it seems to me often as if I am bound, and need a deliverance; then should I understand every thing, and be good and happy. Ah, Olof! my mind is often very strangely affected; and when I see then any thing in nature which suffers, or which is ruined,—which dies, then do I long to be able to help it; and it distresses me that I cannot."

"God knows, my little sister, whence you have got all these melancholy phantasies of nature. I think that all in nature is glorious and perfect."

"Yes, sometimes it does seem so! But I have seen deeper into it, and there is much that is evil and repulsive. I have seen how all is devoured,—all destroys itself in rotation; how the beasts persecute each other, and what barbarities men hourly and daily practise upon them. Ah, Olof! all is not good in nature! But can you tell me, Olof, whether the beast has a soul,—I mean a soul that outlives the body?

Our extract is of the longest, but a shorter one could not have done justice to the little metaphysical maiden. Notwithstanding our limited space, we cannot resist inserting the account of the copper mines of Fahlua, whither our Dalman friends make a progress. To this journey Siri, with her love for the "warm earth," has long looked forward, and is doomed to see her dreams of the glorious life in the mines vanish in the reality.

THE COPPER MINES OF FAHLUA.

"There have been learned men who have traced up the origin of the copper mines of Fahlua to Tubal Cain himself, a master "of all kinds of iron and copper work," as related in the First Book of Moses. Certain it is, that its working loses itself in the ages of sagas, when the artistical race of dwarfs were believed to work at their forges in our mountains, and the people of the south glanced towards the north as towards a land of treasures and of giants. More than 1,200 people have formerly been employed at once in this subterranean world, which, in its enormous labyrinth of passages, shafts, caverns, and halls, represents an excavated netherworld, the ideal of a mine king's palace. It is said to demand more than eight days to go through all its rooms, as far as the territory of Terra Nova, and the region of Whereto, which extends two hundred fathoms deep below the bottom of the mine. The various and picturesque names of these rooms and halls, gathered out of all periods of history, out of the kingdoms of both fancy and reality, contribute to give to the place a romantic interest for the imagination. Almost all the kings and queens of Sweden have paid visits to this mine. Charles IX. whose heart seemed to have much of the nature and character of a mountain, except for the tender woman, his first beloved wife, in honour of whom he founded and named the towns, "Mariefred and Mariestad," Charles IX. was extremely attached to this mining country, was often residing there, and called the mine "Sweden's Fortune," and desired that the great room there might be called the Room of God's Gifts. His great son, Gustavus Adolphus, also exclaimed, as he stood in one of the rooms of the mine, when the bright copper ore beamed from the walls, roof, and floor, "Where is the monarch who has such a palace as that in which we now are?"

But, notwithstanding all this, Siri did not find here the palaces, the magnificent underworld, of which she had dreamed to herself, and whose names, the Jewel, the Crown, the Sceptre, &c. seemed to promise. There were perpetually the same dark vaulted passages, the same great empty halls and domes, excavations and shafts, or sinkings, out of which eternal night seemed to stare upon you. There was everywhere the same damp, cold air, the same dripping and dropping from above, and which rendered the floor slippery. The sides of the mine glittered, indeed, when the torches shone upon them, or when they were struck against them, and sent forth showers of sparks; and the stalactites glimmered also as they hung above on the arched roofs; but it was a chill and colourless gleam, which left soul and sense cold. In the passages, the miners frequently were met with torches in their hands, in their black dresses, with solemn, pale, grimy countenances, and slow and heavy steps. The life in the mine did not seem to be joyous, and at every glance Siri's eyes grew darker, and her heart more oppressed.

She would not have been astonished if she now had been told that the most melancholy of mortal ailments, insanity, was one of the most prevalent amongst the labourers of this subterranean kingdom.

For such a high-minded and romantic creature as Siri, marriage of course would have been too common-place; accordingly we find her, at the conclusion of the tale, following the course pointed out to her by her father, the misguided but enthusiastic Julius Wolff, the former husband of Mrs. Ingelborgh, whose discovery and death terminate the story.

We cannot better conclude than with his words:—

I dedicate thee to a life in which daily joys and daily sorrows will be counted of little value, but where the smallest of them will serve the Most High. I consecrate thee to a work of peace and beauty, thy days to a still *Creation's day*. Live for a new heaven and a new earth.

Satanstoe; or, the Family of Littlepage. A Tale of the Colony. By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq. Author of "The Spy," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

THE announcement of a new novel from the pen of such a veteran as COOPER, with whose name are associated so many pleasant recollections of the poetry of Indian life, adventure in the prairies and backwoods, and, foremost of all, the romance of the sea, cannot but interest the reader, who will anxiously inquire what is the subject of, what the promise of amusement in, the fiction he must wait his turn at the library to possess; a brief account of *Satanstoe* will therefore be expected; but in mercy to the reader we will not anticipate the plot—we will limit our remarks to a description of the subject and the manner of its execution.

The new romance of the great American novelist is written with an avowed purpose, namely, to denounce "the great New York question of the day, Anti-Rentism." With the memory of COOPER'S former continuations, it will be no recommendation to this romance that it is intended to be the first of a series, although the author declares his determination that they shall not, as did their predecessors, preserve such a family likeness that it was tedious as a twice-told tale. He promises that each of the projected series shall have "its own hero, its own heroine, and its own manners." We can only hope that he will be enabled to accomplish his design; but we can feel no confidence that we shall not meet again, under new names, almost all the personages to whom he has introduced us here; and certain it is that many of these are *not* strangers.

The title is taken from the name of a farm, the inheritance of Cornelius Littlepage, the hero, that name being derived from a legend current in the neighbourhood, that the devil left his foot-mark upon the place when he fled from it before the approach of Christianity in the persons of the first colonizers, the Dutchmen. The time at which the principal portion of the events occur is about the year 1757, a period which enables him to bring together in strong contrast a great variety of character not then amalgamated and fused into a sort of average nationality by the

influence of a common citizenship and free institutions. There is the Englishman pure in birth and breeding; the Englishman once removed, born in America, but not yet de-Anglicised; the genuine American Yankee, a sort of Englishman *travestie;* the Dutchman of like degree, pure and mixed; the negro slave; and, infusing some grace of manner and gentlemanly feeling into the incongruous mass, the British officers, naval and military. Of such materials it would be difficult not to frame an interesting novel, and by help of a *few* striking incidents, such as an unexpected breaking up of the ice on the Hudson, and the perils thence encountered by the hero and heroine, and a vivid description of a journey into the interior to take possession of an estate, with divers warlike doings, that serve to re-introduce the Indians, and their skill, cunning, and magniloquence, make up a work that will sustain the reader's interest to the end.

But all COOPER's faults are exhibited here in unwonted profusion. His prosiness grows with age; there is more than even his wonted word-spinning; long, dull, wearisome dialogues continually try the reader's patience, and descriptions are elaborated with the tedious minuteness of a penny-a-liner, but without the liveliness of manner that usually belongs to that functionary. Then there is a provoking self-repetition in the characters and incidents; almost every man and woman to whom we are introduced is but an old friend in a new dress; we have met the same people before in a dozen of his novels, and their very talk is an echo of familiar dialogues. Nor has he been very happy in his portraiture of colonial manners; it strikes us as stiff and unnatural, as if the author copied from books rather than from the life; they are conventional, and not actual characters; abstract ideas of a class, and not transcripts of individuals. The most real and life-like is Mr. Jason Newcome, the Yankee, intended to be the type of the Anti-Rentist party, against whom the purposed series of fictions is to be levelled. This rich specimen of the genuine New England has been drawn, not merely with the zest given by a hearty hatred of the species, but with an existing model before the author, from which he has caught the minutest shades, and worked them up into an admirable picture.

The Desborough Family. By Mrs. PONSONBY. In 3 vols. MRS. PONSONBY is a lively writer, but unskilled in the art of novel-making. She errs in being too literal. Her plot is clumsy in its construction, and the interest is too much scattered. The loves of a family of five, four girls and one boy, the complement of the Desboroughs, are too much for one novel; they should have been divided among three. The characters, moreover, want that *reality* which is necessary to win our sympathies. We feel, as we read, that they are *but* fictions; never, for an instant, are we tempted to forget the mimic scene and smile or weep in a sympathy we cannot control. The best is, perhaps, Lady Desborough, the blue; probably because Mrs. PONSONBY sketched from the life, and not from her reading. Only the largest libraries should order this novel.

POETRY.

The Works of Edmund Spenser, with a Selection of Notes from various Commentators, and a Glossarial Index: to which is prefixed some account of the Life of Spenser. By the Rev. HENRY JOHN TODD, M.A. Archdeacon of Cleveland. London, 1845. Moxon.

To Mr. MOXON the lovers of the poetry and drama of England owe a large debt. His brave, enterprising spirit, under the guidance of a fine taste, has presented to the reading public a series of new editions of our best authors, carefully corrected, learnedly annotated, exquisitely printed, and published at a price that brings them within the reach even of the humbler classes, while they are fitted to adorn the libraries of the wealthiest. The latest accession to this valuable series is a collected edition of the works of EDMUND SPENSER, comprised in a single handsome volume, in type sufficiently clear and bold to be read without fatigue.

Mr. TODD, to whom the editorship was intrusted, has evidently undertaken the task more as a labour of love than in the manner of a literary hack. He is a devoted, an enthusiastic, admirer of the poet, has profoundly studied the peculiarities of his genius, has mastered the phraseology in which his "jewelled thoughts" were set; consequently the numerous notes by which he has explained obscurities of allusion or language exhibit a thorough understanding, not of the poet alone, but of the ideas, manners, and genius of the times in which he lived. To the poems is prefixed a memoir in which whatever history and tradition have recorded of the poet has been laboriously collected and wrought into a narrative of great interest, gracefully told, and interspersed with criticism founded on that which is a better and safer guide than any canons of *authority*, the dictates of a keen sensibility for the beautiful, and of a sound judgment to recognise the true.

An outline of the history of the man SPENSER may be given in a few words. The history of the *poet*—a memoir of his mind—would be a longer although more pleasing labour. In our contracted limits we can do little more than glance at the former.

Descended from an ancient and honourable family, EDMUND SPENSER was born in London, in East Smithfield, about the year 1553. The school that first received him is not known, but on May 20, 1569, he was admitted a sizer of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge.

Of his college life little is known. He was an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship, and he retired from it as soon as he had taken his master's degree, and went to reside with some relations in the north of England.

Mr. TODD supposes that he had exerted his poetical powers, though concealing his name, soon after entering the university. Certain it is that from the time of quitting it he devoted himself with unwearied industry to the cultivation of his genius. In a letter dated April 10, 1580, he speaks of "his *Slumber* and other pamphlets," and mentions his *Dreams* and *Dying Pelicane* as fully finished, and that he designed soon "to sette forthe a booke, entitled *Epithalamion Thamesis.*" In the year 1579 he published his *Shepheard's Calendar*, whose love laments are due to a jilting the poet received from a young lady on whom he had fixed his affections.

Before the appearance of this poem, he had been induced to remove to London, where he obtained an introduction to the accomplished PHILIP SIDNEY, by whom he was recommended to the Earl of LEICESTER. It is to SIDNEY that the *Shepheard's Calendar* is dedicated, and a long and useless controversy has arisen whether the introduction led to the dedication, or the dedication produced the introduction. This moot point has, however, effected one advantage, it has brought to light many letters from SPENSER and his friends that might otherwise have mouldered in obscurity.

A man of his genius was not likely to be overlooked by such friends at court. He was soon pressed into the public service. In July 1580 he was appointed secretary to Lord GREY, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This nobleman held the post for two years, and then returning to England, it is probable that SPENSER returned with him.

Four years afterwards, he received from Queen ELIZABETH a grant of 3,028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of DESMOND. The grant bears date June 27, 1586. In the following year he lost his friend Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. After this melancholy event he returned to Ireland to cultivate his estate.

His residence here was at Kilcolman, in the county of Cork, and in this retreat he was visited by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, to whom were shewn the first three books of the *Faery Queene*, and at whose instigation it was that the poet resolved to give them to the world. At the end of the third book were annexed a letter to RALEIGH, describing the design and plan of the poem, the poetical commendations of friends to whose opinion it had been submitted, and a number of sonnets addressed by SPENSER himself to various persons of distinction. "It appears to have been the custom of the time for an author to present, with a copy of his publication, poetical addresses of this kind to his superiors."

It is probable that SPENSER returned to England with RALEIGH for the purpose of superintending the publication, and there he was by that same fast friend presented at court, and received with marked favour. A pension of 50*l.* per annum was conferred upon him; but the story that he was at the same time appointed poet laureate appears to be unsupported by the evidence.

A ridiculous anecdote in relation to this pension has been handed down, as it would seem, without good authority; it is, however, too amusing to be omitted. It is said that when the Queen ordered the pension, Lord BURLEIGH told her Majesty that it was too great for a *ballad-maker;* and that he actually intercepted it. On SPENSER presenting to the Queen some poems, she ordered him a gratuity of 100*l.*, upon which his astonished lordship exclaimed, "What! all this for a song?" "Then," said the Queen, "give him what is reason." But

his economical lordship ventured to disobey the order, upon which the poet presented to her Majesty the following humorous memorial:—

I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season
I received nor rhyme nor reason.

The appeal was successful; the treasurer was rebuked, and the money paid.

The *Faerie Queene* brought to the author immediate and extensive fame. So popular was he, that the bookseller collected and published every production that could be traced to his pen, under the title of *Complaints*, which comprised—1. The Ruines of Tunis. 2. The Teares of the Muses. 3. Virgil's Gnat. 4. Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberd's Tale. 5. The Ruines of Rome, by Bellay. 6. Mniopotmos, or the Tale of the Butterflie. 7. Visions of the World's Vanitie. 8. Bellaye's Visions. 9. Petrarche's Visions.

The next publication was the *Daphnaida*, an elegy written on the occasion of the death of DOUGLAS HOWARD, daughter and heiress of HENRY, Lord HOWARD.

This was followed by the pastoral whimsically entitled *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, which Mr. TODD dates in 1594 or '95. The characters in this poem are those of contemporaries, introduced under fictitious names.

In the same year he published also the pastoral elegy of *Astrophel*, devoted entirely to the memory of his friend and patron, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

It is to this year also that Mr. TODD ascribes the appearance of the *Amoretti*, or *Sonnets*, dedicated to Sir ROBERT NEEDHAM, and in which sonnets he gives us the history of his courtship of a woman whom he afterwards married, and beautifully portrays the growth of love, and the progress from fear to hope, from hope to certainty, from the chase to the possession; the whole appropriately closing with an *Epithalamium*. The marriage took place at Cork, probably in 1594.

In 1596 he published his *Four Hymns on Love and Beauty*, written, as himself states, "in the greener times of his youth;" and in the same year his *Prothalamion*, a spousal verse, in honour of the double marriage of the Ladies ELIZABETH and CATHERINE SOMERSET, and the second part of the *Faerie Queene*, with a new edition of the first part.

Upon the controversy whether a portion of the *Faerie Queene* has been lost, or if the work was left unfinished, Mr. TODD is decidedly of opinion that we possess it very nearly, if not quite, as it was left by the author.

While SPENSER was in England in 1596, he presented to the Queen his political treatise, entitled *The View of the State of Ireland*—a masterly, eloquent, and interesting work.

In 1597 he returned to Ireland; but unexpected misfortunes descended upon him. In the following year TYRONE'S rebellion broke out; the poet and his family were compelled to fly. In the confusion one of the children was left behind; the rebels burnt the house and the infant in it. From this calamity the sensitive poet never recovered. He went to England, and there died, in the January following, of a broken heart—*poor*, as compared with his previous wealth, but rich in friends, who would have gladly supplied him with all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life; so that the stories of his abject poverty, with which it has been the custom to point the moral of "the misfortunes of genius," are altogether exaggerations and absurdities.

A handsome monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, by ANNE, Countess of Dorset. The inscription is as follows:—

Here lyes (expecting the second comminge of ovr Saviovr Christ Jesvs) the body of Edmond Spenser the Prince of Poets in his Tyme whose divine Spirrit needs noe othir Witnesse then the Works which he left behinde him. He was borne in London in the yeare 1553 and died in the yeare 1598.

The works which he left behind him, witnessing to his "divine spirit," are now offered to his countrymen in a dress worthy of their beauty, yet at a price which ought to insure them a welcome wide as their fame.

Dante; translated by ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. In 3 vols. *A new edition, revised and corrected.* London, 1845. Longman & Co.

THIS is, we believe, the first complete edition of Mr. WRIGHT'S translations of DANTE, which have received the approval alike of the English student, of Italian, and of the Italian who has mastered the English tongue. They agree in estimating it as the most faithful and vigorous of the many attempts that have been made to render into the language of England the glorious poet of the South. It is evident that Mr. WRIGHT had taken the pains to inform himself of the *idea* that floated in his poet's mind, as well as of the precise translation of the words in which he clothed it, so that he has produced something more than a mere transcript; it is an elegant composition, and reads smoothly, and not as most translations do, pedantically and stiffly. Mr. WRIGHT has moreover appended to his translation historical, critical, and illustrative notes, which add materially to the utility of the work, because without them the meaning would often be obscure, from its allusions to persons, and manners, and modes of thought that have now passed away and live only in books. The work is beautifully printed on fine paper and is of convenient size for poetry. Its price is very moderate, and it ought to be added to every library that does not possess a translation of *the* poet of Italy. Mr. WRIGHT'S translation has become a standard work, and no bookshelves will be furnished without it.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Jewish Emancipation. By an Israelite. London, 1845. Nutt.

AN energetic appeal on behalf of that policy of perfect toleration on the part of the state to which statesmen are fast tending. The author labours to shew, and with entire success, that emancipation may be extended to the Jews with absolute security to Christian institutions, and that as a matter of state policy it must be the interest of the country to encourage the settlement in it of a community so wealthy, so industrious, and such supporters of peace and established institutions as the Jews have ever proved themselves.

RELIGION.

Emendations of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament. By SELIG NEWMAN, Author of "The Abridged Hebrew Grammar," &c.

ALTHOUGH this singularly learned pamphlet is the production of a Jew, it is by no means a sectarian production. The author has entertained no anti-Christian design, his sole purpose being to pursue the investigation as a scholar desirous of discovering the true meaning of dubious passages. To the students of the Hebrew language, and indeed to all investigators of Scripture philology, the contents of this curious work must be extremely interesting and instructive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wisdom and Genius of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, illustrated in a series of extracts from his writings and speeches; with a Summary of his Life. By PETER BURKE, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1845. Moxon.

STRANGE but true it is, as remarked by the editor of this volume in his preface, that though everybody talks about BURKE, his works are not generally read. Few, indeed, of those who cite him as an authority to support their own personal or party views can boast of any further acquaintance with his writings and speeches than was obtained from some collection of elegant extracts. The cause of this is clear; the bursts of eloquence or wisdom that so charm us in recital are scattered through some eight or ten volumes of close print, the greater portion of which, however admirably adapted to the occasion upon which it was produced, relates to matters that have now lost their interest, and therefore the discourses about them, however able in themselves, are to readers of this age altogether unintelligible or unattractive. Words that touched the passions of contemporaries like coals of fire, fall frozen upon our unsympathizing ears; and the dry details of parliamentary combats, often encumbered with figures, frighten from the necessary scrutiny him who would seek the gems that lie scattered among the heap of rubbish.

A volume of selections from the mass, gathered by a treasure-seeker of patience and sound judgment, who has carefully explored every page with intent to extract from it whatever he might find there of enduring value and intrinsic beauty, cannot but be an acceptable addition to the family library. Such is the task undertaken, and very satisfactorily executed, by Mr. PETER BURKE. With excellent taste he has

collected the beauties that are contained in the voluminous works of his great namesake, and that they might have something like a connecting link, he has adopted a systematic arrangement of them, classifying into chapters the principal subjects that had engaged the thoughts of the orator, and then, in each chapter, linking together in a series "extracts the most remarkable for eloquence, argument, or style."

To these is prefixed a short but ably written Summary of the Life of BURKE, that serves admirably to introduce that which is, in fact, a history of his mind.

To offer a criticism upon the genius of one whose fame has received the sanction of time would be a sheer impertinence; to attempt an analysis of a memoir which is itself a summary would be ridiculous. Nor is it needful. Every person who has learned to look with reverence upon the name of BURKE, and who estimates aright his wisdom as a statesman, not inferior to his eloquence as an orator, will procure this volume, containing the profoundest utterances of the one and the most brilliant flashes of the other.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Caroline in Sicily. By CHARLES DIDIER.

THE very clever work now before us must not be confounded with the mere novels of the day, in which great names are made subservient to the purposes of fiction. The tale interwoven with the main outline of the composition is so slight as to constitute simply the skeleton of the work, and to throw into broader relief the historical episode upon which it is based. The opening chapter at once introduces us to the high-spirited, uncompromising, and beautiful CAROLINE of Naples, the daughter of the Cæsars, and the favourite child of the heroic MARIA THERESA, who, as an infant in the arms of her imperial mother, drank in the glorious war-cry of the Hungarian nobles at Presburg, "Long live our king Maria Theresa!" Like her illustrious parent, CAROLINE was sacrificed by state policy to a husband totally unable to comprehend her loftiness of character, or to emulate her princely aspirations. Whoever remembers JOSEPH II. save as the consort of MARIA THERESA? and who would retain a memory of FERDINAND of Naples, had he not espoused the Austrian Archduchess CAROLINE? Born "beneath the purple," the sister of MARIA ANTOINETTE, the aunt of MARIA LOUISA, the Frédégonda of NAPOLEON never suffered any consideration of womanly mercy to counteract the bold schemes of her ambition; and yet, although "every inch a queen," even when dethroned, exiled, and in a state of honourable captivity, her passions, when fully awakened, were not always such as consorted with her dignity.

The Anglo-Sicilian squadron, under the command of the gallant Sir SYDNEY SMITH, had taken possession of the islands of Procida and Ischia; MURAT had replaced JOSEPH on the throne of FERDINAND, and the English troops remained quietly in garrison in Sicily, while, in order to give more importance to the position of Lord BENTINCK, when he succeeded Lord AMHERST as Minister Plenipotentiary of Great Britain, he was appointed also Commander-in-Chief of all the English forces in the Mediterranean. Immediately after his arrival he became pre-eminently obnoxious to CAROLINE; his constant interference in state affairs, and the air of protecting authority which he assumed, wounded her pride. She exerted in vain every system of warfare against him. He treated with indifference alike her violence and her seductions. Nothing could turn him from his purpose; and eventually he transported the English head-quarters from Messina to Palermo, in order that the troops might be made more immediately available, on an exigency; a step which so much irritated the queen that she accused him of having exceeded his instructions. "I will go and obtain others," was the quiet rejoinder; and he embarked at once for England, whence he returned with unlimited powers. Of these he availed himself to the utmost, and the Court was compelled to feel that it could contend no longer; while the result of all the intrigue, and of all the struggle, was the temporary abdication of the king in favour of his son FRANCIS, whom he created, under pretence of ill-health, Vicar-General of the kingdom of Sicily, but retained power to resume at will his own authority. After this step, he retired to Ficuzza, a shooting lodge in the midst of the Corleone mountains, and the queen was consigned, first to the villa of Mezzomonzeale, and subsequently to Castelvetrano.

Such was the situation of affairs at the opening of the work. Sicily was precisely in the position of the Indian provinces, which, while declaring themselves independent, are nevertheless under British rule. A certain Captain FABIO, dismissed the service by a Sicilian minister to whom he had become obnoxious, and passing a life of penury and privation in a ruined villa of which he is the proprietor, spending his time almost equally in brooding over the indignity to which he has been subjected, and in shooting over the vast and desert plain, which extends along the coast beneath Castelvetrano, chances in one of these excursions to come upon the hut of a Zingara, noted throughout the country for her skill in soothsaying. In the idleness of the moment he bids her read the secret of his fate; to which she replies by prognosticating to him a crown and a scaffold. At this instant the sound of bells is heard, and the *lettiga* of CAROLINE, escorted by a troop of horse, is seen advancing through the plain, and ultimately stops near the hovel of the fortune-teller, towards which the queen advances unattended. Her first movement, on perceiving the young officer, is one of visible annoyance; but it is not in the nature of CAROLINE to look twice upon such a face and form as that of FABIO with displeasure; and she accordingly bids him wait without during her interview with the Zingara. This concluded, she turns her steps towards the *Rocchj di Cusa*, followed by FABIO.

THE ROCCHJ DI CUSA.

Not far from the Greek city of Selinont exists a monument quite as curious and still more rare, of ancient architecture—the quarries whence the Selinontines derived their temples and their palaces. The work appears to have been abandoned only yesterday; were the workmen to return to-morrow they need only resume their task where they quitted it 2000 years ago. In some places columns, half cut, require only the last stroke of the chisel to separate them from the rock; others, already detached, are scattered along the road which leads to the town, as though death had surprised the artificer in the midst of his occupation. They stand in the present day like gigantic finger-posts, erected in the vast solitude, stern in their uselessness, and conducting nowhere.

An unbroken and eternal silence has succeeded to the chant of the slaves, whose rude labour has impressed these deep and living traces. Not even the voice of the ocean can be heard, for its murmurs are smothered by the stretches of sand which extend along the coast.

This spot, called in the country *Rocchj di Cusa*, or the Blocks of Cusa, is one of the most striking in Sicily; protected by a double or triple rampart of cactus, whose metallic leaves are bristled with needles, the quarries form a vast excavation, with high, perpendicular sides, and are nearly covered with vegetation. The wild fig and olive trees grow in the fissures of the rock, and throw, from one block to another, their leafy branches; the winds and the wild birds sport amid the tendrilled garlands; the rabbit burrows beneath the unfinished columns; the nocturnal hedge-hog disputes with him his retreat; and, amid the dew, the adder and the green lizard come to seek, upon every exposed point, the first rays of the ascending sun. It is rare that a human figure disturbs these peaceful tenants of the solitude, save at times an idle shepherd or some traveller enamoured of antiquity.

Amid this wild and glorious scene, CAROLINE listens to the history of the heart-broken young soldier; and there she learns his implacable hatred to the English, through whose agency his disgrace was definitively accomplished; she was on the eve of a great attempt, and she was at once conscious of the value of such a follower as FABIO; young, fearless, and impetuous, he presented the very attributes calculated to insure success—or, at least, resolute perseverance in any cause which he might adopt; and the queen well knew the worth of the passionate enthusiasm betrayed by his every word and gesture. Our readers will cease to wonder that he should unhesitatingly vow himself even to the death to the fortunes of the royal lady who condescended to seek his allegiance when they read M. DIDIER'S sketch of

CAROLINE OF NAPLES.

The queen was reclining carelessly against the shaft of a column, and continued, as she spoke, to caress the greyhound (of Fabio) which was lying at her feet. She wore a long dress of black velvet, with short sleeves, which heightened the fairness of her complexion; a transparent glove shaded rather than covered an arm which she delighted to display, and of which the perfection was celebrated. Her light hair, arranged in large curls ac-

cording to the fashion of the period, fell upon her bosom, perhaps a degree too ample, and she had flung over her head a white veil, which floated negligently about her. It was the same headdress in which she caused herself to be painted for her friend Lady Hamilton.

Her blue eye was large and expressive; it changed from sweetness to menace, from boldness to languor, with extraordinary facility. Her ordinary look, however, was cold and impassible; it said no more than it was willing to say. Her features were fine, and their proportions regular, save that her nostril inflated too readily; but the leading characteristic of her physiognomy was seated in her mouth, of which the under-lip, salient like that of Dante, revealed at once pride, disdain, sensuality, command, and revenge. This imperious and threatening lip, which she sometimes bit until blood followed the pressure of her teeth, during a moment of violence, was the thermometer of her mood; friends and enemies alike read their fate upon it. She carried her head loftily, sometimes even slightly thrown back; and her carriage and all her person breathed a natural dignity, which, while it did not exclude grace, compelled respect.

Such was CAROLINE of Naples, when, defeated in every open attempt at independence of action by the vigorous and unremitting policy of Lord BENTINCK, she was covertly meditating a new revolution in Sicily, and the destruction of its foreign masters. Purchased by the produce of her jewels, pawned to raise money for the purpose, the plains of Selinonte concealed amid their ruins the wild bands of Calabrian banditti who had vowed themselves to her service. Discontent and fierce hatred of their English inmates pervaded the ranks of the Sicilian army, among whom moved the agents of CAROLINE stealthily, but no less surely, fomenting the fierce passions of the mass. FERDINAND meanwhile, the worthy pupil of the Prince of SAINT-NICANDRE, was wearing away his time in the most sordid puerilities at Fecuzza. Every thing like business had become utterly hateful to him; and his existence was spent between the sports of the field, the caresses of LUCIA MIGLIACCIA, the widow of the Sicilian Prince of PARTAUNA, and the homilies of his confessor. The character of FERDINAND is ably pictured in a letter addressed at this period to his energetic and ambitious wife.

A ROYAL EPISTLE.

I have duly received your letters, my dear Caroline, and I thank you. They amuse me, and I require amusement. Time hangs heavy with me. Fishing is here impossible, for several reasons, the first being that there is no water at Ficuzza. Where is now the happy time when we angled together in our pretty lakes of Patria and Fuzàro, and where I sold my fish to my customers? I might, to be sure, as an alternative, fish in my tunny reservoir at Solanto, but this is not the season for tunny; and besides, if I approached the coast, those cursed English would imagine that I wanted to escape. To go where? To Naples without doubt. Would that it might please God and St. Januarius to make it possible! Truly, my dear Caroline, there is only one Naples in the world. See Naples and die, cry some; see Naples once more and live, say I. I am reduced to hunting, but I do not know why; it amuses me much less than formerly. I scarcely hunt at all. Yesterday, nevertheless, I killed a wild boar in the wood of Capellaso; but the Sicilian boars are not equal to those of Porsano. Felio, who is my messenger, will tell you that the good father Caccamo says regularly two masses a day for me, and sometimes three; it is a great consolation to the poor exile who embraces you. FERDINAND.

P.S.—I open my letter again to tell you that my great blue bitch has brought forth four puppies, and that we hope to save them all. Apropos, are you aware that our son Francis, my vicar-general, has had a stomach-complaint, which threatened to carry him off? It is not yet certain that he will escape.

And this letter was written when Sicily, like her own volcano of Etna, was preparing her intestine fires to overthrow all before her; when she was not only condemned to foreign rule and the presence of her foreign rulers, but when her exasperated children were banded together in dark and mysterious parties, bound by strange vows, and obeying with a blind and headlong zeal the bidding of fanatical or ambitious masters. The fearful society of the *Beati Paoli* was supposed to be extinct, but such was far from being the case: another, and a more formidable society had, in truth, been built up over its ruins, entitled, "the Noble Brotherhood." Second in power to this, and greatly exceeding it in reckless ferocity, was "the Tanners' Company," of which, in addition to their self-delegated power, the chiefs were rendered still more certain of impunity in their violence, by an incorporation with the first-mentioned band, although this fact was unknown to the inferior members. The Noble Brotherhood, ostensibly a congregation of penitents, never appeared in public when engaged in their offices of penance, save enveloped from head to foot in an ample cassock of black serge, with the hood so arranged as to conceal the whole of the face except the eyes. None knew, save themselves, the individuals of whom the order was composed; but, like those of the secret council at Venice, their visitations of vengeance were only the more severe and the more certain. The head of the fraternity was, at that period, the wealthy, haughty, and reserved Count of ALLEGRONI, known as "the man of cameos," from the affectation with which, in order to deceive the vigilance of the world, he collected and exhibited a museum of those precious works of art, lest his total want of occupation should subject him to suspicion. Having premised thus much, we will at once introduce our readers to a nocturnal meeting of the brotherhood on the rock of Procida.

THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.

La Scoglia di Malconsiglio, or rock of evil counsel, which may be seen from the summit of Mount Eryx, is a mere desert islet, situated in mid-sea, at the extreme point of the Port of Trapani. Tradition asserts that Procida had collected there the conspirators of the city at the period of the Sicilian Vespers.

It was night. All was dark and starless; the town gloomy and silent; the port still more so. Scarcely did the lamps of the Madonnas, in their niches at the corners of the houses, or at the prows of the vessels, shed a few feeble gleams along the streets or upon the waves. Sentinels, scantily stationed, moved at intervals upon the ramparts; and a stray dog wandered about the port, howling lamentably.

"If he carries his nose in the air, it is a sign of fire; if he runs with his head low, it is a death-warning. In any case, it forebodes evil."

These words, uttered in a low voice, proceeded from a bark impelled by two masked oarsmen, and occupied by a silent figure, exactly habited like the members of the Noble Brotherhood. The bark glided mysteriously along the mole, in the direction of the Rock of Procida; and when it had nearly gained its haven, a small boat, which appeared either to escort or to watch it, but which remained at a distance, as though it feared discovery, was perceived or heard by the dark passenger; he whispered a few words to the rowers, who immediately tacked, and bore down upon the boat, which attempted to escape, but was soon overtaken. Not a sentence was exchanged; the two oarsmen of the bark boarded the boat, occupied by a single individual, seized him before he had time to assume an attitude of defence or even to resign his oars, and cast him into the sea without pronouncing a syllable. The victim, as he fell, uttered a hoarse cry, and then all was still. This frightful scene, rendered yet more frightful by the deep silence and the thick darkness, was acted in less time than has been required to write it. The murder committed, the two murderers returned to their bark, which resumed its course as though nothing had occurred; only they had the precaution to upset the boat, in order that their victim might appear to have been drowned by accident.

"Did I not tell you," murmured one of the rowers to his companion, "that the dog which howled just now announced misfortune? He must have run with his head low."

Arrived at the rock, the bark entered a little creek, where several other boats, all empty, were already moored. The rowers remained resting upon their oars, and the passenger instantly landed. He had advanced only a few hundred paces, when he found himself in the midst of a group of men in the same garb as himself, who hastened to form a circle, with a gesture of marked respect. The last comer then made the tour of the assemblage, and received the pass-word, in a low voice, from all the members who composed it. That ceremony concluded, he returned to the centre of the circle.

"As surely," said he, throwing back the hood which covered his face, "as surely as I am called Allégroni, there is a stranger among us. I detected him by his manner of pronouncing *Sicilia*, which is our word of recognition. Let every one uncover."

Every hood was thrown off like his own.

"There is the traitor!" he resumed, walking straight towards one of the party. "Seize him!"

The order was executed as soon as given. The suspected individual was surrounded, and, on approaching a dark-lantern to his face, he was discovered to be an Englishman.

"An Englishman!" exclaimed Allégroni, "an Englishman has dared to intrude upon our nocturnal meeting to discover the mysteries which we shroud in the shades of night and of our own consciences. Already had I, only a few minutes since, executed justice on a spy who followed my bark; and now I discover another in our very ranks! Let him go and join his accomplice! May our secret perish with him in the waves!"

The captive made no attempt to defend himself; he suffered himself to be bound and gagged without resistance, as though a superstitious terror and a feeling of the irrevocable had paralyzed his tongue and all his faculties. Four men bore him towards the coast, and ere long a heavy weight was heard to fall into the sea. The four executioners returned an instant afterwards, and resumed their places in the circle without a word of the unhappy wretch whom they had sacrificed.

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"And now" said Allégroni, "when we are watched, and perhaps threatened with danger, suffer me to strengthen your hearts by recalling the origin and object of our sacred and holy institution. The ancient brotherhood of St. Paul, to which we succeed, and which has been so much calumniated, had not, as you know, any one thought or aim, save the independence of Sicily, of the unfortunate island which, always aspiring to liberty, has experienced nothing but a change of slavery. And if the Beati Paoli, our ancestors, redressed at once the wrongs of society; if they punished prevaricating ministers and powerful oppressors; if they revenged the weak and the innocent, it was because they desired to establish public happiness upon individual happiness, and wished virtue to be the prelude to liberty. They never lost sight, however, of the supreme vow of the order, and were, on several occasions, about to realize it. Destiny decided otherwise. Reduced by time, worn out by exertion and adverse circumstances, the brotherhood became at last a mere shadow, and threatened to perish altogether. It was then that I formed the project of transforming it, in order to secure its preservation; and I merged it in this society of nobles, which now serves us as a mask, and beneath whose disguise we may still continue to act. Blended together and animated by the same spirit, the two associations now form but one, whose public mission covers its secret aim. Faithful to the lessons, and to the examples of our ancestors, what they willed in their time, we will in ours, and we press to the same point that they did, if not by the same path, at least with the same confidence and the same ardour. We have already done much, we will do still more.

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"Like Procida and his conspirators, whom we replace in this desert rock, consecrated by them, and, without doubt, visited by their shades, let us oppose cunning by cunning and force by force. We are, perhaps, not so weak and powerless as we may appear. But let us strike no useless blow; let us have no more of those partial executions which diminish our strength by dispersing it; let us concentrate it all upon one point; let us aim at the head, and we shall conquer. You know that we have always at Palermo instruments, auxiliaries, and adepts. The corporation of tanners, those fearful *conciariotti*, who make the whole capital tremble, are blindly devoted to us; the day is come to put their devotion to the test."

Such was the Noble Brotherhood of Sicily,—the sworn enemies to English rule. But our space forbids our pursuing further this interesting work, which, in addition to its historical accuracy, presents a perfect picture of Sicily as it was and is, both geographically, archæologically, and socially. It need scarcely be remarked that, being the production of a Frenchman, betrays in almost every page a virulent hatred of the English; but this we look upon so perfectly as a matter of course, that we feel rather disposed to smile than to blame the author by whom it is betrayed. Taken altogether, this is one of the best books of the kind that we have met with for a considerable time.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Englische Skizzen; aus den Tagebuchern von Ida Kohl und J. G. Kohl. (English Sketches from the Diaries of Ida and J. G. Kohl.) 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1845. Nutt.

We shall not enter into any detailed criticism upon this work. Mr. Kohl combines many excellent qualities both as a traveller and an author, with a tendency to note down too much, and to describe whatever he sees, touches, tastes, or handles with similar minuteness. He observes rapidly, masters his subject readily, condenses ably, seeks information with an unapproachable activity, both of mind and body, and conveys himself, by some mysterious agency, wherever he travels, through every building above ground. He stretches forth his hand, like Asmodeus, and the interior of every habitation in a city is laid open, even, as says Luis Velez, of Gucoara, "we see the contents of the pie on the removal of the crust." But here the resemblance ceases; he is resolved to be exact, and we know he is so; but the conviction of that truth is accompanied also with a slight sensation of weariness of mind. Thus he bears condensation well, is the more sparkling for compression, and far more agreeable in the *Family Library* than when fully translated. We shall commence our extracts with that theme of national pride and national blessing which has been the subject of so much poetry and of so much painting—

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE,

a scene which we hope our readers will recognize by Mr. Kohl's description of its furniture:—

The central point of interest in this is the capacious grate, with its polished bars, and beneath this the glowing hearth or iron plate on which the ashes fall, and which gave rise to the conundrum, "Why is the hearth like Westminster Abbey?" "Because it receives the ashes of the great" (grate). Then on both sides are the hobs, small flat places, to hold a kettle or flat iron, and last, as the shrine of the consecrated hearth, the fender, generally of bronze, and which derives its name from the verb "to fend, or keep off." These latter, in the drawing-room, are generally small and low; they are higher in the school-room, and rise to the height of a hedge in the nursery. But it is upon the small low fender that you place your feet, when the weather is cold, if haply you can then elude the cautious glance of the lady of the house; for many mothers will not allow their daughters even the household privilege of sitting on the rug—the thick-piled piece of carpet placed before the fender, and which partly serves to give a becoming completeness to the fire-place, and to supply a soft cushion for the feet. It is upon the manufacture of these that the greatest care is bestowed. They are made generally of the most brilliant colours, of many different sorts, but all alike warm and soft. Large manufactories supply them; they are the common employment of the prisoners; and the delicate hands of ladies work them upon the coarsest canvas. Many ladies, indeed, evince much dexterity in this, mingling their colours with the greatest taste, imitating clouds, or introducing some elegant design. Not unfrequently we meet with the emblem of the three kingdoms,—the rose, shamrock, and thistle, whilst their apparently rough texture and name remind one of the kirt rugs of the old forefathers of the Britons—their wolf and bear skins. To keep the "fireplace," "hearth," and "grate" extremely bright is the first care and duty in the morning of the English housemaids. Dow and Mieriz never represented their Dutch countrywomen more solicitous with their pots and pans.

They lay the spotless tongs and shovel, always of equal weight and strength (as though they belonged to the heir-looms of the family), in one corner of the fender, and in the other the poker; all display the most excellent workmanship, and, even in the houses of the poor, are as polished as silver. But it is the chimney-piece which forms the "*ne plus ultra* of the whole." Upon this are arranged the ornaments for the most part of the room. Porcelain urns, antiquities, Chinese figures, thermometers, clocks, spillholders, and sundry other things are here all heaped together. Even among the poorest classes in England, I have observed that the chimney-piece is the spot preferred amid the furniture of the room, insomuch that it often struck me that the greater part of their wages was expended in gilt cups, glass ornaments, imitations of fruit, Indian shells, &c. as offerings to their household gods.

We cannot follow Mr. Kohl through his little dissertation upon looking-glass, nor attempt to justify ourselves against the accusation of being the most lack-looking-glass (*spiegelarmste*) nation in Europe. We trust the recent remission of taxation upon this branch of manufactures will free us from this sad reproach, and enable us to compete hereafter both with Paris and Vienna. But if inferior in looking-glass, as compared with other more favoured nations, it is a consolation to know that we excel them in "brooms, bellows, fireguards, and coal-box," to all of which Mr. Kohl very properly directs attention, and describes with great accuracy their several uses; in particular the coal-box, which it seems is specially constructed as a resource in time of need for governesses and the school-room, a custom which, if contrasted with the general place of the more highly honoured scuttle, establishes very fully the theory of nice gradations in aristocratic circles. The scuttle for the duchess, the coal-box for the governess—who can doubt it?

SHAKING HANDS.

As a means of defence, the Englishman uses the clenched fist, and not the dagger, as the Spaniards and Italians. They consider this a more manly, noble, and, as being more *at hand* when wanted, a more efficient power. But for friendship, as its most heartfelt expression, the worthiest, manliest, and sincerest sign of feeling they give the open hand. To us, indeed, this English

hand-shaking, when immoderate, as it sometimes is, has a somewhat comical effect. But it has its bright side also. For in this custom, hearty, strong, and sometimes rough, we see expressed the deep fraternal sympathy of these great nations. Bodily union, as far as the junction of the ten fingers can effect it, is a beautiful symbol of that of the soul, and almost all nations have adopted two hands clasped together as the emblem of mutual brotherhood and aid. There is a language, silent indeed, but ever variously expressive, in this custom. Think but upon its degrees; the pressure; the grasp; the hands held; twisted within each other, given, or shaken; all, from woman's soft, gentle touch, which seems to linger as a feeling, to man's nervous, strong retention. For example, the bishop's, or pastoral shake. This is prolonged, and indicative of inward feeling, as though it would say, "And you also are one of my fold." Such a greeting, if the pastor be a man of God, and we impressed by religious feeling, has a happier influence than a two hours' discourse. And when we pray, when in the stillness of the soul, with no disturbing passion in our mind, do we not fold our hands together as the sign that we are in charity with all, and that reconciled, passionless, in Christian union with men, we bow before the shrine of the Most High? Mark those who, unacquainted with each other, or possibly estranged, offer the hand as a mere act of outward courtesy. How restrained is their action; how motionless, unfeeling, insensible; like oil upon water, one hand rests within another; how readily they depart, each glad to escape from this hypocritical communion. On the contrary, when long-tried friends, who have been separated for years, again meet, with what haste and warmth of feeling do they not grasp the hand; how short, but hearty, is their salutation, "Well met." They seem riveted together as the links of a chain, true and inseparable, with hearts for any fate. And when we bid "Farewell," does not our hand rest folded within another's, motionless, yet thrilling with gentlest touch: for sorrow and affliction have a soft restraining feeling which refuse to yield the hand so often clasped in love, until the last moment of separation.

There is much of truth, and some little, very little, we are free to admit, of poetry in this. Mr. KOHL, we observe, prefers the "handshaking" to kissing, the latter being, as he tells us, an affair of the moment, which hides from us the face of the loved one, and is not so susceptible of being treated by the artist with effect. He is also of opinion that, like the handwriting, handshaking is an index of individual character. We have heard the same theory founded on the shape of a man's hat, upon his being fat or thin, silent or loquacious, all of which, we believe, offer grounds for reasoning as satisfactory as those that usually guarantee the prognostics of teacups.

A MORNING CALL.

Hark! there goes the door-bell—who can it be? The agreeable silence of the comfortable parlour is disturbed by the shrill sound, which echoes throughout the house. One raises the eye from his book, another puts aside the workbox, and a third silently withdraws the feet from the fender. I dare say it is the doctor (upon whom suspicion at first generally falls), or perhaps Mr. ——, the clergyman. We had better stay where we are, and let them go into the library. In the mean time, the door is opened, and instead of the doctor or rector, a family—Mr. T. and his daughters—are announced. We are at home; and immediately they enter the well-warmed room. The ladies have escaped at the first intimation of the visitors, and are now lost in the recesses of their bedrooms. A becoming cap is hastily put on, a prettier and more dressy apron, and, after awhile, the guests are all comfortably settled in the armchairs around the fire. Now "handshaking" commences; one grasps that of another, moves it to and fro; my friend shakes mine, I return his vibration; this excites him still more, and, inspired by his overflowing kindness, I recommence the greeting with greater emotion than before. We are seated, and conversation flows at first gently and slowly, but, as another and another member of the family enters, the whole process is again gone through. A quarter of an hour has elapsed, and the visitors request their hostess to ring for the carriage. But you will first take luncheon with us, it will be ready directly. Well, we have no objection, and luncheon is immediately announced.

Now, luncheon is a meal of which the gentlemen do not in general partake. They are apt to express surprise that ladies should, at two o'clock, again confess an appetite, quite forgetful of the slices of cold beef or ham, the beefsteaks and cold pigeon-pie, the tongue and cold duck, which they have enjoyed with their coffee, whilst those they censure by their astonishment have but satisfied their "morning call" of hunger with muffins, toast buttered and dry, or bread and Scotch marmalade. They forget, too, that for a lady luncheon is but, for the most part, a change of occupation. Nevertheless, Mr. KOHL admits their assiduities at the table and great zeal in cutting bread, recommending delicacies, suggesting a glass of wine, and very laudable enforcement of that suggestion by their example. He adds the following upon some luncheon peculiarities he has observed:—

Some ladies prefer sweets, particularly those who fear they have a tendency to become stout. The doctor has said, "Don't eat meat more than once a day," so they solace themselves with bread and cheese, and the addition of raw celery; but others, who cannot so readily moderate their appetites, assure us, and this not unfrequently, "They really trust we shall not be surprised at their apparent indulgence at this hour, but in truth luncheon is their dinner."

Visitors have a natural right to make a good luncheon, and are reminded they have a long way before them; and there is always, moreover, a delicate daughter who has been ordered by the doctor not to go too long without food, and to take regularly a tumbler of porter or of double X; it fattens, say the English. We deny the double X, but admit the general truth of the remainder. Very few who have paid or received domestic and friendly duties of this nature can deny the accuracy of this sketch, from the shaking which communicates a kind of friendly palsy to the body, the gradual dropping in of every member of the family—

> The atmospheric conversation,
> Dear to our weather-beaten nation—

to the native prose of county interests, hop and apple speculations, and the final addition of dear and delicate Louisa so much improved by Guinness's or Bass's very bitter. But we deny the X X.

The "Women of England" have a chapter entirely devoted to a criticism on their beauty, and we are much gratified to find that, notwithstanding this is tested by that ideal and law of all excellence in this respect, the Venus de Medici, judgment upon most points is given in their favour. The following we trust is a libel:—

BEAUTY AND GRACE.

Dress precludes any further criticism except upon the hands and feet: these, opinion condemns as generally too large. Nor should I be surprised, upon more accurate inquiry, to find this suspicion true; for large hands and feet are the common inheritance of all the Teutonic race, and constitute two important defects. After the features, no part of the body is so expressive as the hand; but the foot is as the pedestal of the whole, and upon the delicacy of its formation depends much of the beauty both of motion and of repose. Beauty profiteth little if unaccompanied by grace, and is as virtue without wisdom to instruct and guide it. Englishwomen are, in this respect, inferior to those of other nations. We see many so devoid of all natural grace, that it foils the influence of their beauty.

Many Frenchwomen, on the contrary, who may be fairly considered plain, are yet enabled to hold and to exercise dominion over admirers and friends by the mere influence of gracefulness of manner. An Englishwoman possesses a capital of beauty, which to her is profitless, but which to her more gifted sister would be the wizard's power. They are sometimes too tall, and their walk stilted, too quick, and too manly. Their carriage is too formal and stiff, and they dance without feeling. It is by their superiority in all these respects that continental beauties obtain full reparation for the gifts which nature has so liberally lavished upon their more favoured insular sisters.

Mr. KOHL attributes the beauty of the Englishwoman's complexion in part to the wretchedness of the climate and the blending of various races before and since the Conquest. That this latter has had its influence, we do not doubt; but that the "dews and fogs which guard her from the garish eye of day as with a veil" have exercised any very immediate influence, we must hesitate to affirm,—certainly none more potent, or very frequently so direct, as ROWLAND'S Odonto, or ATKINSON'S Milk of Roses. We are grateful for this admission of our patriotism as regards this subject.

The beauty of his countrywomen is to the Englishman a matter of as much deep, heart-felt, patriotic feeling as any other by which he is distinguished. There are always some "reigning toasts,"—some ladies whose names are honoured, and constantly cited for their beauty in suitors' tones and phrases. Thus in past times was the Duchess of Devonshire, as at the present Mrs. Norton, and Lady Seimont (*sic*—which we believe should be translated Seymour).

We must extend our extracts to a few lines on the

DRESS OF THE ENGLISH LADIES.

The desire for display, which has increased with the still increasing wealth of the middle classes, has so greatly stimulated numbers who are ambitious to be held "ladylike," and who live in the belief that they are the more so in proportion as they are splendidly and expensively dressed, and has so largely added to the mass of tasteless vulgar finery in vogue, that it cannot fail to excite the surprise of every foreigner. Often have I looked with the most regretful pity upon many pretty women disfigured by pearls in their hair, heavy gold chains about their necks, flowers behind their ears, tasteless silk gowns with colours striving to eclipse the rainbow, and whose natural beauty is thus entirely destroyed by the artificial means for its display. There is no medium in their toilette; here they have too little, there they have too much. The neck and bosom go most beggarly clothed, and in this particular they seem entirely to forget the verse of Homer, which represents Juno as clasping her dress *over*, and not *under* the bosom, with a golden brooch. Were it not a subject almost too delicate for me to handle, and to define the nice boundary of taste in this respect, I should feel inclined to declare war against my English friends, who oppose here the general habit and feeling of all their sex on the continent.

This weighty matter, which Mr. KOHL fears to handle, we shall not venture to discuss, but leave it to the discretion of our countrywomen, "near and dear," to determine. Human nature, we suspect, is very much the same in all countries; and we are surprised that Mr. KOHL, who has apparently observed so closely, should have forgotten so completely that, in general, we display the advantages and beauties we possess, and hide those we have not. Juno, and the ladies of the continent, had and have, no doubt, sufficient reasons for their costume; and the relative moral of envelopment and development will, we fear, be ever more governed by natural circumstances than Homeric quotations.

CABINS AND POTATOES.

County Clare, when I first travelled through it, had all the appearance of an uninhabited desert. But my attention was soon directed to numerous cabins which had escaped my eye, from being of the same colour as the earth. These were ranged together like beehives; and I soon learnt readily to know them as we passed. They are generally the most wretched abodes imagination can conceive, built of clay and mud, and are brought to so ruinous a condition by weather and time, that props are required on all sides. The roof is of straw, upon which, to keep it from being blown away, stones are seen lying as if they had been rained from heaven. The chimney is represented by a kind of willow-basket, which projects from one side of the roof. This serves also, during the intervals when the sun's rays pierce through its thick clouds of turf smoke, as a window, for they have no other opening for light or air than the door, made of a few old boards clumsily nailed together. The inhabitants of these abodes consist, generally, of the mistress of the house, who, in a vesture almost classically simple, sits spinning before the door; of tribes of half-naked urchins playing around her; and of the husband in the fields at work. The other members of the family are the cow and the pig. This latter is a never failing companion; it has its trough in the immediate neighbourhood of the door, and when cold, becomes a parlour boarder within, a part being boarded off by the wheelbarrow, or else the interior of this is given up for his especial accommodation. A cock and two hens complete the family circle, who scratch about the dunghill, or the roof, and roost, since better may not be, near the basket-worked chimney. The furniture consists of one bed, a table, and a few broken chairs. Pictures of St. Patrick or some other saint decorate the walls, against which a dresser is placed, whereupon stands a few broken cups and saucers. The poor Irish peasant lives almost entirely on potatoes. Meat and bread to him are rarities. Nevertheless they are ever contented whilst the supply is sufficient; they never murmur so long as the potato bubbles in the pot, which hangs over the glowing turf fire. But in summer, when the provision of the past year is exhausted, and the new crop is yet unripe, hundreds, aye, thousands, are then driven from their huts to obtain from the passing hand of charity some respite from the daily pangs of hunger. Then appears the hospitable spirit, the kind humanity of the Irishman; and truly both in rich and poor. The poor gives to the poorer all that he can spare, in food, clothes, and lodging; and the richer add liberally to the stores of these.

With this sadly truthful sketch we conclude. Mr. KOHL, as an author, is not to be estimated by his more recent works, as these appear to have been written more for Germany than as contributions to European literature. Hence his minute details, his philological and ethnographical researches, and too frequent recurrence to the daily hints of his note-book. The present work exhibits all his peculiarities; his patience in inquiry, his generally pleasing narrative, his dry and unimaginative conception both of character and event, and praiseworthy fidelity throughout, intermixed with a partiality for mythology, which would induce us to believe he has either lately returned from, or meditates an excursion to Olympus, with Tooke's Pantheon as his hand-book. We shall look with much interest for the promised publication of his works "On London," and "The Social Characteristics of the English," feeling assured that we shall at all times recognize in Mr. KOHL an able intellectual author, and an observant, feeling man.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I heartily congratulate you upon the introduction of a feature so new, and promising to be so useful, as *The Tourist*. I hope all travellers will give it their cordial co-operation, by making it that which has so long been wanted—a medium to which they may communicate the results of their experience, and where those who seek information may be sure to find it. MURRAY'S *Handbooks* are admirable, nay, indispensable companions, but they are not infallible; and I, in common with others, have continually felt the want of some periodical publication in which errors in guide-books may be corrected, additions made to their information, and altered circumstances in travelling, inns, prices, &c. announced almost as soon as they occur. This I take to be the design of *The Tourist*, combined, I presume, with memorials of travel, skeleton tours, advice to travellers, and occasional notes of objects that deserve attention in different localities, in the collection of which information you will ask the aid of all tourists who can contribute any thing likely to be useful to those who may follow after them.

If I rightly understand your plan, I, for one, beg to render you hearty thanks for the inception of it; and I promise to help you to its accomplishment, not only by occasional contributions of the results of my own experience, but by making it known to my travelling friends, and endeavouring to enlist their aid also.

Yours faithfully,

Athenæum Club, 24th June, 1845. VIATOR.

(Our correspondent has correctly understood the design of *The Tourist*. It must depend upon those who approve it, by their contributions to the common store of information, to render it as widely useful as it may be made.—*Editor of* THE CRITIC.)

Black's Economical Guide through Edinburgh; including a Description of the Environs, &c. 4th edition. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.

THIS is another of the excellent Guides for the Tourist, published by Messrs. BLACK. In copiousness of information, in typographical elegance, in the multitude and beauty of the engravings that illustrate it, this is a fit companion to the larger Guide to Scotland generally, which we had occasion to notice last week. Every visitor to the modern Athens should take this book in his hand. It will be serviceable to him at every step.

ART.

SALE OF LORD GRANVILLE'S PICTURES.—The sale of this small but almost incomparable collection of pictures took place on the 21st, at the great room of Messrs. Christie and Manson, King-street, St. James's. The sale was, as might be expected, well attended, most of the great collectors and the best judges being present in the course of the morning. The gross sum realized by the sale of the whole collection (19 pictures) amounted to 5,226*l*. Lot 10, Cuyp, *The artist drawing from nature*, a view over a flat country during a fine evening; on the right of the foreground two gentlemen, who appear to have alighted from their horses, a grey and a bay, of which an account is given in Smith's Catalogue, was purchased by the well-known collector Mr. Farrer for 550 guineas; and the companion, by the same artist, a hilly landscape, with trees, a woman on a bay horse, and a farmer on a grey one, &c. was bought by Mr. Dunford for, we believe, a similar sum. The beautiful landscape, by P. Koninck,

an extensive view over a flat country, lot 17, a most extraordinary imitation of nature, fetched 682*l*. Lot 18, W. Vandervelde, a view off the coast during a fresh breeze, presenting on the left a coasting vessel scudding under mainsail, carrying a blue flag at the yard-arm, with four men on board, and a small boat alongside, with two men in it, merchant ships in the distance, and on the right hand a man-of-war, a small boat, and a vessel in full sail, a perfect gem, was knocked down at 500 guineas; and lot 19, by the same artist, a view, "looking seaward during a calm," a beautiful production of art, fetched 350 guineas. Perhaps a more unique collection of cabinet pictures of the highest class was never brought at one time to the hammer.

ART-UNIONS.—A new bill, introduced a few nights since by Messrs. Wise and Ewart, "for legalizing Art-unions," enacts, after a lengthy preamble, referring to recent circumstances connected with these institutions, that all voluntary associations, such as Art-unions, for the purchase of paintings and drawings, &c. to be afterwards allotted and distributed by chance, now constituted, or which may be hereafter constituted, shall be deemed and taken to be lawful associations, provided always that a royal charter shall have been first obtained for the incorporation of such associations, &c.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S STATUE OF WELLINGTON.—A small equestrian figure of the Duke of Wellington in military costume, and as it is understood he appeared at Waterloo, is to be seen at Messrs. Howell and James's, in Regent-street. It is a cast in plaster of Paris from the clay model by Count D'Orsay, and is about to be cast in silver by Messrs. Hunt and Roskill, of Bond-street. The figure is somewhat too bulky for the Duke, the limbs being large and muscular, and scarcely conveying much notion of the real appearance of his Grace at any time of life, and certainly not like him at this time. Some portions of the face are good portraiture; and as everybody knows that it is the Duke of Wellington, the identity is recognised as a matter of course. For an amateur artist it is a creditable performance, but we doubt whether it would much increase the reputation of a Royal academician, or even an artist not exalted to that honour.

MUSIC.

MADAME AND HERR ED. MEYER gave a *Matinée Musicale*, at the residence of Madame DULCKEN (whose sister Madame MEYER is), on Monday, the 23rd instant. They had the valuable assistance of Mesdames HASSELT, BARTH, SCHLOSS, RAINFORTH, A. SHAW, and BIRCH, and of Messrs. G. COOKE (as vocalist and oboist), STAUDIGL, and PISCHEK. The playing of Madame MEYER, who has appeared but rarely before a public audience, is marked by many of the attributes which distinguish that of her accomplished relative; it has, moreover, lately acquired an expression, not a little due to association with the refinement and taste of M. MEYER, whose command over the inmost resources of his instrument (the clarionet), those more subtle influences of tenderness and sweetness, is fully recognised. Madame H. BARTH appeared under all the disadvantages which a prolonged attack of influenza could produce. Another and more favourable occasion must consequently be sought for pronouncing definitely upon her qualifications; the scope of which appears to be of no ordinary ambition. Herr PISCHEK gave the "Adelaide" of BEETHOVEN with taste and feeling, somewhat overwrought; the composition was much injured as to the accompaniment, by the transposition (into G) which the singer's voice rendered necessary. Mr. G. COOKE must extricate himself from the trammels of his musical pedagogue before we can venture to assign him a place among singers. With reference to Herr PISCHEK's performance at the Philharmonic concert of BEETHOVEN's cantata, we beg leave to quote from the *Morning Herald*, of Tuesday, the following *critical* effusion: "Herr PISCHEK sang "Adelaide" *beautifully*; BUT he elaborated the expression *far too much*. He *hung over the* notes and *coquetted* with the time, until the *refinement* was felt to be as *artificial as it was unmeaning*. It was *overdone*: and although a fine instance of polished and delicate vocalism, was *far from satisfactory* as a reading. He was nevertheless encored." Artificiality and unmeaningness are, in sooth, elements of the BEAUTIFUL.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Otello* was repeated on Saturday to an overflowing and brilliant audience, when GRISI's reception was not less enthusiastic than that which hailed her on her benefit-night, and she merited it, if possible, still more. Her impersonation of the *gentle Desdemona* exhibits really marvellous versatility in one who embodies with such awe-inspiring power the stupendous *Semiramide*, and the terrible *Lucrezia Borgia*. She was admirably supported by LABLACHE, and FORNASARI as *Iago*. MARIO'S *Otello* is miserably inefficient. This personage appears to imagine it quite sufficient for him to walk on the stage and shew himself; to take the slightest trouble about any thing unconnected with the adornment of his person would seem never to enter his notions of the necessary. We can assure him that he herein labours under a very serious delusion, the effects of which he will ere long find particularly inconvenient, if he does not accept warning in time. Mr. LUMLEY, if we estimate him aright, is not a man to be made a fool of by any singer, were he fifty MARIOS in one.

On Tuesday there was again an enormous audience, on the tip-toe of expectation, one-fourth of the pit literally so, to see and hear two singers of high continental celebrity make their *début* in *Roberto Devereux*. The *début* in each case was entirely successful. Madame (why not Senora) ROSSI CACCIA is *prima donna* at the Italian opera at Lisbon; M. BARROILHET is the eminent baritone of the Grand Opera at Paris. To have secured their services is an additional proof of the exquisite judgment which directs the management of this theatre. The opera selected for their appearance is by no means DONIZETTI'S *chef d'œuvre;* when produced here in 1841, after three or four representations, which went off as flatly as possible, it was withdrawn, and no more seen. The story is that of the ring which the unfortunate Earl of Essex gave to the Countess of Nottingham, to be transmitted to Queen Elizabeth as that last appeal to her mercy which, in happier hours, she had promised him should, under any circumstances, prevail. The ring, as our readers will remember, was not delivered, and the Earl's head fell beneath the axe, the Queen's heart breaking at the same fatal moment. The plot thus presents opportunities for considerable dramatic effect, and this effect is done complete justice to by the admirable performers who fill the principal parts; for both Madame ROSSI CACCIA and M. BARROILHET have the good sense to understand that acting is an essential ingredient in opera, and the ability to act well. The music is commonplace enough in its conception, though skilfully handled by the accomplished composer, who, however, is *rather* too much given to borrowing from himself. In the Italian theatres, the practised ears of the audience at once detect all such plagiarisms, and, when too liberally exhibited, there arise exclamations from all parts of the house of "*Bravo* MOZART!"—"*Bravo* CIMAROSA!"—"*Bravo* ROSSINI!" and so on, giving merit in each case where merit is due. Were this species of identifying criticism to take place on the production of a *new* opera by DONIZETTI, more or less of every bit of it would be hailed with "*Bravo* DONIZETTA!" It is a system as little profitable to the reputation of a composer as a man's taking money out of his left breeches pocket and putting it into his right would be to his augmentation of pecuniary wealth. Madame CACCIA'S voice is a genuine soprano of great compass, and well nigh incredible flexibility. She executes the most intricate and difficult passages with perfect certainty and clearness, and with apparently entire ease to herself. M. BARROILHET'S voice, though it has been finer, is still very fine, and he has it under thorough discipline. The *mise en scène* was in excellent keeping.

TAGLIONI made her reappearance on Thursday. She is to be with us but a very limited period, and that for the last time, an announcement we make with sincere sorrow, for in her there is united a combination of attributes which no other dancer that we have seen could even pretend to. She is the very impersonation of the poetry of motion.

COVENT-GARDEN.—*Robert le Diable* is produced at this theatre in a manner which has never been surpassed in this country, and which can only have been equalled anywhere. LABORDE presents us certainly with the best *Robert* we have seen, and although STAUDIGL, perhaps, may be superior to ZELZER in the power of his voice, yet the latter singer's embodiment of the fiend father is, at all events, very nearly as satisfactory as the German basso's, and in costume and acting he is decidedly superior. In its *ensemble*, in short, the Brussels company's representation of this magnificent work leaves nothing to be desired. We much regret that it is not to be repeated this season, the engagements of the *troupe* absolutely requiring them to be back at Brussels on the 15th July, and there being several operas still to be brought out, HALLEY'S *Reine de Chypre*, among the number, which is announced for Monday.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. ARNAL made his appearance here on Monday, in *L'Humoriste, ou l'Homme difficile à vivre*, an amusing vaudeville, wherein he sustains the part of a *valet à pied* with consummate truth and knowledge. The astonishing thing is how actors, engaged as they are two-thirds of their waking hours in the actual work of their laborious profession, can find time to study the infinite characters, in every class, and variety, and period of life, which they are called upon to represent. To have attained, for instance, so perfect an insight into the peculiarities of the *genus* footman, as that exhibited by M. ARNAL in this little piece, would seem alone to necessitate the careful observation of years; yet the part is only one of a hundred of which the same comedian is expected, and of which he manifests himself to be equally a master. The second performance on Monday was *Le Mari de la Dame des Chœurs*, in which ARNAL impersonated a theatrical tailor, who is kept in a constant state of excitement by the perils which environ his spouse, the chorus singer, a fair dame still possessing her virtue, but in terrible danger of losing it, so pertinacious are the indelicate attentions of two eminently scientific *roués*. It is a very entertaining comediettn. On Wednesday, M. ARNAL appeared in two pieces new to this theatre, *L'Homme blazé* and *Le Poltron*. With the former our readers are familiar in its anglicized form—*Used Up*, a version by the skilful hand of CHARLES MATTHEWS, with whom for its hero it has realized, most deservedly, thorough and permanent success, at the Haymarket. Comparisons, they say, are odious, and of consequence, those who make them; we will therefore enter into none between M. ARNAL and Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS, in their respective embodiment of this capital conception. It is at once more agreeable and perfectly just to pronounce them both excellent. But while offering no comparison ourselves, we earnestly counsel our readers to see both performances, presenting, as they do, happy exemplars for the consideration of thinking playgoers, of English and French modes of illustrating the same idea. There is one capital touch in ARNAL'S view of the matter which CHARLES MATTHEWS could not adopt, for he, in his metamorphosis, wears a wig; when *M. Nantouillet* returns horror-stricken from the cellar where he thinks he has seen the ghost of the supposed defunct, his hair is all turned grey with affright. This is a bit of nature for which some years ago nobody would have given a French actor credit. Those who desire to see the French plays must lose no time, for the season, unfortunately, is about to terminate. We do not ourselves understand why there should not be French plays all the year round in London. One would imagine that, even at its most deserted time, *the Village* still retained a pleasure-seeking population enough to fill all the theatres that exist, and a dozen more; and where is better entertainment to be found than at the St. James's Theatre? Merely regarded as so many lessons in French, its performances would be worth infinitely more than the money, communicating, as they would, to sedulous pupil-visitors, in a course of ten or twelve attendances, the French of Paris, and not that of Stratford-at-Bowe, ordinarily administered at seminaries for young ladies, and academies for young gentlemen. We present this suggestion to judicious parents and heads of schools.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The representation *in petto* of her Majesty's *bal costumé* is the present attraction, and it is got up with a magnificence of dress and decoration, and with a good taste in the design, which cannot fail to delight the spectator. All who had not an opportunity of seeing the original should make a point of going to see this not unworthy shadow of it. GILBERT and Miss BALLIN play their parts of royal hosts with dignity. The dances are in the best style of the time revived in the costume. The stately and formal minuet is followed by Sir Roger de Coverley, in which the mixture of the stiff manner and the free dance is preserved in a manner the most real and effective. Miss CUSHMAN continues to divide with the musical drama the applause of the patrons of this elegant and well-managed theatre.

LYCEUM.—*Luck's All*, is the title of a new piece brought out at this theatre on Monday from the pen of Mr. A. WIGAN, whether as author or as versioner we know not. It is an amusing little affair enough, the joke of which turns upon the old idea of a stupid servant becoming, by the merest accident, the supposed agent in a variety of pieces of good fortune that befal his master. KEELEY'S expression of utter amazement and bewildered surprise as he is successively complimented upon and questioned about the extraordinary events that befal, may be readily imagined; indeed, Mr. KEELEY'S mode of acting any given part may always be somewhat too readily imagined.

ADELPHI.—A new comedy, in two acts, called *Peg Woffington; or, the State Secret*, was produced here on Monday, and successfully, owing mainly to the exertions of Miss WOOLGAR, who enacts *Peg*. *Peg* is a *danseuse, circa* 1746, as lively as need be, but more careful of her character than dancers are said generally to be. Not that she is unsusceptible of the tender passion; on the contrary, she is over head and ears in love with *Master George Tarleton*, and would marry him, only that, just at the moment, prudence forbids, for he has run away with all her money. In the nick of time for her purpose she gets employed by the English government to conduct a negotiation with the French ministry, and her success in the matter being complete, she is enabled to place her lover once more in a condition of affluence sufficient to justify her marrying him. Mr. PAUL BEDFORD enacts a *Baron Stuph*, a rival diplomatist, whom *Peg* outwits. Mr. PAUL BEDFORD is, to our notion, a huge bore, and for parts such as this, which pre-suppose the idea of a gentleman, though a silly one, is quite out of the question; it being perfectly impossible for him to represent a gentleman. Mr. WRIGHT is ridiculous as a fantastical ballet-master, for which character his capering qualities adapt him.

The STRAND THEATRE.—The dramatized version at this theatre of DOUGLAS JERROLD'S admirable apologue *The Story of a Feather*, is not unskilfully put together, and promises to have a run. An account of the plot would manifestly be superfluous, for who is there that reads not *Punch?* The characters are, on the whole, well filled; Mr. LEE'S *Peter Flamingo*, being particularly noticeable; but as to Mr. LAWS, oh, law! Besides the *Story of a Feather*, there was *She's mine for a Thousand*, an amusing affair enough, and *Secret Memoirs* (of the Devil). The management of this theatre is really entitled to commendation for its various enterprise; but why does it not secure HAMMOND, and give us *Buzzbottle?*

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

A SONG FROM THE ISLE OF THANET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! when the glorious summer's sun
Shines bright in the sky of June,
And the dancing skiff to the jutting cliff
Sends forth a merry tune—
A merry tune from the gay young band
That sail o'er the sparkling brine—
I sigh as I think of that eastern land
Where youth and joy were mine.

Oh! never more shall the Neem-tree wave
Its scented lilac hair
O'er the Indian bower, where my mid-day hour
Was spent in visions fair!
But when the sun of June lights up
Yon sea with a silver shine,
Bright Fancy's wand brings back the land
Where youth and joy were mine!

The sun sends down, midst emerald grass,
Its golden beams to sport;
And skiff, and sloop, and steamboat pass
Beneath the cliffy fort.
But, in my dreams, by eastern streams,
With loved ones I recline,
Who, heart and hand, in that dear land,
With youth and joy were mine.

Margate, June 23, 1845.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

SUMMER BEVERAGES.—A correspondent remarks: "Have you tasted the summer beverages of Sainsbury's, near Norfolk-street in the Strand. They are in fact very well made soda-water, flavoured by syrups of various fruits, at the choice of the customer. Some dozen of these flavours are imparted in perfection. The apple is especially delicious, the aroma of the ribstone pippin is preserved in singular perfection."—B. B. (We can personally attest the truth of our correspondent's criticism. We hope others will follow his example, and make known in like manner the many other good things scattered over this great metropolis, where without such a medium as this it becomes daily more difficult to find them out.—EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.)

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Perfect drainage, not only of the surface, but also of the subsoil, is now acknowledged to be one of the primary elements in the process of agri-

culture; but the immense outlay of capital necessary to carry out such an object has proved a great drawback upon the progressive improvement of our waste lands; consequently large tracts of country which by draining might be brought into a state of cultivation remain worse than useless; for not only are they unproductive as regards crops, but they are constantly throwing off poisonous effluvia, from the stagnant water and decayed vegetable matter which they contain, and which must necessarily exert considerable influence over the sanitary condition of the country. These facts, together with the constant excitement kept up among agriculturists, seem to have acted as powerful stimuli to the inventive genius of man, for, in addition to the ingenious contrivance of Mr. Ainslie for making draining-tiles, pipes, &c. lately deposited at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, there are two others, one by Messrs. Cottam and Hallen, engineers, and the other by Mr. Webster, of Southampton, each differing from the other in construction, but all beautifully simple and effective. Mr. Ainslie's has one great advantage, that of making bricks, which it does equally well, by a slight alteration in the machine. All stones in the clay are crushed to pieces without retarding the movement, and these are the only machines hitherto offered to the public, for which, with most clays, no previous preparation of the clay is required, an expense generally greater than the cost of making. Of course we do not presume to say which machine will prove the most useful, but would strongly recommend an inspection of them to all those who may feel interested in such matters.

To lessen the Combustibility of Houses.—A correspondent of the *Builder* proposes the substitution of iron for wooden lathing in all cases where wooden laths are now used for partitions, ceilings, studding, &c. In every house that is burnt the lathing supplies the train. The fire creeps up the walls, ignites the joists and floors, and, in short, prepares the bonfire with perfect pyrotechnic art. No fire could possibly pass from a room without combustible laths on wall or ceiling (or wainscoting, which is rare in modern houses), to any other room.—*Builder.*

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of The Critic is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

The review of, and extracts from, Mr. Colquhoun's work, touching, as it does, on nearly the same topic, render it desirable that we should suspend our own comments on the uses and advantages of Mesmerism, lest the reader be wearied by repetitions.

AMPUTATION OF THE HAND WITHOUT PAIN, AT SHALDON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—The following highly interesting case of amputation, performed during mesmeric *coma*, the accuracy of which (from the high respectability of the operator, Dr. Jolly, and others who witnessed the operation, and have appended their names to the inclosed copy of testimonial and statement to which it refers) may be fully relied on, I think deserves a place in your impartial journal. I have known the patient for many years, and am well acquainted with the severe nature of her sufferings for many years past. She has had recourse to every means which empiricism and legitimate practitioners of the highest standing could suggest. At length her protracted sufferings and frequent copious hemorrages reduced her to such a state of weakness as to subject her to frequent fainting fits; in fact, her health was evidently fast declining, and she at last resolved to undergo the operation which has so successfully terminated. It is gratifying to add that the stump was perfectly healed on the thirtieth day after amputation was performed; she has had no recurrence of the fainting fits, nor of the severe tooth-ache she previously suffered, and which she declared to Mr. Davey would keep her awake in spite of all his efforts to induce sleep; her health is daily improving. She is truly thankful for the benefits she has received from Mesmerism. Thanks were publicly returned on her behalf at Torr Church on Sunday last.

Mr. Davey has delivered two lectures here, one on the 9th and 13th inst. respectively; the audiences were highly respectable, and from the intense interest felt in the case of Mrs. Northway (who was present), the lecture-room was crowded to excess, especially on the latter occasion. The extraordinary manifestations produced by the excitement of the different cerebral organs convinced the most sceptical, and completely established the truth of the science of Phrenology. Mrs. Northway was present on both occasions, and exhibited the phenomena of community of sensation by swallowing when water was drunk by the chairman, Mr. Davey holding him by one hand, and with the other, the hand of the patient. The power of attraction was also shewn, by her head being drawn from side to side of the chair at the will of the magnetiser. Knitting-needles, worsted, &c. were given her, the organ of constructiveness was excited, and she immediately gave a specimen of her knitting abilities, which, considering the loss of her right hand, was truly astonishing. Time and tune were then excited; she sang the doxology. One surprising feature in every case brought forward was this; on the fingers being removed from the organs, while in the middle of a syllable or note, they of course became motionless, and on re-exciting the same, they invariably began at the same syllable and note at which they left off. In one subject (a boy of about 14 years of age) the organs of acquisitiveness and secretiveness being excited, having obtained all he had previously given away (when benevolence was excited), and still craving more, a large pillow and a bust were given him, which he made the most ludicrous attempts to put in his pockets, being scarcely able to grasp them, his countenance exhibited an expression of mental agony, painful to behold, produced no doubt from his inability to gratify the desires of his mind by secretiug what he had and acquiring more. On the excitement of the organs of weight, or resistance, the strength displayed by the sleeper was astonishing. Imitation was then excited by desire of a lady present; several foreign languages were spoken, which he imitated perfectly, in tone, accent, pronunciation, and emphasis. The chairman (one elected by the audience) was called upon, and stated his conviction that no deception had been practised, also his intention of availing himself of Mr. Davey's invitation given to the audience of witnessing Mr. Davey's operations at his lodgings. The audience gave the highest demonstrations of their perfect gratification.

W. B. B.

Shaldon, Devon, June 18, 1845.

(*From Woolmer's Exeter Gazette.*)

Mesmerism.—Successful Surgical Operation.—The fourth public lecture and exhibition of Mesmerism was delivered by Mr. Davey in the Assembly Rooms, at the Royal Hotel, Torquay, on Monday, May 19, before a highly respectable audience. The greatest interest was excited by the recital of a surgical operation which was successfully performed under the influence of Mesmerism a few days previously. The following statement was read by the chairman, Dr. P. L. Phillips, a member of the Royal College of Physicians residing in Torquay, who with many of his medical brethren had witnessed the operation.

Mrs. Northway, of Shaldon, having suffered severely and for many years from disease at the wrist, probably of the nature of *fungus hematodes*, and being much reduced in health, not only by the pain and suffering, but from repeated copious hemorrhages, came to Torquay, about three weeks or a month back, for the purpose of having the fore-arm amputated, hoping previously to get into a better state of health than she had lately enjoyed, and which may be judged of by the fact of her having frequent fainting fits, apparently from exhaustion. Hearing of Mesmerism at this time, she readily yielded to the suggestion of allowing Mr. Davey to endeavour to bring her under the influence of Mesmerism previous to the performance of the operation. For the first three or four times little or no effect was produced on her, but gradually the influence of the Mesmeriser became more and more powerful, and about the eighth or ninth time I saw her put into a deep sleep, during which she exhibited very strongly the phenomena of sympathy or community of sensation with the Mesmeriser; she swallowed when he drank water, though he did it noiselessly and with averted head; she shrunk when I pricked his hand with a needle, &c. &c. On the 15th inst. the operation was performed, but under circumstances by no means favourable to the Mesmeriser.

In the first place, whether from the heat of the room, which was excessive, or from the agitation of the Mesmeriser, who had never seen an operation before, or from both causes, as is probable, and also from the agitation consequent upon taking leave of her husband, who was obliged to proceed on a voyage in the morning, though aware that the operation would be performed within a few days; from all these causes probably Mrs. Northway was in a much less profound sleep when we were admitted to the room than she had usually been of late; she moved slightly, and moaned once or twice, and her pulse was at least 130 in the minute, but betrayed no mental agitation.

Secondly, after the tourniquet had been applied, without her evincing the least degree of sensation, it was found necessary to

wheel the patient all round in a chair; and whereas previously her face had been from the light, it was suddenly brought opposite to a south window, and at the same time the blind was drawn up so as to admit by far the strongest sun which had shone this year; yet there was not the least movement of the eyelids, as I conceive there must have been in a person either simulating sleep or in a sleep of an ordinary character.

Thirdly, it was found necessary on applying the tourniquet to remove the bandage from the diseased wrist, and to examine there for the pulse; all which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been attended by acute suffering, but which, in the present case, appeared to be in no way noticed.

Fourthly, in order that the patient might not have any idea of what was in view, nothing had been prepared for the operation in the room, and therefore some time elapsed beyond that occupied in the change of position and the cutting off her gown sleeve, between the application of the tourniquet and the application of the knife; still, not the least indication of consciousness was detected, though about a dozen gentlemen were most accurately observing the patient; she continued the whole time as a person in the deepest sleep.

The last operation of the Mesmeriser having been to produce rigidity of the arm, the incision for the circular operation was made without producing the slightest movement in the arm, countenance, or body; the whole was in a perfectly passive state, exactly as in a dead subject. Subsequently a considerable change occurred; the operation was proceeded with very deliberately (perhaps the instruments might not have been as sharp as they sometimes are); and the patient became uneasy, and moaned repeatedly and heavily, and once louder than at other times; the head was thrown from side to side, and the body once or twice was somewhat contorted for a moment; but at no time was there any continuous muscular action or setting of the extremities (as testified by a gentleman who had placed his knee against the feet of the patient), no fixing of the teeth or countenance; all was perfectly passive, except the occasional movements before mentioned, and which resembled exactly, as did the moans, what might have been expected in a person sleeping deeply and dreaming uncomfortably, but without any distinct object in the dream. It was particularly remarkable that the moans and the movements were indulged in freely, without the slightest apparent effort to restrain them, affording a striking contrast to the deportment of many who have borne operations with courage and determination enough to suppress all signs of suffering.

It is further to be observed, that the patient had on former occasions of being under mesmeric influence, both moaned and twitched her arm, and that upon waking she had said that she had been dreaming of having tight bandages on her arm, and of a dog gnawing the little finger of her diseased hand, shewing, as I conceive, that the sentient nerves of that arm were in a peculiarly excitable state, and therefore very likely to be excited by the operation more than in ordinary cases. At the conclusion of the operation, the patient became partially conscious, and complained much of the tightness of the bandages which had been applied, but it was not until she had taken some wine and been demesmerised, that she appeared in the least degree conscious of what had been done. Whilst recovering, she told the operator, in answer to his question, that she would not have the operation performed till the day after the morrow, which had been originally mentioned to her as the day when it would probably take place; but upon coming to a full perception of what had occurred, she became highly excited and hysterical, complained much of the strappings, and declined to be put to sleep again, but requested to be allowed to walk about a little. After a short time, however, she reclined on a sofa, and allowed herself to be subjected to the mesmeric influence, which acted within a very few seconds as a most truly astonishing charm, and quite beyond what I could have supposed. In a few minutes she was asleep, slept soundly for an hour and a half, woke very comfortable, declaring that she had not had the least consciousness of what was passing. Upon the whole, the impression made upon the spectators (mostly professional gentlemen, with scarcely an exception) was, that the sense of consciousness was entirely suppressed, though the excitability of the sentient nerves was only dulled; that the patient was saved all mental suffering, and the operator all the difficulties arising from the struggles of the patient.

(COPY.)

We, the undersigned, witnessed the amputation of the right arm undergone by Mrs. Northway while under the influence of Mesmerism at Torquay, on the 15th of last May, as well as the previous preparations that were thought necessary by Mr. Davey to insure the success of the operation, and at his request we willingly certify that Dr. Phillips's account of the case, published in *Woolmer's Gazette* of last week, accurately represents our own individual impressions and opinions of every feature of this interesting experiment. We would only add, that the patient appeared totally insensible while the first incision was made, and that though there was an expression of suffering afterwards, we see no reason to doubt her own assertion that she remained quite unconscious until she was demesmerised at the conclusion of the operation.

WILLIAM R. JOLLY, Surgeon.
WILLIAM CLARK.
EDWARD VIVIAN.
G. A. BEZZI.
MARY BUCKINGHAM.
ROBERT BATTERSBY, M.D.

Torquay, June 5, 1845.

ALYTH.—AMPUTATION OF THE LEG WITHOUT PAIN.—Thomas Dysart, a young man of this place, was for a period of two years confined to his bed by a sore leg. During that period every thing that medical skill could suggest was done for him; but in spite of every effort the disease continued to increase. His body became quite emaciated, and it was apparent that his disease would carry him off in a very short time. As a last resource, his medical attendant resolved to amputate the leg. This, considering the extreme state of debility to which he had been reduced, was looked upon as a most dangerous experiment.

In order, if possible, to alleviate the pain, his medical attendant (Dr. Fenton) mesmerised him almost daily for a number of weeks, and at last, in presence of a number of medical gentlemen, amputated the leg. During the operation he was in the mesmeric sleep, the leg being in the cataleptic state. During the operation of amputating, the patient moaned heavily, especially at the taking up of the arteries. The patient states that he had no sense of pain, nor any idea of what was going on, until he saw the amputated leg lying before him, although his eyes were open during most of the operation.

His being in this state is easily accounted for, when we consider that for some days previous to the operation he was in a state of the greatest excitement, expecting that it would take place every day. By Mesmerism he got a sound and refreshing sleep after the operation; and subsequently, whenever he has felt pain, a few passes of the hand or of a book have given him immediate relief. He is now completely recovered, and it may truly be said that Mesmerism has saved his life.

The subject of the above remarks is very poor, and a few benevolent friends are anxious to get one of the artificial legs for him which you mentioned in THE CRITIC some time ago, as being an invention of the greatest importance to those who had been deprived of this useful member. I am requested to address a letter to you, respectfully requesting that you would inform us of the plan we ought to pursue to procure one of the artificial legs. ROBERT MARSHALL, Bookseller.

Alyth, Perthshire, N.B. June 17, 1845.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—An extremely interesting case of *Clairvoyance*, accidentally elicited, has just come to our knowledge, and although we are not at liberty to mention the names of the parties, we can pledge ourselves to the readers of THE CRITIC that we have it from an authority personally known to us, and of whose veracity we can entertain no doubt. The facts, indeed, were witnessed by many.

A near relative of the editor, a youth of seventeen, had witnessed some mesmeric experiments. On his return to school he was induced to make trial upon one of his school-fellows. Not only was the sleep induced in a few minutes, but the higher phenomena of *clairvoyance* were elicited in extraordinary perfection. The boy described accurately Canterbury Cathedral, which he had never seen, the house and its furniture of our relation's parents; named, without a single error, the age, the month, and day of the month of the birth of every boy in the school, (which is a very large one), and finally read a book, that was closed and covered with a thick cloth, at any page the spectators named.

Strange as these facts appear, the accidental manner in which they were elicited, the character and station in life of the parties, and the presence of so many witnesses, compel credence.—Editor CRITIC.

PROGRESS OF MESMERISM IN LONDON.—As a proof of the progress that Mesmerism is now making in the higher circles, we may state that several of the most distinguished families in the West End are having *conversazioni* at their residences. Mr. Spencer T. Hall has been engaged to experiment at several such during the past week. At a recent *soirée* at that gentleman's residence in Pall Mall, Mr. William Howitt declared unequivocally his belief in *clairvoyance*, from the clear evidence of it that had arisen within the sphere of his personal observation; and Mr. John Gray, proprietor of the *North British Advertiser*, stated that Mr. Hall had been instrumental in relieving a lady connected with his own family of a paralytic affection of seventeen years' continuance. These statements, made in the presence,

not only of several persons of title, but of others highly distinguished in the world of science and letters, cannot fail to have great weight.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Having lately, in the course of my mesmeric experience, observed that a draught of mesmerised water will throw a susceptible patient into the trance as easily as the usual passes, I am anxious to know what its medical effects may be. Would drinking it be of use in any disease of the digestive organs? Or, where the eyes are weak, would washing them with it be likely to strengthen them? As mesmerised water is capable of bringing on the trance, it must possess a considerable portion of mesmeric power, and therefore might, I think, be beneficially used, along with the passes, as a curative means. Perhaps some one who has studied and practised Mesmerism medically will, through the pages of your journal, afford some information on this part of the subject. I am, yours, &c.

Wigton-hall, Cumberland, June 16. E. A. AGLIONBY.

"A few words for Mr. Braid," from Mr. Spencer T. Hall, next week.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE publishing world has been seldom so stagnant as at this moment. Very few new books, and none of any value, have appeared or are coming out, if advertisements be the proof of the doings of the Row. The record of the receipts during the last week at the office of THE CRITIC is consequently extremely brief. Mr. BURNS, who is a very model of good taste in typography, and to whom the reading world is indebted for re-introducing so much of the fine old poetry and romance of England and Germany, has sent us some more volumes of his charming *Fireside Library*, a series that deserves its name. Messrs. A. and C. BLACK, of Edinburgh, have transmitted a *Guide* to that city, got up with great completeness.

As it is the design of THE CRITIC to leave the physical sciences to journals that are devoted to them, as is this to philosophy, literature, and art, we have preferred to occupy our columns with the matters more especially belonging to them than with elaborate reports of scientific meetings, and the proceedings of the British Association. These will be noticed when they come before us in the proper form for recognition in such a journal as THE CRITIC, as published volumes of the Transactions. We trust that this determination will meet the approval of our readers generally, although differing from the plan pursued by our contemporaries, who fill more than half their pages with reports of scientific meetings which not one in a hundred of their readers will peruse, and not half of those who read can understand.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

(*From the Ayr Advertiser.*)

The judicious counsel of our great dramatist—"Nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice," seems to be the ruling principle of this excellent little periodical. Without that arbitrary opinionativeness which so generally prevails among its contemporaray connoisseurs in literature, it gives plain and solid reasons for awarding the merit or demerit it considers due to the publications that come under its review. It confessedly "belongs to the new generation; and endeavours to be the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the young *heart* and hopes of the country." While it pursues the unbiassed and honourable path it has chalked out, we wish it increasing prosperity, and would cordially recommend it to the librarian, and all who cater for the intellectual appetite of man, as a magazine in whose opinions some faith may be reposed, when replenishing their shelves with new books. To another numerous class, whose circumstances restrict their purchases to a few select volumes, THE CRITIC will be invaluable, as placing within their reach epitomes of many works that are worthy members of the great Republic of Letters.

(*From* Mr. ROBERT MARSHALL, *Bookseller, Alyth, Perthshire.*)

I look upon it as a publication of the highest merit, and I hope it will speedily reach the high standing it so eminently deserves.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Further interesting and important Discoveries in the Barrows of Derbyshire and Staffordshire.

THANKS to the patronage of Lord Albert Conyngham, and the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. C. Roach Smith, Mr. Wright, and other able and accomplished antiquaries, the British Archæological Association is permanently established, at Mr. Henry G. Bolm's, York-street, Covent-garden. We mention this as introductory to the observations we are about to offer, because Mr. Bateman, and the Rev. S. Isaacson, to whose persevering labours in the investigation of the British antiquities of this neighbourhood we have on several occasions lately referred, have contributed in no small degree to this consummation, so devoutly wished, by their several communications, both at the first congress at Canterbury, and subsequently at the meetings of the central committee.

An observation was made, upwards of fifty-five years since, that an examination of barrows (*the ancient* and genuine records of past ages) throughout the different counties of England, by persons whose learning, ingenuity, and attention qualify them for the task, was the only way of ascertaining to which of the successive inhabitants of this island they are to be ascribed. But, notwithstanding this palpable truism—with the splendid exception of Sir R. C. Hoare, and a few trifling investigations, like angels' visits, few and far between—till Lord Albert Conyngham in Kent, and Mr. Bateman in Derbyshire, took up the gauntlet, nothing of any moment has been effected. Now, however, a different era dawns upon us. The central committee of the British Archæological Association assembles every fortnight at Mr. Pettigrew's, in London, to receive communications from distant parts of the kingdom, and to give that practical information which their high character and standing so well qualify them to afford; and we have authority to state, that every point, however trifling it may appear to the uninitiated, receives at their hands the most patient and searching investigation.

On the 4th of this month, Mr. Bateman and the Rev. S. Isaacson commenced operations upon a large flat barrow, twenty-five yards in diameter, and two feet above the surface of the surrounding soil, situate in a field on Alsop Moor, known familiarly as Net-Lowe Hill, probably Naete-Lowe. On excavating towards the centre, a vast quantity of rats' bones, and some horses' teeth, clearly proved the existence of a deposit, and that, in all probability, it was undisturbed. Although the discovery of one or two small fragments of pottery made it evident that an earlier interment had taken place in the same barrow, at a very small distance from the surface of the natural soil, and nearly in the centre of the barrow, a skeleton was found, lying upon its back, near the right arm of which a large dagger of brass had been deposited, with thirty rivets and two pins of the same metal, which formed a part of the decorations of the handle; and it is very remarkable that, in Sir R. C. Hoare's "Ancient Wiltshire," a very similar dagger, with precisely the same number of rivets ornamenting the handle, is engraved. (Vol. I. pl. 23.) In the immediate neighbourhood of this weapon, two beautiful ornaments were discovered, which at first appeared like highly-polished jet; but, upon a brief exposure to the atmosphere, the external surface began to chip off, and they were pronounced to be Kimmeridge coal, so well known in the South-west of England as the material of many ancient British ornaments, and supposed to have occasionally been used as a circulating medium, probably in the way of barter; thus clearly establishing the fact that our forefathers did not live like hordes of independent savages, but cultivated throughout the length and breadth of the land those social and commercial relations which indicate a rapid advance in civilization. These ornaments are circular, and about two inches and a half in diameter, moulded round the edges, and perforated in the back, as a means of attaching them to some portion of the dress, or, more probably, from the position in which they were found, to the dagger-belt of the chieftain with whose remains they were interred. In vol. I. plate 34, of Sir R. C. Hoare's work, a smaller ornament, of similar character, there pronounced to be *jet* (?) is engraved; it does not, however, appear to have moulding round the edge, and is clearly inferior to those discovered in this Lowe. Along with these articles were numerous chippings of white flint, and amongst the soil of the barrow two rude instruments of the same material were picked up. It may be added, as a singular fact, that, although it was evident the skeleton had not been disturbed, the lower jaw lay with the feet.

Taken as a whole, we view this discovery as the most important in its results which has yet been made, even by these persevering and scientific gentlemen. We are glad to hear that barrows are spontaneously offered for their inspection in all directions, and that every sensible and right-minded person places a due value on their praiseworthy efforts to illustrate the earliest periods of the history of their country.

June 7th.—Accompanied by Mr. F. W. Lock, the above-

named parties inspected a barrow situate on the Three Lowes, near Wetton, Staffordshire. In the centre, a cist, about 18 inches deep, was found—the top being about three feet and a half from the surface—in which the skeleton had evidently been buried in a sitting position; one of his arms had been broken, and had not manifestly been set by an experienced surgeon. Near him was deposited an unbaked urn, of the rudest workmanship, and a large mass of burnt bones. Immediately above this, part of an ornamental urn, and a portion of another human skull, were met with. In another part of the interior of the barrow, the floor for a considerable extent exhibited the appearance of having been subjected to the action of powerful heat, many burnt human bones and charcoal still remaining, upon which latter was laid the skeleton of a young girl, about fourteen years of age, the skull in good preservation, and near it a rude flint arrow-head. Six inches above this reposed the remains of an infant. In another part of the tumulus there was a full-grown skeleton, which had been disturbed before. The immense quantity of debris of stags' horns, and in one place a pair of perfect antlers of splendid dimensions, prove this to have been the sepulchre of a distinguished chief and hunter; whilst the rude form of three flint arrow-heads—the fragments of unbaked pottery, broken by former excavators, probably lead miners—bones of dogs, rats, and other animals, and the entire absence of instruments—prove this to have been one of the very earliest sepulchral monuments in the country.—*Derbyshire Chronicle.*

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—The second of a series of *conversaziones*, given by Mr. Pettigrew to the members of the association, was held on Wednesday evening in Saville-row, and was as numerously attended as the former one. The exhibition of works of ancient art which crowded the tables and walls of the apartment, displayed the resources of the association, and the activity with which it is carrying out the objects for which it was instituted. Among these was an extraordinary collection of Romano-British remains recently discovered by Mr. E. T. Artis, F.S.A. in the neighbourhood of Castor, near Peterborough. It consists chiefly of an extensive variety of fictile vessels, taken from the debris of Roman potteries, which it appears extended along the banks of the Nen for at least twenty miles. These vases are thus proved to be of home manufacture, and the mode in which they were worked, glazed, ornamented, and baked was detailed by Mr. Artis himself, in a pleasing and familiar way, to a large group of the company. The subjects upon the vases are mythological, hunting, arabesque, or composed of animals and fanciful ornaments. These, which often display much force and beauty, were, Mr. Artis stated, composed in an off-handed way by the maker, without a mould. Near one of the kilns was found a portion of a mould, which had been made by some native artist for pottery, intended to resemble the beautiful red kind, familiar to antiquaries by the term "Samian." It appears that at Castor (the Durobrivæ of the Romans) were also fabricated many of the plated and debased coins which are still discovered in such profusion throughout England. Mr. Artis exhibited the very moulds in which these coins were made, and in some of which were the coins themselves, which had never been removed. They were chiefly of the family of Severus, and his immediate successors. Drawings were also exhibited of the discoveries now being made by Mr. Bateman, of Bakewell, in the neighbourhood of Hart-hill, a site at once attractive to the lover of nature and the archæologist. They consist of implements of war, domestic utensils, ornaments, &c. exhumed from a numerous range of barrows or tumuli. These objects, it was stated, Mr. Bateman intended to bring before the meeting of the association in August, at Winchester.

THE BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—The eighth anniversary of this provident institution was celebrated on Monday by a meeting at the Star and Garter, Richmond, where a party of 100 sat down to a splendid repast. The chair was occupied by Mr. B. E. Green, who was supported by Captain Lamont, Professor M'Culloch, Dr. A. T. Thomson, Mr. T. Longman, Mr. W. Longman, Mr. E. Longman, Mr. Murray, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Britton, and most of the leading members of the publishing and bookselling trades. On the removal of the cloth, the chairman, in a highly appropriate manner, proposed the health of her Majesty, which was followed by other toasts of the usual character. He then proceeded to advocate the cause of the institution in aid of which they had assembled, which had rapidly passed through a period of probation, and now took its stand as a permanent establishment. It was at present constituted of 455 members, with a prospect of increasing numbers; and had an invested capital exceeding 14,000*l.* after relief of the few claims which had hitherto arisen. The toast of "Success to the Booksellers' Provident Institution" was received with much enthusiasm, and an earnest of unanimous approbation. The health of Mr. Nisbet, the president, was proposed by Mr. Britton; and that of Mr. Dickinson, one of the vice-presidents, and the donor of a piece of land as the site of a Provident Retreat, by Mr. T. Longman. Those gentlemen having returned thanks, Mr. M'Culloch, after a handsome eulogy, gave "the chairman," whose valuable aid had been so kindly bestowed. Mr. Hodgson, one of the trustees, then read a long list of subscriptions, among which we noticed the chairman, 26*l.* 5s.; Mr. Orme, 21*l.*; Mr. Nisbet, 21*l.*; Mr. Harris, 10*l.*; Mr. Dickinson, 10*l.*; Messrs. Thomas, William, and Charles Longman, 5*l.* 5s. each; Messrs. Taylor and Walton, 21*l.*; Mr. W. Low, 10*l.* 10s.; Mr. M'Culloch, 5*l.* 5s.; Mr. Colburn, 5*l.* 5s.; Captain Lamont, 5*l.* 5s., the whole amount exceeding 300*l.* The intervals were agreeably diversified by several songs and glees; the vocalists comprising Mr. Kenney, Mr. Smith, Mr. Moody, and several others.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From June 21 *to* 28.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adair's (Rt. Hon. Sir Robert, G. C. B.) Negociations for the peace of the Dardanelles, 1808-9, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. cl.—Addison's (C. G. esq.) Treatise on the Law of Contracts and Parties to Actions ex Contractu, Part I. royal 8vo. 14s. swd.

Backslider's Mirror (The), a Popular Welsh Treatise, translated by E. S. Byam, esq. square 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Baker's (C. J.) Sydney and Melbourne, post 8vo. 8s. cl.—Bosomworth's (W. J.) Lays, Legends, and Lyrics, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery, Vol. II. January to June 1845, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.; also new editions of Parts I. and II. 12mo. 4s. 6d. each, cl.—Brodie's History of the Fossil Insects of the Secondary Rocks of England, 8vo. 9s. cl.

Carlyle's (Thomas) Life of Schiller, 2nd edit. 12mo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Christian Experience, being the Second Series of Peace for the Dying Christian, selected by H. Drummond, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Cook's (Eliza) Poems, Second Series, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.

Dante, translated by Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A. new edit. 3 vols. fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d. swd.

Edinburgh Tales, edited by Mrs. Johnstone, Vol. I. roy. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Evenings in the land of Uz, by Mrs. Henry van Hagen, with Introductory Pages, by Isaac Taylor, 2nd edit. fc. 5s. 6d.—Evenings in the Pyrenees, by Miss Bunbury, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.

Guide to the Lake District, by the Rev. W. Ford, 12mo. 4s. cl.

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Knox's (Alexander) Irish Watering Places, their Climate, Scenery, and Accommodation, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

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THE CRITIC,
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SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller translated, with an Introduction. By J. WEISS. London, 1845. Chapman.

ÆSTHETICS is a term that has long been familiar in German philosophy, and is now only growing into use in England. But we agree with Mr. CHAPMAN in his preface to this volume, that even with those who are accustomed to use the word in discourse and in writing, it is "beset with unusual ambiguity in its signification, in consequence of the wide field of philosophy that it comprehends, compared with the restricted one of its original and etymological meaning." And in truth we suspect that there is commonly attached to it a very vague and indefinite idea, no two authors using it in precisely the same sense. By SCHILLER, according to Mr. CHAPMAN, it is employed to express "that state of humanity which manifests a harmonious and equal development of its *entire nature, exclusive of the will*, comprehending the circle of its sensuous, intellectual, and moral attributes. It supposes an absence of all constraint from any particular law, or more truly such an equable and perfect action of all the laws of nature which centre in humanity that none predominate—there is no tendency in any *particular* direction—hence an equal aptness and capability in *every* direction. It does not embrace the idea of any special kind of *doing*, but the universal *ability to do*. The *complement* of this development is Æsthetic beauty."

It may be obtuseness on our part, but we must confess that this definition of SCHILLER'S meaning of the term Æsthetics leaves it just as unintelligible, to our mind, as before, if not a little more so. Instead of a comprehensive sense, it seems to us remarkably vague. Nevertheless, as it is his meaning, we must read it with that understanding, or we shall fall into serious mistakes in the construction of his essays. If, however, it might be permitted to the reviewer to throw out a definition of his own, we should be induced to define Æsthetics as *the science of beauty*; its province, the emotions, as distinguished from the reason; its purpose, the investigation of the laws by which the *feelings* are governed, whose language is the test of the beautiful, as is that of reason of the true. With more distinctness does SCHILLER state the objects of his science:—"Out of beauties to educe beauty, is the problem of Æsthetic culture;" meaning, we presume, by the term Beauty, not that which we so call, but the discovery of the details of which consists that whole we term Beauty.

And SCHILLER, it appears, has a peculiar conception of Beauty, using the word in a sense of his own. His idea of it is not the ordinary idea, nor is it educed from experience, but from abstract reflection and the pure reason. "It is," he says, "the harmonious complement of all the attributes of man. It comprehends the conception of humanity *æsthetically developed*, and *æsthetically free*."

Form is another term in frequent use in these essays, which needs some definition. It does not mean merely the external material shape, but the mode of the manifestation of Beauty to the senses; and Beauty being the result of an amalgamation of *matter* and *spirit*, Form expresses the result of the combination of both.

These premised, we may turn to the letters and essays.

The letters were published in 1795, when the Reign of Terror was drawing to its close, and the affiliated societies throughout France and Germany stormed the fiercest. The earlier letters contain the writer's opinions of the movement. The views there developed are thus ably abridged in the Introduction.

The philosophic poet feels that the age requires a declaration of Freedom rather than of Beauty; and the great process pending in France, which ought to be decided by the reason, naturally would engage his pen. But he withstands this temptation, and excuses himself not on the ground of inclination, but *on principle*. He undertakes to shew, that to solve this political problem, one must pass through the region of the Æsthetic. To prove this, he considers in one view the nature of Man and of the State, and finds that if man would exchange the state of nature or need for the moral state, he must possess that totality of the ancients, in whom there was a distinct harmony of thought, perception and action, both in Art and Polity; while our bodies politic display rudeness in the lower, and relaxation in the higher classes. We cannot suppose that the State, which has induced this evil, can of itself obviate it: where the upper classes do not use their freedom, they need not be deprived of it, and it need not be given to the great mass who blindly abuse it. All political improvement can result only from ennoblement of the character; but how can that take place under a barbarous polity? For this design we must seek an instrument which is independent of the State, and lay open sources which preserve themselves pure through every political depravation. This instrument is the Fine Arts. The Artist may secede from his age and elevate himself above it.

SCHILLER then proceeds to consult experience for the effects of Beauty upon the character. He finds that nations have declined in strength as they have grown in culture of refined taste. But he denies that the taste cultivated in the historical examples is the same as that of which he is the champion. He then proceeds to evolve the conception of Beauty from the reason, and to establish a new and purer idea of it than has been hitherto recognized, and thence to prophesy surely and hopefully of a better future.

The new Beauty which Schiller discovers is equivalent to a philosophy of history, and he returns to the order of nature in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Letters. The three different moments, passivity under nature's force, freedom in the æsthetic state, and government of that force in the moral state, are the three epochs for the development of humanity in the mass and in the individual, just as they are the condition of every cognition we receive through the senses: we pass to the Real through the Ideal, to the deeds of manhood through the wishes of youth.

Such is a shadow of the design proposed in these letters and essays. To follow more closely the train of reasoning by which it is worked out, would be a demand upon our space which, with regard for other claims, could not be conceded. Readers whom the outline might have interested can readily procure the volume, which is published at a very trifling price. It will be enough for the purpose of such a journal as this, if we now present a few passages, remarkable for their beauty or truth, to indicate the treasures that are to be found in these pages.

First, let us take the magnificent essay entitled

WORLD AND MIND.

The universe is a thought of the Deity. Since this ideal spirit-form has stepped forth into reality, and the new-born world has embodied the draught of its maker—pardon me this human representation—it is the business of every thinking being to discover the first outline in this existing whole, the principle of the machine, the unity in the composition; to search for the law in the phenomenon, and to analyze the structure to its ground-plan. Thus I find only a single mode (*Erscheinung*) in nature, namely, Mind, the thinking essence. The great embodiment which we call World, now remains to me remarkable, only because it is at hand to denote by symbols the manifold expressions of that essence. All within and without me is only a hieroglyph of a power which resembles me. The laws of Nature are the ciphers, which Mind combines, to make itself intelligible to Mind—the alphabet, by whose means all spirit communicates with the Father of Spirits and with itself. Harmony, truth, order, beauty, excellence, give me joy, because they place me in the active condition of their designer, their possessor; because they reveal to me the presence of a rational, sensible being, and leave me to divine my affinity with that being. A new experience in this kingdom of truth, gravitation, the discovered circulation of the blood, the nature-system of Linnæus, tell me directly the same as an antique recovered from Herculaneum—both give only a reflection of a spirit, a new acquaintance with an existence like my own. I converse with the Infinite through the instrument of Nature, through universal history: I read the soul of the artist in his Apollo.

Reason from effect to cause, Raphael, if you would persuade yourself. Every condition of the human soul has somewhere a

similitude in the physical creation, whereby it is indicated; and not artists and poets alone, but even the most abstract reasoners, have supplied themselves from this rich magazine. Lively activity we call fire; time is a stream which hurriedly rolls away; eternity is a circle: a secret conceals itself in the midnight, and truth dwells in the sun. I even begin to believe that the future destiny of the human soul lies prophesied in the dark oracle of the material creation. Each coming spring, which attracts the budding plant from the earth's bosom, gives me insight into the sad enigma of death, and confutes my anxious fears of an eternal sleep. The swallow, which we find torpid in winter, and see revived in spring; the dead caterpillar, which lifts itself, renewed as a butterfly, in the air, afford us striking symbols of our immortality.

How notable does all become to me! Now, Raphael, every thing around me is teeming with life. I find no desert in the whole of Nature. Wherever I discover a body, there I suppose a spirit—where I perceive motion, there I divine a thought.

Where no dead lie buried, where no resurrection is,

still the Almighty speaks to me through His works, and so I understand the doctrine of an omnipresent God.

This idea, so finely expressed, is the master-key to a large portion of the German philosophy, and therefore we make no apology for its length, even were it not recommended by its intrinsic beauty.

Every word of the following eloquent and truthful passage should be committed to memory by all who seek the advancement of their fellow-men.

ADVICE TO REFORMERS.

Then I would say to the young disciple of Truth and Beauty, who would know how to satisfy the noble impulse of his heart, through every opposition of the century, I would say, give the world beneath your influence a *direction* towards the good, and the tranquil rhythm of time will bring its development. You have given it this direction if as a teacher you elevate its thoughts to the necessary and eternal; if, while acting or composing, you transform the necessary and eternal into an object of its impulse. The fabric of error and caprice will fall, it must—nay, it has already fallen, when you are sure that it declines; but it must decline not only in the outward but in the inner man. Create the conquering truth in the modest stillness of your soul, array it in a form of beauty, that not only thought may pay it homage, but sense lovingly comprehend its presence. And lest you should chance to take the pattern you would give it from reality, do not venture into its hazardous society, till you are sure of an ideal retinue in your heart. Live *with* your century, but be not its creature; bestow upon your contemporaries not what they praise, but what they need. Share with a noble resignation their punishment, without sharing their fault, and bend with freedom beneath the yoke, which with equal ill grace they miss or suffer. You will prove to them, by the resolute spirit with which you slight their fortune, how little their misery resulted from your effeminacy. Imagine them as they *should* be, if you are to influence them, but regard them as they *are*, if you are tempted to work for them. Through their dignity seek their approbation, but impute their fortune to their unworthiness; thus, on the one hand, your own nobility will arouse theirs, and their demerit, on the other, will not annul your design. In the graceful play of your fancy they would tolerate your principles, from whose naked severity they would shrink; their taste is purer than their heart, and here you must seize the timorous inconstant. You will in vain attack their opinions, in vain condemn their deeds, but you can make essay of your forming hand in their leisure. Banish caprice, frivolity, rudeness, from their pleasures, and you will banish them imperceptibly from their actions, finally even from their inclinations. Wherever you find them, encircle them with noble, great, and spiritual forms; invest them with the symbols of all that is excellent, till reality bends to the ideal, and nature to art.

Schiller contends that there are three different moments or epochs of development through which the individual man, as well as the whole race, must pass in a prescribed order, if they would complete the entire circle of their destiny. These he terms the *physical*, the *æsthetical*, and the *moral* conditions. In the *physical*, man obeys only the force of nature; in the *æsthetical*, he frees himself from this force; in the *moral*, he governs it. This is the picture of man in the *physical* condition, or first stage.

MAN THE SAVAGE.

What is man, before beauty steals from him his free enjoyment and tranquil form tempers his savage life? Is he not ever uniform in his designs; ever vacillating in his decisions; selfish, without being yet himself; unrestrained, without being free; a slave, without subserving a principle? In this epoch the world is merely fate to him, but no object; all has an existence for him, only so far as it makes him to exist:—what neither gives nor takes, is to him non-extant. Every phenomenon stands before him, single and isolated, as he finds himself in the scale of being. All that is, is to him only through the emphasis of the moment; each change is to him a fresh creation, since, through failure of the Necessary *within*, he wants that *external* necessity, which gathers all mutable shapes into one universe, and retains eternal law upon the stage, while the individual melts away. In vain does nature display her rich manifoldness before his senses; in her majestic fulness he sees only his booty, in her power and greatness only his foe. He either throws himself upon the outward, invading it with wild desire, or the outward presses ruinously upon him, and is thrust back with aversion. In both cases direct *contact* is his relation to the world of sense, and being for ever disturbed by its pressure, unceasingly distressed by imperious need, he finds rest nowhere but in exhaustion, and no limits but in sated desire.

Unacquainted with *his own* human dignity, he is far from revering it in others; and conscious of his own wild passion, he fears it in every creature that resembles him. He never beholds others in himself, but only himself in others; and society, instead of expanding him to a genus, only confines him more and more closely to his individuality. Thus unworthily restricted, he wanders through his starless life, till an auspicious nature tosses the dull load of matter from his beclouded senses, till reflection distinguishes *himself* from things, and objects at last manifest themselves in his reflected consciousness.

In this, his physical condition, man perceives only; he passively receives the world of sense, and is still completely one with it. In his æsthetical state, he places the world beyond himself, his personality is then distinct, and reflection becomes his first unconstrained relation to the universe which surrounds him. Nature, which formerly ruled him only as *force*, now stands before him as *object*. The mind awakens to a sense of Beauty, and by it is conducted to moral freedom. Thus man advances from a sense of mere life to a sense of Beauty, and thence to *moral* being.

The rise and progress of the perception of Beauty is thus depicted.

THE GROWTH OF TASTE.

Hence we see the uncultivated taste embracing first the novel and surprising, the extravagant, wonderful, and bizarre, the vehement and wild; and avoiding nothing so much as calmness and simplicity. It fashions grotesque shapes, delights in harsh transitions, exuberant forms, dazzling contrasts, glaring lights, pathetic tones. In this epoch it only calls that beautiful which excites it, which gives it substance—but which excites to a self-acting opposition, and gives it substance for a *possible image*, for otherwise it would not possess for it the character of Beauty. Then a remarkable alteration takes place in the form of its decisions; it seeks these objects not since they give it something to endure, but something to act upon; they please it not because they meet a want, but because they satisfy a law which speaks, although still gently, in its bosom.

Soon man is no longer satisfied, that things please him; he himself wishes to please, at first indeed only by that which is *his own*, but finally by that which *he is*. What he possesses or produces need bear no longer the traces of servitude, the straightened form of his design; next to the service which it renders, it must also reflect the ingenious intellect which conceived it, the ready hand which performed it, and the serene and free spirit which selected and expressed it. Now the ancient German seeks for splendid skins, stately antlers, ornamental drinking-horns; and the Caledonian chooses the finest cockles for his feasts. Weapons themselves need no longer be mere objects of terror, but of pleasure also, and the cunning shoulder-belt will be no less noticeable than the deadly edge of the sword. Not content with introducing an æsthetic surplus into the necessary, the play-impulse finally rids itself entirely from the fetters of exigency, and Beauty for her own sake becomes the object of its endeavour. Man *adorns* himself. Unconstrained joy is reckoned among his wants, and the unnecessary soon makes the best part of his pleasures.

As form gradually approaches him from without, in his dwelling, his furniture, his garments, it begins at last to take possession of himself—at first only transforming the outward, at last also the inward man. The unchartered elasticity of joy resolves itself into the dance, shapeless gesture into a graceful, harmonious language of action; the chaos of sound unfolds itself to the perception, and begins to obey time and acknowledge harmony. The Trojan host stormed forth to the battle-field with shrill cries, like an army of cranes, but the Greeks approached with a calm and noble movement. There we see only

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the excess of blind force, here the triumph of form and the simple majesty of law.

Now a fairer necessity knits the sexes together, and sympathy of heart assists in preserving the alliance, which was only begun by the capricious and fickle moods of desire. Shape, released from its gloomy fetters, is recognised by the tranquil eye, soul looks into soul, and a generous interchange of inclination supplants a selfish traffic in pleasure. Desire enlarges and elevates itself to love, as humanity beams from its object; and a sordid advantage over sense is despised for a nobler triumph over will. The need of pleasing subjects the man of force to the mild jurisdiction of taste; he can make booty of pleasure, but love must be a gift. He can only strive to reach this loftier prize through form, and not through matter. He must cease to affect, as a force, the feeling, and as phenomenon, to oppose the intellect; if he would satisfy freedom, he must concede it. As Beauty nullifies the conflict of nature in its simplest and purest example, in the eternal contrariety of sex, so also it nullifies it—or at least tends to do so—in the complicated whole of society, and to reconcile all the gentle and the violent in the moral world, according to the model of that free union which it forms between manly power and womanly tenderness. Weakness now becomes inviolate, and licentious strength is rebuked; the generosity of knightly manners ameliorates the right of nature. The graceful blush of modesty disarms the one whom no force can terrify, and tears quench a revenge which no blood could appease. Hatred itself regards the gentle appeal of honour, the sword of the conqueror spares a disarmed foe, and a hospitable hearth smokes for the stranger, on the dreaded shore where death was once his only welcome.

And as a companion picture let us add—

THE TRIUMPHS OF TASTE.

Taste conducts knowledge from the mysteries of science forth beneath the open heaven of common sense, and converts the property of the schools into a common good for the whole human family. Even the loftiest genius must resign its particular elevation, and descend familiarly to the comprehension of a child. Power must submit while the Graces bind it, and the self-willed lion must obey the reins of Love. To this end it draws its favouring veil over physical need, which offends the dignity of a free spirit in its naked shape, and conceals from us the degrading relationship with matter, by a delicious illusion of freedom. Even mercenary art, borrowing its wings, lifts itself from the dust; and the fetters of corporiety, touched by its wand, drop from the inanimate as well as animate. In the æsthetic state, all, even the subserving tool, is a free citizen, possessing equal rights with the noblest; and the intellect, which forcibly moulds the passive mass to its designs, must consult with it concerning its destination.

The next essay is an inquiry into the *Limits of Taste*—an inquiry much too long and intricate for abridgment. We can take from it only one passage; but it is as true, and will be as useful, as it is eloquent.

THE TEST OF GENIUS.

The Beautiful operates through mere observation, the True will have study. Whoever, then, merely exercises his sense of Beauty, contents himself where study is absolutely necessary, with superficial observation, and will only sport cleverly, where grave exertion is demanded. Nothing is ever gained by mere observation. Whoever will perform any thing great, must penetrate deeply, discriminate accurately, combine in manifold ways, and remain steadfast. Even the artist and the poet, although both labour only for the satisfaction arising from observation, can succeed in making their works acceptable to us in the sense of play, only by a strenuous and nothing less than attractive study.

This appears to me to be the infallible test, by which we may distinguish the mere dilettante from the genuine artistic genius. The seductive charm of the great and the beautiful, the fire with which it enkindles the youthful imagination, and the appearance of facility with which it deceives the senses, have already persuaded many an inexperienced one to seize the palette or the lyre, and to pour out whatever within him would become living, in shapes or tones. Dark ideas labour like a becoming world in his head, and lead him to believe that he is inspired. He mistakes the dark for the profound, the savage for the powerful, the indefinite for the infinite, the senseless for the supersensuous—and how does he not plume himself at its birth! But the judgment of the connoisseur will not allow this testimony of ardent self-love. With obdurate criticism he destroys the legerdemain of the heated imagination, and sheds a light down the deep shaft of science and experience, where, concealed from the unconsecrated, bubbles up the fountain of all true Beauty. If genuine genius slumbers in the interrogating youth, at first, indeed, his modesty will prove a stumbling-block, but the courage of true talent will soon animate him to endeavour. If nature has designed him for a creative artist, he studies the human structure beneath the knife of the *anatomist, enters the profoundest depths in order to be true upon the surface*, and investigates the whole genus in order to prove his right to the individual. If he is born to be a poet, he watches the humanity in his own breast, in order to comprehend its infinitely changing play upon the wide theatre of the world; he subjects luxuriant fancy to the discipline of taste, and suffers the sober intellect to survey the banks, between which the stream of inspiration is to leap and sparkle. He is well aware that the great increases only from unseemly trifles, and he rears grain for grain, the wondrous fabric whose single impression now makes us giddy. But if, on the contrary, nature has only stamped him for a dilettante, difficulty cools his lifeless zeal, and he either deserts, if he is modest, a path which self-deception pointed out; or, if he is not, he diminishes the great ideal to the little diameter of his own capacity, since he is not in a condition to enlarge his capacity to the noble proportions of the ideal. The genuine artistic genius, then, is ever to be recognised in this, that in the most glowing feeling for totality, it preserves coldness and enduring patience for the partial, and rather sacrifices the delight of consummation, lest it should mar perfection. The laboriousness of the means disgusts the mere amateur with the end, and he would fain remain at ease in production as in observation.

This is followed by a treatise, still developing the same principle, on the *the moral use of Æsthetic manners*, and then an essay *on the pathetic*, in which, applying them to art, and especially to the drama, he observes—"The first law of tragic art is representation of suffering nature; the second, representation of moral opposition to suffering." "The melting emotions, the merely tender excitements, belong to the province of the *agreeable*, with which the fine arts have nothing to do." A noble specimen of pathos is

THE LAOCOON.

"Laocoon," says Winckelmann, "is a nature in the deepest pain, made in the image of a man, who seeks to collect against it a conscious strength of spirit; and, while his suffering swells the muscles and strains the nerves, the soul armed with power appears in the channelled forehead, and the breast heaves over the confined breath and the stifled expression of feeling, as it strives to comprehend and to lock the pain within. The breath laden with anxious sighs, which he swallows and represses, exhausts the abdomen, and makes the sides hollow, by which we may judge of the agitation of the viscera. But his own suffering seems to afflict him less than that of his children, who turn their faces to him and cry for help: for the paternal heart shews itself in the saddened eyes, and sympathy seems to float over them in a dim vapour. His countenance is complaining, but not exclaiming; his eyes are directed after higher aid. The mouth is full of sadness, and the fallen underlip is heavy with it: but it is mingled in the arched upper lip with pain, which, with an expression of chagrin, as if at unworthy and unmerited suffering, ascends to the nose, causes it to swell, and appears in the distended and up-drawn nostrils. The conflict between pain and opposition, united under the forehead as into a focus, is shaped with great truth: for while the pain draws up the eyebrows, the struggle against it presses down the cuticle above the eye against the upper eyelid, so that it is almost covered by the impending flesh. The artist has sought to give the nature, which he could not improve, more development, more tension, more power: the greatest beauty appears where the greatest pain lies. The left side, into which the snake sends its venom with furious bite, is the one which appears to suffer most sharply, from the closer susceptibility of the heart. His legs lift themselves, in order to escape from his calamity: no part is in rest, the chisel-strokes themselves assist in indicating a stiffened skin.

How finely is the conflict of intelligence with physical sense, the triumph of mind over matter, developed in this description. To constitute true pathos, then, the suffering man must be apparent through all the struggles of the spirit, and the spirit must appear through all the struggles of humanity rising superior to them, not amenable to pain and sorrow, but subduing them by dignified endurance.

SCHILLER pursues the application of the same principles successively to the *sublime, the common and the low*, and *the tragic art*, evolving the laws of criticism with astonishing precision. His definition of the *sublime* is new and startling. "The feeling of sublimity is a mingled feeling. It is a composition of *wofulness*, which, in its highest degree, appears as horror, and of *joyfulness*, which can amount to transport." The sublimity of an object is of a twofold nature. "We either

refer it to our *comprehensive power*, and fail in the attempt to form for ourselves an image or conception of it; or we refer it to our *vital power*, and consider it as a force against which our own sinks into nothing." The sublime must be added to the beautiful in order to complete the totality of æsthetic culture.

Here we must close, unwillingly, this volume, so abounding in food for thought, so fruitful of fine passages, heartily commending it to all of our readers who desire to make acquaintance with the philosophy of art. The extracts we have taken will prove what a treasure is here, for they are but a fraction of the gems that are to be gathered in every page. We make no apology for having so long lingered over this book; for, albeit philosophy is somewhat out of fashion in our age of materialism, it yet will find its votaries, fit though few; and even they who care not for the higher regions of reflection cannot fail to reap infinite pleasure from the eloquent and truthful passages we have sought to cull for their mingled delight and edification.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third. By HORACE WALPOLE, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. *Now first published from the original MS.* Edited, with Notes, by Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, Bart. London, 1845. Bentley.

SOME years since Lord HOLLAND edited *Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second*, of which work this is a continuation, and it was to have been brought out under the same auspices; but the noble editor delayed it from time to time, and upon his death the papers were transferred by Lord WALDEGRAVE to Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, by whom two volumes of them are at length given to the world.

The period to which this portion of the work is devoted comprises about six years, from 1760 to 1767, and was signalized by many memorable events. But it is not as a narrative of facts already famous in history that these volumes are valuable. They are, indeed, not history at all, but strictly that which they are termed—"Memoirs." WALPOLE relates his own experiences—his own impressions of men and things; he has sketched character, and suggested motives, and exhibited the machinery of politics with the minute accuracy of one who was himself engaged in pulling the strings of the puppets, and to whom the tinsel and make-believes of the courtly stage were shewn at their true worth. This form of composition, while it produces the most entertaining book, and will attract the greatest number of readers, must yet be taken with ample allowance for the colouring derived from the personal prejudices of the writer, and from the unavoidable misapprehensions which one who mingles with a crowd and sees only the little circle immediately about him, must form of the movements and tendencies of the entire mass. Taken with such needful allowances, and bearing in mind these disturbing influences, the reader may procure from these memoirs not only a great deal of amusement, but a very enlarged acquaintance with the men, the manners, and the tide of events in the first six years of the reign of George the Third.

WALPOLE's portrait of the young king is by no means flattering. A deliberately-planned falsehood was

THE FIRST ACT OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

The first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the prince's character; of that cool dissimulation in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amalie, as soon as she was certain of her father's death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprised of it. He was riding, and received a note from a German *valet-de-chambre*, attendant on the late king, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting, he said to the groom, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary."

The Princess Dowager, and her avowed lover, Lord BUTE, were the young monarch's first advisers, neither of them peculiarly qualified for the government of a people requiring to be humoured with so much astuteness as the English. A difficulty met them at the very commencement in the corruption of the House of Commons, the country being governed through that body, and the *honourable* house being itself governed through the pocket. A remarkable instance of this we take now from a subsequent page.

VENALITY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Had the peace been instantaneously proposed to the House of Commons, there is no question but it would have been rejected; so strong a disgust was taken at the union of Bute and Fox, and so numerous were their several personal enemies. Yet in one respect Bute had chosen judiciously: Fox was not to be daunted, but set himself to work at the root. He even made applications to Newcastle; but the Duke o' Cumberland had inspired even Newcastle and Devonshire with resolution. This, however, was the last miscarriage of moment that Fox experienced. Leaving the grandees to their ill-humour, he directly attacked the separate members of the House of Commons; and with so little decorum on the part of either buyer or seller, that a shop was publicly opened at the Pay-office, whither the members flocked, and received the wages of their venality in bank-bills, even to so low a sum as two hundred pounds for their votes on the treaty. Twenty-five thousand pounds, as Martin, Secretary of the Treasury, afterwards owned, were issued in one morning; and in a single fortnight, a vast majority was purchased to approve the peace.

At this time, it must be remembered, that neither debates nor votes were published, so that the check of public opinion was entirely unknown.

Lord BUTE was not content with backstairs influence, he hastened to thrust himself into the administration, a step that was followed by disunion and dissension. It was in the midst of these jars that the cabinet were suddenly summoned to receive a notification of the intended

MARRIAGE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

It has been mentioned with what aversion the princess dowager had opposed a marriage, projected by the late king, between his heir apparent and a very accomplished princess of Brunswick. A wife for her son, not chosen by herself, nor obliged to her, by no means suited the views of the princess. Could she have chained up his body, as she fettered his mind, it is probable she would have preferred his remaining single. A mistress would have been more tremendous than a wife. The next brother, the Duke of York, was not equally tractable, had expressed little reverence for his mother, and much antipathy to her favourite. If the king should die and leave even an infant, a minority did not deprive the princess of all prospect of protracting her rule.

But there had happened circumstances still more pressing, more alarming. The king was fallen in love with Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond—a very young lady, of the most blooming beauty, and shining with all the graces of unaffected, but animated nature. What concurred to make her formidable to the mother and favourite, was, her being under the tutorage of Mr. Fox, her eldest sister's husband; and in truth she and her family spared no assiduity to fix the young monarch's heart. And though Fox would probably not have been scrupulous or delicate on the terms of cementing that union, the king's overtures were so encouraging, that Fox's views extended even to placing the young lady on the throne. Early in the winter, the king told Lady Susan Strangways, Mr. Fox's niece, and the confidant of Lady Sarah, that he hoped she (Lady Susan) would not go out of town soon. She said, she should. "But," replied the king, "you will return in summer, for the coronation?" Lady Susan answered, "I do not know; I hope so." "But," said the king again, "they talk of a wedding. There have been many proposals; but I think an English match would do better than a foreign one. Pray, tell Lady Sarah Lenox I say so." The next time Lady Sarah went to court (and her family took care that should not be seldom) the king said, "he hoped Lady Susan had told her his last conversation."

The junto was not blind to these whispers and dialogues. Lady Bute was instructed to endeavour to place herself in the circle, and prevent them. And the Princess Augusta marked her observation of what was going forward to Lady Sarah herself, laughing in her face, and trying to affront her. But Fox was not to be so rebuffed. Though he went himself to bathe in the sea (possibly to disguise his intrigues), he left Lady Sarah at Holland House, where she appeared every morning in a field close to the great road (where the king passed on horseback) in a fancied habit, making hay.

Such mutual propensity fixed the resolution of the princess. One Colonel Graeme was despatched in the most private manner as a traveller, and vested with no character, to visit various little Protestant courts, and make report of the qualifications of the several unmarried princesses. Beauty, and still less, talents, were not, it is likely, the first object of his instructions. On the testimony of this man, the golden apple was given to the Princess of Mecklenberg, and the marriage precipitately concluded. The ambassador was too remarkable not to be farther mentioned.

This Graeme, then, was a notorious Jacobite, and had been engaged in the late rebellion. On a visit he made to Scotland, his native country, after this embassy, David Hume, the historian, said to him, "Colonel Graeme, I congratulate you on having exchanged the dangerous employment of making kings, for the more lucrative province of making queens."

So complete was the king's deference to the will of his mother, that he blindly accepted the bride she had chosen for him; though, to the very day of the council, he carried on his courtship to Lady Sarah; and she did not doubt of receiving the crown from him, till she heard the public declaration of its being designed for another. Yet, in confirmation of the trust he had reposed in Lady Susan Strangways, himself appointed Lady Sarah to be one of the bridesmaids to the queen. Yet Lord Bute's friends affected to give another turn to the story, and insisted that the king had never thought of Lady Sarah but for his mistress. All, they affirmed, he had said to Lady Susan was, to bid her ask Lady Sarah if she should like a place in the family of the new queen; that she had accepted it; and that the king had destined her to be mistress of the robes. Her surprise and disappointment, however, were too strongly marked to make this legend credible. Lady Susan adhered to the truth of what she reported, in various examinations by her father and uncle. And the resentment Lady Sarah expressed, and which caused, as the court said, her not being placed about the new queen, was proof enough on which side the truth lay. The junto persuaded the king that she was a bad young woman; but if she was, what hindered her becoming his mistress? Was it criminal to propose being his wife rather than his mistress? And what became of the king's boasted piety if he intended to place his mistress about his wife? Some coquet attempts which Lady Sarah afterwards made to recover his notice, and her stooping to bear the queen's train as bridemaid, did her more prejudice than all that was invented against her. Pique and extreme youth might excuse both; and her soon after preferring a clergyman's son to several great matches gave evidence that ambition was not a rooted passion in her.

In my opinion the king had thoughts of her as a wife; but wanted resolution to oppose his mother and Lord Bute. Fortunately, no doubt, in this instance, for the daughter of a subject, and the sister-in-law of so ambitious and exceptionable a man as Fox, would probably have been productive of most serious consequences. To avoid returning to this topic I will only remember, that during the wedding service, on mention of Abraham and Sarah, the king could not conceal his confusion. And the day following, when everybody was presented to the queen, Lord Westmoreland, old and dimsighted, seeing Lady Sarah in the rich habit of bridemaid, mistook her for queen and was going to kneel and kiss her hand.

On the 7th of September the queen landed in England.

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

She had been educated in that strict course of piety, which, in Germany, reaches to superstition; a habit in which she was encouraged to such a degree, that when the king visited his mother, which he soon, at the desire of the princess, began to do, without the queen, she was afraid of staying alone, and retired to her two German women—her English ladies not being suffered to keep her company. Yet this weakness seemed solely the result of a bad education. Her temper appeared to be lively, and her understanding sensible and quick. Great good-nature, set off by much grace in her manner, recommended all she said. Her person was small, and very lean, but well made. Her face pale and homely, her nose something flat, her mouth very large. Her hair was of a fine brown, and her countenance pleasing.

When first she saw the palace, she trembled. The Duchess of Hamilton smiled. The queen said, "You may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." The king received her in the garden of St. James's; she would have kneeled, but he raised and embraced her, and led her to the princess, where they and Lady Augusta dined together. Between nine and ten at night they went to chapel. The Duke of Cumberland gave her away; and after the ceremony they appeared for a few minutes in the drawing-room, and then went to supper. She played and sung, for music was her passion; but she loved other amusements too, and had been accustomed to them; but excepting her music, all the rest were retrenched; nor was she ever suffered to play at cards,* which she loved. While she was dressing, she was told the king liked some particular manner of dress. She said, "Let him dress himself; I shall dress as I please." They told her he liked early hours; she replied she did not, and "quelle ne voulait se coucher les poules." A few weeks taught her how little power she had acquired with a crown. The affection she conceived for the king softened the rigour of her captivity.

The next great event was the resignation of PITT, which made an immense sensation; and the king and his new ministers were compelled to appease the national indignation by heaping honours upon the retired orator. BUTE's popularity fell as that of PITT advanced. When the king dined in the city, the mob crowded about the carriage with cries of "PITT for ever!" "No BUTE, no petticoat government!"

It was in the midst of the excitement that the session of parliament opened, and introduced a new orator, whom WALPOLE thus describes:—

COLONEL BARRE.

My ear was struck with sounds I had little been accustomed to of late; virulent abuse on the last reign, and from a voice unknown to me. I turned and saw a face equally new; a black, robust man, of a military figure, rather hard-favoured than not, young, with a peculiar distortion on one side of his face, which it seems was owing to a bullet lodged loosely in his cheek, and which gave a savage glare to one eye. What I less expected from his appearance, was very classic and eloquent diction, and as determined boldness as if accustomed to harangue in that place. He told the House that in the late king's reign we had been governed solely by Hanoverian measures and councils; and though called to order (in truth unparliamentarily), he proceeded with the same vociferous spirit to censure all ministers but Lord Bute; and for Mr. Pitt, who was not present, he received the appellation of a profligate minister, who had thrust himself into power on the shoulders of the mob. The present king, said this new court tribune, was so English, that he did not believe he had looked into the map for Hanover; and he commiserated the present ministers, who were labouring through the dregs of German councils.

The reader must imagine the astonishment occasioned by this martial censor. He was Colonel Barré, of French extraction, born at Dublin, and had served for some years in the war in America with reputation, prosecuting his studies with assiduity in the intervals of duty. With General Wolfe he had been intimately connected, both as an officer and penman; but had thought himself ill-used by Mr. Pitt, though the friends of the latter, and Lord Barrington, lately secretary at war, bore witness that Mr. Pitt had made it a point to serve him. In his younger years he had acted plays with so much applause, that, it was said, Garrick offered him a thousand pounds a year to come upon the stage.

The resignation of the Duke of NEWCASTLE shortly afterwards enabled BUTE to gratify his long-cherished ambition of seizing the premiership, and, relying on court favour and the venality of the House of Commons, he contrived to hold it against the will and even amid the execrations of the people. The debates in both houses were conducted with extreme heat, and personalities were bandied about from one side to the other, while out of doors WILKES was exciting the people by his speeches and JUNIUS by his pen. Amid the grand conflict was the debate upon the peace, from which the minister had anticipated that illness would keep away the man he most feared and hated. But his expectations were disappointed; to his extreme dismay, when all were assembled eager for the fray, the door opened and the great orator was carried to his place. Very interesting is WALPOLE's description of the scene.

It was the other House on which expectation hung. The very uncertainty whether Mr. Pitt's health would allow him to attend, concurred to augment the impatience of the public on so serious a crisis. The court, it was true, had purchased an effective number of votes to ratify their treaty; but could Mr. Pitt appear, he might so expose the negotiation, and give breath to such a flame, that the ministers could not but be anxious till the day was decided, and they knew all that they had to apprehend from Mr. Pitt. Their hopes grew brighter as the debate began, and he did not appear. The probability of his absence augmented as Beckford proposed to refer the preliminaries to a committee of the whole House; a measure that seemed calculated to gain time, and that was seconded by James Grenville, who told the courtiers that it did not look as if they were very desirous of praise, so eager were they to hurry through the question. The demand was opposed by Ellis, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Harris of Salisbury; when the House was alarmed by a shout from without. The doors opened, and at the head of a large acclaiming concourse was seen Mr. Pitt, borne in the arms of his servants, who, setting him down within the bar, he crawled by the help of a crutch, and with the assistance of some few friends, to his seat: not without the sneers of some of Fox's party. In truth, there was a mixture of the very solemn and the theatric in this apparition. The moment was so well timed, the importance of the man and his services, the languor of his emaciated countenance, and the study bestowed on his dress, were circumstances that struck solemnity into a patriot mind, and did a little furnish

* She did some years afterwards with the king, but quite in private.

ridicule to the hardened and insensible. He was dressed in black velvet, his legs and thighs wrapped in flannel, his feet covered with buskins of black cloth, and his hands with thick gloves.

Ministers triumphed in the division, if not in the debate. They were supported by the large majority of 319 to 65, and when this was announced to the Princess Dowager, in her delight she exclaimed "Now is my son really a king!"

But the victory was in sounding only. Both Fox and Bute were unable to endure the storm of public hatred, and they resigned, and were succeeded by Lord Grenville, who was taken not from choice, but as a necessity. He is represented as a dull prosy person, and peculiarly unpleasing to the king, who detested long stories. Yet would Grenville talk on, spite of the king's impatience, and, said his Majesty, "When he has talked on for two hours, he takes out his watch, to see if he cannot detain me an hour longer."

The next important event, although its mighty consequences were wholly unanticipated, was the imposition of the stamp duties on America, an act of folly of which we, who witness the results, now wonder that any minister could have been guilty; but it excited no reprobation among those who were contemporary with it, and therefore it is to be presumed that, according to the experience of the time, there was nothing in it that deserved censure. This was followed by the king's illness, the first symptom of his malady, and the intrigues and discussions that thence arose, full details of which the reader will find in the work itself, which we can confidently commend to every book-club, and to all circulating libraries who extend their purchases beyond the province of fiction. The remaining volumes will be looked for with interest.

SCIENCE.

Contributions to Vital Statistics, &c. with an Inquiry into the Influence of Locality on Health. By F. G. P. Neison, F.L.S. London, 1845. Cunningham.

This volume contains the substance of a paper read before the Statistical Society by Mr. Neison, who is the actuary to the Medical and Invalid Insurance Office. Its facts being of very considerable value, we propose to lay before the readers of The Critic some of the more important results of the inquiries and calculations, the proofs of which are here adduced in detail.

Mr. Neison first treats of "the Duration of Life in England and Wales." The calculations are based upon the average of 100,000 persons.

The highest value of life in both sexes is at the age of 14. Thence up to the age of 25, the male life is of considerably more value than the female life; from 25 to 38 the difference is trifling, but slightly in favour of male life; from 38 upwards, the balance turns in favour of female life. At the age of 50 again the scale is even, the number of survivors at that age being exactly equal.

Mr. Neison next considers the duration of life in various classes.

Comparing the value of life in the town districts and the rural districts, it appears that the average duration of life is six years more in the latter than in the former. There is a proportionate difference in the expectation of life. At 10 it is 5·5 years in favour of the rural districts, at 30 it is 4·3 years, and at 60 it is 2·1 years.

In exhibiting the general value of male life as it exists among the members of the community composing friendly societies, Mr. Neison points out a curious fact:—

The circumstances in which the humble and working population of the country is placed have generally been thought adverse to a prolonged duration of life; but the healthiest life tables hitherto formed have not shewn any thing so favourable as the present results, even among what are generally considered the select classes of society.

So remarkable and unexpected a result has led Mr. Neison to investigate the causes.

If the nature of the present paper led to a further investigation of this point, it could be clearly shewn, by tracing the various classes of society in which there exists sufficient means of subsistence, beginning with the most humble, and passing on to the middle and upper classes, that a gradual deterioration in the duration of life takes place; and that just as life, with all its wealth, pomp, and magnificence, would seem to become more valuable and tempting, so are its opportunities and chances of enjoyment lessened. As far as the results of figures admit of judging, this condition would seem to flow directly from the luxuriant and pampered style of living among the wealthier classes, whose artificial habits interfere with the nature and degree of those physical exercises which, in a simpler class of society, are accompanied with a long life.

Thus far, then, it is plain that the amount of life enjoyed by the middle and upper classes tends rather to depreciate than elevate the standard deduced from the general results of the country. And carrying this out still further, and viewing the value of life in the highest ranks of society—namely, the peerage and baronetage—as given in the recent and very interesting paper submitted by Dr. Guy, it will be seen that the expectation of life is not only less than in the general community, but also very much below the measure of life *among the members of friendly societies in the* City districts. It may then be conclusively admitted, that the standard of life in the general community is not elevated in any way by the influence of the middle or upper classes. With regard to the very highest ranks, the opposite conclusion must be come to.

The value of life in various occupations differs considerably. It appears from the tables here collected, that, taking the average of life in town and country, and of all pursuits at 100, that of bakers is 88 per cent.; miners, 85 per cent.; glaziers, 81 per cent.; and clerks only 75 per cent.

The influence of locality on sickness is examined by Mr. Neison with great minuteness. The comparison shews a higher rate of sickness in the town than in the rural districts throughout the whole period of life: the rate of sickness is also higher in the former from 23 to 63 years of age, but then it continues at a lower rate up to the age of 75, when it again rises and continues higher till the end of life.

Another curious fact is elicited; that a high rate of sickness is often accompanied by a low rate of mortality; for example, labourers, although presenting the most favourable rate of mortality, are subject to as high an amount of sickness as the general average. This, we presume, is occasioned by the health of labourers being peculiarly affected at some particular period of life, not that the general average of sickness is higher.

Again, in the sixteen least healthy trades, although the mortality is greater, the sickness is less than the general average.

Another curious result is thus stated.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting part of the preceding table is column 5, as it presents some remarkable and novel features connected with Vital Statistics. A careful survey of the figures presented will shew, that although, as age advances, the human constitution has a greater tendency to decay, and greater liability to sickness, still it presents the apparent anomaly of having in advanced life a greater power of enduring sickness than in younger life; and yet, although there is less power to resist the approach of disease, there is a higher capability of sustaining its insidious and destroying agency.

At the period of life 31-35, it will be seen that for every 116 weeks of sickness there is one death; but at the term of life 66-70, there is only one death for 252 weeks of sickness; or in other words, a greater amount of sickness is required to destroy life at advanced ages than at younger ages.

This peculiar feature, which seems to have been unexpected by those giving attention to such subjects, may be explained in several ways. Many of the diseases prevalent in younger life disappear in after-years; and, in passing from the diseases peculiar to youth, other diseases ensue, which, although not so acute in their nature, are yet fatal in their results; and thus the change from the acute to the more chronic form of disease will impart increased duration, but not severity, to the sick-list of a society. Again, many fatal diseases of youth, such as consumption and other diseases of the chest, do not, to any great extent, incapacitate from labour; and in those diseases the mortality may be high, while the amount of sickness is small.

Mr. Neison concludes his very laborious essay with an elaborate review of the rates and contributions that ought to be required in friendly societies in order to secure them against ruin, an inquiry much too voluminous and statistical for our columns, but which may be consulted with advantage by those who have to deal practically with the subject.

Altogether this is the most valuable contribution which has ever been made to the important science of Vital Statistics.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The French in Algiers: the Prisoners of Abd-el-Kader 8vo. London, 1845. John Murray.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

It has been a principle in the conduct of this journal from its commencement (though perhaps never so fully adverted to before) that, irrespective of size, cost, the name of author or publisher, every work should receive such attention as its intrinsic merits deserve. Were it otherwise, we should not recur as we now do to the cheap yet entertaining volume before us.

In a late number, it will be remembered, we gave a review of the first part of this work, the Reminiscences of Lieutenant Lamping; the remaining section, now under consideration, is the production of M. De France, a lieutenant in the French navy, who was taken prisoner by the Arabs, and endured amongst them a cruel and horrible captivity of some five months.

Though the author modestly assures us that he is far better skilled in the management of a ship than of his pen, he has unconsciously produced a narrative of thrilling interest, as is proved by its reaching to a second edition in France within a very brief period. The charm of this work in a literary point of view, lies in its unaffected simplicity; the writer jotted down the occurrences as they took place, without exaggerating the facts or heightening them with colour; the result is, that his pictures have a *vraisemblance* which cannot be mistaken, and the very absence of visible effort in their production constitutes one of their greatest charms.

Having gone ashore at Arzew with forty of the crew of the *Loiret*, to which vessel he belonged, intending to reconnoitre a well about two leagues beyond the French outposts, the orders to this effect were suddenly countermanded, but the sailors, overjoyed at being on land, determined to amuse themselves by seeking for the balls expended by the cannon practice of the day before. When thus engaged, and while yet within range of the guns from the ship, M. De France espying a partridge, pointed it out to Dr. Clinchard, his companion, and pursued it. Suddenly a troop of Arabs rushed out of a ravine and surrounded them. A short fight ensued, which ended by the lieutenant's being noosed in a cord by an Arab, who galloped rapidly away, dragging his half-strangled prisoner after him. The occurrence had been seen from the brig, and they fired upon the Arabs, who, nevertheless, made good their capture.

The following is his description of the first halt of the Arabs after the skirmish, and his emotions on this painful occasion.

As soon as the Arabs thought themselves out of reach of pursuit, they halted in order to cut off my head. The rope was taken off my neck, my hands bound behind my back, and I was tied to a dwarf palm tree. I was so tired, that I lay down upon the ground perfectly indifferent to the fate which I knew awaited all prisoners taken by the Arabs. I had but one sad thought, of my family and my poor sister, but this was soon driven away by the near approach of death and the animated scene in which I, though chained and silent, was the principal person.

A violent discussion had arisen among the Arabs: they brandished their sabres over my head, and each claimed the pleasure of cutting it off, all crying at once, "I took him, I have a right to cut off his head;" and each to prove the truth of his assertion shewed a fragment of my shirt or of my coat. The Arabs were already taking aim at one another, and exclaiming, "I ought to cut off his head, and I will kill you if you don't let me enjoy my rights," when a horseman galloped up and threw into my lap the head of Jonquié, one of the sailors; as I turned away in disgust at this horrible spectacle, I saw the Arab whom I had wounded lying on the ground about fifty paces off. He could scarcely support himself, and was endeavouring to aim at me with a pistol which he held in his left hand. But horsemen were every instant passing to and fro before him, and he dropped his hand, patiently awaiting the favourable moment to fire.

I was expecting the end of this horrible discussion with some impatience, when the arrival of another horseman changed the determination of the Arabs. This was Adda, a spy of Abd-el-Kader, who had often visited us at Arzew, where he feigned an intention of establishing himself, and allayed any suspicion we might entertain of him by assuring us that his frequent visits were for the purpose of selecting some favourable spot for the settlement of his tribe. * * * When Adda saw them furiously disputing who should kill me, he exclaimed that I was an officer, and that Abd-el-Kader would give them much more for my head if it was left upon my shoulders, and would willingly replace the three horses they had lost if I were taken to him alive. But the Arabs still continued to brandish their yataghans over my head, with the most horrible imprecations against the dog of a Christian. Adda used still stronger arguments; and when the dying Arab had been removed, it was decided that I should be presented alive to Abd-el-Kader, who was to choose the manner of my death, after paying my ransom and replacing the horses which our men had shot. I was then released from the tree, and a rope was passed through the cord which bound my arms. An Arab took hold of either end, and we started for Old Arzew. After a march of two hours we reached Old Arzew. I was worn out with fatigue and suffering—naked, wounded, covered with dust and sweat, and dying of thirst; and I expected that my body would be left without burial at Arzew, while my head would serve to adorn Abd-el-Kader's tent.

Starting for the head-quarters of Abd-el-Kader, at Kaala, he was now compelled to carry the bleeding head of a French sailor; was beaten, spit upon, reviled, and though perishing of thirst, denied the smallest draught of water. Arrived at the camp of the Sultan, whom he "expected to find a furious blood-thirsty barbarian, always ready to cut off heads," he found to his joy, his expectations were unfounded, for he was calmly, and even kindly received.

There is power in his description of the brave, enterprising, and able man who has been so terrible a scourge to the French since their first establishment in Algeria.

ABD-EL-KADER.

Abd-el-Kader is twenty-eight years of age and very small, his face is long and deadly pale, his large black eyes are soft and languishing, his mouth small and delicate, and his nose rather aquiline; his beard is thin, but jet black, and he wears a small mustachio, which gives a martial character to his soft and delicate face, and becomes him vastly. His hands are small and exquisitely formed, and his feet equally beautiful; the care he takes of them is quite coquetish; he is constantly washing them, and paring and filing his nails with a small knife with a beautifully-carved mother-of-pearl handle, which he holds all the while as he sits crouching on his cushions with his toes clasped between his fingers.

His dress is distinguished by the most studied simplicity; there is not a vestige of gold or embroidery on any part of it. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silk braid terminating in a small silk tassel. Over the shirt is a haick, and over the haick two white bernouses; the uppermost garment is a black bernouse. A few silk tassels are the only ornaments about his dress; he wears no arms in his girdle, his head is shaved, and covered with three or four scull-caps one within the other, over which he draws the hood of his bernouse.

The following account of M. De France's second interview with the Sultan is characteristic; and the recognition of an unhappy fellow-prisoner, which follows, is touchingly told.

The second time that I went to the Sultan's tent he was seated on some cushions with his secretaries and some marabouts crouching in a semicircle on either side of him: his smiling and graceful countenance contrasted charmingly with the stupid savage faces around him. The chief secretary first attracted my attention by his Tartuffe expression, and the rogue has always persuaded Abd-el-Kader to ask a large sum for my ransom.

The Sultan, with a smile of the greatest kindness, bade me be seated, and asked me, in Arabic, my name and where I was taken, and on my answering his questions, told me to fear nothing so long as I was with him.

He then began to talk about our generals who have commanded in Africa, and was very curious to know what had become of them all. On hearing the name of General Trézel, he flew into a violent rage, and cried, "He was author of all our misfortunes; it was he who broke the peace and caused such endless disasters!" I saw that he alluded to the battle of Tafna, by which General Bugeaud made up for the defeat at Macta, where we lost five hundred men.

"How many horsemen did you lose at Tafna?" asked I.

"How many?" cried he, furiously. "How many? What is that to thee? The Arabs were not killed at Tafna as the French were at Macta; you have never retrieved my great victory over you there. Five hundred of our men did not return from Tafna."

Now as the Arabs are the greatest liars in the world, one may fairly presume that General Bugeaud killed at least twelve hundred of them at Tafna; but I took very good care to make no further remark; and after a few moments of silence the Sultan smiled again and said—

"Dost thou desire anything more to-day?"

"I am quite naked, give some clothes," said I, and immediately, at a sign from Abd-el-Kader, I was taken to the store tent and furnished with a scull-cap, a very thin haick, a shirt, and a pair of slippers: my trousers were also returned to me, and I put them on, though all in rags, as no others were to be had.

No sooner was I dressed, than I was accosted by a man, or rather a phantom, wrapped in a ragged haick, pale and emaciated, with a long uncombed beard, naked chest and meagre legs, and every appearance of having endured long and cruel misery; a smile lit up his wan dejected countenance as he said—

"Don't you recognise me, Sir?"

"No, Sir, I am not aware that I ever saw you before," said I.

"Oh, that is because I have suffered so much since we met. I hear that you are a prisoner, and for your sake I am very sorry for it, for you do not yet know all the torments that await you; but I cannot conceal from you the joy your presence gives me. I shall no longer be alone; I shall have a companion who will share my sufferings, and to whom I can talk of my country and of my sorrows, and I shall suffer less. But have you really forgotten me, M. De France? I met you at dinner at M. Lafont's."

"At M. Lafont's? Good heavens! are you M. Meurice?"

The unfortunate man wrung my hand, and his eyes filled with tears. I said everything I could think of to encourage and cheer him; but while I talked hopefully and gladly, my thoughts were occupied with poor Meurice's wretched appearance: his face disfigured by pain, his extreme thinness, the feebleness of his limbs, and the dejection of his spirits, gave me the idea of a dying man. When I saw him at M. Lafont's dinner at Algiers, he was a stout healthy man of about forty, good-looking, lively, and agreeable; but ill-usage and suffering had stupified him, destroyed all his energy and powers of mind, and unhinged his whole frame; he was now weak, credulous, almost imbecile. He had endured unheard-of tortures which I had escaped, and he had not, like me, been inured to hardships and privations by a sailor's life.

M. DE FRANCE and MEURICE were not the only European prisoners in the camp; there were also three Sardinian prisoners, and two French deserters. The histories of these men form entertaining episodes grafted on the Lieutenant's narrative.

We will not pain our readers by the recital of the insults, apprehensions, and sufferings endured by the prisoners during their melancholy captivity, but, contenting ourselves with remarking that the indignities and privations they encountered were of the most revolting and depressing nature, we will select a few extracts which shall convey to the reader some notion of the character, customs, and usages of the wild and singular people among whom they were captive.

There is spirit in the description of the

RAISING OF AN ARAB CAMP.

We were awakened very early in the morning by the chief of our tent shouting, "Dogs of Christians, sons of dogs, get up! the tent is coming down, for the Sultan has ordered the camp to be raised." Scarce were the words out of his mouth than the whole tent came tumbling down upon Meurice and myself. This was one of the thousand pleasantries with which the Arabs continually entertained us. We were still struggling to disentangle ourselves from the tent, in which we lay caught like fish in a net, when a drum beat the *reveille*, which was followed in a few minutes by the signal of march for the infantry, which accordingly started. The camels, mules, and pack-horses were immediately loaded with all the camp equipage, stowed in panniers woven of the leaves of the dwarf palm. A third beat of the drum gave the signal of departure to the muleteers and camel drivers. Meurice and I were placed in the centre of this detachment, which was under the command of Ben Faka. In obedience to the Sultan's order, we were mounted on the two mules which carry Abd-el-Kader's own coffers; the Italian sailors were worse off,—they rode on camels. Among the baggage I observed eight very ill-joined chests; these contained the reserve cartridges.

Whenever the camp is raised, Abd-el-Kader, who, like every other Arab, begins his prayers at three in the morning, does not cease from them until all the other tents are struck, and it is time for the slaves to strike his; he then quits it, and seats himself at a short distance on a silken cushion, surrounded by the marabouts and chiefs. Meanwhile the horsemen assemble, and place themselves in a line on his right hand, with Muftar at their head, and the thirty negro slaves are drawn up in a line on his left. The chiefs and the marabouts next mount their horses, and as soon as the baggage has passed the limits of what was the camp, a slave comes forward leading the Sultan's horse, followed by another bearing the footstool which he uses as a horse-block.

Abd-el-Kader's favourite horse is a magnificent black charger; he is the best rider I ever saw among the Arabs; and as his legs are disproportionately short for the length of his body, the Arab fashion of short stirrups, by concealing this defect, sets off his figure to great advantage, and his appearance on horseback is at once graceful and imposing. As soon as the Sultan is mounted, the chiefs give the signal of departure; the nine musicians ride at the head of the column, followed by eight Arabs bearing long rifles in red cloth cases; I have often asked leave to examine them, but the Arabs always answered, "They are the arms of the Sultan; a dog of a Christian like thee is not worthy to behold them." Next come four more horsemen bearing the four flags which I have already described, and then Abd-el-Kader, in the centre of a line of horsemen: behind him are the thirty negroes, and they are followed by all the rest of the cavalry pell mell. The Arabs never set out on an expedition until the sun has risen. No order or discipline is kept on their marches; thus, if a soldier sees a fruit-tree or a solitary tent, he leaves the line to strip the one or pillage the other. Two strangely-harnessed mules, more lean and broken-winded than hackney coach horses, drag the solitary cannon. Not a day passes on which it is not overturned and half buried in the mud. I hope, for the sake of the poor gunners, that it will at last be left behind fast stuck, which will save them a vast deal of useless trouble and burning of their fingers.

A number of Kaits who had been sent out to collect tribute, when the Sultan was encamped above Milianeh, brought in with their booty of horses, cattle, and sheep, a number of women, children, and negroes.

At the news of the arrival of these prisoners, many Arabs came to the camp with the hope of driving a profitable bargain for the women or negroes. They glanced at the crouching slaves, raised any that struck their fancy, examined the limbs and mouth, as Europeans do a horse; concluded their bargain, and led off the unfortunate wretches, who for their part followed their new masters with an air of hopelessness and insensibility.

The chaffering for the purchase of a beautiful black slave girl is given with such an air of truth, and excites so just an execration of the abominable custom of slavery among the Moors, that we need urge no apology for its insertion here.

Among the prisoners for sale who were in our tent, was a beautiful black girl of about fourteen; she had large soft black eyes, lips like coral, and teeth like the pearls set in the handle of a yataghan; her legs were like those of a race-horse, and her feet and hands smaller than those of a Spanish woman; her shape was perfect, and the slenderness of her waist contrasted beautifully with the fulness of her hips; for the poor girl, contrary to the custom of the women of this country, had confined her white haick round her middle with a red worsted cord. Her beauty and the fineness and cleanliness of her dress clearly shewed that she had been the property of wealthy people. The poor girl laid herself on the ground beside me, weeping and lamenting, and refused the food that was offered to her.

Seeing her so beautiful and so unhappy, I tried to comfort her; but she said, "I was so happy in the tent from which they robbed me, and now I shall be made to sleep outside with the horses: I shall have no kuskussu to eat, and I shall wear a torn and dirty haick;" and she wept again.

Before long, a chief of the Garrabas came into the tent: he had brought the head of a French soldier whom he had surprised that morning in a field near Mostaganem, so that he was welcome in the camp. He was rich and wanted to buy slaves. At the sight of the young negress his eyes brightened with pleasure, and he ordered her to rise. The slave obeyed, she was subjected to the most minute examination and found faultless. The Garraba turned to Ben Faka, and said, "Fifty boutjous?"

"I must have eighty boutjous (10*l.*) for her," said Ben Faka.

"She is not worth them."

"Didst thou ever see so beautiful a negress?—Open thy mouth."

The slave obeyed.

"Look, what teeth! there is not one missing!—Walk."

The slave walked.

"What hips! what a firm and graceful step! She is a virgin too—Open thy haick and thy shift."

The slave did as she was commanded.

"Press her breasts; she has no more milk than a new-born lamb. Don't weep, slave, or the chaous shall dry thy tears with his stick."

The girl wiped her eyes.

"Eighty boutjous."

"Sixty. She is not strong; she will not be able to carry the dung out of the stable.

"In two years she will carry the dung of all the horses belonging to thy tent. Eighty boutjous."

"Seventy."

"Her hands are delicate; she has never worked. Eighty boutjous. Yea or nay? the Sultan waits for me."

The Garraba paid them and bade his slave follow him; the poor girl left the tent fixing on me her eyes bathed in tears. I saw the Garraba stop at the Sultan's tent to receive the price of the Frenchman's head, and in a few minutes they left the camp, and I lost sight of the poor black girl.

At Mascara, MEURICE, the companion in captivity of M. DE FRANCE, shook off his chains, and quitted for ever his earthly sufferings. A touching picture of his death is the following:—

On the morning of the 12th the weather was detestable, the rain fell in torrents, and we suffered even more than usual from cold and damp. Meurice stretched out his hand towards me, as we lay side by side; I took it, and asked him how he felt. He replied that he was no better, and felt very cold. I crept closer to him, and offered him my haick; but he refused it, saying that he did not suffer more than the day before, but that he felt he had not long to live. "You," said he, "are young and strong; Clarisse! tell her how much I loved her, and that my last you will return to Algiers, where you will see my wife—poor thought was of her." He then covered his head with his haick, and for half an hour uttered not a single groan. At the end of that time I took hold of his arm, and asked him how he felt: he made no answer, and I uncovered his face—he was dead.

I will not attempt to describe the feelings which crowded upon me as I lay with Meurice's body by my side. Night was come, and I called the other prisoners, and bade them examine whether our poor companion was really dead. They went to fetch the Kait, who, now that it was too late, ordered a fire for us. Had this been granted us a few days earlier, Meurice might have been saved. Bourgeois and Mardulin undressed the body, rolled it in a rug, and laid it in the opposite corner of the room. They gave me his clothes. The vermin on the haick were so thick that it stood on end; but misery by degrees blunts all our sensibilities, both moral and physical. I rolled myself in his clothes, and at least was warmer.

The next afternoon Mardulin and Bourgeois, assisted by a couple of Jews, whom the Kait had appointed for the purpose, removed the body. They dug a hole just outside the wall of the town, on the road to Eli Borgj, sewed the body in a ragged piece of old haick, and buried it there.

The weather that night was terrific; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew a perfect gale; nevertheless, at sunrise an Arab came to inform the Kait that the corpse of the Christian was half out of the earth. In spite of the weather, the Arabs had dug up the body, in order to steal the ragged piece of haick in which Mardulin had sewn it. The Kait affected to be very angry, and promised us that he would punish the thieves; but he made no attempt to discover them. Mardulin immediately went to the spot where he had buried Meurice, enlarged the hole, and replaced in it our unfortunate companion, whom these barbarians would not suffer to rest in peace, even after death.

At length, after a captivity of five months, M. DE FRANCE and twelve Christian prisoners were exchanged for Arabs and sent to Algiers, where, under the brotherly care of his countrymen, the Lieutenant recovered from the sickness which had seized on him when a prisoner, and shortly afterwards he returned to France.

It is impossible that any one can read this book without censuring in the strongest terms that restless spirit of aggression which characterizes the French nation, and has led, while Europe is in the enjoyment of a profound peace, to the terrible scenes of bloodshed and carnage, of privation and suffering, which these narratives record. In order that France may obtain a few miles of territory, the just rights of an unoffending people are invaded, their houses destroyed, their prejudices insulted; and all this without the shadow of a pretence at justification other than that "might is right." It is a subject for congratulation to Englishmen, that in her system of colonization (and what country has ever extended her empire so far?) it has been, broadly speaking, the humane policy of Great Britain to acquire her territory by purchase—a right as indefeasible and just between nations as is the purchase and transference of property between any two members of the commonweal.

FICTION.

Evenings with the Old Story-Tellers. Select Tales from the Gesta Romanorum. London, 1845. Burns.

THIS is one of those welcome contributions to the store of popular literature for which we are indebted to the taste of Mr. BURNS. It is an appropriate addition to the *Fireside Library*, of which series it forms a volume.

The *Gesta Romanorum* is a collection of tales, each having its moral, composed by the monks of the middle ages. They enjoyed a vast popularity in their time, but they have since fallen into undeserved neglect, for in truth they contain an immense fund of imagination, and are so universal in their application, so come home to the hearts of all men, that they need but to be revived in the vernacular of the nineteenth century to be received with hearty welcome even by our more utilitarian age. In their present form they will at least have a fair trial, for they are pleasantly introduced by dialogues critical, descriptive, and historical, which materially help to familiarize to the modern reader allusions which, unexplained, might throw the entire story into obscurity.

As specimens of the curious and interesting literature of our forefathers, we will take two tales only.

THE CLERK AND THE IMAGE.

In the city of Rome stood an image: its posture was erect, with the right hand extended; on the middle finger of the outstretched hand was written, "STRIKE HERE." Years and years had the image stood there, and no one knew the secret of the inscription. Many wise men from every land came and looked at the statue, and many were the solutions of the mystery attempted by them; each man was satisfied with his own conclusion, but no one else agreed with him.

Among the many that attempted to unravel the mystery of the figure was a certain priest. As he looked at the image, he noticed that when the sun shone on the figure, the shadow of the outstretched finger was discernible on the ground at some distance from the statue. He marked the spot, and waited until the night was come; at midnight he began to dig where the shadow ceased; for three feet he found nothing but earth and stones; he renewed his labour, and felt his spade strike against something hard: he continued his work with greater zeal, and found a trap-door, which he soon cleared, and proceeded to raise.

Below the door, a flight of marble steps descended into the earth, and a bright light streamed upward from below. Casting down his spade, the priest descended; at the foot of the stairs he entered a vast hall: a number of men habited in costly apparel, and sitting in solemn silence, occupied the centre; around, and on every side, were riches innumerable: piles of gold and enamelled vases; rich and glittering robes, and heaps of jewels of the brightest hue.

The hall was lighted by one jewel alone; a carbuncle so bright, so dazzling, that the priest could hardly bear to gaze upon it, where it stood in a corner of the hall. At the opposite end of the hall stood an armed archer, his bow was strung, and the arrow fitted to the string, and he seemed to take aim at the carbuncle; his brow blazed with reflected light, and on it was written, "*I am, that I am; my shaft is inevitable; yon glittering jewel cannot escape its stroke.*"

Beyond the great hall appeared another chamber, into which the priest, amazed at what he saw, entered. It was fitted as a bed-chamber, couches of every kind ornamented it, and many beautiful women, arrayed in robes as costly as those worn in the great hall, occupied the chamber. Here, too, all was mute: the beautiful damsels sat in silence.

Still the priest went onward. There were rooms after rooms, stables filled with horses and asses, and granaries stored with abundant forage. He placed his hand on the horses, they were cold, lifeless stone. Servants stood round about, their lips were closed—all was silent as the grave; and yet what was there wanting—what but life?

"I have seen to-day what no man will believe," said the priest, as he re-entered the great hall; "let me take something whereby to prove the credit of my story."

As he thus spake to himself, he saw some vases and jewel-handled knives on a marble table beside him; he raised his hand, he clasped them, he placed them in the bosom of his garment—all was dark.

The archer had shot with his arrow; the carbuncle was broken in a thousand pieces—a thick darkness covered the place; hour after hour he wandered about the halls and passages—all was dark—all was cold—all was desolate; the stairs seemed to have fled, he found no opening, and he laid him down and died a miserable death, amid those piles of gold and jewels, his only companions the lifeless images of stone. His secret died with him.

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

Vitalis, a noble Venetian, one day, at a hunting-party, fell into a pit, which had been dug to catch wild animals. He passed a whole night and day there, and I will leave you to imagine his dread and his agony. The pit was dark. Vitalis ran from the one side of it to the other, in the hope of finding some branch or root by which he might climb its sides, and get out of his dungeon; but he heard such confused and extraordinary noises, growlings, hissings, and plaintive cries, that he became half dead with terror, and crouched in a corner motionless, awaiting death with the most horrid dismay. On the morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and then raising his voice, he cried out with the most dolorous accent, "Help, help, draw me out of this; I am perishing!"

A peasant crossing the forest heard his cry. At first he was frightened; but, after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit, and asked who had called.

"A poor huntsman," answered Vitalis, "who has passed a long night and day here. Help me out, for the love of God. Help me out, and I will recompense you handsomely."

"I will do what I can," replied the peasant.

Then Massaccio (such was the name of the peasant) took a hedgebill which hung at his girdle, and cutting a branch of a tree strong enough to bear a man,—"Listen, huntsman," said he, "to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides, and hold it with my hands; and by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison."

"Good," answered Vitalis, "ask me any thing you will, and it shall be granted."

"I ask for nothing," said the peasant, "but I am going to be married, and you may give what you like to my bride."

So saying, Massaccio let down the branch—he soon felt it heavy, and the moment after a monkey leapt merrily out of the pit. He had fallen like Vitalis, and had seized quickly on the branch of Massaccio. "It was the devil surely which spoke to me from the pit," said Massaccio, running away in affright.

"Do you abandon me, then?" cried Vitalis, in a lamentable accent; "my friend, my dear friend, for the love of the Lord, for the love of your mistress, draw me out of this; I beg, I implore you; I will give her wedding gifts, I will enrich you. I am the Lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian; do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit."

Massaccio was touched by these prayers. He returned to the pit—let down another branch, and a lion jumped out, making the woods echo with a roar of delight.

"Oh certainly, certainly, it was the devil I heard," said Massaccio, and fled away again; but stopping short, after a few paces, he heard again the piercing cries of Vitalis.

"O God, O God," cried he, "to die of hunger in a pit. Will no one then come to my help? Whoever you may be, I implore you return; let me not die, when you can save me. I will give you a house and field, and cows and gold, all that you can ask for; save me, save me only."

Massaccio, thus implored, could not help returning. He let down the branch, and a serpent, hissing joyously, sprang out of the pit. Massaccio fell on his knees, half dead with fear, and repeated all the prayers he could think of to drive away the demon. He was only brought to himself by hearing the cries of despair which Vitalis uttered.

"Will no one help me?" said he. "Ah, then, must I die? O God, O God!" and he wept and sobbed in a heartbreaking manner.

"It is certainly the voice of a man for all that," said Massaccio.

"Oh, if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that is dear to you, save me, that I may die at least at home, and not in this horrible pit. I can say no more; my voice is exhausted. Shall I give you my palace at Venice, my possessions, my honours? I give them all; and may I die if I forfeit my word. Life, life only; save only my life."

Massaccio could not resist such prayers, and mingled with such promises. He let down the branch again.

"Ah, here you are at last," said he, seeing Vitalis come up.

"Yes," said he, and uttering a cry of joy, he fainted in the arms of Massaccio.

Massaccio sustained, assisted him, and brought him to himself; then, giving him his arm, "Let us," said he, "quit this forest;" but Vitalis could hardly walk,—he was exhausted with hunger.

"Eat this piece of bread," said Massaccio, and he gave him some, which he took out of his wallet.

"My benefactor, my saviour, my good angel," said Vitalis, "how can I ever sufficiently recompense you?"

"You have promised me a marriage portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for myself," said Massaccio. But Vitalis now began to regain his strength.

"Yes, certainly, I will give a portion to your wife, my dear Massaccio, and I will make you the richest peasant of your village. Where do you live?"

"At Capalatta, in the forest; but I would willingly quit my village to establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me."

"Here we are out of the forest," said Vitalis; "I know my road now; thank you, Massaccio."

"But when shall I come for my palace and the portion of my intended?" returned the peasant.

"When you will," said the other, and they separated.

Vitalis went to Venice, and Massaccio to Capalatta, where he related his adventure to his mistress, telling her what a rich portion she was to have, and what a fine palace she was to live in.

The next day early he set out for Venice, and asked for the palace of the Signor Vitalis,—went straight to it, and told the domestics that he should come shortly with his mistress, in a fine carriage, to take possession of the palace which Signor Vitalis had promised to give him. Massaccio appeared to those who heard him mad, and Vitalis was told that there was a peasant in his hall, who asked for a marriage portion, and said the palace belonged to him.

"Let him be turned out immediately," said Vitalis, "I know him not."

The valets accordingly drove him away with insults, and Massaccio returned to his cottage in despair, without daring to see his mistress. At one corner of his fireplace was seated the monkey, at the other corner the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in spiral circles upon the hearth. Massaccio was seized with fear. "The man has driven me from his door," thought he; "the lion will certainly devour me, the serpent sting me, and the monkey laugh at me; and this will be my reward for saving them from the pit." But the monkey turned to him with a most amicable grimace; the lion, vibrating gently his tail, came and licked his hand, like a dog caressing his master; and the serpent, unrolling its ringy body, moved about the room with a contented and grateful air, which gave courage to Massaccio.

"Poor animals!" said he, "they are better than the Signor Vitalis; he drove me like a beggar from the door. Ah! with what pleasure I would pitch him again into the pit. And my bride! whom I thought to marry so magnificently! I have not a stick of wood in my wood-house, not a morsel of meat for a meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch, with his portion and his palace!"

Thus did Massaccio complain. Meanwhile the monkey began to make significant faces, the lion to agitate his tail with great uneasiness, and the serpent to roll and unrol its circles with great rapidity. Then the monkey, approaching his benefactor, made him a sign to follow, and led him into the wood-house, where was regularly piled up a quantity of wood sufficient for the whole year. It was the monkey who had collected this wood in the forest, and brought it to the cottage of Massaccio. Massaccio embraced the grateful ape. The lion then uttering a delicate roar, led him to a corner of the cottage, where he saw an enormous provision of game, two sheep, three kids, hares and rabbits in abundance, and a fine wild boar, all covered with the branches of trees to keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor. Massaccio patted kindly his mane. "And you, then," said he to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing? Art thou a Vitalis, or a good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?" The serpent glided rapidly under a heap of dried leaves, and reappeared immediately, rearing itself superbly on its tail, when Massaccio saw with surprise a beautiful diamond in its mouth. "A diamond!" cried Massaccio, and stretched forth his hand to stroke caressingly the serpent and take its offering.

Massaccio then set out immediately for Venice to turn his diamond into money. He addressed himself to a jeweller. The jeweller examined the diamond; it was of the finest water.

"How much do you ask for it?" said he.

"Two hundred crowns," said Massaccio, thinking his demand to be great; it was hardly the tenth part of the value of the stone. The jeweller looked at Massaccio, and said, "To sell it at that price you must be a robber, and I arrest you!"

"If it is not worth so much, give me less," said Massaccio; "I am not a robber, I am an honest man; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond."

But the police now arrived, and conducted him before the magistrate. There he recounted his adventure, which appeared to be a mere fairy vision. Yet as the Signor Vitalis was implicated in the story, the magistrate referred the affair to the state inquisition, and Massaccio appeared before it.

"Relate to us your history," said one of the inquisitors, "and lie not, or we will have you thrown into the canal."

Massaccio related his adventure.

"So," said the inquisitor, "you saved the Signor Vitalis?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he promised you a marriage-portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he drove you like a beggar from his door?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"Let the Signor Vitalis appear," said the same inquisitor. Vitalis appeared.

"Do you know this man, Signor Vitalis?" said the inquisitor.

"No, I know him not," replied Vitalis.

The inquisitors consulted together. "This man," said they, speaking of Massaccio, "is evidently a knave and a cheat; he must be thrown into prison. Signor Vitalis, you are acquitted." Then, making a sign to an officer of police, "Take that man," said he, "to prison."

Massaccio fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. "Noble signors, noble signors," said he, "it is possible that the diamond may have been stolen; the serpent who gave it me may have wished to deceive me. It is possible that the ape, the lion, and the serpent may all be an illusion of the demon, but it is true that I saved the Signor Vitalis. Signor Vitalis" (turning to him), "I ask you not for the marriage portion for my bride, nor for your palace of marble, but say a word for me; suffer me not to be thrown into prison; do not abandon me; I did not abandon you when you were in the pit."

"Noble signors," said Vitalis, bowing to the tribunal, "I can only repeat what I have already said: I know not this man. Has he a single witness to produce?"

At this moment the whole court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent entered the hall together. The monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, and the serpent was twined round the arm of the monkey. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey spluttered, and the serpent hissed.

"Ah! these are the animals of the pit," cried Vitalis in alarm.

"Signor Vitalis," resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the dismay which this apparition had caused had somewhat diminished, "you have asked where were the witnesses of Massaccio? You see that God has sent them at the right time before the bar of our tribunal. Since, then, God has testified against you, we should be culpable before Him if we did not punish your ingratitude. Your palace and your possessions are confiscated, and you shall pass the rest of your life in a narrow prison. And you," continued he, addressing himself to Massaccio, who was all this time caressing the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, "since a Venetian has promised you a palace of marble, and a portion for your bride, the republic of Venice will accomplish the promise; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are thine. You," said he, to the secretary of the tribunal, "draw up an account of all this history, that the people of Venice may know, through all generations, that the justice of the tribunal of the state inquisition is not less equitable than it is rigorous."

Massaccio and his wife lived happily for many years afterwards in the palace of Vitalis, with the monkey, the lion, and the serpent; and Massaccio had them represented in a picture, on the wall of his palace, as they entered the hall of the tribunal, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent.

POETRY.

Dramatic Sketches, and other Poems. By the Rev. James Wills, A.M. Author of "The Disembodied," &c. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

"I think it right to explain," says Mr. Wills in his preface, "that, like many of the idlest acts of the most laborious lives, poetry has consumed no portion of mine that could be more usefully or appropriately employed." In this sentence he has written his own condemnation. Poetry—*true* poetry—was never yet composed in an *idle* hour. It has been from the beginning, and ever it will be, the extremest effort of the mind, when the string that ties it to humanity is strained to the very utmost, and the faculties are stretched to the limits of mortal ken, and are permitted even to catch dim glimpses of the spirit-world beyond. It argues a grievous ignorance of the nature of poetry to present a volume pretending to that high and holy title with such an apology for having attempted it as is conveyed in the expression, "poetry has consumed no portion of mine (life) that could be more usefully or appropriately employed." What *more* useful, more appropriate occupation could any man find than writing poetry?—we mean not mere verses, but veritable poetry—poetry which is the language wherein the divinity of our mixed deity and dust reveals itself—poetry, which is the voice of God, as interpreted by those oracles of nature, the flowers, the forests, the everlasting hills,—"in the blue sky, and in the heart of man!" Why, what more useful occupation than this have *you* found, oh! James Wills? It hath not been the measuring out of some certain yards of the newest pattern silk, at the counter of a West-end draper; nor in carving ells of cloth to a distant similitude to the human form divine; nor in covering parchments with the lumber of legal obscurities; nor even in patenting inventions for annihilating space by steam. The prefix of *Reverend* forbids any such like definition of thy notion of "an useful and appropriate employment." Teaching, in some shape, must have been thy business,—in the school-room, in the pulpit, or through the press. But surely the cramming of a few scores of boys with the words of dead languages, to the end that they may reproduce them in the shape of nonsense verses, will not compare in *utility* with the composition of a single page of new and true poetry, whose mission it is to stir the hearts of all men as with a trumpet, and educe the virtues and the holy aspirations that lie sleeping there. Surely, Mr. Wills, thou wilt not assert that thy most eloquent sermon could waken so much religion in the soul as *poetry*, which finds "sermons in stones, and good in every thing?" And as for the press, what hast thou ever written that can hope to achieve a millionth part of the good, present and future, which, if thou hadst the capacity, and nature had made thee *a poet*, thou mightst have accomplished by fifty pages of genuine poetry, even though its composition had been the business of thy whole life?

It is, we say, plain from the very apology with which he introduces to us a volume of no trifling bulk, that the Rev. James Wills has formed an inadequate conception of the nature of *poetry*. He has indited a few hundreds of metrical lines, some united by the bonds of rhyme, others preserving the single blessedness of blank verse; and supposing that, if these be strictly accordant with the rule of thumb, he has made *poetry*, he offers it with an apology, anticipatory of the charge for that he, a full-grown man, should have "consumed a portion" of his time in such an employ! As, indeed, well he may; for whereas the writing of *poetry* is the highest, the noblest, the most honourable, the most useful exertion of a man's genius, the writing of *verses* is the most frivolous, the most foolish, the most useless. It is just a degree better than draughts or cribbage, or such like kill-time contrivances, and it is a grievous waste of time and toil, that might be more advantageously employed. But verse-making is a sin of the verse-maker against himself alone. So he hides his folly in his desk or commits it to the flames, he is not amenable to public censure. Otherwise, if he rush into print and invoke criticism; he must then be judged according to the standard against which he has chosen to measure himself, and if his pretensions be found to be unsupported by his performances, he must expect of honest critics justice, and not mercy; and for this reason, that the reviewer's duty is to the readers who put their faith in him, that he will tell them the truth about a book, and not to do so is to deal with them unjustly.

And while touching upon the subject, let us take the opportunity, at this early period of the career of The Critic, resolutely to protest against the prevalent fashion of introducing a book with apologies for writing and publishing. If it be a good book, it needs none; if it be a bad one, no circumstances connected with its origin will justify its appearance. Publication is entirely a matter of choice; and to publish a stupid work, knowing it to be so, is an impertinence which cannot be too severely rebuked. When, therefore, an author deems it necessary to preface with an apology, it may be taken as a confession not only that his book is not a good book in itself, and of itself worthy of perusal, but that he has full knowledge of its inferiority, and he must expect the fate he has invoked.

With this long preamble, which, although suggested by the preface to Mr. Wills's volume, is intended to be of wide application, as indicating to the readers of The Critic the principles by which its judgments of books are guided, we proceed to a more specific notice of the poems before us.

It must then be pronounced of them as a whole, that they are precisely such as the preface would lead us to look for. They prove the justice of the remark, that Mr. Wills has no conception of Poetry. They are precisely the sort of composition which a man would produce who deemed the writing of poetry to be "one of the idlest acts of a laborious life;" an employment taken up when nothing more useful or appropriate presented itself—as "a grateful relief," and so forth. In fact they are, as this account of their origin would indicate,

not poetry at all, but very respectable specimens of the art of *versifying*.

The first piece in the volume is one of those dramatic rhapsodies made fashionable by BYRON and SHELLEY, and called *The Court of Darkness*. Although it appeared originally in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, we have looked in vain for any of those flashes of genius which indicate the handiwork of a poet. It is a smooth, level array of common-place thoughts, set in the conventional language of poetry, and hence, perhaps, combined with correct metre, it may have imposed itself upon those who read not thoughtfully as a genuine poem.

The next and longest composition in the volume is a dramatic piece, entitled *The Last Days of Nero*. Of this it may be said with justice, that it is remarkably lively and dramatic; but it is not poetry, nor does it contain poetry, and the form of blank verse will not make it such. Mr. WILLS could write a good acting drama.

The third of the more elaborate pieces is a dialogue, also in blank verse, between *The Daughters of Time*, to wit, *Change and Custom*, who begin by railing at one another, and proceed almost to pulling hair and scratching faces, when old father *Time* interferes, and thus admonishes them :—

TIME'S ADDRESS TO CHANGE AND CUSTOM.

Peace, fools, till doomsday ye might thus contend,
If ye can find no sounder arguments—
Each right, each wrong in part; alike, in turn,
Grinding the same old strain of dissonance,
Renewing, breeding, or perpetuating
Abuses old or new;—both ignorant
That mortals are not destined to perfection,
Though thither tending, as the slow approach
Of lines, to meet indefinitely far:
So ranks and orders converge towards a point,
Of unattainable equality.
For there's a bound the highest cannot pass,
To which the lowest still approximate
In the long course of ages; the result
Of many deep and silent-working causes,
Beyond the depth of policy, together
Working the great completion; more retarded
Than favoured by your fierce collisions—
Each in her province striving, one to fix,
The other to advance. The one regards
Her sheltering laws and institutions
As fixed for ever, and immutable;
And so the world outgrows her; while the other
Would make enactments idle as the vane
That wavers in the wind. And so it is
Thou Custom, in thy slumber's long oblivion
Of the slow progress of humanity,
Art constantly deceived to think it still;
And so thou wilt not be induced to stir
Thy stubborn outworks, till 'tis all too late,
And the strong pressure of a stormy deep
Accumulates upon thee. Then begins
The rush of Change;—to do her needful task,
Compelled to rough and fierce expedients,
And gathering heat from desperation,
Does that by frenzy which she should have done
By slow sure-working adaptation.
So ye alternate fierce extremes, and boast
Of deeds ye do not, for I've other daughters,
The Arts and Muses, working peacefully
With Science, weaving the bright web of mind;]
And Commerce, over sea or mountain bearing
The great materials of the mighty task,
Combining distant realms—approaching ranks—
Binding in one broad sympathy the mind
Of this great world, which ye disturb with brawls,
Each in your charges too impetuous.
Thou, Custom, if allowed, would stop the world;
Thou, Change, impel it on into the void—
Even as the balanced forces which retain
The planet in its path;—one towards the centre;
One in the tangent line, preserving both
The line unsought by either, yet designed
By the one Power that made ye for one use,
And guides ye to one end—that end where all
Must meet, their roads however different.

This is admirable good sense, and approaches nearer to good poetry than any thing we have yet lighted upon. Nevertheless, it is *not* poetry; it is only eloquent declamation, and is an excellent specimen of Mr. WILLS's style.

The rest of the volume is occupied with a collection of minor poems, most of which have appeared in various magazines. But these do not exhibit his powers to better advantage. The greater portion of them are very magazine-like in their tone, and certainly were not worth the plucking from the leaves of the shelved volumes in which they were slumbering. Some are actually bad. What, for instance, can be more puerile than these verses taken from a poem called *The Passing Bell?* Any school-boy would write as good, or better.

THE PASSING BELL.

With its measured pause, and its long-drawn wail,
The minster bell swings on the gale,
And saddens the vale with its solemn toll—
That passeth away like a passing soul—
Pulse after pulse still diminishing on,
Till another rings forth for the dead and gone.

The minute-sound of that mourning bell
Is the lord's of the valley—the rich man's knell;
While it swells on his lawns and his woodlands bright,
He breathes not, hears not, nor sees the light;
On the couch of his ease he lies stiff and wan—
In the midst of his pomp he is dead and gone.

But Mr. WILLS *can* do more creditable things than this, as witness an elegant little lyric called

THE WILD FLOWER.

Flower, whom the desert beareth,
And human folly spareth—
Whose fragrant wreath
No worldlings breathe,
No tinsel fashion weareth.

O! born for nature only,
They err who call thee lonely,
The leaves that twine
Those gems of thine,
In living green enthrone thee!

The sunbeams woo thee brightly,
The showers fall o'er thee lightly;
With silent love
From heaven above
Stars look upon thee nightly.

The airs of heaven delaying,
And with thy beauty playing,
Bear from thy dell
New sweets that tell
The secret of their straying.

O! thou hast many lovers,
Ten myriad airy rovers,
With gay desire
The insect choir
Around thy beauty hovers.

The lark at morn doth press thee,
The loitering bees caress thee,
Sweet lips inhale
Thee on the gale,
And lovers turn to bless thee.

We have dwelt upon this volume at so great length, because it is one of a very numerous and increasing class, in which perfection in the mechanics of verse-making is substituted for the inspirations of genius, always to the grievous blundering of the author, often to the perplexity of the reader. It is the duty of the critic to undeceive them both.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Torrington Hall: being an Account of Two Days, in the Autumn of the Year 1844, *passed at that Establishment for the Insane.* By ARTHUR WALLBRIDGE, Author of "Jest and Earnest," &c. London, 1845. How.

IN no department of medical science has more rapid progress been made than in the management and cure of the insane. The revolution in the mode of treatment has been entire, and the madhouse, once a dungeon, where the worst affliction of humanity was made more terrible by the horrors amid which it was buried alive, has changed, step by step, from the prison to the palace. Restraint, once deemed essential, is now proved to be not merely unnecessary, but injurious; and the comforts, the elegancies, the recreations, nay, the intellectual pleasures of life, have been successively extended to the patients, not with safety alone, but with the happiest effects in hastening the progress of cure and restoring the diseased brain t a healthy condition.

To the phrenologists is wholly due that mighty stride in the march of humanity and civilization. They first indicated the real cause of insanity, and traced its physiology. This known, the requisite treatment to promote the cure was not difficult to be divined; a few benevolent persons were found bold enough to make the attempt and to follow in the pathway indicated by a science then denied and proscribed. The experiment succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of the proposers. Success led to further researches; the example was imitated first by one and then by another, as prejudice yielded

to reason, or experience informed the sceptical, until now there is scarcely a lunatic asylum in Europe which has not adopted the treatment taught by the phrenologists as deducible from their views of mind and its functions, and with such success, that the most terrible scourge of our race has been stripped of half its horror.

Torrington Hall, near Bath, is one of these enlightened and humane establishments, conducted by Dr. ELSTREE. A two days' visit paid to it by Mr. WALLBRIDGE so delighted him, that he resolved to publish the results of his observations, and they are contained in the little volume before us.

Torrington Hall was erected by a company, who were induced to subscribe the capital necessary for conducting, upon a large scale, an asylum in which all the advanced knowledge of the time in relation to the treatment of madness might have a deliberate and effectual trial. It receives 700 patients, and so eager are the applications for admission, that twice that number are seeking to be accommodated there.

To detail all the strange and interesting things our author witnessed would be but to repeat his book, which all should read, because it must engage the attention of all, not alone from the curious facts detailed, but the agreeable style and manner in which Mr. WALLBRIDGE has related his experiences. It should be observed that the inmates are engaged all the day in various employments, which are turned to pecuniary account; the evening is allowed them for recreation, and these were among

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE INSANE.

All sorts of amusements and occupations were in progress. A drama was in course of performance in the theatre—a concert was going on in one part of the institution, and a ball in another—classes in various studies were formed in the class-rooms—the rattle of billiard-balls was heard as we passed the billiard-room—the reading-room was well filled—and little social parties were held in many private sitting-rooms: *ennui* seemed banished by universal consent.

The lecture-room was beginning to be occupied; and Dr. Elstree, Bryant, and myself took our seats, with the rest of the audience, in large arm-chairs, which I thought a decided improvement upon the benches, with or without backs, usually met with in such places. In a short time the lecturer made his appearance on a raised platform at one end of the room, and was received with great clapping of hands. I was struck by his person and manner, which were noble and commanding; but I had not sufficient practical skill in phrenology to recognise the characteristics which Dr. Elstree had mentioned. He proceeded at once to a table on the platform, provided with a decanter of water and a tumbler, and commenced his discourse, which was given without the aid of books or papers of any sort.

The lecturer was a madman. One other picture, to give our readers a taste of the quality of the volume, and we have done.

A DINNER-PARTY OF THE INSANE.

We found the drawing-room quite full of a company of both sexes, and all ages above the adult age. The assembly-room, which, in the evening, was devoted to dancing only, was, in the morning, used as an additional drawing-room; and this, as Dr. Elstree informed me, was now filled also with inmates of the establishment. Those whom I saw here were of various appearance and manner; but all had a certain *trained* air, and absence of vulgarity. They were dressed neatly and plainly in garments of different make and colour, according to individual taste; for, as I afterwards learned from Dr. Elstree, their regular daily work for the establishment was now over, and the interim, from dinner-time till bed-time, was at their own disposal. The doctor announced the names of Bryant and myself, and introduced us to the assembly generally. He then introduced us specially to the Rev. William Delany, chaplain of the institution. I was favourably disposed towards this gentleman at first sight: his pale, massive forehead and noble features, both to the phrenologist and less scientific physiognomist, indicated the presence of pure and elevated tendencies. We had not opportunity for much conversation; for, in five or six minutes, the sound of a gong was heard, and we moved towards the refectory. A very pretty girl intrusted herself to my care; Bryant selected another; all the men offered their arms to all the women; and we walked off to dinner in very much the same style that would be practised in Belgrave-square.

The entire length of the apartment which we now entered was occupied by three tables, running parallel with each other. That in the centre was rather larger than the other two, and had a great arm-chair at the upper end. Dr. Elstree took this chair—Bryant and myself were placed on either hand of him—and the inmates, and the assistants of Dr. Elstree, to the number of nearly three hundred and forty, seated themselves in commodious chairs, either at our central table, or a side one, as they preferred, or found it convenient.

Whilst we thus carried on operations in *our* refectory, under the superintendence of Dr. Elstree, another refectory of equal size was in possession of an equal number of inmates under the superintendence of the chaplain.

The viands with which we were served were plentiful, and capitally cooked. But no very rich dishes were present, and no wine was on the table—nor was any offered. It is a rule of the institution that all fermented liquors are forbidden to the inmates; and visitors have no indulgence shewn to their hankering after alcohol. We had sparkling cold water, instead of sparkling champagne; and this rational beverage standing in elegantly-formed cut-glass jugs all down the table, looked so tempting, and tasted so fresh and pure, that we could have wished for nothing better. A cheerful feeling seemed to prevail, with an inclination to please and be pleased, and a loud hum of conversation sounded over the hall, intermixed with frequent light laughter.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Sicily, Naples, and Genoa, in 1843. By PAUL DE MUSSET.

THIS work of M. DE MUSSET is essentially French, both in feeling and construction. Evidently upon the most comfortable terms with himself, our traveller puts forth his opinions and his judgments with all the *à plomb* of a literary Cerito; and interweaves, even with his descriptions of places, so much of his own individuality, that he is somewhat difficult to follow upon paper. Nevertheless, there is much to amuse in the picture which he has drawn of Sicily, taken as a whole, and divested of the affectations with which he has overcharged it. We use the word *amuse* advisedly, for M. DE MUSSET contents himself with what chances to pass before his eyes: he has no repose of spirit; no care or interest to spare to the glorious past; and, unlike M. CHARLES DICTIER, whose work upon the same country we noticed last week, he brings neither historical nor archaiological scholarship to the illustration of his subject. If his exclamation may not, like that of one of his own kings, be, "Le royaume, c'est moi," he may at least declare, "Le Liose, cest moi," for all the man is therein betrayed to the reader as thoroughly as though he had been his intimate for years, *gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens*. Still, M. DE MUSSET is a pleasant companion enough, and occasionally gives proof that, with a little more care, and a more moderate opinion of his own merits, he might produce a better work. His brain must resemble a kaleidoscope—it contains all the materials necessary to work out harmonious combinations, but the steadiness is wanted to maintain them; and there is an affectation of sarcasm paraded upon all subjects, and upon all occasions, which would barely be tolerable were it supported by a corresponding display of wit; to which, however, our author can make no justifiable claim whatever.

We have already, in a previous paper, remarked upon the Anglophobia which is at present raging among the French writers; and which, in its harmlessness, we account to be irresistibly amusing; poor M. DE MUSSET is actually rabid; as witness the very opening of his book.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH TOURISTS.

This is the simple recital of an excursion in Sicily, which I did not terminate without some encumbrances. Accounts of travels are very interesting for those who write them, because they are always compelled to be before the scenes themselves. There is no event too trifling to deserve mention, when one has personally figured in it. Despite the difficulty of avoiding this evil, I will put as much severity as possible in the choice of the details.

I have always admired those Englishmen who traverse the world without attaching themselves either to persons or things. Life is to them like a magic lantern, and by a just reciprocity they are for others nothing more than Chinese shadows. It is thus that they accomplish with exactness their end of being only English gentlemen who travel; and as this advantage never escapes them, I believe them to be perfectly happy. We fools of Frenchmen scarcely arrive in a town before we lose sight of our purpose. We are touched by the kindness which is shewn to us; we form friendships with people, and, God pardon me! we sometimes go so far as to burn ourselves at the flame of a pair of fine eyes. Then we fail to follow the itinerary already traced; we remain six months where we were only to have stayed a week,

and when we are absolutely compelled to leave, our heart is pained, a tear is in our eye, and we forget at the hotel our caoutchouc cloak.

At page 32 of the same volume the disease becomes still more rampant. Thus writes the author, of a nation about which he has, no doubt, possessed admirable opportunities of observation :—

THE ENGLISH IN 1845.

England will perish from intemperance, like Alexander the Great. Some day the hundred millions of Indians over whom she rules will become tired of obedience, and the captain of artillery who governs the first insurgent province will be informed of the fact too late by a drunken courier. He will himself require a delay of twelve hours to rid him of the punch of the overnight. His messenger, swelled out with spirituous drink, will burst under the hot sun on the road to Calcutta ; and, when the news at last reaches the palace of the Governor-General, it will find him under the table !

Enough, however, of this impertinent absurdity ; our business, as on reading the title of the work we supposed M. DE MUSSET'S to have been, is with Sicily. The tourist reached Messina by steam, and he found on board a gormandizing, wine-swilling English tradesman, with a pretty daughter, who, on the second or third day of their acquaintance, volunteered to confide to him her tale of unhappy love ! On his arrival he sallied forth to visit the town, which he found to be gloomy and inert. Here is his amusing account of

THE STREETS IN MESSINA.

The streets have not been swept since the time of the first Greek colonies. Never did I see so much dust, so many bits of straw, or so many pieces of flying paper. If any one were to look closely, I would lay a wager that they would find some MSS. upon papyrus among these vagabond fragments. They make strange noises when the wind drives them along ; and, in a few centuries, it will be necessary to dig for Messina through old paper, as Pompeii was excavated from the cinders of Vesuvius.

A tolerably good idea of the tone of the book may be gathered from these extracts. Now and then, for a brief interval, M. DE MUSSET vouchsafes to be serious. We will give a few examples of his better vein.

THE SICILIANS AND THE NEAPOLITANS.

The Sicilian is intelligent, proud, and passionate. He unjustly despises the Neapolitan, who would be at least his equal, if he had more natural dignity. The two people might suit each other and love each other ; they detest each other with all their hearts ; and as they both cling to their antipathies, it is in vain to reason with them. One never sees a Sicilian and a Neapolitan shake hands. On our way to Messina, we were accompanied by four inhabitants of Catania, who never opened their mouths because the *courrier* was a Neapolitan ; they restricted themselves to conversing by looks, signs, and gestures ; it is a method of discourse which they carry to a degree of perfection that can only be appreciated when they translate their dumb show into words. Never were a people better organised to be conspirators. The most sagacious eye could not penetrate the thought which they wish to conceal. Despite this profound dissimulation, they are open, frank, and gracious to those they love, and particularly to foreigners from whom they have nothing to fear. They will relate their hopes, their projects, and their desires to a stranger, who would naturally consider them imprudent and incautious, because he would not be aware with what admirable exactness a Sicilian guesses the sentiments of those to whom he speaks.

THE WOMEN OF PALERMO.

The true Palermitaine is slender as the Venus of Syracuse ; but, like her, she has the feet and legs too substantial. It is superfluous to mention the extraordinary size of her eyes, for in all Sicily there is not a pair of small ones. Those of Palermo have a peculiar softness, and an expression of kindness which, as I have been assured, rarely deceives. Their features are in general regular, their walk careless, and in all their appearance may be remarked to an extreme degree the true instincts of the woman *par excellence*. In Sicily levity and coquetry are not mere jests, as in the North, for they are based upon the sensuality of old times, heightened by warm blood and African passions, and constituting an interesting whole produced by the admixture of the Greek and Saracenic races. The Palermitaine attaches herself speedily and strongly. An affair of the heart is always a grave matter with her. Foreigners have been often caught, like Rinaldo in the meshes of Armida, who could never have escaped had not the infidelity of the enchantress delivered them. Other adventurers have fared less happily, and bear upon their faces, or between their ribs, traces of Sicilian jealousy.

M. DE MUSSET affects much respect for the religious feelings and habits of the Sicilians. We leave our readers to make their own comment upon the following story :—

THE PRINCE AND THE SAINT.

We were invited to dine with the Prince P***, and, on leaving the table, we walked in his beautiful garden, of which he gave us the history as he gathered some Japanese medlars. Three years ago it scarcely contained a dozen trees. The plantations had not yet been commenced, when a procession, issuing from the neighbouring little church of St. Francis de Paul, requested permission to enter the garden. The prince, having nothing to fear for his flower-beds, opened his gates. The procession moved in, with a band of musicians at its head, accompanying the silver statue of the saint, and followed by a great crowd. Before the tour of the garden had terminated, the spectators distinctly saw the statue raise its arm, and give its blessing to the house, to the grounds, and without doubt also, to the obliging proprietor. The miracle created much conversation, and every one believed that it would cause the house of Prince P * * * to prosper ; and, in fact, in less than three years, the soil was filled with rare and precious plants, trees from all countries, succulent fruits, and delicious flowers. All these things sprang from the blessed soil in profusion, making it the richest pasture in Palermo. No one had a doubt upon the subject of the miracle, except the prince, who appeared to me to suspect that his gardiner, and the enormous sum which he has spent upon his grounds, had powerfully assisted St. Francis de Paul in his good intentions.

Here is the best thing in the book.

A TUNNY-FISHING.

The tunny-fishing takes place at Palermo about the middle of May. It is a time of festival and fortune for the fishermen. Some days previously a number of coasting vessels establish themselves as a *cordon* of observation along the shore, and at the Cape de Gallo ; immense nets having been already spread along the bottom of the Mediterranean, at the spot over which the poor creatures pass every year, and constantly suffer themselves to be taken. In front of the caravan of fish are lighters, which can be seen at a great depth, and a courier is instantly dispatched to Palermo to announce the arrival of the tunny. The messenger generally reaches the city about midnight ; and at two o'clock the fishing population leave the town. We were in bed when a noise like that of a popular outbreak made us rise at once. *Le borgo* had already departed *en masse*, and the waggons were rapidly following. All the public carriages were provided with a third horse, decorated with bells. We made a bargain with one of these, and started. Waggons filled with people and fishing implements were travelling at the pace of mail-carts, by means of relays. One might have imagined that the inhabitants of Palermo were flying at the approach of a party of Normans or barbarians. The common people had exchanged their velvet vests for linen gaberdines. At daylight we arrived upon the shore, where a great number of boats were in waiting for the actors and spectators of the scene. The boats soon formed a semi-circle in battle array round the nets, within which the tunny were doubtlessly still asleep. The tunny, although of great size, is not gifted with much intelligence. He acts from innocent and simple instincts. That of emigration drives it to its ruin, on account of the regularity of its route and the wickedness of man. When once it runs, head-foremost, into the nets which bar its progress, the poor animal has no idea of turning back or of making a circuit. It endeavours to pass over the obstacle, and rises to the surface. There it is that its enemy awaits it, warned of its approach by the foam and fretting of the waters.

As soon as the battalion of tunny appear, the fishermen strike and stab with hooks and spears of iron. The more they kill the more victims present themselves. In an instant the whole scene is one sea of blood ; the spectators even are inundated with it. Ferocious cries attest the joy of the executioners. The massacre is horrible. Some of the boats are upset by the convulsions of the fish ; that is the only danger to which the assassins are subjected. Nothing is thought of but general destruction. In the confusion of despair the tunny remain a considerable time within reach of the boats, then they attempt to escape, and dive to discover some other outlet ; those which have not been struck succeed ; others, mortally wounded, go and expire in the open sea ; the principal number remain on the field of battle ; and when no more can be found to kill, the dead fish are collected and packed into the boats, whence they are ultimately transferred to the waggons, which return triumphantly to Palermo.

And here we take our leave of the volumes of M. de MUSSET ; and with the less regret, that throughout the volume and a half occupied by Naples and Genoa, we have not been able to discover a single paragraph which appeared to us to

be worthy of transcription. We see a work of fiction from the pen of this gentleman announced in a late list of novelties, and until it reaches us we are content to await it patiently in the hope of better things to come.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

SWITZERLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I avail myself of the excellent and timely novelty you have introduced in devoting a department of your periodical to the travelling portion of the community, to ask of those who may have instituted inquiries, anticipatory of their own summer tour, whether the recent disturbances in Switzerland have in any manner interfered with the conveniences of travelling in that country, and if a family, comprising ladies, may undertake a tour there with perfect safety? As this question has, I know, occurred to others, any of your readers who can resolve it will be doing a service to many besides myself by communicating the results of his inquiries through the useful columns of THE CRITIC. Yours, &c. A TOURIST.

London, July 1, 1845.

BADEN-BADEN. — Avoid the *Hôtel d'Hollande*.—SENEX. [We agree with our correspondent; it was our misfortune to sleep there once.—ED. CRITIC.]

FRANKFORT.—(*From a correspondent.*)—Select the *Hôtel de Russie* if you can find a bed there, which it is difficult to do. You will find one of the waiters, a Swiss, I forget his name, a most intelligent fellow, and as obliging as he is well-informed. Remember the waiters on the continent are of a different class from ours, and should be treated differently. They are for the most part sons of hotel-keepers apprenticed to learn the business, and hotel-keepers are generally the magnates of the continental towns, both in fortune and position. Therefore treat the waiters with courtesy, and you will be richly rewarded in civility and attention. We English usually behave so churlishly to them, that when they *do* meet a civil Englishman, who will carry himself to them as *they are*, and not as if they were like our waiters at home, they are vastly pleased, and cannot sufficiently express their sense of such unwonted politeness. Be assured there is value in this hint of AN OLD TRAVELLER.

ART.

AN agreeable task is the critic's when the subject under consideration is of a nature congenial to his sympathies, and so handled as to win his admiration and justify his praise. The charming series of designs before us are the work of a gentleman already favourably known to the public by his set of published compositions from *Prometheus Unbound*, which were submitted in competition for the Art-Union premium of 1843, and to which that society voted the sum of twenty pounds as an honorary reward, after giving the original premium to the striking and masterly illustrations of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by Mr. SELOUS, a notice of which appeared at the time in this journal.

The compositions under notice are fifteen in number, folio-size, engraved in outline, and illustrative of scenes in *The Tempest*. Those poems, dramatic and other, which combine within their parts a supernatural with a heroic action, are ever, from the varied imagery they present, the best fitted for the purpose of the painter. The impersonation of abstract ideas, such as fancy, mirth, hope, grief, and joy, and the embodiment of ideal beings, such as angels and genii, afford him opportunity for the display of infinite variety and beauty. Nor perhaps does the entire range of our dramatic literature offer a work which abounds with these elements in choicer or more exquisite profusion than the one which the artist has here selected for illustration.

In the composition of these outlines Mr. PATON gives undeniable evidence that he has carefully considered his author; for there is a propriety and truth in every figure and accessory introduced, which nothing short of the most thoughtful study, the most complete surrender of the imagination to the writer, and to him only, could have secured. These qualities, indeed it is, with graceful combination and beauty of form, that chiefly characterize the work. We have little originality, and there is occasionally a lack of that most essential requisite *expression*, to which latter deficiency in future undertakings of a similar nature Mr. PATON would do well to be more attentive. Not that in these compositions there is a glaring want of this quality, which is not the case, nor that where visible it is incorrect; but, taken generally, there is a feebleness in this particular, which detracts from the force and unity of merit of these otherwise clever outlines. Of the entire set, the most to our taste is Plate 7, where first on the storm-beaten shore Prospero shews Ferdinand to the astonished and delighted Miranda. Here the expression, equally conveyed by the attitude of the figure, as by the lovely countenance of the Princess, is perfect. Very beautiful, too, is Plate 6, which represents a group of water nymphs, hurrying through the waves, to join a band of Naiads and youths dancing on the shore, while Ariel above sings that sprightly song,

> "Come unto these yellow sands,
> And all take hands."

The figures of Miranda and Ferdinand throughout are exquisite; the first is a perfect model of feminine grace and loveliness; the last that of a finely-formedyoung man, on whose countenance beams intellect and the indication of an amiable temper. The drawing, from first to last, of these illustrations is good; the composition, always happy, is in many places eminently fine; the draperies are well cast; the accessories, as before stated, are ever appropriate; and the back-grounds—too often slovenly and hasty in similar works—are carefully elaborated. Taken altogether, Mr. PATON has produced an elegant and handsome series of illustrations, and we congratulate him on his success accordingly. It remains to add that the publisher and printer have done their duty, and turned the book out of hand very completely. As this, therefore, is really a work that will do credit to the taste of the most fastidious in selection, one, too, that makes an elegant and intellectual and amusing adjunct to the library or drawing-room table, we unhesitatingly recommend it to our readers.

ROYAL COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.—It will be recollected that the result of the exhibition of fresco paintings in Westminster-hall last summer was the selection by her Majesty's commissioners of six artists, who were commissioned to prepare cartoons, to be subsequently (if approved) executed in fresco, for the decoration of the six arched compartments in the House of Lords. These cartoons were to be accompanied by coloured sketches and specimens of fresco painting, and sent in for exhibition during the first week of last month, each artist being guaranteed the sum of 400*l.* as his remuneration for the fresco. By the terms of the notice issued by the commissioners, the subject of these frescos were required to be illustrative of the functions of the House of Lords, and of the relation in which it stands to the sovereign. Three of them were required to be personifications or abstract representations of Religion, Justice, and the Spirit of Chivalry; and the remaining three (corresponding with such representation, and expressing the relation of the sovereign to the church, to the law, and, as the fountain of honour, to the state) were required to illustrate the following historical events: *The Baptism of Ethelbert; Prince Henry (afterwards Henry V.) acknowledging the authority of Chief Justice Gascoigne*; and *Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter from Edward III.* The names of the six gentlemen commissioned were as follow:—Richard Redgrave, A.R.A., William Cave Thomas, Charles West Cope, A.R.A., John Callcott Horsley, William Dyce, and Daniel Maclise, R.A.; but the commissioners not binding themselves to adopt the work of either, unless fully approved, and being desirous to give opportunity to other artists to exhibit specimens of their ability, gave notice at the same time that the six subjects above mentioned were offered for general competition, and that three premiums of 200*l.* each would be awarded to those artists who should furnish specimens respectively deemed worthy of one of them, by judges appointed to decide on the relative merit of the works. It is gratifying to be enabled to state that this offer has been taken advantage of by upwards of thirty artists, whose works are now arranged round the walls of Westminster-hall. The exhibition is in many respects far more interesting than any which have preceded it. The cartoons (thirty-seven in number) include some very beautiful designs. They are each six feet high by nine feet wide. The finished sketches sent in by some of the artists are perfect gems of art, and the majority of the specimens of fresco painting shew a great improvement on those exhibited last year. It is under-

stood that the several works executed by the six selected artists are considered most satisfactory by the commissioners, but the competition invited has, it is said, had the effect of calling forth talents of a very high order, which may hereafter make their more fortunate brethren "look to their laurels."

INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.—The first conversazione of this Institute was given on Saturday last at Willis's Rooms, and the attendance of its friends and members was very considerable. The tables were covered with drawings of all descriptions, and various works of art were placed about the room, the examination of which afforded two or three hours of very rational pleasure. From the appearance of the company, and the interest which seemed to be manifested by all, it may be presumed that the institution is likely to take a firm root, and to become a point of union among those artists whose social position it strives to improve and consolidate. The presence of a few ladies would have been an advantage. Such meetings as these derive a principal charm from their drawing-room character, and measures should be taken in future to insure the brilliancy of aspect and cheerfulness of tone which the softer sex invariably diffuse.

The city of Ghent is about to erect a colossal statue to its famous tribune, Philip Van Artevelde.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—MERCADANTE'S *Il Giuramento* (the Oath) was revived here on Tuesday, and, sooth to say, with somewhat indifferent success, though supported by as powerful a cast as ever the composer was blessed withal. For a work to fall at all flatly on the ear, with such singers to sing it as GRISI, BRAMBILLA, MORIANI, and FORNASARI, argues terrible deficiency and feebleness in the composition, and such is the case with *Il Giuramento*, though it presents us here and there with a nice bit. Her Majesty was present with Prince Albert, and there was, as usual, an immense attendance. The ballet was *Esmeralda*, and there was a divertissement sustained by the Viennese *danseuses*, and other choregraphic notabilities, so that Terpsichore, at all events, had full reason to be satisfied, and they who her adore. *I Puritani* was performed on Thursday, for the last time this season, with a selection from *Roberto Devereux;* and TAGLIONI danced,—ye gods, how she did dance! She really looks as well as ever, and is as light and airy, so that for her to talk, as she does, of farewell nights, absolutely farewell nights, and only three or four of these, seems really adding insult to injury. While she can dance, she has no sort of right to leave off dancing; great artists of every class live not for themselves, but for the world. There is one comfort, however, that ninety-nine chances to one, when she does retire, she will not be able to stick to it for more than a few months, and there is this other contingent comfort, that if she does stick to it, it will be only out of obstinacy, and she herself, as well as we, will be perfectly wretched.

FRENCH PLAYS.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. ARNAL appeared on Monday in a vaudeville new to this country, but which has been applauded to the echo in Paris, and deservedly, for it is one of the most agreeable comediettas we have seen, even at this theatre, so fertile of the agreeable; it is entitled *Renaudin de Caen;* its hero is a simple Norman, the son of a merchant at Caen, who is sent by his father to marry the daughter of an old friend in the capital, he having himself never seen either the old gentleman or the young lady. It so happens that the house to which he is consigned has a second entrance in another street, and hence the mystification in which honest *Renaudin* becomes involved; for ere he has delivered his credentials, he falls in love on his own account at a public ball, and *Mademoiselle Suzette*, the object of his flame, finding out who he is, and having a brother who is secretly betrothed to the old merchant's daughter, *Zoe*, and having, moreover, taken a fancy to *Renaudin* herself, appoints him a meeting at *Zoe's* own house, giving him the address, however, which does not appear on the superscription of his letter. Hereupon ensue a series of the most amusing mystifications, which, of course, are cleared up in due time to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. ARNAL enacted the simple, earnest, blundering, hearty young Norman to the life, and he was supported *con amore*. Mr. MITCHELL, the lessee, took his benefit on Wednesday, and for his sake, as well as for that of the public, whose character for ordinarily decent gratitude was at stake, we were glad to find a crowded and brilliant house assembled to do honour and yield profit to the occasion. Mr. MITCHELL'S management of this establishment has been characterized by an energy and spirit, a tact, an honourable adherence to engagements inevitably involving heavy expenditure, which well entitled him to the solid thanks of the public. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert and the King and Queen of the Belgians, and attended by a large suite, was present. The entertainments comprised *Les Gants Jaunes*, *L'Homme Blasé*, and *Passe Minuit*, in all of which M. ARNAL appeared. The season extends to but three nights more, of which those, more especially, who have not yet witnessed these entertainments would do well to avail themselves.

M. PHILIPPE'S last *Matinee Mystérieuse* takes place at this theatre on Monday.

FRENCH OPERAS.—COVENT GARDEN.—*La Muette de Portici*, as produced at this theatre by the Brussels company, is as different a thing from the *Masaniello* to which English playgoers have been accustomed, as fine linen from "filthy dowlas." We do not know whether it is to be repeated, for unhappily the brief season of this company in London for the present year necessarily terminates on the 15th; but if the opportunity does occur, let all who desire to hear AUBER'S *capo d'opera* worthily sung, resort to Covent Garden on the occasion. *Robert le Diable* was repeated, in consequence of the extent of applications for it, on Wednesday. On the Monday, after some delay, owing to hesitation, perfectly unaccountable to us, on the part of the Lord Chamberlain's office in granting, forsooth, permission to act it, MEYERBEER'S opera, *Les Huguenots*, was produced in a style corresponding with its transcendent merits. We observed of *Robert le Diable*, that, previous to the arrival of the Brussels company here, the only other occasion on which the English had had opportunities of hearing it adequately given, was at the Italian opera, under the direction of MONCK MASON. With reference to *Les Huguenots*, no such exception occurs; that extraordinary work has never before had any thing like justice done it in England. True, LUTZER proved herself justly entitled to her *soubriquet* of "the bird," by the peculiar quality of her voice, and STAUDIGL is unquestionably a great singer; but as a whole, the German presentation of the work was a miserable failure, while, as a whole, its performance by the Brussels company is a masterpiece—a combination of perfectly disciplined talent directed to one great result. Madame LABORDE takes the part of *Marguerite de Valois*, and is just what we should imagine *Marguerite de Valois* to have been and looked. Her portion of the *Si j'étais coquette* was perfectly charming. ZELGER'S *Marcel* exhibits a thorough appreciation of the character of the *rôle*, with entire capability of fulfilling the conception. M. LABORDE is the *Raoul*, and embodies the part in a most satisfactory manner. *Valentine*, his mistress, meets with a competent representative in Madame JULIEN. We sincerely trust that there may be another operatic *interregnum* at Brussels at Christmas, so that the *troupe* may be able to renew their visit.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—There is a laughable little piece nightly presented at this theatre, founded on JERROLD'S inimitable *Caudle Letters*. Little OXBERRY is especially amusing in it. The whole of the arrangements here are deserving of high commendation; the entertainments are judiciously varied—tragedy, comedy, and opera—drama, farce, and ballet—all being more or less worthily represented; and the result, as far as we have observed, appears to be as pleasant to the lessee as to his audiences.

STRAND THEATRE.—We looked in at this theatre on Tuesday, and found a tolerable attendance, susceptible, however, of augmentation. The performances, commencing with the adaptation of JERROLD'S *Story of a Feather*, comprised a farce, which we missed, wherein Mr. SMITH took the chief part; the farce of the *Married Bachelor*, sustained with considerable animation by Miss HAMILTON, and Messrs. J. WEBSTER and BOYCE; and two other pieces—variety enough, in all conscience.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. GOMERSAL has resumed those impersonations of the Emperor NAPOLEON which heretofore procured for him so much applause, and for the DUCROW treasury so much profit. The applause continues, and we hope the profit has not fallen off. The imitation in itself is really very clever; and, independently of this, the entertainments provided under Mr. BATTY'S more immediate direction are excellent of their kind, and, moreover, we believe, *unique* in the metropolis.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Monday and during the week Dr. RYAN has been lecturing on the causes of steam-boiler explosions, especially those arising from incrustations. The lecturer gave it as his opinion, and that opinion supported by experiments, facts, and citations of high authority, that by far the greater number of steam-boiler explosions arise from incrustations of the boiler, which prevent the boiler from acting efficiently as a conductor of the heat of the fire to the water. Almost all water, whether it be spring or sea water, holds a quantity of bicarbonate of lime in solution. The heat necessary to produce steam drives off one portion of the carbonic acid gas of this bicarbonate, and reduces it to the state of carbonate of lime, an insoluble compound, which is precipitated against the sides of the boiler, forming an incrustation, which becomes a nucleus around which other salts crystallize, which salts would not, how-

ever, become crystallized, were it not for the presence of this nucleus. It follows, that if the deposition of carbonate of lime could be prevented, the chances of explosions would greatly diminish. Dr. RITTERBRANDT has discovered a cheap, easy, and safe method of entirely preventing the incrustation of steam-boilers, with chloride of ammonium (the common rock sal ammonium of commerce), which prevents the formation of the insoluble carbonate of lime. The chloride of ammonium is composed of chlorine, ammonia, and hydrogen, and carbonate of lime of carbonic acid gas, calcium, and oxygen. The hydrogen of the chloride unites with the oxygen of the carbonate, and forms water. The chlorine of the chloride unites with the calcium of the carbonate, and forms chloride of calcium, a salt which is perhaps one of the most soluble compounds known; and the carbonic acid of the carbonate unites with the ammonia of chloride, forming corbonate of ammonia, a compound so volatile that it is driven off in the shape of vapour, and thus the incrustation of the steam-boiler is entirely prevented. Dr. RYAN deserves great credit for the plain and admirable manner in which he gave his explanations, which were so clear that a person, however ignorant of chemical science, could not fail to understand him.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

OBJECTS, USES, AND ADVANTAGES OF MESMERISM.

NEXT in value to the aid which the phenomena of Mesmerism bring to the cause of religion, is the insight they afford into the physiology of mind.

In the mesmeric condition we see mind under an aspect altogether new, operating and operated upon in a manner peculiar to that condition, more distinctly revealed to us than in any other state with which we are acquainted, and offering itself for practical experiment under circumstances that enable the observer to bring within the region of science, based upon demonstrative proof, that which hitherto has been little better than dreamy hypothesis and ingenious conjecture, offering to every man a field for the indulgence of his own fancies, because positive *facts* were wanting upon which the philosopher could build a secure and substantial edifice.

Mesmerism supplies precisely the information so long wanting to the science of mind; it offers an almost unlimited fund of *facts*, from which the philosopher may advance beyond his wildest hopes into the region hitherto wrapt in cloud; and explore fields of the loftiest knowledge, as yet unrevealed to human intelligence.

A review of what Mesmerism has already established, and of the probabilities it suggests, will best introduce the prospects it opens to the inquirer.

In the first place, Mesmerism establishes the existence of mind as distinct from the visible corporeal substance, and thus sweeps away the entire philosophy of materialism, and opens to man loftier destinies and duties here and an assurance of an immortal future. We have already stated the phenomena which prove the immateriality of mind, and therefore it is unnecessary to repeat them here; the phenomena that shew how matter and mind are connected and influence each the other remain to be reviewed.

A striking circumstance arrests our attention at the first step in this inquiry. At the very moment that the mind is receiving impressions by other than the ordinary media of the senses; even while it is seeing without the aid of the eye, and hearing without the help of the ear, it may be directly operated upon through the brain, and any one of its faculties excited at the pleasure of the experimentalist. Thus, although all the external senses are entirely shut up; though sight, hearing, taste, feeling are asleep; though a limb may be severed without pain or consciousness, the brain is not only as vigilant and as sensitive, but even more so than in its ordinary condition. The touch of a finger will call into instant activity any one or more of its faculties. The mental emotions may be awakened at will, and the mind, that is so far released from its usual bondage to the body as to communicate directly with other minds, read their thoughts, hear their commands, feel their emotions, share their perceptions, yet remains so much linked to the organism through which alone it is permitted to communicate with the material world, that its language is elicited by a touch, its dreams are moulded at the pleasure of the operator.

Let us next see what are the facts in relation to this strange state of being, which may be deemed *established*—meaning by that expression, facts upon which all observers are agreed, and which indeed occur so frequently, that no man who admits that there is any truth in Mesmerism, and has seen aught of it, would dispute their existence. But as we are approaching the limits assigned to this topic, and details so important to the argument cannot be hastily dismissed, we will defer this branch of the inquiry for discussion in another article.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF MESMERISM.

SINCE the last report, three or four meetings of the society have been held; as the experiments offered no novelty, but were simply investigations of some of the more familiar phenomena of Mesmerism, a formal report of them has been deemed unnecessary, and the society having adjourned for the vacation, we now briefly state some of the more curious and interesting of the observations and communications.

PHRENOLOGICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN ORDINARY SLEEP.—At one of the meetings of the society, a suggestion had been thrown out by a member, whether in fact the mesmeric condition was essential to the development of the phrenological phenomena, and whether it is not that, in truth, the brain is always subject to the influence of other minds when volition is suspended, and this alike in the natural as in the mesmeric sleep. A few days afterwards another of the members availed himself of an opportunity that offered to try the experiment, and the result he now detailed to the society.

It was made upon his brother, a young man, aged 23. The time was the early morning, before he had awaked from his night's sleep. The finger was first placed upon the region of the organ of mirth. For some two or three minutes no perceptible effect was produced. But presently there was a quiver of the lip, then a curl, then a laugh. The finger was changed to veneration; after awhile the smile vanished, and the countenance assumed the solemn expression peculiar to the excitement of that emotion. Again was the finger changed to combativeness; after the same interval, a frown was seen to gather on the brow; there was a grinding of the teeth, and then a muttered expression of anger. Once more the finger was restored to mirth. The signs of fury passed away, and presently the smile came back, then the hearty laugh, in the midst of which it was deemed desirable to wake the patient. On waking, he exhibited the usual appearance of a person coming out of sleep, but he laughed immoderately, and continued to do so for some time, in reply to inquiries, stating that he did not know why it was, but he could not help it; he felt in one of those merry moods when he must laugh at any thing or nothing. He was quite unconscious of the experiment that had been tried upon him; and, being asked what he had been dreaming about, he related a wild sort of dream, in which the successive influences of each of the organs that had been touched were distinctly to be traced.

This novel and interesting experiment seems to shew that whenever volition is suspended, the brain may be excited by contact of some other human being. If this be so—and how otherwise can the experiments narrated be accounted for?—not only is a new and wide field of speculation offered, but immediate practical results will follow. For instance, by the same process may the dreams of the sleeper be modified. Thus may undue excitement of any faculty be subdued; thus may habitual good emotions be encouraged, and bad ones checked; and if there be a power of rousing the activity of the mental organs in ordinary sleep, may there not be the same power of affecting them in the waking state of the body? At all events, it is a subject that demands immediate and careful investigation and experiments, and if any be induced to make trial and note results, a communication of their experiences to THE CRITIC will be a valuable assistance towards the progress of a science in which every step that we advance only lifts the veil from a still more vast expanse, that must be explored ere we can say that we have reached the limits of human research, and that we have learned of mind and its operations all that it is permitted to man to know.

MR. BRAID, MR. HOLBROOK, AND MR. HALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—If it were not that the theory of Mr. Braid is as changeable as a chameleon and as hungry as an ostrich—in the name of its propounder ready to adapt itself to or swallow up every thing coming in its way—there might be some hope in a discussion of its merits. For one, valuing his facts, I would not for a moment think less of Mr. Braid because he candidly expressed a change of opinion; but between such an expression and the assumption that he is right in setting all testimony at defiance unless it tend to qualify his own peculiar dogmas, there is a great difference.

I have called his theory a changeable and hungry one, and for this reason:—there was a time when he contended that the phenomena exhibited by La Fontaine and other Mesmerists arose entirely from the patient's *eyes being fixed* in one position. Mr. Catlow, of Manchester, proved that somnolence might be induced as easily by a continuous action upon any other sense as upon that of sight. Without giving Mr. Catlow or any other person credit for the hint, Mr. Braid afterwards quietly recognises the principle in *his* theory. In process of time it is proved that, without the eye being strained or fixed at all, and without somnolence being induced by any means, and even without the patient's precognizance, *local* effects can be produced quite as striking as those of Mr. Braid in his sleeping patients; whereupon Mr. B. so modifies and adapts his theory as to take in so much of this as suits his purpose; pretends to explain away the rest; hints that he has tried the experiments himself to such an extent as gratified *his own* curiosity; then modestly denounces me and others for trying them ourselves, on the ground that they are injurious, not to his theory, but to the patients, and advises us to cease trying them. The fact is, I, for one, should have relinquished them long ago, without his advice, if I had found them half as destructive of the health or comfort of my patients as they are of *his theory*: but as matters at present stand, I feel myself as well qualified to practise them as Mr. Braid, and shall continue to do so, either before your society for investigation or elsewhere, since I have yet seen no real injury they have done to any one, though, on the other hand, I believe them to be significant of several most important therapeutical powers.

In reference to Mr. Braid's insinuations against me and Mr. Holbrook, in his letters inserted by you in THE CRITIC of May 24th and June 14th, I give you a few simple statements, which ought to make him blush for his honour. As is well known, my experiments at Sheffield in the year 1842 excited considerable interest throughout the country. I was not then, nor have I ever been, *merely* what is understood by Mr. Braid's insinuation of a man "travelling about the country." Besides, being a member of the press, I was resident governor of a highly respectable philanthropic institution—the Hollis Hospital, Sheffield, and mixing with the best and most intelligent society of the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby, to which my literary labours had made me welcome. It was possibly owing to this that, when my first lectures on Mesmerism were given (not for my own private emolument, but for the benefit of local institutions), they were attended by not less than 3,000 people; and from that time I found it almost impossible to lead a life of privacy. The most pressing invitations to lecture at York and Nottingham followed; the interest still increased; and Mr. Braid having read some of the reports, by which he learned to induce phreno-mesmeric phenomena—for he had not been able to do so before, though in his book he admits he had repeatedly tried—*he urged me in the most friendly and flattering letters to lose no time in visiting Manchester*, as he wished to see my phenomena and compare them with his own. And I now declare, upon my honour, that had it not been for Mr. Braid taking this course, and so repeatedly pressing me, I should not then have gone to Manchester; nor should I ever have sent for Mr. Holbrook—a young man who would scorn a meanness of any kind—if it had not been for Mr. Braid. Yet now, because Mr. Holbrook has chosen to express his virtuous indignation at Mr. Braid's assumption and exclusiveness, Mr. B. has thought well to stigmatise him as "a traveller round the country" with me, when it is well known to many that he came from his home at Nottingham to Manchester while I was there, after much persuasion, chiefly that Mr. Braid might have an opportunity of comparing upon him the effects of his mode of "hypnotising" with my mode of "mesmerising;" when the result was, that although my manipulations were salutary and refreshing, those of Mr. B. threw him into convulsions, and made him ill for hours after! No doubt Mr. Braid's theory can satisfactorily account for this result: for anything I know, it is capable of explaining the connection between Tenterden Steeple and the flooding of Goodwin Sands; but such are the facts; and I do not therefore wonder at Mr. Holbrook feeling somewhat uneasy when he reads Mr. Braid's deprecations of other experimenters—M. La Fontaine, Mr. Catlow, and myself included.

Mr. Braid seems to find fault with my publication of his letter to me of Dec. 21, 1842, in the first number of the *Phreno-Magnet*. It was in justice to him that I did so, as it professed to give an epitome of his theory. Having given in the same number the theories of Dr. Buchanan and Mr. La-Roy-Sanderland, and not then supposing that Mr. Braid would ever be ashamed of his own, I gave it too, that he might have a fair hearing with the others; and although he saw me not less than between fifteen and twenty times afterwards in Manchester, and paid me in private many more compliments than were agreeable, he never expressed any displeasure at the liberty I had taken with that communication.

To conclude, Mr. Braid has, in the opinion of most experimenters, committed an error in first propounding a theory, and then looking out for facts to support it, instead of waiting to see what facts themselves would teach. Facts have, however, arisen in such abundance and variety, and he has so endeavoured to weave them into consistency, that, at least, his theory is little better than a ravelled web. The philosophy of nearly every letter he has lately written on the subject is this: "I, James Braid, M.R.C.S. have found out a mode of accounting for a great deal that has been done in the names of magic, Mesmerism, &c. in all ages of the world; but as there are some phenomena that the circle I have chalked around me and called my theory does not comprehend—*clairvoyance*, and the indications of an affluence passing from one body to another amongst them—I beg leave to set the testimony of a hundred men, as intelligent and honourable as myself, at naught, until I have proved them by a method of my own. Such experiments, however, as tend to upset my theory altogether, I advise others not to try, as they are injurious and unjustifiable." If any one will take the trouble to read those letters again, he will find this to be the spirit pervading them throughout.

Some time ago Mr. Braid wrote several letters to me, with a view to involve me in experiments which he said were to set the question of *clairvoyance* at rest. It appears, from his recent publications, that he has been inviting a number of other experimenters to aid him in the same scheme. As I had not less faith in my own experience and in the reports of such able philosophers as had previously attested its existence, than in Mr. Braid's intended tests—as I did not suppose that those who question the testimony of Deleuze, Dupotet, Jung-Stilling, Townshend, and a host of other honourable men, would be likely to attach more importance to the assertions of Mr. Braid, I did not choose to insult *my own* understanding and the character of those philosophers, by mixing myself up with any thing implying that the question had not been already long settled; and this, it would appear, has given such great offence to Mr. Braid that he cannot think of any labours with the charity that becomes a true philosopher and a Christian; but must deprecate such experiments as were given before the Society for the Investigation of Mesmerism when made by me, though in the same letter declaring that he has *himself* REPEATEDLY performed such experiments successfully even on powerful men, &c.! Mr. Braid ought to learn, if he does not already know, that such a spirit is neither liberal nor modest.

If I have any thing now to add, it is that, on asking Mr. Holbrook the question, he replies that the sentiments of his letter to you were and still are *bonâ fide* his own, and that Mr. Braid's replication has only tended to confirm them; whilst for myself I have only one regular course in view—to go on hewing out facts from the quarry of truth, and not to run down others merely because they chance to be doing good in a way somewhat different to my own. For I do not for a moment deny the usefulness of Mr. Braid, although it cannot but be regretted that he should set so little value on the labours and feelings of those who chance to differ from him. I am, Sir, yours truly,

59, Pall Mall, London, SPENCER T. HALL.
June 26th, 1845.

A CURE.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Since my last communication a case has occurred which demands a little space in your "Journal of Mesmerism." Mr. Davey, the professor of Animal Magnetism therein introduced to your readers, has found his benevolent efforts to benefit suffering humanity eminently successful. A young woman of this place, daughter of Mr. Adam Bulley, has for the last three months entirely lost her voice, being unable to utter a word louder than a whisper. Medical skill proved of no avail. Mr. Davey, being introduced to her, gave her hopes of a speedy cure, which have been fully realized.

The first four experiments produced but little effect on her; during the fifth, her speech returned, but left her immediately on being demesmerised; the sixth accomplished the complete restoration of her voice, which she still retains, with every appearance of permanent benefit. Should a relapse occur at any time, Mr. Davey gives it as his firm opinion that the application of Magnetism would be attended with the same happy results.

Shaldon, June 25. W. B. B.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

Black sin will nestle below a crest,
And crime below a crown,
As good hearts beat 'neath a fustian vest,
As under a golden gown.
Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold
Their sinews to crush and kill,
And never a word be sung or heard
Of the men who reap and till?
I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng
Who greet the young morn with toil,
And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—The Kings of the soil!
Then sing for the kings who have no crown,
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread!

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand,
But ships would rot and be valued not
Were there none to till the land.
The wildest heath, the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest fleet,
For they feed the glad birds when they wake,
And give the beasts to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade, and plough,
The gladdening hour shall come,
When that which is called the "waste land" now
Shall ring with the "Harvest home."
Then sing for the kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread!

I envy him whose feet can tread
By the corn his hand hath sown;
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed,
It is *more* than music's tone.
There are prophet sounds that stir the grain
When its golden stalks shoot up,
Voices that tell how a world of men
Shall daily dine and sup.
Then shame, oh shame, on the miser creed,
That *doles* out praise or pay
To the men whose hand makes rich the land,
For who earn it more than they?
Then sing for the kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer bread!

The poet hath gladdened with song the past,
And still does he strike the string,
But a brighter light on him is cast
Who can plough as well as sing.
The wand of Burns had a double power
To soften the common heart;
Since with harp and spade, in a double trade,
He shared a common part.
Rome lavished fame on the yeoman's name*
Who banished her deep distress,
But had he ne'er quitted the field or plough,
His mission had not been less.
Then sing for the kings who are missioned all
To a toil that is rife with good;
Never sultan or dey had such power as they
To withhold or to offer food!

Bridgwater. E. H. BURRINGTON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following is the moderate scale of charges for Advertisements adopted by THE CRITIC.

For 6 lines and under..... 5s.
For every three lines above ..... 1s.

The volumes of THE CRITIC *neatly half-bound, as completed, for 4s. 6d. each, if the numbers be forwarded to the office. The stamped edition may be sent by post with the ends open, and a letter of advice should contain directions how it is to be returned.*

A portfolio, on a novel and convenient plan, for preserving the numbers of the current volume of THE CRITIC *may be had at the office, or by order, of any bookseller in the country, price 4s. 6d.*

THE CRITIC *may also be had in monthly parts, sewed in a wrapper price 1s. 6d. each.*

* Cincinnatus.

To Readers and Correspondents.

INQUIRER.—*The metaphysical works of Locke, Reid, Stewart, Kant, and Whateley, though those authors differ in their views, are to be recommended, and should be attentively read by all who apply themselves to this abstruse science. The other question is too general.*

E. M. R.—*The* serenade, *though creditable, is not sufficiently* marked *for insertion.*

J. C. Southampton.—*Is the poem (sent in type) intended for insertion? We conclude it has appeared in some provincial journal.*

TURTLE, Monmouth.—*The proper person to whom such a question should be addressed is a bookseller.*

C. B. LIDNEY.—*Simpson's Euclid.*

A SUBSCRIBER.—*The remark of the child was a shrewd one. We believe all the early painters, like the moderns, observed the rule objected to.*

A FREQUENT READER, Glasgow.—*Thanks for the able communication forwarded. It arrived too late for this number, but will duly appear in the next.*

ERRATUM.

In the report of a case of amputation of the hand without pain, in last week's number, it is erroneously stated that the operation took place at *Shaldon*; it should have been *Torquay*.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THERE is no incident of interest in the literary world. Publishing is still slack, and so will continue until the railway mania has somewhat subsided. It will be observed that we continue to receive from keepers of circulating libraries very interesting statements of their experiences of the books most in request in their several localities. A large collection of such facts will be extremely valuable, and we hope the example will be extensively followed. A correspondent has suggested the publication of a series of the best foreign novels and travels in small pocket volumes at one shilling each, similar in size and shape to those in which they find such enormous circulations upon the continent. What is the opinion of our experienced readers among the booksellers as to the probability of success for such an enterprise?

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In compliance with the request urged for some weeks past in THE CRITIC to ascertain the books most in request by the different library keepers, a novel idea, which cannot but greatly enhance your importance as a bookseller's guide, I will gladly furnish you with the result of my own experience. My readers are chiefly among the agricultural classes and tradespeople, and I find the works of Dickens, Cooper, Marryatt, James, and Lever very popular; Scott, before Cadell's cheap edition commenced, eclipsed every other, except Hogg, for whose works, especially his *Browney of Bodsbeck*, there is such a run, that from New Year's Day till New Year's Day it scarcely ever rests in the library. A novel by an unfortunate young man of this place, written before he was eighteen, entitled, *Douglas, or the Field of Otterburn*, has also a similar run. Ferrier, Galt, Hall, and Carlton are much sought after. Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*, when publishing in weekly numbers, sold immensely, but have fallen off greatly since they came into the library. Fashionable novels, even Hook's, adhere tenaciously to the shelves. Histories and Travels are also in fair demand, but Novels are the favourites beyond all measure.

I agree with Mr. Hough, that the cheap editions by the various publishers he mentions hurt the library, but improve the trade, in the mean time at least; though I fear the Novel Newspaper, in bringing down from a guinea and a half to a shilling, will do but little for the trade a few years hence; yet if it circulate knowledge and amusement, the chief aim of all writers of fiction, more extensively, we must submit, as we have reaped a plentiful harvest from most of its series already.

I am yours truly,
Dumfries, Jan. 29, 1845. DUGALD CAMERON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—The very efficient and impartial manner in which THE CRITIC has been conducted renders it incumbent on me to express my approval of a work so justly meriting the encouragement and commendation of every one.

The extracts are so useful, and the criticisms so appropriate and instructive, that I feel assured they cannot possibly fail of proving truly beneficial to the librarian, bookseller, and others of its numerous readers—indeed, its worth is so appreciated by

me, that I would make choice of it in preference to any other publication, and consider that no library should be without it.

I am, &c.

Gloucester, June 30, 1845. FRED. BOND.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.—We are glad to observe that the example of Manchester, in starting a local subscription in aid of the Hood Fund, is being followed in other large towns, and that the provincial journals are beginning to call public attention in their respective districts to this excellent object. A paragraph in the *Bath Chronicle* of Thursday last announces the opening of a subscription in that city and its neighbourhood; the result of which will, we doubt not, be such as to place Bath on a line with Manchester for liberality, and for an intelligent appreciation of literary genius. These unsolicited efforts on behalf of the deceased poet's family, occurring spontaneously in districts so widely remote, and among classes of such diverse interests and pursuits, bear witness to the general estimation in which Mr. Hood's versatile powers were held, and give something of a national character to the demonstration now making in his honour.

The French journals give accounts from Lyons of three mosaics discovered at Anse, in addition to the fine one found there in 1844. These later ones are only partly uncovered as yet; but sufficiently so to indicate their entire design to a commission of *savans* and artists who visited them from Lyons some days ago. The lateral mosaics consist of geometrical ornaments, composed of cubes in black and white marble, and exhibiting remarkable variety and elegance of forms. The central mosaic was the object of great admiration. The utmost luxury of decoration—colours of extreme beauty and designs infinitely varied—have been expended on it. Figures of fishes, birds of many kinds, dolphins, fruits, vases of antique form, &c. are multiplied over its surface, and "might serve," it is observed, "as magnificent models for the ornamental painters" of France. Sketches of some of these ornaments were made, for the purpose of being transmitted to the Minister whose department has charge of the arts and monuments of the kingdom.—*Athenæum.*

At the annual meeting of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, M. de Rémusat presiding. M. Mignet, perpetual secretary, read a "Historical Notice of the Life and Labours of M. de Sismondi." Of all the prizes offered, by its different sections, for essays and memoirs on various subjects, one only was awarded—to the author, viz. of a "Memoir on the German Philosophy." The subjects for future competition were announced, among which we may mention that, for the quinquennial prize of 5,000f. founded by the Baron Félix de Beaujour, to be determined in 1848, the Academy proposes the following subject:—"A Critical Examination of Pestalozzi's System of Instruction and Education, considered chiefly in its relations to the well-being and morality of the poorer classes."

The Royal Society of the Antiquaries of France, at its sitting of the 9th ult., filled up four vacancies in the ranks of its resident members with the following names:—MM. Lenormand and Lebas, Members of the Institute; Jules Quicherat, and Léon Renier.

The committee appointed by the *Académie Française* to decide on the subject of the famous prize of 10,000f. offered for the best five-act tragedy or comedy written within the last ten years, has made its report, and that M. Ponsard is the chosen laureate, in right of his tragedy of *Lucrèce.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From June 28 to July 5.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anecdotes of Archery, &c. by A. E. Hargrove, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Architectural History of Canterbury Cathedral, by the Rev. R. Willis, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Anstey's Six Lectures on the Laws and Constitutions of England, royal 12mo. 12s. bds.

Carter's (C. B.) Account of the Church of St. John the Baptist, at Bishopstone, plates, 4to. 10s. 6d. hf-bd.; ditto, large India paper, 18s. hf-bd.—Carter's (C. B.) Series of Ancient Painted Glass of Winchester Cathedral, 4to. coloured plates, 1*l.* 16s. hf-bd.—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, Vol. III. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Ciocci's Narrative of Iniquities and Barbarities at Rome, 5th ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Diprose's Comic Song Book, edited by Mr. R. Glindon, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.

Elements of Euclid, from the Text of Robt. Simson, M.D. Symbolical Edition, by R. Blakelock, 18mo. 6s. cl.—Eöthen, 4th edit. new plates and numerous corrections, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Ewald's (Rev. F. C.) Journal of Missionary Labours in the city of Jerusalem, during the Years 1842-3-4, fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Fitzgerald's (Rev. A. O.) Short Lectures on the Church Catechism, fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.

Hints to a Soldier on Service, by W. H. Maxwell, esq. author of "Stories of Waterloo," 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.

Improved Moveable Planisphere, by J. Aspin, with book of directions, 10s. 6d. on bds.

James's (G. P. R.) Works, Vol. V. "Philip Augustus," 8vo. 8s. cl.

Key to the Second and Third Parts of Ellis's Exercises, 12mo. 3s. shp.

Letters from the Mountains, by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, 6th edition, edited by J. P. Grant, esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.

Magic Goblet, a Swedish Tale, by Emilie Carlen, imp. 32mo. 2s. sd. (Clarke's Cabinet Series.)—Mayo on Cold-Water Cure, fc. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by Herself, 3 vols. post 8vo. with illustrations, 1*l.* 11s. 6d. cl.—Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents, by J. H. Jesse, esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. cl.—Memoirs of Silvio Pellico, or, My Prisons, imp. 32mo. (Clarke's Cabinet Edition), 1s. 6d. sd.—Musical Treasury, Vol. II. imp. 4to. 16s. bd. gilt edges.

Nelson's Dispatches, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, Vol. III. 8vo. 15s. cl.—Notes, Historical and Architectural, on the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Slymbridge, Gloucestershire, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. sd.

Owen's (Mrs.) Hand-Book of Knitting, 12mo. 1s. sd.

Popular Lectures on Romanism, by the Rev. E. T. Thompson, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Punch; or, the London Charivari, Vol. VIII. 4to. 8s. cl.

Religion at Home, by the author of "Meditations for Every Day in the Year," 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Sermons on the Church, by the Rev. E. Hoare, M.A. 18mo. 2s. cl.—Servia; the Youngest Member of the European Family, or Residence in Belgrade, by A. A. Paton, Esq. post 8vo. 12s. cl.—Suckling's (Rev. A.) Memorials of the Antiquities, Architecture, History, and Heraldry of the County of Essex, 4to. plates and woodcuts, 1*l.* 8s. hf.-bd.; ditto, large paper, 2*l.* 2s. hf.-bd.—Suckling's (Rev. A.) Memorials of the Antiquities of the County of Suffolk, Part I. 4to. 10s. swd. to be completed in Twelve Parts.

Thiers's Consulate and the Empire translated (Whittaker's Popular Library Edition), Part III. royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Tom Cringle's Log, by Michael Scott, new ed. complete, 1 vol. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Torrington Hall; or Two Days at an Asylum for the Insane, by Arthur Wallbridge, fc. 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.

Village Sermons, by Arthur Roberts, M.A. Vol. VI. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Woman's Influence, a Novel, by Mrs. Brereton, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher or THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Shakspere, diamond edition, Pickering, 1823. Nos. 5, 8, 10, 11, 14, 18, 20, 32, 35.

The Athenæum, for the year 1831, and for the years 1836 to 1844, both inclusive.

GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

Dr. Thompson, who was a celebrated physician in his day, was remarkable for two things,—viz. the slovenliness of his person and his dislike to muffins, which he always reprobated as being unwholesome. Breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcomb's when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins was introduced, upon which the doctor became furious, and vehemently exclaimed, "Take away the muffins." "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, and looking at the doctor significantly, "take away the *ragamuffins!*"

A Yankee captain once sung out in a squall, to a raw hand, newly shipped on board his craft, "Let go the jib, there! let go that jib!" "I an't a touchin it!" squalled out the simple down-easter, in return.

ROOK PIE.—Draw and skin as many young birds as will fill the dish; set them in cold water, with a little salt, for two hours; then remove the back-bones, season with pepper, salt, a little cayenne, and two or three cloves pounded fine; lay them closely in a pie-dish, adding some good gravy, with some pats of butter upon the top; cover the whole with a coarse flour-and-water paste, and bake it for an hour and a half. Next day, remove the coarse paste, replace it with a puff paste, and bake it over again till done; before serving, pour into the dish some highly-seasoned gravy. Some add the yolk of eggs and a steak at the bottom, as in a pigeon pie.

A rich Fellow of a college in Cambridge, after favouring Sir Isaac Pennington with a list of his maladies, inquired what he should take. "I should recommend you to take advice," was the reply.

THE CRITIC,

And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

ADVERTISING.

A RESPECTABLY circulated paper is the *Britannia*, and therefore a good medium for advertisements addressed to the better classes. Of a like character is the *Atlas*. Its circulation is small in amount, but it goes almost exclusively among the educated, its patrons being for the most part the higher grades of the middle classes. The charges of both are moderate.

We believe we have now named all of the weekly *general* newspapers that may be deemed to have a fair claim upon the attention of an advertiser who desires to exercise a choice, and not to advertise indiscriminately. Let us turn now to those which belong to classes; such as the commercial, the scientific, the literary journals. The professional papers have been already noticed.

There are three literary journals. Ranged according to age. they are the *Literary Gazette*, the *Athenæum*, and *The Critic*. But the *Athenæum* has far outstripped its elder brother in circulation and influence, the price of the *Gazette* (which is eightpence for a sheet not so large as *The Critic*) limiting it to a very small circle of readers, attached to it from long habit and acquaintance.

Of course, for all advertisements relating to literature and art, resort would be had in the first instance to the literary journals. If the advertiser can afford only one advertisement, undoubtedly he ought to send it to the *Athenæum;* if two, it is, we believe, a question even now which would have the best claim, the *Literary Gazette* or *The Critic*. It is impossible to ascertain precisely the circulation of journals that publish unstamped editions; but the booksellers and newsmen say that they sell more of *The Critic* than of the *Literary Gazette*. There is, moreover, another consideration of no small importance, which might be thrown into the scale in case of doubt. *The Critic* has a very extensive circulation, now amounting to more than 700, among the country booksellers, the circulating library keepers, and the book-clubs, to whom it offers certain advantages, for the avowed purpose of giving to it influence in the quarters where it may be most effective, that is to say, with those who are the principal book-*buyers*. In consequence of this peculiar branch of its circulation, advertisements are brought by *The Critic* more immediately under the notice of book-*buyers* than they could be by any other means, not even excepting the *Athenæum*, which circulates among those who read books rather than among those who supply them. Taking these circumstances into consideration, it is a matter for individual opinion which should have the *second* advertisement; but if there be a doubt, we would advise the advertiser to resolve it by giving the preference to long standing and undoubted respectability, and preferring the *Literary Gazette*. A *third* advertisement would, as a matter of course, be sent to *The Critic*, as the only remaining literary journal, before the advertiser proceeded further.

If, however, he should wish to advertise a literary announcement beyond its proper place in the literary journals, the same question will arise as before—what shall he do? We reply, as before; if you desire it *not* to be seen, sink your money in the mighty maze of a *Times* supplement. Prefer an evening to a morning paper. Be guided by the class of persons whom your subject-matter is likely to interest as to what journals, daily or weekly, you shall adopt, observing the information we have already given as to the nature of the circulation and the prices of each.

The charges of the three literary journals vary immensely. The *Athenæum* is extravagantly high—ruinously so to booksellers, and of itself shewed the necessity for a new medium whereby the announcements of the trade might be circulated at a more reasonable cost. Some idea may be formed of the *Athenæum* charges from this, that a few weeks since we paid *ten shillings* for the insertion of *five* lines! ! The *Literary Gazette* is moderate. The scale of *The Critic* has been framed at much below the average of the newspapers generally, purposely to try the experiment whether the booksellers will make it their circular, performing as it does for them a double function, namely, that of an announcement to the trade and the libraries, and that of an advertisement to the reading public. No other journal could offer to them this double advantage, for no other has *both* a trade circulation *and* a general circulation. The trial of an experiment so new is necessarily a work of time, and no judgment can be formed of its ultimate success until the design is thoroughly understood, and those who avail themselves of it have practically felt its advantages in the results. We are prepared to wait patiently, confident that it needs but to be comprehended to be unanimously supported.

But there is one class of advertisements for which THE CRITIC is the only existing medium—we allude to those especially addressed to the trade; such as businesses for sale, situations or assistants wanted, and so forth. For all such THE CRITIC is peculiarly adapted, and, indeed, there is no other journal by which the *trade*, in town and country, *can* be so extensively addressed.

We have endeavoured in these remarks to present a fair statement, exaggerating nothing and concealing nothing. An *opinion* upon a matter in which we have a personal interest we should not have ventured; but these are simply *matters of fact*, capable of proof, and which anybody who makes inquiry may ascertain.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Wienholt's Seven Lectures on Somnambulism.
(SECOND NOTICE.)

WIENHOLT commences his lectures with a denunciation of the mechanical psychology so prevalent in his day; meaning by this term the attempt to measure mind by the same natural laws as muscle, and the consequent tendency of philosophers to dispute every fact which tends to prove that the spiritual and the material portions of our mixed human nature are, in truth, governed by very different laws; they endeavour, in short, to dictate to nature their own theories, instead of humbly inquiring of nature to find out what truth, as yet undiscovered, might be lurking under her ample robes.

The lecturer then proceeds to define the object of his investigation. "I am now," he says, "going to speak of the NATURAL SOMNAMBULISM, or NOCTAMBULISM, as it frequently occurs in persons otherwise apparently healthy, especially in children during their sleep, as also as a symptom in serious nervous diseases, and not of similar states, which, as is well known, have been produced in recent times by artificial means."

These lectures, therefore, are entirely independent of Mesmerism. Their purpose is to inquire into a series of singular phenomena, the existence of which nobody denies, and the importance of which will not be disputed.

It exhibits a man in a totally different situation towards the external world; displays the thinking and sentient principle as a differently acting being, which relapses again into its ordinary state as soon as the curtain falls. Here we find a different distribution of the vital power, and, at the same time, many pheno-

mena present themselves, which are quite out of harmony with all that we, at other times, observe in man.

In the first lecture he limits himself to one of the peculiarities only, the *closed eyes* of the somnambulist. This is the general description of

THE PHENOMENA OF SLEEP-WALKING.

The sleep-walker, when otherwise healthy, falls, at a particular period, into a common sleep, which cannot be distinguished from the natural state of repose. After a longer or shorter time, he rises from his couch and walks about the room—sometimes about the house. He frequently goes out into the open air, walks upon known or unknown paths as quickly, and with as much activity and confidence as in his waking state, avoids all obstacles which may stand, or have been designedly placed on his route, and makes his way along rugged paths, and climbs dangerous heights, which he would never have thought of attempting when awake. He reads printed and written papers, writes as well and as correctly as in his waking state, and performs many other operations requiring light and the natural use of the eyes. All these actions, however, are performed by the somnambulist in complete darkness as well as when awake, and generally with his eyes firmly closed. I shall afterwards speak of the exceptions, in which these persons have their eyes open. When the period of his somnambulism has elapsed, he returns to his bed, falls back again into his natural sleep, awakes at his usual time, and, in most instances, knows nothing of what he had done in the *sleep-waking* state.

The lecturer has collected some of the best-authenticated cases of somnambulism, from which we select two or three of the most curious.

The first we take is inserted by MEINERS in his collection.

The patient was a female of sixteen years of age. The paroxysm generally attacked her in the morning, and consisted of a profound sleep. In this state, she would jump, with astonishing activity, upon tables and chairs, run, when permitted, and with great rapidity, out of the house,—generally to a particular place in the neighbourhood; and when she did not awake, she would return immediately, but sometimes by a different road, and in a different direction. She not unfrequently left the high road, and ran straight through the fields. She never fell, nor injured herself, however rough her path might be, or however fast she might run; and her speed was sometimes so great, that her much stronger and more active brother could not keep pace with her. She frequently mounted upon the garden-wall, upon the uneven top of which she continued to run; nay, she even went upon the edge of the house-roof, without once stumbling, much less falling. During all these hazardous operations, her eyes were fast closed, and she appeared to be deprived of all her other senses.

The next was related to the lecturer by Dr. SCHULZ, a distinguished physician of Hamburgh:—

It was that of a girl between twelve and thirteen years of age, belonging to a family of some distinction, who was afflicted with a violent nervous complaint, in which strong convulsive motions alternated with catalepsy and syncope. Besides, she frequently had paroxysms, during which she conversed with much liveliness and ingenuity. In this state she distinguished, without difficulty, all colours that were presented to her, recognised the numbers of cards, and the stripes upon those which were variegated. She described the colour of the binding of books when shewn to her; she wrote in the same manner as usual, and cut figures in paper, as she was accustomed to do, for pastime, in her waking state. Her eyes at this time were firmly closed; but, in order to be assured that she made no use of them, a bandage was placed over them on the approach of the paroxysm.

The *Breslaw Medical Collections* report another case equally remarkable:—

It relates to a rope-maker, who was frequently overtaken by sleep, even in the day-time, and in the midst of his usual occupations. While in this state, he sometimes recommenced doing all that he had been engaged in during the previous part of the day; at other times, he would continue the work in which he happened to be engaged at the commencement of the paroxysm, and finished his business with as great ease and success as when awake. When the fit overtook him in travelling, he proceeded on his journey with the same facility, and almost faster, than when awake, without missing the road or stumbling over any thing. In this manner he repeatedly went from Naumburgh to Weimar. Upon one of these occasions he came into a narrow lane, where there lay some timber. He passed over it regularly, without injury, and with equal caution and dexterity he avoided the horses and carriages which came in his way. At another time he was overtaken by sleep just as he was about to set out for Weimar on horseback. He rode through the river Ilne, allowed his horse to drink, and drew up his legs to prevent them from getting wet; then passed through several streets, crossed the market-place (which was at that time full of people, carts, and booths), and arrived in safety at the house of an acquaintance, where he awoke. These, and many similar facts, requiring the use of the eyes, he performed in darkness, as well as by day-light. His eyes, however, were firmly closed, and he could not see when they were forced open, and stimulated by light brought near them. His other senses appeared to be equally dormant as were his eyes. He could not smell even the most volatile spirit; he felt nothing when pinched, pricked, or struck; he heard nothing when called by his name, or even when a pistol was discharged close beside him.

One other case, reported by the Archbishop of Bourdeaux, in the French Cyclopædia, must not be omitted:—

It is the case of a young ecclesiastic in the same seminary with the Archbishop, who was in the habit of getting up during the night, in a state of somnambulism, of going to his room, taking pen, ink, and paper, and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished one page of the paper on which he was writing, he would read over what he had written and correct it. Upon one occasion he had made use of the expression: *Ce divin enfant*. In reading over the passage, he changed the adjective *divin* into *adorable*. Perceiving, however, that the pronoun *ce* could not stand before the word *adorable*, he added to the former the letter *t*.

In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made any use of his eyes, the Archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin, to prevent him from seeing the paper upon which he was writing; but he continued to write on, without appearing to be incommoded in the slightest degree. The paper upon which he was writing was taken away, and other paper laid before him; but the somnambulist immediately perceived the change.

He wrote pieces of music while in this state, and in the same manner, *with his eyes closed*. The words were placed under the musical notes. It happened, upon one occasion, that the words were written in too large a character, and did not stand precisely under the corresponding notes. He soon perceived the error, blotted out the part, and wrote it over again with great exactness.

In the second lecture WIENHOLT proceeds to consider whether in sleep-walking the eyes only *appear* to be closed, or whether they are *really* shut. He reviews the various explanations that have been attempted by medical and other philosophers, all of which resolve themselves into this, that the sleep-walker is in a waking dream, and his imagination presents images of known objects as vividly as if they were realities. But this entirely fails to explain how it happens that the idea in the imagination should coincide precisely with the external fact; and how the representations of places where the patient has never been, as the roofs of houses, or of obstacles unexpectedly lying in the way, come to be painted upon his mind. The lecturer appeals to the experience of all who have ever played blindman's buff for testimony how difficult it is to advance even a few steps straightforward with the eyes completely closed; much less to make way through intricate paths. Having shewn the fallacy of previous explanations, he proceeds to suggest his own.

He introduces his explanation with a review of the phenomena of ordinary sleep. In this the external senses, especially that of sight, are shut up, and the deeper the sleep the more completely is the excitability of the nerves by the usual *stimuli* abolished. In somnambulism we have all the phenomena of natural sleep with an addition. It is, in fact, merely a peculiar occurrence during sleep, the latter never being interrupted by the former.

In somnambulism, however, the mind receives sensible impressions; there is activity in some part of the system that usually sleeps; the connection between the mind and the muscles, broken in ordinary sleep, is restored in somnambulism. May it not be, ask some, that the eye is not completely closed, or that it opens at times to receive the necessary impressions?

But a small opening would not enable the sleep-walker to see the objects he is known to perceive, and that it is not produced by an occasional opening is shewn by the fact that he continually acts just as he would do if he possessed the complete use of his eyes. But *the fact* is otherwise, as the most careful observation has proved. It has been ascertained beyond doubt that the eye of the somnambulist is wholly insensible; "that in him the condition of the eye and the inactivity of the

optic nerve, are the same as in an individual affected with amaurosis," and its principal functions are temporarily abolished. In proof of this many cases are adduced in the third lecture, but which we cannot pause to cite.

The fourth lecture is devoted to a reply to the objection so incessantly urged, that if it be possible to see without the eye, of what use are the eyes—why was so curious and admirable a structure provided? But the question is too important to be dismissed in a sentence, so we will defer the consideration of it until next week.

HISTORY.

The History of the Volunteers of 1782. By THOMAS McNEVIN, Esq. Barrister-at-law. Dublin: Duffy.

THE little volume before us is the first of a contemplated library for the people, evidently projected for the purpose of disseminating the opinions of a powerful party in Ireland; many persons, consequently, will be thereby induced to view suspiciously, if not to prejudge unfavourably, the whole series, few taking the trouble to consider that the respective libraries of Messrs. KNIGHT and BURNS are, in fact, party publications, and the organs of particular systems of education.

What are the shilling Weekly Volumes—with their information on the most dissimilar subjects—their volumes of biography, travel, poetry, and spinning-jennies—but a continuation, on certainly an extended scale, of the original project of the Useful Knowledge Society? What, also, are the pretty fanciful *tomes* of the "Fireside Library," with their careful selection of our old ballad poesy, their specimens of German romance—(from the ideal, not metaphysical, portion of that huge mass of imaginative fiction)—their original and selected tales, all redolent with the purest religious—not party religious—feeling, but a carrying out of church principles of education?

And what but to propagate a peculiar political creed has occasioned the issue of the present specimen of "Duffy's Monthly Volumes"—volumes that are intended to furnish the Irish people with a popular history of their country; to tell of her struggles and contests for liberty, the deeds and sufferings of her patriots and demagogues—all doubtless tending to the establishment of the principal article in their political belief—Repeal. That such is the object of the series is certain, and it would be ridiculous to shut our eyes to or pretend ignorance of the fact; yet, all political feeling being laid aside, there remains but little room to doubt that a few well-written books on Irish history would be very beneficial, and we believe equally acceptable to ourselves as to our neighbours; always a proviso being made, that the authors—among whom are to be included the writers of the capital ballads in the *Spirit of the Nation*—can contrive to keep in the background a little of their hatred of the "Saxon." This, and this only, will prevent their obtaining a general English circulation.

The Irish Volunteers, whose history forms the first number of the series, have been and still are remembered by the Irish nation with pride and satisfaction. They rose at a time when Ireland was ruled by one of the worst governments, and, unhappily, she has not had few such, that ever country was fated to endure.

It was a time when England's glory had been tarnished, and her struggle with America had proved unsuccessful, and when the vessels of the exulting French swept the English and Irish seas. A descent on Ireland was meditated by the French, and England, either unwilling or incapable of succouring the sister isle, left her with but a few troopers to guard her unprotected shores. To the city of Belfast belongs the honour of first rousing her sons to form battalions to resist the expected attack of the enemy; though many (and we fear the conduct of our own country to her neighbour partially justified them) were doubtful whether the French were their natural foes. The example of Belfast was quickly followed by other cities, and a powerful and well-disciplined force was soon organized. The English government was aroused by the martial bearing of so large an armed body, and, fearful lest the recent example of her revolted children in America might be followed in another dependency, whose mismanagement had provoked such general disaffection, refused to legalize their proceedings; and as she had foreseen, the fear of invasion having passed away, the Volunteers, instead of disbanding, applied themselves to considering the state of the country, and attempting to settle her commerce on a firmer footing. The determination of the Volunteers not to consume foreign exports, and to use only Irish manufactures, which was acquiesced in by the majority of the nation, produced benefit to her trade.

They did not stop here; but their hopes rising with their numbers, they now turned their minds to the furtherance of constitutional liberty, and, lending their aid to the liberal minority of the Irish House of Commons, obtained many concessions from the ministry of Lord NORTH.

But if their rise was sudden and extraordinary, their decline and fall was no less rapid. Mr. M'NEVIN inclines to attribute it to the narrow-minded bigotry of many of the Volunteers, and more especially of the patriot HENRY FLOOD, and their Commander-in-Chief, the Earl of CHARLEMONT, both of whom refused to admit the Catholics to the exercise of the elective franchise, thereby losing the confidence of that large and powerful body. Prejudice, however, had not yet worn away, nor was the age prepared for such a step. A more likely cause of the downfal of the Volunteer force might be found in the heterogeneous masses which composed it. Lord CHARLEMONT and HENRY GRATTAN; FLOOD and the Hon. ROBERT STEWART; the Duke of LEINSTER and fighting GEORGE FITZGERALD; the mitred Earl of BRISTOL, who rivalled in ability and profligacy the celebrated, or rather notorious, GEORGE VILLIERS, and Sir JONAH BARRINGTON, of facetious memory, are specimens of the ill-assorted spirits enrolled among its numbers.

POETRY.

Sketches and Specimens from the Minor Poems of Schiller. By GEORGE C. SWAYNE, M. A. Bristol, 1845.

THIS very little book is intended to encourage the growing taste of our countrymen for the study of continental literature, by exhibiting a few specimens of the wealth of poetry to be found in SCHILLER; and doubtless, if these should find a reception that will justify a larger enterprise, Mr. SWAYNE will hereafter give to the world a complete translation of the poetical works from which such fine passages have been gleaned. Even if no opportunity had been afforded for judging by proofs, we should have felt satisfied of Mr. SWAYNE's fitness for such a task from his introductory chapter, wherein he exhibits an accurate understanding of the *spirit* of German poetry, tinged as it is by the hues of its philosophy. This essay is, indeed, by no means a common-place production. It is full of thought, and displays a power to write well, which the author should exercise in a larger sphere. He remarks, that the Teutonic race stands at length where Providence intended it should stand, at the head of progressive society. Of that race, England and Germany claim the pre-eminence—both possessing the same intellectual energies, but turned into different channels by the tendencies of institutions and forms of government.

As it is, the English mind is generally objective, the German subjective—the English practical, the German theoretical—the English restless, enterprising, rapid, mechanical, materializing, utilitarian; the German, on the contrary, dreamy, sedate, meditative, deficient in mechanical address, spiritualizing, wrapt in the contemplation and realization of the Beautiful, rather than devoted to the production of the Useful. And this difference, as might be expected, pervades the respective languages and literature. The characteristic of the British tongue is its exact fitness for business and rapid action (take the slang of the sea as an example); it is short, sharp, strong, terse, and to the point, as if it had much to say and little time to say it in; the German is precise in its grammatical constructions, curious in its combinations, harmonious in its conception rather than its sound, grappling with the idea more closely than the English, though not so off-hand in expression, and on the whole better calculated to express thoughts than things. This difference of character in the literature of the two countries is nowhere more discernible than in their respective poetry. German poetry is essentially contemplative and spiritual; English is rather dramatic, active, practical—at least, if we take Schiller and Shakspere as types of the genius of each.

SCHILLER is the most thoroughly German of the German poets, and therefore is deemed by Mr. SWAYNE to deserve especial attention, and of his poetical works, his Gedichte, or

Minor Poems, are the most instinct with the spirit of his country's mind.

It is with hope to interest English readers in such a poet that Mr. SWAYNE has selected some of the best specimens of his lyrics, and especially such as were the most characteristic, and translated them with vigour and fidelity, and strung them together with a running commentary illustrative of the history or design of each, so as to make it more intelligible to the reader who may not be acquainted with the original.

Here, for instance is a translation and the note by which it is introduced. Both must greatly please the readers of THE CRITIC.

"Die Erwartung," or "Expectation," is a pretty love-poem. It reminds one of the opening lines of "Parisina." The lover is listening for the approach of his fair one; he is deceived by one sound after another—the wind whistling in the poplars, the bird fluttering from the thicket, the swan stirring the water, the falling of fruit—and he mistakes the glistening of a pillar through waving yews for the floating of a white robe. In the intervals of these mistakes he describes in glowing terms the happiness of his situation.

EXPECTATION.

Did I not hear the door creak?
And the click'd latch suddenly jar?
No! 'tis only the winds that speak
In the poplars plaining afar.

Attire thee bravely, verdure-prankt alcove,
To bear the brunt of beauty's searching splendour;
Ye boughs, spread out your canopy above,
Green night's mysterious mellowness engender;
Wake, wanton airs, to fawn upon my love,
And, dallying with her rosy cheeks, attend her:
While her bright-glancing foot, with sinuous grace
Bears its sweet burden to the trysting-place.

Ah! heard I not something rustle,
Bounding in haste through the brakes?
Peace! 'tis a frightened throstle,
Whose flutter the thicket shakes.

O Day, this moment quench thy bright flambeau;
Weird Night, befriend me with thy mute collusion,
Weave o'er us boughs of labyrinthine flow,
Shed round us purple gloaming's soft suffusion.
Eaves-dropping Nature Love accounts his foe,
Likes not one sacrilegious beam's intrusion;
Sage Hesperus alone his trust allows
Serenely gazing down, to bless his vows.

But heard I not echoes waking
Of a distant voice that spake?
No! 'twas but the cygnet breaking
Into circles the silver lake.

Bewildering harmonies swarm on my ear,
The fountain welcomes with its warbling water,
Low droops the blossom, zephyr's kiss comes near,
And every creature seems delight to barter,
The masquing grape, with deftly winking leer
Hails through the leaves the peachtree's buxom daughter.
Each gust, in flower-aromas bathing low,
From mine impassioned cheek drinks out the glow.

But a footstep approaches and stops!
And the laurel it brushed on its road!
No! 'tis but a nectarine drops,
Slain with its own rich load.

Lo! Day at length withdraws his eye of blaze;
In languid death his motley colour passes,
Now boldly open, for they shunned the rays,
Flower-bells, that might be fairies' drinking-glasses,
The full moon mounts as blanching with amaze,
The world melts down in huge reposing masses,
The girdle falls from every form that's fair,
And Nature's breast of beauty glistens bare.

But what was that quiver of whiteness,
Like flickering silk as it flew?
Naught but the column's brightness
That blinked from the sable yew.

My longing heart, must thou beguile me still
With sweet imaginations void of being?
In vain I stretch the arm her form should fill;
Avaunt, ye phantom-joys, my parch'd lips fleeing!
But come, sweet Life, my dearth of soul to kill,
Let thy bland touch convince me I am seeing.
The merest shade that from her mantle streams
Would change to substance all my hollow dreams.

And soft, as the shade that divided
In heaven my dial of bliss,
To my side she had stealthily glided,
And banished the trance with a kiss.

The translator, in conclusion, remarks, that "a more general study of German literature would be highly beneficial to English taste. It would be a set-off against the too material and mechanical tendencies of the time." In this we heartily concur; and therefore it is that a distinct department of THE CRITIC has been specially dedicated to the diffusion of the literary intelligence of Germany, and in this we should be glad to have the aid of so able and sound-thoughted a writer as Mr. SWAYNE.

EDUCATION.

Geography in Verse. London: Sharpe.

ALL experience proves that the memory of names is much aided by linking them with the associations of metre and rhyme. To this day do we recal the months, the order of the kings and queens, and divers other slightly connected facts, by repeating some barbarous rhyme learned at school, in which they are set forth. Acting upon this lesson of experience, we are here presented with a geography in rhyme, England and Wales being the theme. The verse is far better than we are wont to see in productions of this class, and we doubt not that it might be made a useful and effective agent in the work of education.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

ANOTHER heap of periodicals having accumulated, we propose to clear the table with a brief notice of their various claims upon the attention of the reading world.

But one novelty appears among them. It is entitled *The Traveller's Magazine*, and a portion of its design is somewhat similar to that of the department of "The Tourist," in THE CRITIC, namely, to gather the information of travellers everywhere; but a magazine cannot pass by the post, and therefore will not circulate so largely abroad as a journal; hence THE CRITIC will be enabled to effect the object much more completely and speedily; the latter being an important consideration. The magazine before us contains some amusing articles. "The First Pilgrimage and Last Tour" of the editor, is pleasantly written, and promises well for the good taste with which the publication will be conducted. Mr. JOHNSTON'S "Voyage along the Eastern Coast of Arabia" is another amusing paper. To our taste, one of the most attractive articles is that on "Life and Sports in the Wild Bush of Australia." This adventure has at least the recommendation of novelty; it is evidently well conducted, and it stands a fair chance of success, if, indeed, any new magazine *can* succeed, which long-headed men deny.

The Church of England Quarterly Review has just issued a number which contains many papers of more than usual merit. "Scriptural Geology," from a pen not difficult to be traced, appears at a season when the fierce controversy that has been waged in the columns of *The Times* by philosophers and anti-philosophers, has brought the science of geology prominently under public notice. This article, for its own merits, deserves perusal. "The movement in Germany" is a paper appropriate to its place, as it follows succinctly the progress of the religious revival that has occurred in Germany. The fourth article, on "The Natural Limits of Subscription," deals cautiously with a trying and difficult question, in handling which it is almost impossible to avoid imputations from one side or the other. "The Prospects of the English Church" is another article extremely appropriate to this review, and it is written with commendable calmness and liberality. "Jesuits and Jesuitry" is a powerful and eloquent exposure of the movements of that body, which is again spreading dissension among the Christian world, and growing in strength every day. "The Maynooth Question" is elaborately reviewed, and severe strictures are passed on the more prominent personages who took part in the debates. SOUTHEY'S lumbering "Life of Bell," is abstracted at some length, and there are other articles on Church topics which must recommend this review to churchmen of all classes.

Wade's London Review proceeds with energy and ability. The July number commences a new volume, and romance and poetry have been added to the contents, to make them more generally attractive. But the editor must be careful not too much to sacrifice the substantial to the showy.

Another number, the eighth, of *Mores Catholici*, has come to hand. It is as stuffed with learning, and displays as much enthusiasm for the antique in manners and emotions, as did its predecessors.

Dolman's Magazine is dedicated to the service of the Roman Catholics, although not exclusively so, for there is much in it that would interest the general reader. Such is, "An Adventure in the Pacific," "The Popular Author," and the "Peep at all Things and a Few Others," which prove that clever heads are engaged upon its pages.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for June and July is certainly by far the best of the magazines devoted to our colonial empire. It not only contains the largest collection of news from the

colonies, but original articles of great value and importance, which will form a library of reference on colonial subjects.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine for July offers nothing that claims special notice. The best article is still the editor's novel, "St. Giles's and St. James's."

The subjects of *the* illustration of *George Cruikshank's Table-Book* for the present month are "the Bear and the Lion" of a fashionable party. These, as usual, are the best portion of the work,—that alone which could obtain for it public patronage.

The Classical Museum for July contains a number of articles calculated to attract the lover of the classics. The most remarkable of them are an essay on "Baalbec, Palmyra, and the Extreme North-Eastern Bounds of the Land assigned to the Israelites," by the Rev. W. EWING, and Mr. DYER'S able strictures on "The Antigone of Sophocles and the Quarterly Review." Professor BERGH, "On the Age of Babrius," will reward perusal for the vast research and erudition it displays.

The July number of the *Dublin University Magazine* opens a new volume with more than the usual variety of topic, but still with the fault we have already noticed, of introducing too many reviews. Here, for instance, are no less than five, while the original articles are only four, exclusive of poetry. These latter are a "Narrative of a remarkable Trial for Witchcraft," curious and amusing; another number of the series entitled "Anthologia Germanica," which has so frequently adorned this magazine with admirable translations of the best lyrics of Germany; a continuation of the series of essays on the Italian poets, TASSO being still the never-tiring theme, and a political article. The poetry of the number possesses a special claim upon our attention, inasmuch as it contains a composition by COLERIDGE, not before made public, and bearing traces of his genius. A gem of such value must be extracted.

A STRANGER MINSTREL.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Not published in any edition of his works.
Written to Mrs. Bobinson a few days before her death.

As late on Skiddaw mount I lay supine
Midway the ascent, in that repose divine
When the soul, centred in the heart's recess,
Hath quaffed its fill of Nature's loveliness,
Yet still beside the fountain's marge will stay,
And fain would thirst again, again to quaff;
Then when the tear, slow travelling on its way,
Fills up the wrinkle of a silent laugh;
In that sweet mood of sad and humorous thought,
A form within me rose, within me wrought
With such strong magic, that I cried aloud,
"Thou ancient Skiddaw! by thy helm of cloud,
And by thy many-coloured chasms so deep,
And by their shadows that for ever sleep—
By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
Along the edges of those spots of light,
Those sunshine islands on thy smooth green height—
And by yon shepherds with their sheep,
And dogs and boys, a gladsome crowd
That rush even now with clamour loud
Sudden from forth thy topmost cloud—
And by this laugh, and by this tear,
I would, old Skiddaw! she were here!
A lady of sweet song is she—
Her soft blue eye was made for thee!
Oh, ancient Skiddaw! by this tear
I would, I would, that she were here!"

Then ancient Skiddaw, stern and proud,
In sullen majesty replying,
Thus spake from out his helm of cloud—
(His voice was like an echo dying)—
"She dwells, belike, by scenes more fair,
And scorns a mount so bleak and bare!"
I only sighed when this I heard,
Such mournful thoughts within me stirred
That all my heart was faint and weak,
So sorely was I troubled!
No laughter wrinkled now my cheek,
But, oh! the tears were doubled.

But ancient Skiddaw, green and high,
Heard and understood my sigh;
And now, in tones less stern and rude,
As if he wished to end the feud,
Spake he, the proud response renewing—
(His voice was like a monarch wooing)—
"Nay, but thou dost not know her might—
The pinions of her soul how strong!
But many a stranger in my height
Hath sung to me her magic song,
Sending forth his ecstasy
In her divinest melody.
And hence I know her soul is free—
She is where'er she wills to be,
Unfettered by mortality!
Now to the 'haunted beech' can fly,
Beside the threshold scourged with waves;
Now to the maniac while he raves,
'*Pale moon! thou spectre of the sky.*'
No wind that hurries o'er my height
Can travel with so swift a flight.
I too, methinks, might merit
The presence of her spirit!
To me, too, might belong
The honour of her song,
And witching melody
Which most resembles me,
Soft, various, and sublime,
Exempt from wrongs of Time!"

Thus spake the mighty mount, and I
Made answer with a deep-drawn sigh—
"Thou ancient Skiddaw, by this tear,
I would, I would, that she were here!"

Sealy's Western Miscellany is a little monthly magazine published at Bristol, and containing some very respectable productions both in prose and poetry. Mr. TOLFREY'S "Mop Squeezers of the Metropolis" abounds in humour and in truth; and "The Ghost of the Jew," from the pen of the Editor, is a tale in verse worthy of INGOLDSBY.

The seventh part of the *Modern Orator* contains a portion of the speeches of SHERIDAN. We have already commended the design of this publication, and suggested some improvements; and, as it proceeds, we discover nothing to change our opinion of the justice of the one, or the propriety of the other.

The sixth part of the *Lectures addressed chiefly to the Working Classes*, by W. J. FOX, completes the first volume, and contains three discourses on the "Reciprocal Duties of Members of Parliament, Electors, and Non-Electors." There are few volumes in our language which comprise so much truth so eloquently uttered as does this; and it can prefer the rare boast that all its teachings are practical, and addressed to the daily duties and needs of every man.

Knight's Political Dictionary will be a useful work when completed, just such a one as is required by the man of business and the politician. The articles are not overlaboured, and they convey the most material facts in a form readily intelligible. The cost, too, will be very trifling, so that it may be added to every library. The sixth part, now before us, ranges from the word "Copyright" to the word "Divorce," and comprises the articles, "Corn-Laws," "Corporation," "Cortes," "Cotton," "County-rate," "Court-Martial," "Credit," "Customs," "Debenture," "Demand and Supply," "Democracy," "Distress," "Employments," &c. &c.

The fifth part of Dr. YOUNG'S *Lectures on Natural Philosophy* treats, in his perspicuous manner, of "Harmonics, Musical Instruments, the Theory of Optics, Optical Instruments, and Physical Optics." As in the previous parts, the text is accompanied by numerous engravings on steel.

The Art Union for June and July exhibits the same steady progress of improvement which has distinguished it from its commencement. Articles on the decorative and ornamental arts have been introduced, with good effect, and the proprietor is most liberal in graphic illustrations, each number being adorned with one or more steel engravings and many wood-cuts. The subjects treated of are various. For instance, in the number for June are articles on "Head Coverings in England," a chapter on hats, with some fifteen illustrations; "The Exhibition of the Louvre," with no less than eleven large woodcuts of the most remarkable pictures there; notices of all the galleries, and every kind of intelligence relative to art. The July number is chiefly occupied with a minute description of the League Bazaar, illustrated with a multitude of woodcuts. But in addition to this it has pictorial extracts from HOW'S superb *Book of British Song*; a steel engraving of "The Chocolate Girl," from PAYNE'S *Universum*; and accounts of the progress of Art in the continental states. The success of this periodical will not surprise, when the manner of its getting up is considered. Its cheapness is as extraordinary as its beauty.

RELIGION.

Churches, their Structure, Arrangement, and Decoration. By the Rev. GEO. A. POOLE, M.A. London, 1845. Burns. THIS pretty little book is No. 6, in "Burns' Fireside Library." It is a reprint, with considerable additions and alterations, from two previously published lectures on the appropriate character of ecclesiastical architecture, delivered at the Leeds library. Although it has not the pretensions of PUGIN'S or BRITTON'S works upon the same subject, or even those of the more popular treatises of BLOXAM and BARR, it will be found a very useful guide to those who are entering upon the threshold of a knowledge of church architecture. Within the last few years popular attention has been largely directed to such subjects, and with the most beneficial effect. The unsightly edifices which contented the miserable taste of the last generation, and which are unworthy of Him to whose service they are dedicated, and a disgrace to those who were concerned in their erection, are now no longer tolerated; a better taste begins to prevail, and

religious feeling, as in other days, seems asserting her right to be the mother of arts the most refined and exalted. Mr. POOLE comments and discourses upon every part of a Gothic church, its general design, its furniture, its ornaments, and its symbolical teaching, in a very pleasing and interesting manner. Not the least of the praise belonging to him is, that there is not a word in his book to offend the prejudices or irritate the sensitiveness of any class of religionists, in the one extreme or in the other. Even the great iconoclast, Mr. CLOSE, of Cheltenham, could scarcely find any thing to censure. We cannot do otherwise than recommend Mr. POOLE's little book to all who are ignorant, all who know a little, and all who know much of church architecture. Each will find something to interest him. The volume is worthy of the rest of this interesting series.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations, and Fragments. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. A new Edition. London, 1845. Moxon.

A NEW and cheap edition of a book would usually need but a short notice, announcing the changes in its external form, and its peculiar claims upon the patronage of the wider circle to whom it is introduced; but occasions sometimes offer when a departure from this wonted rule will be excused by the readers of THE CRITIC, provided those exceptions be limited to works of more than common interest, which, having been originally published before THE CRITIC was established, have never been reviewed in its columns.

Such an excepted work is that before us; not alone because of its intrinsic worth, but on account of the name of him whose fragmentary compositions, letters and journals, it has collected under the editorship of the poet's widow, herself a writer of no ordinary genius.

Mr. MOXON has added it to his series of cheap editions, and it appears accordingly compressed into a volume of moderate size, and sold at a very trifling price. But nothing has been sacrificed in the way of paper or print, for both are of the finest, and the latter so clear and readable that even the old may enjoy it.

The contents of the volume are extremely miscellaneous, and as various in merit as in subject. They prove the vast range of SHELLEY's busy mind, and its tendency to the speculative rather than to the practical. His philosophy is a trifle too much tinged with poetry, and his essays, especially the "Defence of Poetry," are too much like the themes of a schoolboy. They are common-place, and in thought and style unworthy the author. They do indeed contain passages that mark the presence of genius; flashes here and there dazzling us with their glare, which are the salvation of the treatise. But they are few, too few to permit us to dwell upon those portions of the volume, especially when there is so much beside of beauty and interest to engage attention.

The first essay, entitled "A Defence of Poetry," is the only entirely finished prose work SHELLEY left. It proves that poetry was his mission, and that in the devotion with which he followed it he but pursued the natural bent of his genius. In this essay he rebukes the utilitarian tendencies of the age, and utters this remarkable prophecy of their results, the truth of which we daily see more and more established. "Whilst the mechanist abridges," he says, "and the political economist combines labour, let them beware that their speculations, for want of correspondence with those first principles which belong to the imagination, do not tend, as they have in modern England, to exasperate at once the extremes of luxury and want." This is the philosophy of Young England put into expressive shape, and indicates the tendency of SHELLEY's mind.

A short fragment "On the Literature, Arts, and Manners of the Athenians," is too brief even to indicate the design. "The Banquet of Plato," is translated with singular elegance, yet with minute fidelity. Some comments on "Love" are a burst of genuine poetry.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction towards all that we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason, we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood. This is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother; this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly see within our intellectual nature a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of every thing excellent or lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed; a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness; a soul within our soul that describes a circle around its proper paradise, which pain, and sorrow, and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret; with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands; this is the invisible and unattainable point to which Love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which there is no rest nor respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

Two fragments of romances, one entitled "The Coliseum," the other, "The Assassins," exhibit much pomp of words, but do not advance either story sufficiently to engage the reader's interest. Papers on the "Punishment of Death," which he denounces, and on a "Future State," of which he appears dubious (he had not witnessed Mesmerism) are succeeded by speculations on Metaphysics and on Morals; the former being a collection of notes evidently jotted down for after use. Among these he notes a curious incident in his own life. It runs thus:—

A MYSTERY.

But the most remarkable event of this nature, which ever occurred to me, happened five years ago at Oxford. I was walking with a friend, in the neighbourhood of that city, engaged in earnest and interesting conversation. We suddenly turned the corner of a lane, and the view, which its high banks and hedges had concealed, presented itself. The view consisted of a windmill, standing in one among many plashy meadows, inclosed with stone walls; the irregular and broken ground, between the wall and the road on which we stood; a long low hill behind the windmill, and a grey covering of uniform cloud spread over the evening sky. It was that season when the last leaf had just fallen from the scant and stunted ash. The scene surely was a common scene; the season and the hour little calculated to kindle lawless thought; it was a tame uninteresting assemblage of objects, such as would drive the imagination for refuge in serious and sober talk, to the evening fire-side, and the dessert of winter fruits and wine. The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long——

Mrs. SHELLEY adds in a note, that this strange fragment was concluded with this memorandum: "Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror;" and that he came to her from writing it, pale and agitated with fearful emotions.

Other translations from PLATO follow, and then we arrive at the portion of the volume which contains the matter of the most general interest—a tour—a few scraps from his journal, and his letters from Italy. In all these, the man and the poet are beheld in their natural form, and individuality, always attractive, is stamped upon every page. It is over this portion of the volume that we shall chiefly linger, and that, not so much by way of commentary as in the shape of extract, the language of such a man as SHELLEY being in itself a luxury not often to be found even in the wide researches of a literary journal.

The Tour was one of six weeks through France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, and being the first introduction of the young poet to foreign scenery and manners, it is instinct with the enthusiasm of delight that makes such an event one of the very brightest in the history of a life. The journal is evidently real; a record kept for private reference, and written with no purpose of publication. It is therefore brief and unstudied in expression, but not the less a graphic picture of the impressions of external objects upon the tourist's mind. In the letters this is more especially displayed, and in these latter his pen indulges in more minute description, and occasionally in reflections that were stirred in his deep heart by the objects he beheld. From these we will take indiscriminately the passages that struck us, on perusal, as deserving special attention, from the interest of their themes or the beauty of the telling.

Here is a ludicrous anecdote.

A RHINE BOATMAN.

The last part of this voyage was performed close under land, as the wind was so violently against us, that, even with all the force of a rapid current in our favour, we were hardly permitted to proceed. We were told (and not without reason) that we ought to congratulate ourselves on having exchanged our canoe for this boat, as the river was now of considerable width, and tossed by the wind into large waves. The same morning a boat, containing fifteen persons, in attempting to cross the water, had upset in the middle of the river, and every one in it perished. We saw the boat turned over, floating down the stream. This was a melancholy sight, yet ludicrously commented on by the *batelier;* almost the whole stock of whose French consisted in the word *seulement*. When we asked him what had happened, he answered, laying particular emphasis on this favourite dissyllable, *C'est seulement un bateau, qui était seulement renversé, et tous les peuples sont seulement noyés.*

A poet's hand is visible in this picture of

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

The next morning we proceeded, still ascending among the ravines and valleys of the mountain. The scenery perpetually grows more wonderful and sublime: pine forests of impenetrable thickness and untrodden, nay, inaccessible expanse, spread on every side. Sometimes the dark woods descending, follow the route into the valleys, the distorted trees struggling with knotted roots between the most barren clefts; sometimes the road winds high into the regions of frost, and then the forests become scattered, and the branches of the trees are loaded with snow, and half of the enormous pines themselves buried in the wavy drifts.

The spring, as the inhabitants informed us, was unusually late, and indeed the cold was excessive; as we ascended the mountains, the same clouds which rained on us in the valleys poured forth large flakes of snow thick and fast. The sun occasionally shone through these showers, and illuminated the magnificent ravines of the mountains, whose gigantic pines were some laden with snow, some wreathed round by the lines of scattered and lingering vapour; others darting their spires into the sunny sky, brilliantly clear and azure.

At Geneva he records

AN INCIDENT.

On returning to the village, we sat on a wall beside the lake, looking at some children who were playing at a game like ninepins. The children here appeared in an extraordinary way deformed and diseased. Most of them were crooked, and with enlarged throats; but one little boy had such exquisite grace in his mien and motions, as I never before saw equalled in a child. His countenance was beautiful for the expression with which it overflowed. There was a mixture of pride and gentleness in his eyes and lips, the indications of sensibility, which his education will probably pervert to misery or seduce to crime; but there was more of gentleness than of pride, and it seemed that the pride was tamed from its original wildness by the habitual exercise of milder feelings. My companion gave him a piece of money, which he took without speaking, with a sweet smile of easy thankfulness, and then with an unembarrassed air turned to his play. All this might scarcely be; but the imagination surely could not forbear to breathe into the most inanimate forms, some likeness of its own visions, on such a serene and glowing evening, in this remote and romantic village, beside the calm lake that bore us hither.

Very eloquent is the description of the poet's

FIRST VIEW OF MONT BLANC.

Mont Blanc was before us—the Alps, with their innumerable glaciers on high all around, closing in the complicated windings of the single vale—forests inexpressibly beautiful, but majestic in their beauty—intermingled beech and pine, and oak, overshadowed our road, or receded, whilst lawns of such verdure as I have never seen before, occupied these openings, and gradually became darker in their recesses. Mont Blanc was before us, but it was covered with cloud; its base, furrowed with dreadful gaps, was seen above. Pinnacles of snow intolerably bright, part of the chain connected with Mont Blanc, shone through the clouds at intervals on high. I never knew—I never imagined—what mountains were before. The immensity of these aerial summits excited, when they suddenly burst upon the sight, a sentiment of ecstatic wonder, not unallied to madness. And remember this was all one scene, it all pressed home to our regard and our imagination. Though it embraced a vast extent of space, the snowy pyramids which shot into the bright blue sky seemed to overhang our path; the ravine, clothed with gigantic pines, and black with its depth below, so deep that the very roaring of the untameable Arve, which rolled through it, could not be heard above—all was as much our own, as if we had been the creators of such impressions in the minds of others as now occupied our own. Nature was the poet, whose harmony held our spirits more breathless than that of the divinest.

And also of

THE MER DE GLACE.

On all sides precipitous mountains, the abodes of unrelenting frost, surround this vale: their sides are banked up with ice and snow, broken, heaped high, and exhibiting terrific chasms. The summits are sharp and naked pinnacles, whose overhanging steepness will not even permit snow to rest upon them. Lines of dazzling ice occupy here and there their perpendicular rifts, and shine through the driving vapours with inexpressible brilliance: they pierce the clouds like things not belonging to this earth. The vale itself is filled with a mass of undulating ice, and has an ascent sufficiently gradual even to the remotest abysses of these horrible deserts. It is only half a league (about two miles) in breadth, and seems much less. It exhibits an appearance as if frost had suddenly bound up the waves and whirlpools of a mighty torrent. We walked some distance upon its surface. The waves are elevated about twelve or fifteen feet from the surface of the mass, which is intersected by long gaps of unfathomable depth, the ice of whose sides is more beautifully azure than the sky. In these regions every thing changes, and is in motion. This vast mass of ice has one general progress, which ceases neither day nor night; it breaks and bursts for ever: some undulations sink while others rise; it is never the same. The echo of rocks, or of the ice and snow which fall from their overhanging precipices, or roll from their aerial summits, scarcely ceases for one moment. One would think that Mont Blanc, like the god of the Stoics, was a vast animal, and that the frozen blood for ever circulated through his stony veins.

(*To be continued.*)

Music in England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, from the earliest ages to the present time. London: Cradock and Co.

THIS is one of the series of the *New Library of Useful Knowledge*, designed to be more general in its aim than its predecessor. It is a brief but interesting history of music in the British isles, tracing it from the ancient Britons through the Saxons, the Normans, and thence downwards to the present day. There are few subjects of which so little is known even by those who call themselves educated and are accounted readers, as the history of music, and of the multitudes who profess enthusiasm for the art, very few have cared to acquaint themselves with its rise and progress. Ignorance such as this is inexcusable; at all events it will be so for the future, when for sixpence the lover of music will be enabled to inform himself of its history in such a pleasantly written essay as this, from which no material fact appears to have been omitted.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Antonia. By the Baron de BAZANCOURT. 2 vols. 1845.

THIS is one of the few French novels to be met with in which the author has entirely given himself up to his story, without

indulging in a digression of any kind. The tale is skilfully put together, and evidently related *con amore*. The characters are thoroughly individualized, and the action is highly dramatic. We took up the work with considerable indifference, for the scene is laid in Spain, and we confess that we are not amateurs of Spanish novels, having long relinquished the hope of meeting a second *Don Quixote*. Moreover we prefer the French novelists upon their own ground, for they seldom attempt to transport their actors into other lands, without committing solecisms both of costume and feeling which serve to divest the fable itself of all interest, by constant sinning against reason and probability. In this case we were speedily delivered from all such apprehension. *Antonia* is evidently the production of an individual perfectly conversant not only with the places to which he conducts his readers, but also with the national characteristics which he undertakes to portray.

The scene opens upon a night of rain, wind, and darkness, on a highway, near the miserable village of Guadarama, about two leagues distant from the Escurial. In the midst of the storm—for the fierce flashing of lightning is not spared to the travellers, a *galera*, or tilted waggon, slowly crawls along the stony and dangerous road. The vehicle contains the young Marquis de Villefranche, travelling by the desire of his widowed mother, before he establishes himself on his estates; and his tutor, M. Bernardin, whose mingled querulousness and nice sense of honour, cowardice in small things and heroism in difficulties, all made subservient to his devoted affection for his pupil, presents, perhaps, the best-drawn character in the book. Drenched by the rain, which has penetrated the awning of the *galera*, and wetted them to the skin; their joints half dislocated by the rolling and pitching of the waggon over the precipitous road; hungry, thirsty, and weary, our travellers at length reach Guadarama, and the mayoral (driver) pulls up at the door of

A SPANISH VENTA.

"What do you wish, Excellency?" asked a man who appeared at the threshold.

"Supper and a bed, if possible," said the marquis, who spoke Spanish.

"Neither one nor the other is possible, Excellency," quietly answered the proprietor of the inn. "There is no more room," he repeated, without moving a step either backward or forward; "all the *venta* is occupied by the travellers, whom you may hear singing up stairs."

"But in this horrible weather," said the young Frenchman, "we cannot pursue our journey. Surely you have some corner in which we could lie down for the rest of the night; we have provisions with us."

"There is the stable," replied the Spaniard, as coolly as before. "There are two stalls in it, and only one mule."

"We will be content with the stable," said the marquis, slipping a piece of money into the hand of the host.

From this uninviting refuge our travellers are speedily delivered by an invitation to join the strangers who are in possession of the lodging, and who prove to be four French officers of rank. We pursue our description of the *venta*.

They arrived at that portion of the house called the kitchen. This name was given to a dark nook, ten feet by twelve, which had no other light than what fell from a hole through the ceiling. The hearth was in the centre of the floor. The smoke of the fire, and the steam of the meat, wandered over the room for a time, and finally escaped by the opening, after having deposited unequivocal evidence of their progress in a most disagreeable combination of foul scents. The travellers then ascended a narrow wooden staircase, and found themselves in the solitary sitting-room of the house.

The worthy tutor, who in idea includes dragoon officers in the same category as mad dogs, consoles himself with the recollection that on the morrow his pupil will be delivered from the perils of such dangerous companionship; but the fates are against him. The young men agree to travel together to Madrid, and to form one family while in that city; and the following day they establish themselves at the hotel of the Fontana de Oro. Shortly after their arrival they attend a masked ball, where poor M. Bernardin, whom the laughter-loving dragoons have maliciously invested in a rose-coloured domino, narrowly escapes the stiletto of a jealous beauty, who mistakes him for her recreant lover, while the young marquis, while separated from his friends, is appealed to for protection by a graceful and bright-eyed mask against the violence of one of her own countrymen. The inevitable consequence ensues. De Villefranche accepts the stranger's challenge, and by a happy accident runs through the body the most celebrated swordsman in Spain. As he is leaving the ground with his witnesses, somewhat disabled by a flesh-wound, and is about to enter his carriage to return to the city, a young female, closely veiled, and attended by a grey-haired domestic, emerges from among some trees, and having hastily seized his hand, and pressed it between her own, she murmurs softly, "I too was there!" and then hurriedly retreats. He at once recognises the heroine of the ball, and is, of course, more deeply in love than ever.

A few days subsequently he is met by a man who bids him be at a particular spot at eleven o'clock the same night, to which he at once consents, feeling convinced that he is about to meet his beautiful unknown. His mysterious guide conducts him through a labyrinth of narrow and tortuous streets, ere he finally stops before a tall and gloomy building, into which they are admitted by a pass-word. Here, instead of the fascinating incognita, he finds himself in the presence of a group of dark figures, so closely folded in their long black cloaks that identification is impossible. To his astonishment these personages relate to him his own history in all its details, and finally conclude by informing him that the lady of whom he has become enamoured is the Donna Antonia, the only child of Don Leyva Maldonado, a grandee of Spain, who has resolved to accept no son-in-law whose rank is not equal to his own, or whose wealth is not commensurate. Having crushed him with these tidings, they nevertheless declare that, should it be their pleasure so to do, they can secure her hand for him, even though he be a foreigner, and comparatively poor. In fine, they are the heads of a conspiracy formed against FERDINAND, and they frankly inform the marquis that they have need of money, and that, as Antonia Maldonado will, on the day of her marriage, come into possession of a million of piastres, they will undertake to accomplish the union upon his signing a bond to pay over half that sum to themselves. The proposal is rejected with disdain; upon which they assure their victim that, should he venture to betray the confidence reposed in him, both his own life and that of the lady will be the forfeit of his temerity. He desires to be suffered to depart; when one of the masked figures, as it passes near him, whispers—"Comply; one watches over you." Madly in love, terrified at the idea of violence to his idol, and reassured, in spite of his better reason, by the cheering voice, the marquis becomes irresolute, and again the same murmur reaches him—"Save Antonia." Confused by the mystery about him, and excited to the most painful degree by the idea that the destiny, even the existence, of the lady depends upon his decision; rendered happy and hopeful, also, by the repeated assurances which he receives that the daughter of Don Leyva looks favourably upon him, his sense of right gives way, and scarcely conscious of what he does, he signifies his consent. A paper is produced—it is the bond—and in an instant his name is affixed to it, and it is secured by one of his singular companions. In two months Antonia is to be his wife. He receives the pledge without one heart-throb; he begins to believe that he is the victim of a fevered dream; and as the sable procession slowly disappears, once more the deep voice whispers—"There is one who watches over you." In the next instant De Villefranche is alone. The same guide reappears, and by the same circuitous route conducts him again to his hotel. From this moment the marquis is no longer a free agent. He is dogged whenever he moves from his apartments; letters are written in his name which control his actions; the debts of honour which he contracts are paid. Meanwhile, he has been introduced to the superb palace of Don Leyva, has been courteously received by the father, and tenderly by the daughter. His passion increases with every interview, and yet he hates himself for the pusillanimity which has made him a party to so foul and unmanly a contract. A thousand times the tale is on his lips; a thousand times he resolves rather to devote himself to a life of regret and wretchedness, than owe her hand to any influence save that of her affection. His plans to this effect are, however, always frustrated, and at length he resolves to reveal the plot to Don Leyva himself. For this purpose he sallies forth one morning, but is met by a couple of his persecutors, who upbraid him with his weakness, and prevent his approaching the palace.

Rendered desperate by this determined opposition, the marquis draws his sword, and wounds one of his tyrants, who coolly folds his mantle about his arm, and bids him consider that the life of Antonia will be the forfeit of his imprudence. Still weak from the effects of the duel, and over-excited by the mystery and disgrace of his position, Villefranche faints, and on recovering consciousness, finds himself at home at his hotel. A few nights subsequently Don Leyva Maldonado gives a *soirée*, which is attended by all the *élite* of Madrid, and where the marquis and his friends agree to jostle all the male guests, in order, if possible, to discover the man whom he had struck. The attempt fails. Every individual who is touched on the arm shrinks as though hurt, and the mystery is only deepened. The haughty Spaniard, meanwhile, has consented to the marriage of his daughter with Villefranche, in a letter which purports to be a reply written to the demand of the marquis, and to his extreme surprise, hurries on the contract, affirming that there are threatening circumstances in the political state of Spain, which make him anxious for the safe departure of Antonia for France, the country of her mother, and in which her estates are situated. For himself he affirms that he is no longer young, and will never forsake the land which gave him birth. Rendered desperate by this pertinacity, Villefranche resolves, on the very evening when half the aristocracy of Madrid are assembled to witness the signature of the contract, to incur the risk of Antonia's indignation and refusal, rather than dishonour himself for ever by being a party to the bargain of which she is ignorant; and accordingly he induces her to leave the guests, and to meet him in a retired apartment, where he may, without interruption, be enabled to confide to her his secret. He has just done so, and she is a prey to the most violent struggle between her tenderness for him and her revolted pride, when the door suddenly opens, and gives entrance to a man draped in a long robe of black serge.

A CONSPIRATOR.

"Albert," said the mask; "you forget that they are awaiting you in the saloon, to sign your marriage contract."

Albert shuddered. Antonia leaning her clasped hands upon his shoulder, turned a look of energetic haughtiness upon the intruder, and replied firmly,

"I will not sign the contract. Not that the marquis has lost any portion either of my love or my esteem, for I here swear never to belong to another; but, because I will not ratify by my name so shameful a bargain!"

"Child! apply not the words shame and infamy to the great and glorious thoughts whence are created martyrs, as pure and as sublime as those who die for religion and the faith. It is now too late to cast a stain upon your high name by a public scandal; more than a thousand persons are collected in the saloons. You have no longer time to hesitate. You shall sign, Antonia."

"Cowards!" murmured Albert.

"You cannot alter my resolution;" said Antonia, proudly and calmly; "the blame rests with its authors! I will not sign."

"And I say that you shall. It is my will," and the mask was torn from the countenance of the speaker.

"My father!" exclaimed the lady, burying her face in her hands."

"Great heavens!" cried Albert, shrinking with surprise, "Don Leyva Maldonado!"

It is even so. The father of Antonia is the leader of the conspiracy, who, fearful of appropriating to the uses of the insurrection his own ostensible property, has resolved to make that of his daughter supply its place. Of course every difficulty, every reluctance disappears at once from the hearts of the lovers; and as their united endeavours to dissuade Don Leyva from his perilous career prove abortive, it is decided that the marriage shall take place immediately, and that the marquis shall at once pass over to France with his beautiful young bride. This, however, is not to be; the bosom-friend and *protégé* of the proud grandee has betrayed the plot and its authors to the government; and the moment of their reunion in the halls of the Maldonado palace has been chosen to seize them. Don Leyva and his daughter are conveyed to the prison of *La Corte*, to which the other conspirators had already been consigned, and Villefranche remains heartbroken.

A variety of plans are discussed between the marquis and his friends for the liberation of Don Leyva and his daughter, which are rendered more hopeless by the fact that the Spaniard himself is *au secret* in a subterranean dungeon. Having effected a communication with Antonia, they have however facilitated in some degree her own attempts; and having succeeded in interesting the jailer's daughter, and being rendered desperate by the discovery that the trial of Don Leyva is to take place on the following day, and that the proofs against him are sufficient to insure his condemnation, she exerts all her energies to induce the warm-hearted and sympathizing Theresa to assist her; and she at length prevails. The keys are to be secured, and at eleven o'clock at night she is to bring them to Antonia. Our author shall describe how they succeeded.

A FLIGHT FROM A STATE PRISON.

The young Spanish lady heard the hour of deliverance and salvation strike. She was standing near her door in eager anxiety. So soon as she heard Theresa, she opened it softly, and went towards her on tiptoe. "Here I am," she whispered; "the turnkey has retired for the night." Theresa had a taper in her hand. "I tremble," she said faintly; "for we must pass through my father's room; there is no other entry to the dungeons."

Each held her breath, and they shuddered as they advanced, whenever a board cracked beneath their tread. When they arrived at the door of the jailer's room, Theresa gave the taper to Antonia while she gently opened it; then, having entered, both listened eagerly. Nothing, however, was audible in the chamber, save the heavy breathing of the sleeping Jeronimo. They advanced cautiously. The jailer had thrown himself upon the bed in his clothes, as the commissioners who were to question Don Leyva were to arrive in the course of the night. Near him, as was usual, lay a pair of pistols upon a table. As they were passing the bed, Jeronimo moved, and they became paralysed with terror, and retreated into a corner of the apartment, while Theresa tremblingly seized the hand of her companion.

"Unfortunate man!" murmured Jeronimo; and again all was silence.

"He sleeps!" whispered Antonia; "let us lose no more time."

Hand in hand they traversed the room, and gained the opposite door. Before they crossed the threshold, Theresa turned a last look upon the calm and honest face of her father. "Oh!" she exclaimed, as she extended towards him her clasped hands, "my father, pardon me!"

The jailer's daughter was familiar with all the intricacies of the prison, and they consequently reached without difficulty the cell of the hidalgo. Their keys turned readily in the locks, but the sound produced by forcing the rusty bolts made them shiver as they echoed through the dreary vaults, and died away like an exhausted groan.

Don Leyva had ascertained from Jeronimo that his accomplices had all been removed to separate prisons, and that he was to be submitted to the question in the course of that night. The good jailer had warned him of the fact, in order that he might have more time to prepare his answers.

When Maldonado heard voices at the door of his cell, he never doubted that they were those of his judges, and he resolved to meet them calmly.

"It is me!" murmured Antonia, beneath her breath; "father, come quickly."

"My child!" exclaimed the astonished Don Leyva.

"Come quickly, father, from this dark prison; each minute is now worth an hour to us."

"But how do you hope?"

"Ask nothing, but follow us."

"You are not alone, then?"

"No, here is the jailer's daughter, the angel to whom we owe our deliverance."

Don Leyva made no reply, but he pressed the hand of Theresa in his own; and, after having carefully locked the door of the cell behind them, they pursued their dark and hurried way. They soon arrived at the entrance of the subterranean, which, as Theresa had stated, opened by a secret door into the *Rua de Atocha*, near the church, and of which she had secured the key. It was approached through a vaulted archway, so low that it could only be traversed by bending the figure nearly double.

Once in the subterraneans, where they had no longer any apprehension of being overheard, they had only this door to pass ere they once more had liberty before them. For the last time the terrible sound of the harsh bolts as they were shot back fell upon their ears.

"Is it you?" eagerly whispered a voice, which Antonia at once recognised as that of Villefranche.

"Yes," murmured the lady.

"And now," said Theresa, "may God protect and guide you, and may my father pardon me."

"Theresa, we shall meet again," said the young Spanish lady, as she folded the jailer's daughter to her heart.

"Go, go!" urged Theresa earnestly; "do not make my sacrifice useless." And she suddenly closed the door behind her.

The marquis and his companions were all disguised, in order to

avoid suspicion in traversing the city. They had provided mantles for Don Leyva and his daughter, as well as the tall conical hats worn by the peasantry, above the handkerchief which they knot about their heads. Then the party separated, and, taking four different directions, hastened to their rendezvous beyond the gates, where horses were awaiting them.

We shall close our notice with the return of the noble-hearted Theresa through the vaults, the *denouement* of the tale being too complicated for the narrow limits to which we are compelled to confine our article :—

A CULPRIT.

The noble impulse of devotion and generosity had sustained the strength of poor Theresa so long as the life and liberty of the prisoners depended upon her exertions; but when the door closed behind them, and that she found herself alone in the dark and chilling vaults, hearing no more the earnest prayer, "Save us!" breathed into her ear, she felt herself tremble and grow faint, and was obliged to lean against the damp and dripping wall for support. Alas! reflection had come upon her, poor child; she now thought only of her father, whose sleep and confidence she had alike betrayed; and an indescribable terror paralysed her faculties. At length she crawled out of the subterranean, and slowly and with difficulty compelled herself to traverse the windings of the building. The sound of her own footsteps startled her; she seemed to see distant lights, to hear voices calling to her; and she frequently stopped to listen through the silence to all these noises conjured up by her fears.

At last she stood beside the door of her father's chamber; she had only to traverse it, and all would be safe. But did he still sleep? She shuddered as the doubt came upon her: she opened the door gently, very gently, and then she stood still, pale, gasping, without strength or voice; and before her stood the stern and threatening figure of her father, with his eyes fixed on hers.

"Whence come you, Theresa?" he asked, in a voice which struck upon the heart of the poor girl.

"Father——"

"Whence come you? and the lady Antonia, where is she?"

"Father," repeated the pale Theresa, in an imploring accent, "do not look so harshly on me."

"Whence come you, I ask? The lady Antonia could not have left her chamber without passing through your own—answer—answer—why is she not with you?"

"Oh, father, you terrify me! I dare not—I cannot—"

"I will seek her myself," cried Jeronimo angrily, as he pushed aside his daughter.

"Father, she is gone——"

"And Don Leyva?——"

"Oh! forgive me, father; I could not resist her tears—I have saved them both!"

"Saved them! Unhappy girl, you have destroyed your last parent!"

Theresa had fallen at her father's feet, and buried her streaming eyes in her open palms. "Destroyed you!" she echoed, as she sprang up, and stood erect before him—"destroyed you! what mean such words?"

"They mean, unfortunate child, that my life must answer for that of my prisoner; I was forewarned of this!"

"Your life?"

"And that I expect his judges every hour—they are now, perhaps, at the gate."

"Oh, heaven!" exclaimed Theresa, frantically, "your life—destroyed by me! Father, for pity's sake—do not await their coming. Let us fly—let us both fly—this key——"

"It is that of the vaults."

"It is—it is— that way they escaped. We can rejoin them at the frontier. Father, do not stand thus motionless, gazing upon me.—Father,—come—they will condemn you also—and it will be I who——"

Jeronimo seized his pistols. "By the vaults, perhaps there is yet time—"

"Impossible—come, father, come."

"And my duty—and my honour? You have destroyed me, ungrateful girl, and you have dishonoured me—"

"Oh, mighty Lord!" cried Theresa, as she wrung her hands in a paroxysm of despair, "have pity on us! I prayed to you earnestly on my knees. If it was a crime, wherefore did you permit it?"

Jeronimo bent over his daughter. "Do you hear," he asked huskily; "they are approaching."

"There is yet time," persisted Theresa, throwing herself upon her father's neck. "In the name of my mother, whom you so loved and wept, come—come—"

"You deceive yourself, Theresa; it is too late. My fate is now in the hands of God."

"Wretch! wretch!" exclaimed the poor girl, beating her brow with her clenched hands.

"Be calm, my child;" said the wretched man; "be calm before these strangers." At the same instant the door opened, and three persons entered in long black mantles which swept the floor. One of them presented a paper to the jailer, saying as he did so, "We come to interrogate Don Leyva Maldonado."

"Don Leyva Maldonado has this night escaped from his dungeon," replied Jeronimo, in a firm voice.

"Escaped! impossible! It is you who have let him free."

"I deny the charge."

"You have connived at his escape."

"I connive at his escape!" said Jeronimo. "Had my own father been condemned to death, and imprisoned in that dungeon, under the safeguard of my honour, it would have continued closed until he walked from it to his execution; and, had I seen him attempt evasion, I would have brought him down with one of these pistols!"

"Why did you not do so in this case?"

"Because I have been betrayed; and have only this moment learnt his disappearance."

"Who then delivered him?"

Theresa advanced. She was about to declare herself the aggressor; but Jeronimo, holding her back, answered calmly, "I do not know."

"You must find a more fitting answer before the tribunal that will judge you; you must now follow us to your dungeon."

"I am ready," was the reply.

Then, for the first time, he turned towards his daughter, and took her in his arms; his brow no longer lowered; and an expression of deep tenderness and paternal love lighted up his features.

"Theresa," he said, as he removed her hands from her face, "I forgive you."

"I shall go with you, father."

"You must remain here, Theresa; pray, and await the result with patience. Francesco, I confide my child to you."

"Make yourself easy," said Francesco, as he extended his hand to the jailer; "until you reclaim your daughter, she shall be my own."

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Reise nach Neapel, Sicilien, Malta, und Sardinien zu Anfange des Jahres 1844. Von C. O. S. von Arnim. (*Travels to Naples, Sicily, Malta, and Sardinia, at the beginning of* 1844. By C. O. S. von Arnim.) London, 1845. D. Nutt. 2 vols.

Xerxes offered a reward for the invention of a new pleasure. It was the wish of a satiated voluptuary. We are afraid the public, as regards books of travel, is in no purer moral condition, and no longer feels either the pleasure of instruction or the stimulant of excitement. Described, sketched, recollected, noted, in every contrast and change of style, Europe and Asia have become at last, by dint of "Libraries of Travel," and "John Murray's Hand-Book," as common, as well known, as Cheapside or Pall-mall; and the invariable characteristic of all such new books is the reproduction of familiar scenes, differing only in effect according to the varying talent of their authors. A narrative of a "Journey into the realms of Death" written with the genius of Defoe, and with rather more than the truthfulness which distinguishes Mrs. Veals, would be indeed the "new pleasure," deserving of the "great reward." It is the only region undescribed, destined to be traversed by all, the land of the first-born, and the last; the resting-place and home of the human race, from whence the earliest doom proceeded, and in which the final mercy of Creation will be fulfilled,—this is alone unknown, imperceptible, veiled and impalpable to man. The merit of the present work consists in its entire absence of pretence, and its light and pleasing style. The writer tells us what he saw and what he thought on daily occurrences and common events, and his incidents of travel do not in any manner vary from those habitually recorded by others, who pass a vacation in rushing upon a high road from one great city to another.

THE CONGRESS OF VERONA.

The congress was a new epoch in my life, and I anticipated much pleasure and enjoyment, but, excepting the assemblage of so many eminent, remarkable persons whom I then saw, the rest was a dream. During the three weeks I passed there, not a fête was given. The opera, which was not so good as in the other Italian cities, was frequented, and time was otherwise whiled away amid the society of our own sex. The only lady who received company of an evening, and, excepting Lady Londonderry,

the only ambassadress, was Princess Lieven. Here, the greater number of the diplomatic corps met, and I had favourable opportunities of witnessing the surprising tact and great dexterity of Prince Metternich, who could descend in a moment from the discussion of general matters to the nicest details of political interest with some other minister, and again resume his former lively conversational tone. No man ever better understood the art of uniting the utmost facility of intercourse with the most important occupations; and had all the diplomatists of Verona followed his example, it would greatly have affected the social relationship of those not immediately connected with their circle. But this was not the case, for many, before this time and subsequently acknowledged to be companionable men, were at that moment inapproachable. Every one was fettered by the sense of his own importance, and thought only of what, during the short duration of the congress, he had to say, to propound, and to effect. On every side small circles of debaters were formed, and if one ventured to speak of common matters to a diplomate, it was easy to perceive his abstraction by the wandering answer you received. Far, however, be it from me to indulge in over-censoriousness in this respect, for I am willing to admit that when my head is full of "coming fancies," I am guilty of being sadly *maussade*, and moreover allow that a congress to the idler is but a dull event, unless held in a large city like Vienna, where the festive party and fête-giving spirit reigns.

We do not in the least doubt this, but admit we are surprised to find any man confessing that he has sinned to the extent of believing in the possibility of a lively intercourse between the men of red tape and protocols in the days of the settlement of the "Affairs of Europe." Their nature was subdued to what it worked in, and even in their hours of social relaxation was over-shadowed by the gloom of treaties and conventions. Like the ministers of the *Rolliod*, their very chit-chat partook of their habitual peculiarities, those of men who

> On coffee now the previous question move;
> Now rise a surplusage of cream to prove;
> Pass muffins in committees of supply,
> And "buttered toast" amend by adding "dry."

Our author is more at home and at ease in

MILAN.

I had resolved this time to spend a week in Milan, and this went far too rapidly. The corso was always filled by the most stylish equipages, the shops offered the most beautiful wares, and the confectioners in particular rivalled by their delicate inventions their most gifted brethren of England and France. One shop in particular arrested attention, which displayed in its window a yellow building of about a foot and a half high, representing a dining-room, where maccaroni was cooked and eaten. Upon it was written, "Cucina stupenda. Qui si mangia bene, si spende poco." "Wondrous Kitchen.

> "Here, eat well you may,
> With but little to pay."

The figures within were all about three inches high, cleverly formed, and denoting the several appropriate details of cooking and eating; both enjoyment and gluttony were expressively imitated, and in what manner? Not in stone or wood, or in any other hard material, but butter—pure yellow butter! When I saw this, I at once understood how Canova first attracted attention in the kitchen of the Nobile Falieri, by his artistic skill in moulding forms and figures in the same material; and subsequently justified the fondest anticipations of his patrons by the lofty development of his genius, in which they felt so honourable and deep an interest. Having spoken so much upon the elegant equipages and shops of Milan, what shall I add upon its palaces and mansions, as compared with the other great cities of Italy; the praiseworthy and marked cleanliness of its inhabitants, and domestic management? I pass over the palaces of the governor, the Litta, Serbelloni, and others, where all is silk and gold, but refer specially to the houses of the middle classes—the shop-keepers—where, under many contrasting circumstances, every moment we perceive that we are in the capital of an intellectual patriarchal government. And yet one hears complaints against it, and in the events of past years we have sorrowful proof that all has not ended in complaints. But all is forgiven, no one molested for the past, and I therefore hasten from the subject; meanwhile, the traveller always enjoys the good fortune to be welcomed in every land, even in those which are the most unsettled, and no one desires that he should forfeit the protection of his natural and becoming neutrality. Most inconsiderate are those who do so; they sacrifice the two important ends of travel—amusement and instruction.

This is one of the golden rules of travellers, and were the case susceptible of accurate proof, we believe it would be found the results of political disquisitions upon the social condition of despotic governments have most frequently retarded improvement, nourished suspicion, or been cited as the justification of greater restrictions. Monarchs, under such circumstances, consider travellers as spies, and treat their subjects as informers.

NAPLES.

Owing to the slight interest which the court had of late years taken in the public amusements of the Neapolitans, the city had become less attractive to strangers. In Rome, indeed, there is no court, and neither pope nor cardinal considers throwing sweetmeats at each other a duty, but their subjects have learned to do this without them. But when, on the contrary, in the other cities, the leading aristocracy avoid the public festivals, their example is successively imitated by every inferior grade, and then we hear on all sides—"What, go there! Oh dear, no! we never do; it is not good taste;" and so on, whether it be to see, to sit, to stand, to do, or to suffer. Or else, "We had the pleasure of meeting them so and so," or of "seeing you at ——," and in this consists the pleasure! And thus of late years had it been at the carnival; visitors at first diminished, then ceased to come; the tradesmen and hotel-keepers sent up piteous cries, as when these are unemployed, the class beneath them suffers still more—discontent and sorrow were general throughout Naples. Suddenly it was announced, that not only would the court entertain the patricians of the city, but the public were also to partake greatly of its festivities. Every face brightened up, even the poorest felt he should not then go supperless to bed, for the *confetti* which the wealthy scatter fall in truth into their mouths in the scramble. Under the shadow of such coming events, I entered Naples. The carnival had not outwardly commenced, but all was bustle and excitement in the houses. On the second day a ball was given in the so-called Academia—a club composed of the *élite* of Neapolitan society, under the especial patronage of the king.

* * * * * *

Waltzes prevailed, and the so-called Française was danced; then Cotillions, and the renowned Polka, which appeared to me to be nothing more than the Polish Radowacka. Some gentlemen played whist, and all here, as elsewhere, complained of their bad luck, and how much they lost in winter; so that by the general tone of lamentation, always admitting it to be true, we must conclude gold had the power of vanishing beneath their touch. Here, as generally throughout Italy, the best balls are those given by the foreign ambassadors. Of the Italian nobility, Prince St. Antimo, I remember, gave in his spacious hotel one of the grandest, and which was attended by the most select society. Well do I recollect the advice of an old English gentleman upon this subject, who told me that his father had warned him that, unless he would make a few friends and many hundred enemies, never to give a ball, which is very probably the reason why so many, and these wealthy persons, have so decided a preference for dinner-parties, where, by the smaller number of guests, attention can be paid to all, and none complain of being neglected. * * * * The carnival, nevertheless, went on, and the king himself appeared masked, in an open carriage, from whence the sweetmeats were thrown. No difference would be observable in this amusement, as between Rome and Naples, if the materials of which these are composed were similar; but whilst Rome is careful that sweetmeats should not have the solidity of lead bullets, Naples is indifferent both to the sufferings of its visitants and inhabitants. Sweetmeats here, therefore, mean bitter almonds covered with sugar, and other matters capable of giving a hard blow, leaving to the recipient a pleasing recollection of the carnival in the shape of a bump on the forehead or a black eye. Wire masks, therefore, held before the face with one hand, whilst with the other the sugary missive is thrown, are indispensably requisite. The Toledo is constantly filled towards eleven o'clock with three double rows of carriages and people on foot. Every window, every balcony is occupied, for which great prices are charged, and from whence war is waged with the crowd below. Amid this tumult large chests in the shape of waggons, clumsily made, and covered all over with grotesque images and gold and silver, and upon which are masks of all kinds, appear; these maintain the war with the balconies, and especially wherever they detect an acquaintance; and as I was happily located between two of the most elegant ladies of Naples, the battle raged terrifically in our quarter, and I retired repeatedly wounded from the field.

MALTA.

I attended the English church on the following Sunday, which until this time was merely a large room in the governor's palace, and where, although placed immediately opposite the clergyman, I felt, with the rest of his (English) congregation, that to hear is not always to understand. It will be doubtless a matter of great surprise to know that, notwithstanding the religious feeling of the English, and the length of time they have been masters of

the island, no Protestant Episcopal church has been here erected. But, as it often happens, there was a quarrel about the cost; the government offered only five thousand pounds, and was of opinion the zeal of the applicants should supply the remainder; these, however, were, on the contrary, impressed with a belief that it is not for the subject to build churches, but the state. Thus year after year passed away, until the arrival of Queen Adelaide for a few months' residence. What the English government could not afford, her liberality effected; she cut the knot of the difficulty, gave the money to the architect, and the new temple soon rose, built in good style, and probably is by this time consecrated for divine worship.

We would willingly extend our extracts, but those we have given will sufficiently shew the unpretending character of the work, and the author's light and pleasing style. Germany has recently contributed some valuable works upon the countries of the East, and to these we trust we shall be enabled also to direct the attention of our readers. We could wish, however, that travellers on the continent would restrain their partiality for describing familiar scenes, and combine some settled purpose with their pleasure. One inquiry into the moral and social statistics of a people is of more value than fifty repetitions of what we know.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Conversations on some of the old Poets. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Cambridge (U.S.) J. Owen, 1845. London, Wiley and Putnam.

FOR a book of dialogue we have hitherto had little relish, because we have generally found it loaded with unprofitable prattle. Dialogue to a mere book-maker, like a prop to a rotten house, helps to keep him from falling. Whenever he finds his genius too weak to "carve a Colossus," he can turn to a "cherrystone," and make his personages bandy compliments, and exchange large utterances of nothings as a prelude to some wisdom which is to follow. Men are not supposed in dialogue to start at once upon the game—certainly not. Like beagles, they must scent and chatter as a preliminary to the chase. Thus dwarfish writers find the form of dialogue as necessary as to a musician is rosin for his fiddle-bow. Could we erase one half of what has been written in this style, we could send the remainder into the market with a stronger recommendation. All authors cannot hold sweet converse, like WALTON, LANDOR, and TOOKE.

But these remarks will not apply to Mr. LOWELL, nor to his conversations. We admire the author and his book. We are grateful to the wind that wafted such a volume to our shores. Its transatlantic origin does not contract the circle of its universality, for what is written in the spirit of a man is written for the benefit of men, whether fathered in America or England. Mr. LOWELL need not be "shelled like the rhinoceros," as CUMBERLAND remarked an author ought to be, since we think an honest critic will scarcely attack one who in the main has written so finely.

Mr. LOWELL is not an idle and provoking man, who undertakes to guide us to some lovely scene, but who takes such a sinuous route, and paces the ground so slowly, that we weary ere we approach it. His intellect is any thing but a locomotive engine, that creeps off like a snake, and is indebted to time before it can outstrip the eagle. Mr. LOWELL dashes at once into a crowd of beauties, and his readers feel instantly aware of spiritual presences. The moment he touches the threshold of page No. 1, he is surrounded by fine imagery and enthusiastic voices, which break like music on the ear. Men of such common names as "John" and "Philip," by whom the dialogue is carried on, discourse of uncommon things, as if one was JOHN MILTON and the other PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dialogue is always more or less discursive. It has a centripetal and centrifugal power. But if Mr. LOWELL draws us away at times from the turnpike road of his argument, it is to take a momentary ramble in some by-lane, where we can catch a glimpse of a landscape peopled with lovely creations. Wherever he wanders he exchanges beauty for the more beautiful! Shall we then quarrel with our author because his book wants design? Not unless we desire to imitate the hypercritics, who, to look like wise men, declared the nose of one of MICHAEL ANGELO's figures to be a *little* too large.

What a fine subject has Mr. LOWELL chosen to exhibit his genius! *Conversations on some of the Old Poets*, if indeed they can be called *old*, who have taken a lease of all time, and made immortality their perpetual youth. How racily does he discourse on the "Father of English Poetry." CHAUCER is the God of his idolatry, but his love and reverence of the ancient poet arise from no blind servility, but from a thoughtful discrimination of the excellencies of composition. Thus he speaks of CHAUCER and antiquity:—

Chaucer's satire is of quite another complexion. A hearty laugh and a thrust in the ribs are his weapons. He makes fun of you to your face, and, even if you wince a little, you cannot help joining in his mirth. He does not hate a vice, because he has a spite against the man who is guilty of it. He does not cry, "A rat i' the arras!" and run his sword through a defenceless old man behind it. But it is not for his humour, nor, indeed, for any one quality, that our old Chaucer is dear and sacred to me. I love to call him *old* Chaucer. The farther I can throw him back into the past, the dearer he grows; so sweet is it to mark how his plainness and sincerity outlive all changes in the outward world. Antiquity has always something reverend in it. Even its most material and perishable form, which we see in pyramids, cairns, and the like, is brooded over by a mysterious presence which strangely awes us. Whatever has been hallowed by the love and pity, by the smiles and tears of men, becomes something more to us than the moss-covered epitaph of a buried age. There was a meaning in the hieroglyphics, which Champollion could not make plainer. It is only from association with Man that any thing seems old. The quarries of the Nile may be coëval with the planet itself, yet it is only the still fresh dints of the Coptic chisel that gift them with the spell of ancientness. Let but the skeleton of a man be found among the remains of those extinct antediluvian monsters, and straightway that which now claimed our homage, as a triumph of comparative anatomy, shall become full of awe and mystery, and dim with the gray dawnlight of time. Once, from those shapeless holes, a human soul looked forth upon its huge empire of past and future. Once, beneath those crumbling ribs beat a human heart, that seeming narrow isthmus between time and eternity, wherein there was yet room for hope and fear, and love and sorrow, to dwell, with all their wondrous glooms and splendours. Before, we could have gone no farther back than Cuvier. Those mighty bones of ichthyosauri and plesiosauri seemed rather a record of his energy and patience than of a living epoch in earth's history. Now, how modern and of to-day seem Memnon and Elephanta! If there be a venerableness in any outward symbols, in which rude and dumb fashion the soul of man first strove to utter itself, how much more is there in the clearer and more inspired sentences of ancient lawgivers and poets!

There is poetry in this. It smacks of richness, and is savoury with unusual expression. CHAUCER may be proud of such an acquaintance. Mr. LOWELL utters aphorisms better than most men. They have all the rotundity and force of EMERSON's, without their mystical clothing. Mr. LOWELL is equal to the subject on which he writes, which is giving all the praise that can be given to a man who attempts to converse on poetry. The timid COWPER was more fit to be a leader of armies than an unpoetical mind is suited to question poetical truth. The angular mind of JOHNSON was unfit to judge of it. But Mr. LOWELL is inoculated with the marrow of poetry, and this is his opinion of the mission of the poet:—

POPE.

You and I have very different notions of what poetry is, and of what its object should be. You may claim for Pope the merit of an envious eye, which could turn the least scratch upon the character of a friend into a fester, of a nimble and adroit fancy, and of an ear so niggardly that it could afford but one invariable *cæsura* to his verse; but, when you call him poet, you insult the buried majesty of all earth's noblest and choicest spirits. Nature should lead the true poet by the hand, and he has far better things to do than to busy himself in counting the warts upon it, as Pope did. A cup of water from Hippocrene, tasting, as it must, of innocent pastoral sights and sounds of the bleat of lambs, of the shadows of leaves and flowers that have leaned over it, of the rosy hands of children whose privilege it ever is to paddle in it, of the low words of lovers who have walked by its side in the moonlight, of the tears of the poor Hagars of the world who have drunk from it, would choke a satirist. His thoughts of the country must have a savour of Jack Ketch, and see no beauty but in a hemp-field. Poetry is something to make us wiser and better, by continually revealing those types of beauty and truth which God has set in all men's souls; not by picking out the petty faults of our neighbours to make a mock of. Shall that divine instinct, which has in all ages concerned itself only with what is holiest and fairest in life and nature, degrade itself

to go about seeking for the scabs and ulcers of the putridest spirits, to grin over with a derision more hideous even than the pitiful quarry it has moused at? Asmodeus's gift, of unroofing the dwellings of his neighbours at will, would be the rarest outfit for a satirist, but it would be of no worth to a poet. To the satirist the mere outward motives of life are enough. Vanity, pride, avarice, these, and the other external vices, are the strings of his unmusical lyre. But the poet need only unroof his own heart. All that makes happiness or misery under every roof of the wide world, whether of palace or hovel, is working also in that narrow yet boundless sphere. On that little stage the great drama of life is acted daily. There the creation, the tempting, and the fall may be seen anew. In that withdrawing-closet, solitude whispers her secrets, and death uncovers his face. There sorrow takes up her abode, to make ready a pillow and a resting-place for the weary head of love, whom the world casts out. To the poet nothing is mean, but every thing on earth is a fitting altar to the supreme beauty.

And again take his opinion of

WORDSWORTH.

The artificial style of writing, which tyrannized when Wordsworth first became sensible of his own powers, so disgusted him as to warp his inborn poetical faith into a fanaticism. That which should have retained the flexible sensibility of a feeling became stiffened into a theory. He has beheld nature through a loophole, whence he could see but on one side of him, though the view was broad and majestic. His eye has glorified whatever it looked upon, and the clod and the bramble have shared equally in transfiguration with the mountain and the forest. The cloud which the sun's alchemy transmutes to gold is, perhaps, not more grateful for that light than the smallest grass-blade which he shines upon, but the eye reaps a richer harvest of consolement from it. I cannot look the gift-horse in the mouth, especially when he is the true steed of the Muses, but I should have been more grateful to Wordsworth for a larger bunch of lilies and less darnel. Yet his reducing the movements of his poetical nature to a principle, if it has straitened his revenues from some sources, has not been without its rewards also. It gave surety and precision to his eye, so that it looked at once through all outward wrappages to the very life and naked reality of things, and he has added more to our household words than any other poet since Shakspeare. Most of his work is solid, of the true Cyclopean build. There is no stucco about it, and it will bear the rudest weather of time.

These opinions may be disapproved, but they are opinions sprinkled with rose-water. They have upon them the scent of incense offered at the shrine of honesty. Their earnestness is a warrant that Mr. LOWELL has the courage to think for himself, and if he has erred, he has erred on the side of the heart. His conception of poetry is lofty, and, we venture to say, correct. Poetry has no light to shine in the crooked mind of a THERSITES. TIMON of Athens laid claim to it in his prosperity, but it fell from him when he nicknamed his brother man a wolf, and counselled the youth of sixteen to "pluck the lined crutch from the old limping sire." The heart is the only mirror in which poetry will reflect itself. It has no business, no sympathy with the head, for all its impressions lie deeper down. But hear what our author says of

THE POET AND THE PREACHER.

Your notion is a fanciful one. It is only because the poet is nearer to a state of nature in spiritual things than other men, and because his natural instinct for truth is keener, that he is the master of a more inspired utterance. We stupidly call the life of savages a state of nature, as if Nature loved our bestial qualities better than our divine ones. The condition of the poet may be more truly named so, in whom the highest refinement of civilization consists with the utmost simplicity of the unblunted spiritual instincts. He is weatherwise in the signs of Providence. The dense, hot air, which foretells the coming earthquake of a revolution in the moral world, grows painful to his lungs, while other men can yet breathe freely in it. Trifles, which other natures pass by unheeded, are to him unerring finger-posts. He can trace God's footsteps by a broken twig or a misplaced leaf. But, after all, it is only the music of the verse, and not the mere form of verse itself, that makes the poet's truths more welcome. Music understands all languages, and she interprets between him and his hearers. You see I have been tearing a leaf out of your own book. The truth is, that the world cares very little about the matter. It has become a mercantile world, and, if some murmur of the poet's song creep into the counting-room, it thinks of the Insane Asylum and runs up another column of figures. But when a rude fellow pushes in, and becomes downright abusive in every-day speech, and gives the respectable world the lie without scruple, why then, if the constable be not at hand, a writ of trespass is sued out in Judge Lynch's court! So, too, of the preacher. The world goes to church to be quiet, and takes it amiss to be interrupted in a calculation of the price of cotton by a personal reference to any of its own bosom sins. The world has engaged the preacher to abuse the Scribes and Pharisees, and not to be looking too nicely after its own conscience. The world believes firmly that the whole race of Scribes and Pharisees was dead and buried two thousand years ago, and sees no harm in being a little severe upon their foibles, especially as there are no surviving relatives whose feelings can be set on edge by it.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economics of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

EXCURSIONS ROUND LONDON.

A RAMBLE TO FOOTSCRAY.—"What shall we do with ourselves to day?" is a question which the busy at the dawn of a holiday, and the idle every day, as they breathe the hot air of the streets, are wont to put to one another, and the reply is invariably "What *shall* we do?"

It ought to be, "What *can* we do?" That is the meaning of the speaker, and there are thousands who will thank us for telling what *can* be done and enjoyed in *one* day by the dweller in the heart of London. We have personally proved the pleasures we purpose to recommend to our readers.

You need not discompose the order of your family by tumbling out of bed at an unseasonable hour, and breakfasting in a hurry on dry bread of yesterday's baking, tea made with water that has not boiled, and the crabbed countenances of maid-servants, put out of the way by your unwonted appearance before the room is cleaned. Rise at your usual time, and dress deliberately; throw on your lightest summer clothing, and your loosest coat, and, above all, don the easiest boots in your store, even though they be the oldest and not the most shapely or the most sound, and descending, breakfast in peace, and lay in a good foundation for the day's work that is before you.

Fail not to board the Woolwich steamer at eleven o'clock, and with the fresh breeze blowing all about you, and the sun dancing on the water, you pass through the forests of masts that proclaim the greatness of your country and its sources, and speeding thus for seven miles amid the finest river scenes in the world, you will be landed at Woolwich before the clock strikes one, even if the wind and tide be adverse.

For this day make no pause there; that will be the business of another excursion. But straightway mount the hill until you find yourself upon the common, and then turn, and a prospect that will make your heart glad will stretch itself out before your astonished eye; the metropolis with its thousand towers—the river with its ten thousand ships; the rich plains of Essex, and the distant hills, a shade more purple than the blue sky that descends upon them.

When you have taken your fill of this magnificent spectacle, onward to the hill top—Shooter's Hill, so famous in the romance of robbery—now alas! for ever flown—and crossing the highway there, a little lane will conduct you down the other side of the hill. Here a prospect of a very different kind opens upon you. A green pastoral landscape—hill, wood, meadow—all richly green and exuberantly fertile, and rejoicing in the fulness of summer. You are now fairly out of London; entirely in the country; untrained hedgerows on either hand covered with dog-roses and woodbine, and filling the air with fragrance. A little way, and you enter a coppice, shady, cool, with narrow foot-paths, across which the neighbours hang as if holding converse about the spring, and as you pass, the cool leaves fan your cheeks, and the smell of fern brings back a train of memories of childhood ramblings in brake and coppice, hunting birds'-nests or seeking nuts.

From this you emerge upon a range of meadows and corn-lands, from which comes up the fragrance of bean-flowers, clover, and, at times, of the new-mown hay. Not far before you a spire points up to heaven from among a crowd of trees, and thitherward you bend your steps. As you go, the butterflies flit before you, the grasshoppers chirp a welcome, and the birds in every hedge sing with all their might; while from above, far beyond the straining of your curious eye, there comes down a strain from the "ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the skies," which, if you are poetically inclined—and how could you be otherwise on such a day in such a spot?—you might well fancy to be the song of an angel bidding the world rejoice in the beauty of the season. You may be forgiven the vanity of sup-

posing that all this flood of melody is poured forth for your special welcome on the rare occasion of a visit to the palace of Nature.

You reach Eltham; and having viewed with curious antiquarian eye the relics of the old dining-hall, still through fields and green lanes you go on, until the picturesque village of Chiselhurst arrests your steps. But you must contemplate it only, not enter. *Your* way to-day turns to the left, and a lane, not yet despoiled of its hedge-row trees, winds about among cottages covered with roses, and the habitations of wealthy citizens, jealously encircled with walls, until you arrive at Footscray, and begin to think of rest and a dinner, which you have well earned, for although, amid the charms of such a country, the distance has appeared to be trifling, in truth you have compassed no less than eight miles from the point where you left the steamer.

Many hospitable sign-boards offer "good entertainment;" but, although it be more modest in its aspect, for many special reasons seek you the *Seven Stars* there, close by the bridge. The chances are that at the very door you will see mine host, hight Mr. EDMONDS, a hale, hearty man, with a face that looks a welcome and promises good cheer, and clothed from head to foot, hat, waistcoat, coat, trousers, in cool white. He greets you cordially, hastens to bring the purest water wherewithal you may clear the dust from your hot face. Probably he tells you, to your infinite satisfaction, that you have come at the very nick of time; that he has just risen from his dinner-table, and, if you prefer an immediate feed, there is ample and good fare ready for you. A glance at him satisfies you that it is a safe bargain to dine at *his* table—that it is a guarantee for abundance and excellence. The word is given, and in a few minutes you are summoned to a delicious little room, whose windows, festooned with flowers, look over a clear mill-stream, and let in the fresh breezes from the neighbouring hay-fields; and behold! to you just then more fragrant, a table with the whitest of cloths covered with good things!—a shoulder of the sweetest lamb you ever ate (at least, you think so, for you never were so hungry), new potatoes solid without waxiness, peas fresh from the garden, a glorious gooseberry pie and cream, a salad, and country bread. If you add a pint of your host's prime port, you will not be the worse for the luxury. As soon as you are seated, the worthy landlord comes in person, in pursuance of a most commendable custom with him, to assure himself from your own lips that all is to your liking. For such a dinner, to which you do ample justice, you may be sure, the charge is just *two shillings!* Is there not good reason for preferring *the Seven Stars?*

When you have eaten to your heart's content, and feel that sort of satisfaction which follows a rest after a long walk and a good dinner, descend to the border of the stream below you. There you will find hedges and bowers of roses, with seats where you may loll, and sip your wine, and watch the great trouts come almost to your feet to seize some incautious fly that has ventured too near the surface of the water, or mark the swallows dipping their bosoms into the stream and twittering as they shake the cool drops from their wings. Or, if it please you better, there is a pair of stately swans, whose motions will convey to you all pleasant images of beauty and grace.

But the shadows lengthen, the air is cooling fast; you reluctantly bid adieu to the stream, and swans, and swallows, and roses, and mine host, and direct your steps towards Eltham on your return. There rest again at any one of the many inns that invite your notice, and take a refreshing cup of tea. By that time the sun will have set, the sky will be glowing with gold and crimson. Through a succession of rich meadows you pursue your walk to Greenwich, rejoicing in the cool evening. From the meadows you emerge upon the breezy plain of Blackheath, and crossing it make straight for the railway, which in a quarter of an hour will carry you again into the busy heart of the metropolis of the world, and a supper and a sound night's sleep will be your portion at your home. Reader! all this country, all this pleasure, all this health-giving, exercise are to be enjoyed *in one day* at a cost of *five shillings!*—EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

ART.

THE CARTOON AND FRESCO EXHIBITION, WESTMINSTER HALL.

IT will be remembered by most of our readers that, after the close of the Fresco Exhibition last year, her Majesty's Commissioners for the Fine Arts, desirous of securing for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament the best talent the country might afford, invited British artists generally to compete for three further prizes of 200*l.* each, on the same subjects as Messrs. MACLISE, COPE, DYCE, HORSLEY, THOMAS, and REDGRAVE, the successful candidates at the last competition, had been commissioned to execute for the House of Lords, should none superior offer at this year's Exhibition.

It may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, that at no antecedent period of this country's history have the fine arts been so prosperous, so munificently supported as they are at present. Government commissions hold out splendid rewards of emolument and fame; art-unions scatter their useful bonuses around; public institutions patronize; trading speculators are active, and in their way assist; and, lastly—happy result of the refinement which thirty years of peace have fostered and that daily diffuses itself more widely among the masses—private individuals expend, beyond a doubt, a larger amount annually in works of art than has ever been known up to this time. Nor has there been any period when artists were more honoured than at present. In the palmy days of REYNOLDS, of WEST, and even so lately as the presidentship of LAWRENCE, fewer artists frequented the court, nor were they as a body so universally received and entertained on terms so flattering by the nobility and commoners as they now are.

With these advantages, this liberal patronage, these honours, and opportunities for achieving an enduring fame, do the productions of the artists, as they should do, exceed in merit what heretofore has been accomplished?—do they even justify intrinsically the generous treatment they receive? Let us look to this exhibition for reply; herein lies the answer given by THE ARTS of Great Britain to the question, *What can you do?* and by this exposition we may fairly estimate their value.

The impression left on the mind of the intelligent spectator who shall have examined the works now exhibited in Westminster Hall, is one by no means flattering to the character of British Art. Of the one hundred and forty-five specimens exhibited, the bulk is scarcely endurable, some ten or twelve are respectable, perhaps five or six stand above mediocrity, and there is one only which may with justice be classed among the productions of the highest art, and of that we shall presently speak. It is not that we have generally to complain of poverty of conception or deficiency of originality in these works, for of imagination self-shaped and appropriate, we have enough; but the force of it is lost for want of artistic government; the elements of composition are there, but the power of combining them so as to produce an effective whole is not there; hence the disjointed and unimpressive productions whose abundance we lament.

The next drawback from the value of these works is the slovenly and incorrect drawing in many places visible. To such a degree does this sin prevail, that we blush for British Art when we think of the triumph those masterly draughtsmen the French and Germans must feel on comparing their respective schools in this particular with ours. When will our artists condescend to bestow proper attention on this most essential and acquirable (though difficult) art? In *expression* too there is a feebleness we greatly long to see replaced with power.

Of the frescoes, as they are this year subsidiary to the designs, we have little to say, other than that the success of our artists in this method of painting is not such as to render us anxious that the works to be undertaken for the House of Lords should be executed in that vehicle. Indeed, notwithstanding the current of opinion at present sets strongly in favour of this imperfectly-understood art, we doubt greatly its fitness for indoor walls, owing to the heaviness and opacity, the chilliness and hardness of its tones, though, perhaps, for ceilings it may be used to advantage.

It is a source of wonder and regret to us that, with the exception of some five men, all of whom are commissioned to execute a compartment in the Palace of Westminster, the competition for this proud work has been, by tacit consent of the seniors, limited to a few junior and honourably ambitious men. Where are our LANDSEERS, our ETTY'S, our EASTLAKES, our KNIGHTS, and our PATTENS? artists who can produce nothing bad, but who have power, for the most part, to achieve triumphs. Is it that they hold themselves above competition, or do they fear it? In either case their love of self overmounts and tramples on their devotion to art. It was not thus with the old painters, whose souls so centred in their profession that they counted that gain which exalted it, though it were to the disparagement of their own works. That Mr. SELOUS, also, with his exuberant fancy, his origi-

nality and power, should have contributed nothing, there is no excuse, especially when is borne in mind his triumph at the first year's competition.

To the gentlemen selected at last year's exhibition, and commissioned to execute a work each for approval this year, t is no more than justice to say that they have amply vindicated the judgment of the committee; for, beyond a doubt, their works, taken collectively, transcend an equal number of the best contributed by other artists. Mr. MACLISE has indeed produced a powerful and captivating work, which stands out in honourable prominence before the others, and will render this exhibition memorable to those who take an interest in the Arts; a brief notice of this, with some other subjects, will be found subjoined.

There are twenty-nine specimens of sculpture; few of which deserve especial notice, except a *Statue of Shakspere* (127), by JOHN BELL, which for appropriate feeling and the expression of character, surpasses, in our opinion, every representation of the divine bard that we have ever seen. A work by Mr. THRUPP (117), *A Hunter returning Home;* another by Mr. J. EVAN THOMAS (122), *The Afflicted Mother;* and a third, by Mr. HENRY SHENTON (119), *Statue of Archbishop Cranmer*, are meritorious, and therefore deserving of attention. We proceed to give a short account of the most conspicuous works.

11. *The Spirit of Religion*, J. NOEL PATON.—To this has been awarded a premium of 200*l*. It has some imagination, graceful outline, and careful drawing to recommend it, but is deficient in sentiment and expression.

14. *Justice* (Cartoon), JNO. Z. BELL.—The figures here, like most of those by MICHAEL ANGELO, are of colossal stature. The attitudes are original, yet destitute of visible purpose. Why place Justice on an unseemly seat in the corner of a dungeon? The wonder expressed by the rising figure, equally with the expression of Justice herself, are unintelligible.

18. *Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of Chief Justice Gascoigne.* ALEXANDER BLAIKLEY.—This is by some degrees the worst representation of this imposing scene in the Exhibition. The head of Chief Justice Gascoigne has surely been a study from some imbecile old woman.

20. *Chivalry, under the inspiration of Religion, preserving the Throne from Anarchy and Confusion.* JAMES and GEO. FOGGO.—Here there is no improvement. If abundance of line flowing sinuously through the composition be a merit, this is most praiseworthy. Altogether, it is a preposterous, extravagant production.

23. *An Allegory of Justice* (Cartoon). E. H. WEHNERT.—Originality, skilful composition, and power, honourably distinguish this cartoon. The allegorical meaning is clearly conveyed by the action of the figures.

29. *Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of Chief Justice Gascoigne.* R. W. BUSS.—A more ungainly, vulgar creature than the Prince is here made it were hard to conceive. The line he presents is just that of a strained bow; the figure of the Chief Justice, which is good, contributes something to redeem what but for this would be a contemptible composition.

32. *The Baptism of King Ethelbert in the River Glen* (Cartoon). JOSEPH SEVERN.—Here, again we have the common-place. There is neither becoming sentiment nor expression; neither is there originality, nor grace, nor power, to recommend it.

35. *Religion.* (Executed by commission.) JOHN CALCOTT HORSLEY.—The first work that produces an impression on the spectator is this. An appropriate and elevated sentiment prevails throughout, governing all things. The composition is simple even to severity, the drawing good, and the expression correct. A grand figure is that of him who, directing his attention to the Word of God, has cast his earthly crown to his feet.

38. *Justice* (Cartoon). WILLIAM CAVE THOMAS. (Executed by commission.)—Skilful combination, and artistic judgment in the division and arrangement of the subject, distinguish this work. There are many emblematic figures introduced, the whole of which are ably connected, and contribute their respective shares to the general impression most effectively.

41. *The Spirit of Chivalry.* DANIEL MACLISE, R. A. (Executed by commission.)—To speak in terms too enthusiastic of this grand work would be difficult indeed. It is one of which any artist who ever lived might be proud, and that would do honour to the arts of any country. In examining it, one is at a loss which the most to admire, the exuberance of imagination, the masterly power of composition, the beauty of the separate figures, the skilful drawing, or the happy and unmistakable expression which everywhere prevail. For sentiment and feeling, no less than for power, this magnificent work is beyond praise. Never, surely, was there a cartoon produced wherein the *mechanical* merit was more conspicuous. What the artist has produced in simple black and white surpasses what we should have thought possible, had we not here witnessed the perfection to which these simple colours might be wrought. This is a cartoon which will be remembered; it forms of itself quite an epoch in British Art, for we know of nothing so wonderfully perfect by an English artist up to this time.

46. *The Spirit of Religion.* EDWARD ARMITAGE.—This is another work to which has been assigned a premium of 200*l*. Its chief recommendations are skilful drawing and grouping. The intention of the artist, moreover, is intelligibly expressed.

57. *Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter from Edward the Third.* C. W. COPE, A.R.A. (Executed by commission.)—A clever and pleasing cartoon. The figure of the Prince is dignified and noble, the action becoming, and the composition singularly happy.

60. *Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of Chief Justice Gascoigne.* RICHARD REDGRAVE, A.R.A.—Simplicity is here carried to an extent bounding on poverty. The expression, which is marked and truthful, is the most praiseworthy feature of this cartoon.

65. *The Baptism of Ethelbert.* W. DYCE. (Executed by commission.)—This subject shews infinitely better in fresco than in the cartoon. As regards manipulative merits, this fresco stands superior to all others in the exhibition. The effects are broad, and nicely adapted for this vehicle.

75. *Abstract representation of Justice* (Cartoon). W. PHILIP SALTER.—There is ability in this; the design and execution are equally good.

79. *Religion* (Cartoon). S. BENDIXEN.—The artist has here (we think appropriately) laid the scene in a church. There is grace and beauty in the composition, and singular care has been bestowed on *the hatching.* As a masterpiece of the pencil, this work comes next to that by MACLISE.

85. *An allegory of Justice* (Cartoon). JOHN TENNIE, Jun.—This is the third and last work to which the premium of 200*l*. has been awarded. It is indeed deserving of reward, being a strikingly original and able work. The conception is masterly, the grouping novel and skilful, the drawing admirable, and the expression fine. Were the others to which have been given premiums but equal to this, we should better have been satisfied with this exhibition.

98. *An abstract representation of Justice.* F. and M. BROWN.—This, too, is conceived in a fine spirit. It reminds one of the works of PAUL VERONESE and SEBASTIAN RICCI. Justice is here properly represented, with her eyes bound and her hand to her ear. Variety of character, truth of expression, artistic government, and some skilful drawing, recommend this cartoon.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

Ten Songs. By HENRY RUSSELL. Davidson.

THESE songs were published in a series of cheap music, which we have already noticed under the title of *Music for the Million.* Mr. RUSSELL'S style has achieved considerable popularity; but for our own part we must confess to a great dislike to it. We detest declamatory music; it is not the business of music, which should appeal to the sentiments, not to the perceptions. To the many, however, who think otherwise, and are enraptured with his noise, these ten songs will be a great treat, especially as they are to be procured at such a trifling cost.

The Musical Treasury, Vocal and Instrumental, &c. Davidson.

A VERY handsome volume of popular music, well arranged, neatly printed, and published at a singularly moderate price. The contents are selected with much taste. They consist of songs, duets, glees, overtures, quadrilles, waltzes, polkas, galopades, &c., some original, but for the most part reprints of the popular

music of the time. Besides these, there are extracts from favourite operas, and a few sacred pieces. Such a miscellany is admirably adapted for family use, for here all tastes and abilities may find something suited for them in a moment; the mood or the occasion may be consulted for appropriate themes. The *Musical Treasury* is unquestionably the most *useful* collection of music we have ever seen.

The Pale Moonbeam. The music by M. E. WILLEMENT. The words by P. S. SPARLING. London, Boosey and Co.

Days Gone By. The words by Mrs. J. SPICER. The music by M. E. WILLEMENT. Boosey and Co.

THERE is something peculiarly sweet and pleasing in the sentiment of these little melodies. They scarcely need the words to tell their story. Miss (or Mrs. ?) WILLEMENT has taste which, with cultivation, may lead to fame.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We have scarcely any thing to say respecting her Majesty's Theatre this week. *Il Giuramento* has been repeated, greatly to our surprise, for it is a heavy business, but it attracted a large house again; or rather, there was a large house assembled, irrespective of the piece, and intent solely upon its performance, which was fine, infinitely beyond the merits of either music or libretto; or, perhaps, the fact may be, that Mr. LUMLEY having displayed throughout such admirable judgment in his selections, his audiences, however they may doubt as to a particular revival, waive the doubt, and make up their minds that the manager must know best what is good for them. The crowd, on the occasion of MARIO'S benefit, on Thursday week, was absolutely awful; and, more happy than they, who forced a way in, hundreds went away from pit and gallery doors, from absolute lack of room to receive them; both the one and the other *locale* was literally "chuck full." Signor PUZZI, too, who took his benefit last Thursday, with *Anna Bolena*, selections from *Pietro l' Eremita*, and infinite dancing, for the entertainments, obtained ample suffrages, TAGLIONI not slightly conducing to the concourse on all these occasions. By the way, immense as is our admiration of this nymph, we cannot but think she is rather preposterous in her demands upon the unhappy American manager, who aspires to delectate Brother Jonathan, and put a trifle in his own pocket, by aid of "her so potent art." One hundred and twenty pounds, not Scots, but sterling,—say 120*l.* and not a dollar or cent less,—is the Sylphide's demand from the Transatlantic lessee, for capering about his stage-boards a half-hour or so. If this don't make the President of the more or less United States dissatisfied with his condition, he must, indeed, be a remarkable man. A hundred and twenty pounds a night for a mile and a half of dancing! That is to say,—for three nights a week, 18,720*l.* per annum, "besides a handsome house" on each of sundry benefit nights. We must confess that this appears to us *rather* too forcible; and we cannot but think that such intense impudence should at once receive an effectual check on the part of English and American lessees. Mr. LUMLEY, for instance, had a *full* and crowded house every night, before Mademoiselle TAGLIONI came, and he would have continued to fill his house, if Mademoiselle TAGLIONI, *déesse de la danse* though she be, had never come at all. Charming is she, though aging; graceful, well nigh, as the fawn; but a hundred and twenty pounds a night for a dancing-woman!!

DRURY LANE.—The regular season at this theatre has closed, after, we believe, a very successful campaign; but its walls are not deserted, the Brussels Company having migrated hither from Covent Garden, for some reason to us unknown, but which seems to have been connected with a squabble, Mr. ROBERTSON having, as we learn from the police reports, laid an embargo, not only upon that which Mr. POPE says makes the man (and woman inclusively), but upon the men and women themselves, or certain of them, of the company; and it was only after application made to Bow-street authorities that the mimic potentates and peasants, and what not, were released from durance vile. It has been said that the company removed to Drury Lane from over the way in consequence of the Queen's wanting to hear them, but declining to visit Covent Garden on account of the League; but it were treason, in a small way, to credit the statement. However, this much is quite certain, that on the day of the removal, last Friday, her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the King of the Belgians and his consort, honoured the performances at Drury Lane with their presence, the opera selected being *Les Huguenots*, performed in a most masterly manner. It is a pity the work is so long that all but the enthusiasts of music feel a sensation of weariness stealing over them ere yet the piece is two-thirds done. As in our meals, so in our musical repasts, we should "rise with an appetite." HALEVY'S *Reine du Chypre* was produced on Monday with excellent effect, and all the greater, as to externals, that the scenery, decorations, and some of the dresses used in it were the same as those which gave such *éclât* to the *Bride of St. Mark*, the story of which is, *exceptis excipiendis*, the same with that of *La Reine de Chypre*. The French opera, admirably sung throughout, went off very agreeably, though it contains scarcely any thing which strongly impresses itself upon the imagination or the memory. One *chanson*, however, recurs to us most pleasantly, the dicing song, given by COUDERC, full of life and spirit, and sung *on ne pourrait pas mieux*. Composers should love such men as COUDERC, who perfectly enter into their conceptions, and give them forth in a manner realizing even an author's "idea of the thing." The house was very indifferently attended; all shame be to the public for it. When the company has left us, which it will do very shortly, though we are in hopes that the term we specified in our last number will be somewhat extended, everybody will be getting up from their arm-chairs, where they have been weighing the criticisms in all the papers, and say one to another, "This French opera seems a capital thing, let us go and hear it." We rejoice, by anticipation, in their feelings of anguish when they shall find the doors closed. *La Juive*, also by HALEVY, is announced for immediate production (we believe on Wednesday next), and will doubtless be admirably *mise en scène*. In this respect, the company certainly enjoy great advantages at Drury Lane, where so much attention has been paid to spectacular effects, and where, as we think, the *Jewess* itself was produced some years ago, as a drama, in a very gorgeous style. The performances on Wednesday comprised *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* and *La Part du Diable*. Their Majesties of England and Belgium were present, with Prince Albert, and numerous other notabilities.

HAYMARKET.—We have nothing to notify respecting the little theatre in the Haymarket, unless it be the intimation that a new comedy, it is said, and some minor novelties, are in forward rehearsal, and will shortly be produced; an intimation we feel personally considerable pleasure in making, having seen *Time Works Wonders* thrice out of its sixty representations, and being strongly impressed, in consequence, with the fact that it is possible to have too much of a good thing. At intervals, we shall be happy, again and again, to renew our acquaintance with DOUGLAS JERROLD'S clever play, but meantime, we desiderate a little variety. Talking of novelties, SHERIDAN KNOWLES has returned from his voyages and travels in the south of Europe, and has brought back with him, in addition to pencillings of his way, a play, which we understand is at the present moment under the consideration of some theatrical director, and, for aught we know, may be the identical new comedy mentioned above.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The efforts of Mrs. WARNER and her coadjutor continue to meet with a success alike creditable to them and to the population by whom they are more immediately surrounded, and from whom they derive, we presume, their main support, though very many there be, doubtless, who resort thither from farthest west, earnest play-goers, sworn liegemen to MACREADY, who, as they may not see MACREADY himself, do the next best thing open to them, visit the arena wherein two of his most distinguished pupils and *camarades* exhibit no faint reflection of his management. *Richelieu* has had a considerable run, followed by *Love*, and the entertainments provided are altogether of a nature calculated to attract at once a refined and a numerous audience. that result so desirable for all parties,—for managers, for audience, and for the public.

STRAND THEATRE.—This little theatre has closed, whether permanently or only for a while we cannot say. The alleged reason for not opening on Saturday was the indisposition of Mr. HALL, but we fear that the indisposition of the public has had something to do with the matter. We regret the circumstance, for we have passed many a pleasant evening at this theatrelet, and cannot but think that it might be made to answer with the class of dramas in which Mr. HAMMOND was wont to take a prominent part.

SURREY THEATRE.—The enterprising manageress of this popular and very beautiful theatre has commenced her opera season, having engaged for that purpose Madame EUGENIA GARCIA, Miss COLLETT, Mr. D. W. KING, Mr. BARKER, Mr. MACMAHON, Mr. WEISS, and Mr. A. HARRIS, some of them favourably known to the public, the rest less known to fame, or, at all events, less known to us. However, they have begun exceedingly well, all of them, with the anglicized version of *Lucia di Lammermoor*; and we were greatly pleased at once with the performance of the opera, and with the attention which it received at the ears of the Surrey audience, a very full one, as is a matter of course here. The applause was as well timed and as earnest as at other places of greater pretensions to musical discrimination. EUGENIA GARCIA, we need hardly say, filled the part of *Lucia*, and sang with much taste and feeling. Mr. KING'S *Edgardo* was a highly creditable performance, evincing care and study. The orchestra is under the competent direction of Mr. LODER. *The Waterman*, which we detest, succeeded;

and the performances concluded with a new melodrama entitled *Faith, Hope, and Charity, or Chance and Change*, written by the author of *The Road of Life*, and really an effective piece. The story is that of a gamester, who marries an heiress for love of her money, and after having reduced himself and her to the lowest distress, by late hours and bad company, is restored, in the turn of fortune, to his former position, having realized, meantime, the valuable lesson how inestimable is the treasure of woman's love, and having a heart still sufficiently whole to enable him to make their future life happy by turning the lesson to account and abandoning the error of his former ways. Mrs. R. HONNER, a very clever actress, impersonated the heroine, and we were altogether surprised by the manner in which Mr. HICKS filled the part of a dashing, devil-may-care, dissolute companion of the gambler, who, in the course of the piece, by gradual descents, becomes a mere vagabond and outcast. He played the character excellently well. The comic interest of the drama is sustained by Miss MARTIN, Mr. COWELL, and Mr. R. HONNER, who made the audience laugh in a manner totally inconsistent with the state of the atmosphere.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mademoiselle ELIZA FORGEOT took her benefit on Wednesday, when M. ARNAL appeared in a new vaudeville, highly popular at Paris, called *Le Carlin de la Marquise*, and in *Un Bal du Grand Monde*. Even if it were necessary, which it is not, under the circumstances, to give an account of these pieces, we have not the spirits to do so, having just returned from this pleasantest of all theatres with the melancholy consciousness, recalled to us in full force by the very pleasure of the evening, that but for a night or two more are we to enjoy that pleasure, the season having absolutely arrived at its close. All honour be to Mr. MITCHELL for his admirable and most honourable management, for his unchecked spirit, for his unhesitating and liberal enterprise.

THE COLOSSEUM. — The following distinguished persons, amongst others, have recently visited this establishment:—The Duchesses of Sutherland and Buccleuch and party, Marchioness of Donegal, Marquess of Exeter, Earl and Countess of Dunraven, Earl of Uxbridge, Lords Leigh, Harrowby, Manvers, De Lisle, Carnarvon, and Sherburne; Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel and Lady Peel, Ladies Stradbroke, Canning, Rolle, Miss Burdett Coutts, &c. &c. &c.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE HOME OF THE WRETCHED.

In a lone alley,
Far from the light,
Stands a low dwelling
Hidden from sight;
The roof is uncover'd,
Bare are the walls,
And o'er them the spider
Leisurely crawls.

Surely no mortal
Maketh abode
'Neath that dread portal,
The haunt of the toad!
Alas! a sad mother,
Spurn'd by her kin,
With five little children,
Are dwelling within.

When Fortune was kind,
None so happy as they,
For of friends they could find
Enough for each day;
But Poverty came,
Its banner unfurl'd,
And friends then soon left them
To want and the world.

See the poor mother
Bending with grief
Over her children,
To think that relief
From the torments of hunger
Cannot be supplied:
Ah! almost she wishes
They long since had died!

Look how they're stretching
Their tiny dark arms
To a mother's fond bosom,
That beats with alarms!
Mark, how they ask her—
Implore her for bread
Oh, is it not dreadful?
God's creatures unfed!

But where is the husband,
The pride of the wife?
Oh, where is the father
That gave them their life?
No more shall they see him,
For deep in his grave
He sleeps 'neath the billow,
By ocean's blue wave.

E. M. R.

NECROLOGY.

THOMAS HOOD.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(*From the Art-Union.*)

THE past winter has been one of dismal heaviness to us, for it has been so to many dear friends; a cold, bleak "season"—each month surpassing its predecessor in the number of its bereavements, until we have asked each other, "Is the cup of sorrow yet unfilled?" All through February and March the dull boom of the death-bell mingled with the snow-wreath and rose above the storm, while the frost-bound earth echoed the clank of the mattock and the spade. We do not speak of the simple hearts, near and dear, whom death found as fittest for immortality—ripest for the sickle—but of others, known to the world about us, who have been taken "home" in the flower of their days; and more especially of one, just gone, whose gentle spirit passed away while nature was recruiting—resuming her leaves and flowers, and wearing once again a happy look of plenteousness and peace.

First, from over the sea, came news of the death of one who, if longer spared, would have achieved a much higher reputation than she had yet won—for her mind was evidently gaining strength, and her views of life and knowledge of literature were expanding. One of our contemporaries has said, that Mary Anne Browne was "spoiled at first by over-praise;" over-praised the girl-poet might have been, but none who have read what she has written as Mrs. James Gray could have deemed her "spoiled"—for all her latter works evince care and thought, and much genuine refinement; and her last small volume of poems, *Sketches from the Antique*, supply evidence of higher hopes and holier aspirations than belong to the "spoiled" children of the Muses. Her short life, though uneventful, was checquered and of uneven course—as literary lives always are in England—but she was a loving and a beloved wife, esteemed by those who knew her as a kind and amiable woman, and one of rare industry. I found it hard to believe that death had taken her from the new-born infant that nestled in her bosom; that the grave had closed over the laughing girl I had seen but as yesterday—her rich brown curls clustering round her throat, and her eyes luminous with mirth.

But heavier sorrows followed. There are few, indeed, who are acquainted with the light and graceful literature of our country—who cull the simple and natural flowers so plentifully scattered in their paths—to whom the name of Laman Blanchard is unknown: his ready and eloquent pen could indite a sonnet, point an epigram, tell a story, or lend interest to an essay, while lower spirits were wondering and pondering what they had to write about.

His name was a pleasant watchword, a guarantee that something was to follow—racy, and fanciful. His wit, rather genial than caustic, and so abounding that it brightened every thing it played about, was checked only by a sensitive desire to avoid giving pain; even where to censure became a duty, this tenderness in his nature was apparent in his writings: he frequently stopped short of his object lest he might inflict a wound. Of late, few articles bore his name in periodical works; and those who are unacquainted with the mighty mechanism that scatters "leaders," "criticisms," and "reviews,"—"opinions" of all kinds on all subjects to guide the multitude,—little imagine what volumes have passed down the stream of time, written for "the day," by this man of many labours, but upon which the power of the throbbing brain had been lavishly expended.

Sixteen years ago we knew him; ever as a poet, buoyant with youth and hope—his purpose fixed, his independence unflinching—with the dreamy, ardent temperament of a genuine "child of song," yet turning himself to the direst and hardest duty work, and labouring at every thing which did not compromise the principles with which he set out in life,—fighting his way with a brave heart and a bright eye, known only to be loved, and imparting as much pleasure to, as he received from, literary society. Many are the happy and profitable hours we have passed to-

gether, his ready sympathy attracting confidence that was never betrayed. Alas! his wife became the victim of a distressing malady; and his sensitive nerves were ill able to endure long midnight watchings, relieved only by midnight labour—the coin with which genius purchases bread. She died some months ago, and to all but him her death seemed a mercy. From that time, however, his light of life either blazed or flickered, as it was excited. He rose up, and went about, and wrote, when he could, but fancied, and perhaps truly, that he could not write as he had done. The fact was, his mind required repose—a total absence from labour—it craved rest; but how is the producer of periodical literature to find rest? People tell you "not to be excited," "not to overwork yourself." Ah! they cannot see under the gay draperies that society folds around the form—they cannot see the chains that bind us to the galley. A terror that he should be unable to provide for his children took hold of our poor friend—seized him by the brain through the heart; his eyes became affected—to all appearance they were as bright as ever, but he could not endure the light, and continued to suffer intensely; his imagination appeared to retain its power after his reason had given way; and thus was the fountain of life exhausted at one-and-forty! The eloquent and tender poet—the man with many real friends, yet dying in harness, which, if one ready hand had unbuckled for a time, might have been worn, after a brief rest, in honour for many years! Not but he was difficult to manage; loath to owe any debt save to his own exertions; and proud—as all right-thinking men must be—of the independence that had won the respect and friendship of the intellectual and the true; and it was hard, when you saw his bright face or heard his pleasant words, to think of him and sorrow—the sure suggestion was, that he would be better by-and-by. Ah! it was a mournful termination to such a life.

And, after he was laid in his grave, the bells tolled on; another and another passed away—names highly honoured in art—Calcott, Smirke, Phillips, the gentle and highly-gifted Duncan; and now one whose name has long been a household word, but whose death has been anticipated for months, nay, for years—the noble poet—yet, strange to say, better known as the annual "jester"—Thomas Hood! Truly, the man who, year after year, furnished abundant food for mirth, and yet could imagine "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and depict such realities as "The Song of a Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," must have been formed in no common mould! He, too, is gone "home!"

I remember the first time I met him was at one of the pleasant *soirées* of the painter Martin; for a moment I turned away—as many have done—disappointed; for the countenance, in repose, was of melancholy rather than of mirth: there was something calm, even to solemnity, in the upper portion of the face, which, in public, was seldom relieved by the eloquent play of the mouth, or the occasional sparkle of the observant eye; and it was a general remark among his acquaintances, that he was too quiet for "the world." There are many wit-watchers to be found in society, who think there is nothing in a man, unless, like a sounding-board, he make a great noise at a small touch,—who consider themselves aggrieved, unless an "author" open at once like a book, and speak as he writes; this vulgar notion, like others of the same stamp, creeps into good society, or what is so considered, and I have seen both Hook and Hood "set," as a pointer sets a partridge, by persons who glitter in evanescent light simply by repeating what such men have said. Mr. Hook, perhaps, liked this celebrity—this setting and staring, this lion hunt—so different from the heart-worship paid to veritable greatness. Mr. Hood did not: he was too sensitive, too refined, to endure it; the dislike to being pointed at as the "man who was funny" kept him out of a crowd, where there were always numbers who really honoured his genius, and loved him for his gentle and domestic virtues. It was only among his friends that his playful fancy flourished, or that he yielded to its influence; although, strictly speaking, "social" in all his feelings, he never sought to stimulate his wit by the false poison of draughts of wine; nor was he ever more cheerful than when at his own fireside he enjoyed the companionship of his dear and devoted wife. He was playful as a child; and his imagination, pure as bright, frolicked with nature, whom he loved too well ever to outrage or insult by slight or misrepresentation. And yet he was City born, and city bred,—born in the unpoetic district of "the Poultry;" though born, as it were, to letters, for his father was a bookseller; and the son was remarkable for great vivacity of spirits, and prone to astonish good citizens, guests at his father's, no less than his fellow-pupils when at school, by the shrewdness and brilliancy of his observations upon topics of which it was thought he knew nothing. He finished his education at Camberwell; and, even at that early age being in very precarious health, was advised to try the effect of a sea voyage upon his constitution. The sea suited him not. I can well imagine its boiling turbulence—its fitfulness—its glittering brightness, and its fearful storms finding no sympathy in the gentle bosom of the author of "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies."

He passed some years, on his return, with relatives in "Bonny Dundee;" and, manifesting a great talent for drawing, was apprenticed to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, an engraver. But he trifled with the pencil, while he laboured with the pen: his future destiny was pointed out by the light of genius. And what rare talents did he not possess, blended with the gentleness and kindness of the sweetest of poetic temperaments—how full his sympathies!—how honest his heart—how great and true in all things! Although his existence was a long disease rather than a life, he was free from all bitterness and harshness of spirit, feeling intensely for the sufferings of others; he was in every way unselfish; prone to the very last to turn his own sad sufferings into jests, and forcing those who wept over his agony, fierce as it was (until the last dull sleep which continued from the Tuesday to the Saturday of his death), to smile at the wittiness of his conceits, mingling as they did with a touching consciousness of his situation, and the solemn belief in that HEREAFTER which, in all faith and humility, we believe—to the full extent of knowledge—he now enjoys.

But what a sad picture, and by no means a solitary one, do the last months of this GREAT MAN'S life display! "The Song of a Shirt" was knocking at every heart in Great Britain, while its author was panting for breath, and trying to enlist the forces of his friends in the launch of the magazine that still bears his name. And his friends stood by him: they gathered willingly beneath the banner which, had it been raised by a strong arm, instead of one trembling with pain and the unsteadiness of departed health, would have battled the breeze nobly, and waved for years triumphantly above—as a shelter to—his home. A little longer, and the difficulties of his position increased; one illness succeeded another, and "l'Envoi" at the end of each "periodical labour" induced the mingled smiles and tears of his admirers. He wrote wit while propped by pillows; and the chapters of a novel—doomed to remain, like his life, a great fragment—were produced between the intervals and beatings of heart disease.

Alas! what those endure who *write* for bread! But it is all over with him now; the *gold* has been refined, and the *crucible* is broken; the toil-worn body has been bowed in death that the *soul* might escape into life; the mortal cerements have been burst; the winged child is borne into the true life—the life of eternity! Those who loved him best rejoice at his release from labour—never remunerated in proportion to the pleasure it gave—never in a way at all commensurate with the enormous profit it produced—seldom, perhaps, thought of by those whose hearts it opened. Latterly his dear friends had been agonized by his terrible lament, "I cannot die—I cannot die!" Such friends were thankful to lay him, on the 10th of May, in a calm grave at Kensall-green. It will not, we are sure, be long before a monument is raised to his memory; and there are hearts enough in England to remember that his widow and two children have but the hundred a year to subsist on—bestowed by Sir Robert Peel, whose letter, in words which did him honour, conveyed the request that he might be permitted to make the personal acquaintance of one whose works and whose character he had long admired and appreciated. In this generous wish and hope he was destined to be disappointed,—but

Honour and glory to a great statesman with a good heart! Such men are worthy almoners of genius!

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

Mesmerism in Disease; a few Plain Facts, with a Selection of Cases. By HENRY STORER, M.D. London, 1845. Baillière.

A Discussion on Mesmerism between Mr. E. T. Hicks and Mr. J. O. Rumball, at the Theatre, Gloucester. London, 1845. Dyer and Co.

A Manual of "the Cure of Nature," as applied to the Relief of Disease in general. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

THREE pamphlets, the publication of which proves that public attention is at length wakening to the importance of Mesmerism as a subject for inquiry, at least, if not for credence.

Dr. STORER, a physician practising at Bath, is one of the few of his profession who have dared to defy hostility and avow his belief in a fact which he has investigated and found to be true. For this he is entitled to respect, and the persecution which has hitherto been the lot of all who have ventured to look beyond the prescribed path of professional routine, is an assurance that, with motives so strong to passive acquiescence in hereditary dogmas, only a sincere if mistaken conviction could have persuaded him to avow himself a convert to the facts of Mesmerism, and practically and successfully to apply it to the cure of disease.

The purpose of his little volume is to remove some lingering prejudices by detailing what Mesmerism has already accomplished, especially as a curative agent.

It has ever been the reproach of the English, that they wrap themselves in their own self-esteem, and, imagining that all knowledge is limited to their own little isles, live and die in entire ignorance of the progress of knowledge and of taste among their continental neighbours. Of late years something has been done for the removal of that reproach; and every month gives signs of a rapid extension of curiosity among our countrymen to learn the thoughts of their fellow-men in Germany and France. The great success that has attended the attempt of THE CRITIC to supply such information regularly and systematically, is a sign of this happy enlargement of sympathies. But, as yet, the movement is partial; and one proof of this is the manner in which even men pretending to science, and journalists who ought to know better, speak of Mesmerism, as if it numbered among its believers and practitioners only a few charlatans and ignoble quacks. But what is the fact? In Germany it is admitted as a regular branch of the science of medicine, and is no more disputed than the motion of the blood, or the functions of the brain, or any other established doctrine. In Prussia it is practised by the government physicians by direct authority. At Stockholm it is a part of the examination by the university previous to admission to degrees. In Russia the emperor appointed a commission to investigate it, and they reported that it is "a very important agent," and his own chief physician practises it. In Denmark physicians practise it under a royal ordinance, by a decree of the College of Health. LAPLACE, the astronomer, says of it, "that he could not withhold his assent from what was so strongly supported;" and CUVIER remarks, "it is no longer permitted us to doubt that the proximity of two animated bodies in a certain relation, and with the help of certain motions, does produce *a real effect*, wholly independent of the imagination of either." Among its distinguished votaries on the continent are, JEUSSIEU, HUFELAND, GEORGET, ORFILA, CLOQUET, ARAGO. Among physicians at home who have avowed their belief in it are CONOLLY, ABERCROMBIE, ELLIOTSON, ASHBURNER, DAVEY, WILSON, SYGMUND, ARNOTT, COSTELLO. Among other names of eminence, who may be numbered as having expressed their conviction of the truth of Mesmerism, are PRINCE ALBERT, Lord BROUGHAM, the Earl of WESTMORELAND, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, the Bishop of NORWICH, Colonel GURWOOD, Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Miss MARTINEAU, Miss MITFORD, Sir E. L. BULWER LYTTON, CHARLES DICKENS, COLERIDGE, Mr. MACREADY, WILLIAM HOWITT, BASIL MONTAGUE, &c. No less than three clergymen have written books in support of it, and every day now produces, not only multitudes of new proofs, but multitudes of new converts.

Dr. STORER proceeds to collect a number of authenticated cases of cure, among which we observe spinal affections, uterine disease, neuralgia, deafness, epilepsy, spasmodic asthma, neuralgia of the heart, hysterical epilepsy, lock-jaw, St. Vitus's dance; all, it will be observed, affections directly or indirectly connected with a disordered condition of the nervous system.

Besides the surgical operations performed without pain, which have been recorded in THE CRITIC, Dr. STORER narrates an amputation of the thigh, an amputation of the leg, extraction of teeth, division of tendons at the back of the knee-joint, removal of diseased bone from the jaw, and amputation of the breast.

A volume containing so much interesting matter as we have described must be a welcome contribution to the cause of truth, for it will dispel many prejudices, remove many doubts, and tempt to serious thought and inquiry thousands who disbelieve merely because they have never been shewn that Mesmerism, if true, will be a blessing to mankind, and that some of the greatest and wisest of the age have investigated it and satisfied themselves of its truth.

The second pamphlet is an extended report of a scene in the theatre at Gloucester, on the 17th of April last, of which an account was published in THE CRITIC at the time of its occurrence. Mr. HICKS triumphantly defeated his opponent alike in fact and in argument. Those who read that narrative will be pleased to obtain the short-hand writer's notes, which are here given *verbatim*.

The *Manual of the "the Cure of Nature"* is a short, sensible, practical series of instructions for the employment of Mesmerism for the relief of disease. The writer, who is evidently a man of large experience, minutely details the rules to be observed, and his pamphlet may be recommended to practitioners as a *safe guide*.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the *Seeress of Prevorst* in the original, and that with much interest. Ghost-stories, as they are called, have always been so rife in the world, that I was glad to find something like a distinct statement on the subject by a man of any degree of intellectual culture. Now, Kerner was a painstaking and even eminent physician; a lyric poet of reputation in a country where authors are more, and readers less, numerous than in Great Britain; a scholar of manifest research, especially in the higher psychology; and a pious Christian to boot, although his piety was of a somewhat mystical and attenuated kind. The second part of the *Seeress* is the first attempt at a regular *comparatio instantiarum*, in the department of so-called spirit-seeing; and therefore both interesting and useful, in spite of the feeble step with which poor Kerner endeavours to follow the Baconian precepts. I smiled as I proceeded through the narrative, but it was not with disdain; it was with eager curiosity to know the *real* meaning of phenomena so honestly believed, so credibly attested, and so piously set down. Not only the belief in the possibility of purely spiritual individuals making themselves present to, and conferring with, people who are yet "in the flesh;" but the *facts* on which such a belief is grounded, demand a profound, a delicate, and a sagacious investigation. I had thought that such of the followers of Mesmer as are at the same time men of philosophical habits of thought were the very persons to encourage and prosecute such an inquiry. They seemed to me to be richer in facilities for the task than any other school. I was accordingly surprised at the summary manner in which you condemned the beautiful abridgment of Kerner's book which has just been presented to the English public by the ingenious Authoress of *Aristodemus, Men and Women*, and other well-known works. It is to be allowed that there is something repulsive in the extreme childishness of Kerner's own views of the subject. It is disagreeable to notice how unquestioningly he believes that the forms, dark and light, male and female, robed and booted, with which his miserable patient holds her dialogues, are veritable, outstanding, visible and audible ghosts. But the great question with which alone philosophers are concerned, is not whether these and such apparitions be purely subjective or purely objective; it is, whether they be purely subjective, or *partly* objective and *partly* subjective. The differences between these phenomena and the cases of common sensuous illusion are so very great, as to suggest the possibility of there being some external cause of their appearance; external, that is, to the particular incarnated spirit before whom they come; external, that is, again, not in space, but in the basis of spiritual existence. Kant, not to speak of Eschermayer and his school, believes that they do originate in such externalities, but by a roundabout process.

Suppose, for example, that everybody allows a spirit to be, for the very reason that it is a spirit, invisible. Grant, for the sake of the question, that a disembodied spirit, having now nothing to do with space, is the possessor of a kind of omnipresence, so far as space is concerned; then the Mesmerist should be the very first to admit the likelihood that a spirit may be actually *perceived* (not seen, nor heard, nor felt, of course) by one who is still incarnate, and yet shut in from the world of sense by the condition of negative polarity, into which the sensative element of her nervous system has been thrown. Such a thing being once admitted, it is easy to conceive how the spiritual presence is translated by the roving and resistless fancy into symbols; into the language of sensation; into forms, and colours, and sounds.

This theory may be far from the actual truth; it is not that which I adopt; but it at least shews what a pity it is to reject any decent statement of those *facts*, on which alone the true theory can ever be erected. As a collection of such facts, strange

and incredible as they may seem, the work of Kerner is big with interest. It is a pity that Mrs. Crowe did not write a more elaborate preface, and shew how completely and easily the narrative is separable from the popular theory of such things, with which it is everywhere impeded.

The immediate occasion of addressing you these few lines, is the perusal of your excellent observations on Wienholt's lectures by Colquhoun, in THE CRITIC of Saturday, the 28th inst. The glimpse you have there afforded of your ideas concerning the true mechanism (if such it dare be called) of perception, strikes me as being capable of application to the study of ghost-seeing: and I beg you will read Kerner's narrative with the view of instructing your readers. The commendation with which you quote a passage from Mr. Colquhoun's essay, regarding St. Paul's definition of the natural and the spiritual bodies, should facilitate the solution of the theories, at least to your own mind. Buck, the celebrated American philologist, has published a work on the *Anastasis* or Resurrection of the New Testament, in which he argues just such a conception of the spiritual body as Kerner and Colquhoun have both adopted (though with a difference), and that upon purely hermeneutical grounds; so that the tendency of all the higher sciences,—theology, metaphysics, physiology, and transcendental physics—is culminating towards a common higher point of view, which shall probably embrace these much despised, and strongly asserted, facts of ghost-seeing within its range.

In conclusion, if you will insert these remarks in the next number of your most valuable journal, you will greatly oblige one who takes a passionate interest in every opening of light upon the surpassing mystery of existence. Being, at the same time, with every sentiment of consideration,

June 30, 1845. YOUR FREQUENT READER.

CURE OF EPILEPSY.—CLAIRVOYANCE.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—This patient, a girl of the age of 14, had been for two years so violently convulsed by this disease, that her intellect had become enfeebled, her memory lost, and all the better faculties depressed, so that her appearance when she was first brought to me was that of one *approaching to idiocy*. Her conduct was violent, no self-control—cold pains in the head, tearing pains in the limbs, and great tendency to sleep; eyelids much depressed, and a gloomy countenance; fretful and disobedient; could never be trusted alone, and always much affected at the change of the moon.

This case was begun the last week in May. A regular attention three times a day did not for ten days give much hope of producing an impression, when a slightly comatosed state was at last induced. After a few times, she began to make a grumbling noise, waving her head, and appearing very cross. Further symptoms were then elicited by a passionate determination to kick a little hassock, which improved to a mischievous sort of fun in kicking and turning it over and over with the foot. She would be delighted if she could slide her foot under the hassock, and in a very arch and clever manner succeed in sending it to a distance. This was the first indication of somnambulism. Then she began to utter monosyllables; and then to cry, kick, bite, pinch, and be very determined to obtain food. In about a week she slept with a single pass being made before her, and became a most interesting subject of clairvoyance. She would sort coins, saying one was white, another yellow; naming the shillings, the half-crowns, and the sovereigns. She was delighted to find a halfpenny, examine it, *not by touch*, but by intently *looking* at it; fix it between her hands, and asking, "Head or tail?" which she always told right; "Because," she said, "I can see, and you can't." She won several halfpence in this way; and I put a halfpenny between my own hands, offering the back of my hand to her, desiring her to look and see if she could win my halfpenny, which she did through my closed hands three times, when she complained of being so tired she could not see any more.

Her eyes are closely shut, and she has no power whatever to open them. She reads as fluently in this state as when awake; she writes with the greatest ease little poems she has learnt, and sends notes to her friend, folds and directs them herself; and she has written two copies in a copy-book, carefully keeping the lines and dotting the i's.

Two or three times she has been able to see into different apartments while she was lying on the couch. The first was thus:—She rose suddenly from her pillow, exclaiming, "Oh! I can see the dog, I can see the cat." "What are they doing?" "Oh, the dog is lying asleep in the corner, curled round; and the cat is running about." This was so, but it was down stairs, in a room beneath us. At the same time she said, "I can see your fine room, too—your fine carpet—blue, red, brown, white—such a fine carpet! Now I will go into the closet, and see your fine books." She described the newspapers and books. "And there sits ——— reading the newspaper, and there is his coat, and there are his gloves."

I could give a great many more very curious exploits, during magnetic sleep; but I have merely wished to bring forward sufficient instances to shew the progressive state of this child's intellect. She is now, when awake, affectionate, obliging, active, energetic in assisting everybody; and her fits have diminished, so that ten days elapse between them, and instead of remaining an hour and a half, they pass away in about five minutes.

Her physical strength during sleep is so wonderfully augmented, that she with ease takes me in her arms and carries me about the room. She laughs and romps about with any one who notices her kindly, and can hear all that is said in the room.

One case of distressing ear-ache was cured in five minutes, and has not returned since.

Another case of rheumatism in the head—an elderly lady—which had so afflicted her she had no rest, was cured in half an hour, and has not returned since.

LAVINIO JONES.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

STILL have few *new* books come to hand, although small adventures, the profusion of foreign literature, and the reprints of works that have received the stamp of public approval, afford abundant themes for our journal. Probably the reader loses nothing by this pause in publication. The greater portion of the new books produced for library use by a certain set of publishers are so thoroughly trashy and contemptible, that the fewer we have of them the better for the public taste. The only substantial books received are from Messrs. CURRY and Co. of Dublin, namely, two promising volumes of *Translations of German Anthology*, and two others on *The Practice of Angling*, by O'GORMAN.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Permit me to assure you that I am highly pleased with the manner in which THE CRITIC is conducted, not only for the valuable information to librarians, who are deeply indebted to it, but for its general tone and temper. Wishing every success,

I remain, Sir, truly yours,

Belfast, July 5. JAMES O'NEILL.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From July 5 to July 12.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arcana Entomologica, by J. O. Westwood, esq. Vol. II. with 48 coloured plates, royal 18mo. 2*l.* 2*s.* cl.—Astrologer's daughter, a Novel, by Rose Ellen Hendriks, 3 vols. pt. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Benevolence in Punishment; or, Transportation made Reformatory, royal 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bennett (Dr.) on Diseases of the Uterus, post 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Blair's Sermons, new edit. 1 vol. 8vo. (Cadell) 9*s.* cl. lettered.—Bray's (Eliza) Travels and Romances, Vol. III. "The Protestant," fc. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.

Cobbin's (Ingram) Descriptive New Testament for Schools and Families, with Explanatory Notes, Engravings, and Maps, 12mo. 5*s.* cl. gilt.

Daubigné's History of the Reformation translated, first portion, med. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl. (Whittaker's Popular Library.)

Evans's (Rev. W. E.) The Songs of the Birds, fc. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Felix on the Use of the Cricket Bat, 10 plates. 4to. 12*s.* cl. gilt.—Foster's (John) Essay on Popular Ignorance, new edit. fc. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Folkestone Fiery Serpent; together with the Humours of the Dover Mayor. Sec. edit. 1*s.*

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by Herself in Conversations with her Physician, &c. 3 vols. Colburn.

THERE was nothing in the character or career of Lady HESTER STANHOPE that called for more than such a brief notice as might have been contained in the pages of a monthly magazine. Eccentricity, verging upon insanity, was all that distinguished her above her fellows, and unless the world is to be deluged with memoirs of maniacs, it would do wisely to discountenance this first step to such a consummation.

And if any special interest attaches to the peculiar form her monomania assumed, or if the mystery with which travellers, looking for a good story to make their friends at home wonder and stare, loved to envelope her person and abode, may be deemed by some to justify the dedication of a book to a detail of her oddities, there can be no doubt that three volumes given to such a topic is an invasion of the reader's time, patience, and pocket, which ought to be resented by a refusal to purchase so small a substance at so great a price. Seldom, indeed, among the many specimens of book-making that come under our notice, have we seen one so outrageous as this. Upon the face of them the dull and tedious conversations with which the narrative "drags its slow length along," are deliberate expansions of short remarks, if not fabulous altogether. The proof is in the language—in the structure of the sentences—in the train of thought. No person talks as he writes; the turn of conversation is always brief, pithy, suggestive rather than descriptive; we hint more than we say, and the hearer is required to gather from looks and tones almost as much as from words. Is such the character of the pretended conversations in these three heavy volumes? Far from it. They bear the marks of the study. They are written, not spoken, dialogues; compositions, and not reports. It is possible that for many portions of them there might have been a substratum of fact. The ingenious memoir writer may have heard Lady HESTER tell certain stories somewhere to somebody, and she may even have gone so far, seeing what a *gobemouche* he is, as to amuse herself by playing upon his credulity, and trying how much he could swallow; but that all that is set down in these ponderous pages was in word uttered by the lady to whom they are attributed, he must be more gullible than sagacious who could believe.

We are far, however, from asserting that these memoirs contain *nothing* new, *nothing* curious, *nothing* interesting. A physician could not have been for years in attendance upon a being so wavering between insanity and genius as Lady HESTER STANHOPE, without seeing and hearing much that will amuse. But our protest is against the expansion of these few grains of gold over some thousand pages, when they might have been condensed into some two or three hundred with advantage to all but author and publisher. This dilation of the material of books for trading purposes is one of the nuisances infesting the literature of our time, and which it will be the unshrinking endeavour of THE CRITIC to abate, by exposing it wherever found, and counselling the many hundreds who have adopted this journal as their guide in the purchase of books, to withhold their sanction from the system by refusing to buy works written and printed with the sole purpose of extracting from them the largest possible sum in return for the smallest possible value received. We have observed that Great Marlborough-street is especially obnoxious to this complaint, and it is in the spirit of friendliness, and in the hope that he will exercise more care for the future to check the *copia verborum* of his writers and the *paucitas verborum* of his printer, that we candidly tell Mr. COLBURN what is the opinion, not of ourselves alone, but of the trade, of the libraries, of the book-clubs, as well as of readers, and we can assure him that we shall as cordially welcome an improvement in this respect as we have frankly preferred the complaint, and that nowhere will we see the same tendency to expansion of thought and type in him or in any other without proclaiming it in a like strain of censure.

The substance of these *Memoirs* may be stated in few words, and half a dozen of the more interesting passages will exhibit the book in its most attractive aspect. We perceive that some of the journals under publishers' influence are trying to push it into popularity by elaborate and repeated notices. In truth this prominence is not deserved, nor shall we stoop to follow the example. A few columns will suffice for the exhibition of such claims to respect as it honestly possesses.

The ink with which these remarks were written was scarcely dry when there appeared in the daily papers a letter from the present Lord STANHOPE, positively asserting the utter falsity of the statements relating to himself which the composer of these *Memoirs* has put into the mouth of Lady HESTER. This more than justifies the suspicions we have entertained, and of course throws doubt over every part of the narrative; nor can reliance be placed upon any thing advanced upon such a questionable authority.

Lady HESTER STANHOPE was the daughter of CHARLES, Earl of STANHOPE, by HESTER daughter of the great Earl of CHATHAM. From her childhood she was forward, imperious, daring, and eccentric. At the age of seven she got into a boat alone, and pushed off from the shore, resolving to go to see what sort of a place France was. Her memory was extraordinary. "I could recall," she said, "every circumstance that ever occurred to me during my life, every thing worth retaining that I wished to remember; I could tell what people said, how they sat, the colour of their hair, of their eyes, and all about them, at any time for the last forty years and more."

Her wild humours subjected her to severities from her governesses, and really she had cause to complain of their efforts to improve nature:—

> One governess at Chevening had our backs pinched in by boards, that were drawn tight with all the force the maid could use; and as for me, they would have squeezed me to the size of a puny miss—a thing impossible! My instep, by nature so high, that a little kitten could walk under the sole of my foot, they used to bend down in order to flatten it, although that is one of the things that shews my high breeding. Nature, doctor, makes us one way, and man is always trying to fashion us another. Why, there was Mahon, when he was eight or nine years old, that never could be taught to understand how two and two make four. If he was asked, he would say four and four make three, or ten, or something; he was shewn with money, and with beans, and in every possible way, but all to no purpose. The fact was, that that particular faculty was not yet developed; but now, there is no better calculator anywhere.

Her portrait of her half-mad father is by no means flattering:—

> Lord Stanhope was engaged in his philosophical pursuits, and thus we children saw neither the one nor the other. Lucy used to say, that if she had met her mother-in-law in the streets, she should not have known her. Why, my father once followed to our own door in London a woman who happened to drop her glove, which he picked up. It was our governess; but, as he had never seen her in the house, he did not know her in the street. He slept with twelve blankets on his bed, with no night-cap, and his window open. How you would have laughed had you seen him! He used to get out of bed, and put on a thin dressing-gown, with a pair of silk breeches that he had worn overnight, with slippers, and no stockings; and then he would sit in a part of the room which had no carpet, and take his tea with a bit of brown bread. He married two wives—the first a Pitt, the second a Grenville; so that I am in two ways related to the Grenvilles.

And this is her description of herself at twenty:—

> Sir Sydney Smith said of me, after he had known me fifteen years, and when my looks were much changed by illness, "When I see you now, I recall to my recollection what you were when you first *came out*. You entered the room in your pale shirt, exciting our admiration by your magnificent and majestic figure. The roses and lilies were blended in your face, and the ineffable smiles of your countenance diffused happiness around you."

When mentioning this, her ladyship added: "Doctor, at twenty my complexion was like alabaster, and, at five paces' distance, the sharpest eye could not discover my pearl necklace from my skin. My lips were of such a beautiful carnation, that, without vanity, I can assure you very few women had the like. A dark blue shade under the eyes, and the blue veins that were observable through the transparent skin, heightened the brilliancy of my features. Nor were the roses wanting in my cheeks; and to all this was added a permanency in my looks that fatigue of no sort could impair."

Here is a curious trait of past manners:—

As for tutors, and doctors, and such people, if, now-a-days, my lords and my ladies walk arm-in-arm with them, they did not do so in my time. I recollect an old dowager, to whom I used sometimes to be taken to spend the morning. She was left with a large jointure and a fine house for the time being, and used to invite the boys and girls of my age, I mean the age I was then, with their tutors and governesses, to come and see her. "How do you do, Dr. Mackenzie? Lord John, I see, is all the better for his medicine. The duchess is happy in having found a man of such excellent talents, which are almost too great to be confined to the sphere of one family." "Such is the nature of our compact, my lady, nor could I on any account violate the regulations which so good a family has imposed upon me."—"It's very cold, Dr. Mackenzie: I think I increased my rheumatic pains at the Opera on Saturday night."—"Did you every try Dover's Powders, my lady?" He does not, you see, tell her to use Dover's Powders; he only says, did you ever try them? "Lord John, Lord John, you must take care, and not eat too much of that strawberry preserve."—"How do you do, Mr. K.?—how do you do, Lord Henry? I hope the marchioness is well? She looked divinely last night. Did you see her when she was dressed, Mr. K.?"—"You will pardon me, my lady," answers the tutor, "I did indeed see her; but it would be presumptuous in me to speak of such matters. I happened to take her a map" (mind, doctor, he does not say a map of what), "and, certainly, I did cast my eyes on her dress, which was, no doubt, in the best taste, as every thing the marchioness does is." Observe, here is no mention of her looks or person. Doctors and tutors never presumed formerly to talk about the complexion, and skin, and beauty, of those in whose families they lived or found practice. Why, haven't I told you, over and over again, how Dr. W— lost his practice for having said that a patient of his, who died, was one of the most beautiful corpses he had ever seen, and that he had stood contemplating her for a quarter of an hour? She was a person of rank, and it ruined him. Even his son, who was a doctor too, and had nothing to do with it, never could get on afterwards.

From Mr. PITT she got a pension of 1,500*l.* a year; but upon that she could not live in comfort, and it was poverty that turned her thoughts to emigration. This is the sort of wretchedness endured by those who have to maintain the show of rank upon limited means:—

Not being able to keep a carriage, how was I to go out? If I used a hackney-coach, some spiteful person would be sure to mention it:—"Who do you think I saw yesterday in a hackney-coach? I wonder where she could be driving alone, down those narrow streets!" If I walked with a footman behind me, there are so many women of the town now who flaunt about with a smart footman, that I ran the hazard of being taken for one of them; and if I went alone, either there would be some good-natured friend who would hint that Lady Hester did not walk out alone for nothing, or else I should be met in the street by some gentleman of my acquaintance, who would say, "God bless me, Lady Hester! where are you going alone?—do let me accompany you:" and then it would be said, "Did you see Lady Hester crossing Hanover-square with such a one? He looked monstrous foolish; I wonder where they had been." So that, from one thing to another, I was obliged to stop at home entirely; and this it was that hurt my health so much, until Lord Temple at last remarked it; for he said to me one day, "How comes it that a person like you, who used to be always on horseback, never rides out?"—"Because I have no horse." "Oh! if that is all, you shall have one to-morrow."—"Thank you, my lord; but if I have a horse, I must have two; and if I have two, I must have a groom; and as I do not choose to borrow, if you please, we will say no more about it."—"Oh, but I will send my horses, and come and ride out with you every day." However, I told him no; for how could a man who goes to the House every day and attends committees in a morning, be able to be riding every day with me? And I know what it is to lend and borrow horses and carriages. When I used to desire my carriage to go and fetch any friend, my coachman was sure to say, "My lady, the horses want shoeing;" or the footman would come in with a long face, "My lady, John would like to go and see his sister to-day, if you please:" there was always some excuse. All this considered, I made up my mind to remain at home.

In 1810 she left England for the Mediterranean. Touching at Gibralter, Malta, and Zante, she explored Greece, spent some time at Constantinople, and suffered shipwreck at Rhodes on her way to Egypt. After wandering about for some years, she finally took up her abode on Mount Lebanon, where she was enabled to indulge her despotic humours over a household of slaves, and doubtless to enjoy the interest taken by her countrymen at home in the eccentricities which travellers recorded in their journals and published for the gratification of a curiosity always raised by any thing that has an air of mystery.

The conversations said to have been held in this retreat occupy the greater portion of the volumes, and from them we propose to glean some of the most interesting passages, following the plan of the biographer, and throwing them together without regard to order of time.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE IN THE EAST.

Lady Hester Stanhope had adopted a particular mode of dress, to which she adhered without much variation, on all occasions, from the time she fixed her abode at Jôon. It was a becoming one, and at the same time concealed the thinness of her person, and the lines which now began slightly to mark her face. Lines, that mark the habitual contraction of the features into a frown, a smile, or a grin, she had none; and the workings of her mind were never visible in her lineaments, which wore the appearance of serene calm, when she chose to disguise her feelings. But age will, without furrowing the brow or the cheeks, bring on that sort of network which we see on the rind of some species of melons. This, however, was so very faintly traced, that it could not be detected without a little scrutiny; and, by means of a dim light in her saloon, together with a particular management of her turban, she contrived to conceal the inroads that years were now making on what her bitterest enemies could not deny was always a fine and noble face. It was this kind of pardonable deceit that made me exclaim, on meeting her again, after a long separation of several years, that I saw no alteration in her appearance. Her turban, a coarse woollen, cream-coloured Barbary shawl, was wound loosely round, over the red *fez* or *tarbôosh*, which covered her shaved head; a silk handkerchief, commonly worn by the Bedouin Arabs, known by the Arabic name of *kefeyah*, striped pale yellow and red, came between the fez and the turban, being tied under the chin, or let fall at its ends on each side of her face. A long sort of white merinoes cloak (*meshlah*, or *abah* in Arabic) covered her person from the neck to the ancles, looped in white silk brandenburghs over the chest; and, by its ample and majestic drapery and loose folds, gave to her figure the appearance of that fulness which it once really possessed. When her cloak happened accidentally to be thrown open in front, it disclosed beneath a crimson robe (*joobey*) reaching also to her feet, and, if in winter, a pelisse under it, and under that a cream-coloured or flowered gown (*kombàz*) folding over in front, and girded with a shawl or scarf round the waist. Beneath the whole she wore scarlet pantaloons of cloth, with yellow low boots, called *mest*, having pump soles, or, in other words, a yellow leather stocking, which slipped into yellow slippers or papouches. This completed her costume; and, although it was in fact that of a Turkish gentleman, the most fastidious prude could not have found any thing in it unbecoming a woman, except its association as a matter of habit with the male sex. She never wore pearls, precious stones, trinkets, or ornaments, as some travellers have affirmed: indeed, she had none in her possession, and never had had any from the time of her shipwreck. Speaking of her own dress, she would say, "I think I look something like those sketches of Guercino's, where you see scratches and touches of the pen round the heads and persons of his figures, so that you don't know whether it is hair or a turban, a sleeve or an arm, a mantle or a veil, which he has given them." And, when she was seated on the sofa, in a dim corner of the room, the similitude was very just. It was latterly her pride to be in rags, but accompanied by an extraordinary degree of personal cleanliness. "Could the Sultan see me now," she would say, "even in my tattered clothes, he would respect me just as much as ever. After all, what is dress? Look at my ragged doublet, it is not worth sixpence; do you suppose that affects my value? I warrant you, Mahmood would not look at *that* if he saw me. When I think of the tawdry things for which people sigh, and the empty stuff which their ambition pursues, I heartily despise them all. There is nothing in their vain-glorious career worth the trouble of aspiring after. My ambition is to please God. I should be, what I intrinsically am, on a dunghill. My name is greater than ever it was. In India I am as well known as in London or Constantinople."

HER RELIGION.

She entertained a firm belief that the elements were filled with spirits, who watched over and guided the steps and actions of men. The air we move in and the earth we tread on, she considered as filled with delicate and aerial beings, by whom the gentle and sage were rewarded and protected for the amenity and prudence of their every-day movements and actions, but who, in return, avenged themselves on the wicked, nay, even on the awkward, by causing the numberless bodily accidents which such persons are liable to. "Never do I move a foot," Lady Hester would sometimes say, "but I ask these guardian sylphs to watch over me; and never do I see a blundering fellow knock his head against the top of a doorway, but I think he is breaking some of their delicate members. For, as a piece of valuable china is generally set in a place where it may not be easily knocked down, so do these spirits generally perch where our steps may not molest them: and, as a man who spits about a room commonly aims his saliva where he will not spoil his furniture, so should we look that our motions and gestures do not injure these unseen creatures; and hence it becomes us, in what we do violently, to give them a kind of warning to get out of the way.

HER CHARACTER.

Never was there so restless a spirit—never lived a human being so utterly indifferent to the inconvenience to which she subjected others. Nobody could pursue their avocations in quiet: she must give instructions to every one; and although the unexampled versatility of her talents and genius seemed to inspire her with an intuitive knowledge on all matters, yet it was irksome to remain three or four hours together to be taught how to govern one's wife, or how to rear one's children; how statesmen were made, or how ministers were unmade; how to know a good horse or a bad man; how to plant lettuces or plough a field. The love of power made her imperious; but, when her authority was once acknowledged, the tender of unconditional submission was sure to secure her kindness and largesses. All this was royal enough, both in its tyranny and its munificence.

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Her maids and female slaves she punished summarily, if refractory; and, in conversation with her on the subject, she boasted that there was nobody could give such a slap in the face, when required, as she could.

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For the last fifteen years of her life, Lady Hester Stanhope seldom quitted her bed till between two and five o'clock in the afternoon, nor returned to it before the same hours the next morning. The day's business never could be said to have well begun until sunset. But it must not be supposed that the servants were suffered to remain idle during daylight. On the contrary, they generally had their work assigned them over night, and the hours after sunset were employed by her ladyship in issuing instructions as to what was to be done next day; in giving orders, scoldings, writing letters, and holding those interminable conversations which filled so large a portion of her time, and seemed so necessary to her life.

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As it had become a habit with her to find nothing well done, when she entered her bed-room, it was rare that the bed was made to her liking; and, generally, she ordered it to be made over again in her presence. Whilst this was doing, she would smoke her pipe, then call for the sugar-basin to eat two or three lumps of sugar, then for a clove, to take away the mawkish taste of the sugar. The girls, in the meantime, would go on making the bed, and be saluted every now and then, for some mark of stupidity, with all sorts of appellations. The night-lamp was then lighted, a couple of yellow wax lights were placed ready for use in the recess of the window; and, all things being apparently done for the night, she would get into bed, and the maid whose turn it was to sleep in the room (for, latterly, she always had one) having placed herself, dressed as she was, on her mattress behind the curtain which ran across the room, the other servant was dismissed. But hardly had she shut the door and reached her own sleeping-room, flattering herself that her day's work was over, when the bell would ring, and she was told to get broth, or lemonade, or orgeat directly. This, when brought, was a new trial for the maids. Lady Hester Stanhope took it on a tray placed on her lap as she sat up in bed, and it was necessary for one of the two servants to hold the candle in one hand and shade the light from her mistress's eyes with the other. The contents of the basin were sipped once or twice and sent away; or, if she ate a small bit of dried toast, it was considered badly made, and a fresh piece was ordered, perhaps not to be touched. This being removed, the maid would again go away, and throw herself on her bed; and, as she wanted no rocking, in ten minutes would be sound asleep. But in the meantime her mistress has felt a twitch in some part of her body, and ding ding goes the bell again. Now, as servants, when fatigued, do sometimes sleep so sound as not to hear, and sometimes are purposely deaf, Lady Hester Stanhope had got in the quadrangle of her own apartments a couple of active fellows, a part of whose business it was to watch by turns during the night, and see that the maids answered the bell: they were, therefore, sure to be roughly shaken out of their sleep, and, on going, half stupid, into her ladyship's room, would be told to prepare a fomentation of camomile, or elder-flowers, or mallows, or the like. The gardener was to be called, water was to be boiled, and the house again was all in motion. During these preparations, perhaps Lady Hester Stanhope would recollect some order she had previously given about some honey, or some flower, or some letter—no matter however trifling; and whoever had been charged with the execution of it was to be called out of his bed, whatever the hour of the night might be, to be cross-questioned about it. There was no rest for anybody in her establishment, whether they were placed within her own quadrangle or outside of it. Dar Jôon was in a state of incessant agitation all night.

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Her despotic humour would vent itself in such phrases as these. The maid one day entered with a message—"The gardener, my lady, is come to say that the piece of ground in the bottom is weeded and dug, and he says that it is only fit for lettuce, beans, or *selk* [a kind of lettuce], and such vegetables." "Tell the gardener," she answered vehemently, "that, when I order him to dig, he is to dig, and not to give his opinion what the ground is fit for. It may be for his grave that he digs, it may be for mine. He must know nothing until I send my orders, and so bid him go about his business."

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In reference to the blind obedience she required from servants, Lady Hester Stanhope one day said to me, "Did I ever tell you the lecture Lord S******* gave me? He and Lady S—— had taken me home to their house from the Opera. It was a cold snowy night; and, after I had remained and supped *tête-à-tête* with them, when it was time to go, owing to some mistake in the order, my carriage never came for me; so Lord S—— said his should take me home. When he rang for the footman to order it out, I happened to observe, "The poor coachman, I dare say, is just got warm in his bed, and the horses are in the middle of their feed; I am sorry to call him out on such a night as this." After the man had left the room, Lord S—— turned to me and said, "My dear Lady Hester, from a woman of your good sense, I should never have thought to hear such an observation. It is never right to give a reason for an order to a servant. Take it for a rule through life, that you are never to allow servants to expect such a thing from you; they are paid for serving, and not for whys and wherefores."

It would be difficult to paint a more detestable, unamiable character than this, which has been presented in the very words of a biographer who is enthusiastic in his admiration, and talks about "honour to her memory!" Honour! for what? If such be the beings to be honoured, then must the world be provided with a new code of morals and religion.

This work possesses no one quality to recommend it to the book-clubs, and few that fit it for the circulating libraries, the largest only of which should order it, and they would be wise to avoid it if they can. Its popularity will not repay its cost.

The Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. With Notes by Sir NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, G.C. M.G. Vol. the Third. Colburn.

THE contents of this volume extend from January 1798 to August 1799, a period of no more than twenty months. But brief as was the interval, it was big with important events to NELSON, to his country, and to the world;—some that redounded to his glory, others that have cast a cloud upon his fame, which not all the endeavours of his biographers have succeeded in removing—scarcely in relieving. The most prominent of the occurrences about which the correspondence and the despatches are concerned, are the battle of the Nile, the breach of the treaty of capitulation with the Neapolitan insurgents, and the—murder, shall we call it?—of CARACCIOLI.

Sir HARRIS NICOLAS labours hard to shew that NELSON does not deserve the blame that has been thrown upon him for these latter transactions. But it is with very partial success that he adduces the pile of documents relating to them which he has gathered with so much industry. This is not the place for a review of the evidence, and in truth the task would be more tediously dull than our readers would approve; but, stripped of its verbiage, the indisputable conclusion is, that NELSON deliberately set aside a convention made by Cardinal RUFFO with the Neapolitan conspirators, contrary to

the acknowledged rule of public faith that the act of one in authority is to be held binding upon his superiors, and availed himself of the treachery to murder CARACCIOLI under the pretended form of a legal trial. It has been said that NELSON had no motive for such dishonour, and that it is not probable he would have hazarded his reputation without a purpose. But the motive, before only suspected, is pretty clearly proved by the researches of his biographer. The fact was that NELSON was so violent a partisan, that he thought no faith was to be held with opponents; that *any* treachery was allowable towards Jacobins and Revolutionists. The mania of the time had taken possession of him, and the horrible doctrines, not only preached but practised on both sides as suggested by intensity of hatred, had blotted from his mind, as from so many others, all sense of humanity and justice towards men opposed in principle, in party, or in sect. A startling proof of this is supplied by a correspondence in the present volume between NELSON and TROUBRIDGE, the latter thus addressing the former:—

The whole of the chief Jacobins are quarrelling about their honesty. I have just received an account that a priest named Albavena is preaching up revolt in Ischia: I have sent sixty Swiss and three hundred loyal subjects to hunt him; and shall have him, I expect, dead or alive, to-day. I pray your lordship to send an honest judge here to try these miscreants on the spot, that some proper examples may be made. Two *p. m.*—Pray press the Court to send the judge by the return of the Perseus, as it will be impossible to go on else; the villains increase so fast on my hands, and the people are calling for justice; eight or ten of them must be hung.

And thus did NELSON answer an epistle imbued with the demon spirit of the Mountain.

My dear Troubridge, many thanks for your letters by the Perseus, and for the good news you have sent us. May God ever give you that success which your high merit deserves! We go to the Queen this evening, where all your letters are already gone; and I have pressed for flour: every thing which the islanders want must and shall be instantly sent. Money, 500*l.*, is sent you. I well know, from experience, that all ships ought to have money on board. I have drawn on the Victualling Board; therefore you will procure proper vouchers,—that is, as near as circumstances will permit, receipt and price paid. The universal joy over Palermo for this first success (which I really look upon as the near forerunner of the fate of Naples) is as great as can be wished. I shall finish when I return from the palace.

Just come from the Queen and Acton. Every provision asked for will begin to be loaded to-morrow. Minerve shall bring the *troops* and *judge*. Send me word some proper heads are taken off: this alone will comfort me. With kindness remember me to all with you, and believe me your affectionate NELSON.

Not a word of rebuke, but evident approval of the sentiments, and almost an echo of them.

If such, then, were NELSON'S prejudices on the subject of Jacobinism and Jacobins that he deemed any treachery justifiable in dealing with them, the motive is supplied, the mystery is explained.

A volume so dull and tedious we have seldom slept over, therefore we spare our readers the infliction of any further comments upon it. As a fragment of British history, it must be placed upon the shelves of great libraries, even though there it is like to remain for consultation rather than for reading. And book-clubs that require something sober will find this a very sober work indeed. But to circulating libraries that need to buy books to interest as well as to instruct, we would say, waste not your money upon this, it is not the work for *you*.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in North America; with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. By C. LYELL, Esq. F.R.S. Author of "The Principles of Geology." In 2 vols. London, 1845. Murray.

IT was in the year 1841 that Mr. LYELL visited North America, for the purpose of pursuing in that almost unexplored field his geological researches. His name was a passport everywhere, and the welcome given to him by all classes afforded opportunities for observation both of the people and the country which he has turned to good account, bringing home a portfolio of sketches that combine to a remarkable extent the qualifications of vivid description and calm impartial reflection. Mr. LYELL has looked at the peculiarities of American institutions and manners with the eye of a philosopher, who estimates them solely by reference to the circumstances of the country in which they exist, and not by comparison with the forms of another people differently situated. His judgment is singularly fair, and his whole mind liberal and unprejudiced. These volumes shew him to be a man of larger capacity even than his *Geology* has proclaimed him. His scientific habits have moulded his mind to the perception of hidden truths; have taught him that he who would arrive at right conclusions must not be content with the surfaces of things, but must look below to find their meanings. Hence is he the very reverse of the TROLLOPE school of tourists. It is not enough for him to find fault withal that the manners and modes of thought in America are different from those in England; he asks, if there be a cause for this in the condition of the country; if the dissimilitude be in the spirit equally with the form; if man be not man there as elsewhere, with very nearly the same amount of virtues and failings; and where he finds evil existing, as he must, he seeks the counterbalancing good which *he* has learned from a close inspection of nature has been provided by a beneficent Deity regardful of *all* his creatures.

The remarks on men and manners are agreeably mingled with the most curious results of his inquiries into the branch of science with which his name is linked, and which is certainly indebted to him for a considerable portion of the popularity it enjoys. These give additional value to a work otherwise deserving to be read by everybody.

Mr. LYELL has another merit, that he is never tedious about trifles. His eatings, drinkings, and sleepings are not daily recorded, with the minuteness of a bill of fare. He tells only that which all must be curious to know, and he writes in a style peculiarly pleasant and readable, without pretension, but free from the fault of carelessness.

What are the impressions which the perusal of these travels leaves upon the mind? Upon the whole, favourable to America and the Americans, vastly more so than national prejudices will be pleased to admit. He presents some public questions in a light so new, that opinion upon them must be greatly modified, if not changed; one of these being the famous *repudiation* of Pennsylvania. It appears, moreover, that ordinary travellers see but a fraction, and that the least estimable, of American society. The better classes there do not much appear in public, do not live at hotels, do not patronize strangers, do not receive *lions* from England, do not take part in politics or associations. Hence, the traveller never comes in contact with them, and consequently is ignorant not merely of their character, but even of their existence, and on his return home the pictures he has taken of a fraction of the people are published as portraits of the whole. It is precisely as if an American were to visit England for a couple of months, live at an hotel, attend a few public meetings, and then profess from the persons he has seen to sketch the English people. However truthful the likeness to the section he has seen, it would be but a caricature of the whole, and so it is with English tourists attempting to picture America and the Americans.

Mr. LYELL remained in the New World about a year, visiting during that period Halifax, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Georgia, crossing the Alleghanies, and thence to the Ohio, the lakes of Montreal and Quebec.

From the huge mass of interesting and instructive matter condensed in these valuable volumes we might with ease gather passages of worth sufficient to fill half a dozen entire CRITICS; but with space so limited, our perplexity is what to choose where the wealth is so abundant. We must be content with such a sprinkling as will tempt the reader to seek in the work itself the stores of which the following are only samples.

GAS FOUNTAINS AT NIAGARA.

At the falls of Niagara, where we next spent a week, residing in a hotel on the Canada side, I resumed my geological explorations of last summer. Every part of the scenery, from Grand Island above the Falls to the ferry at Queenstown, seven miles below, deserves to be studied at leisure. We visited the "burning spring" at the edge of the river above the rapids, where carburetted hydrogen, or, in the modern chemical phraseology, a light hydrocarbon, similar to that before mentioned at Fredonia, rises from beneath the water out of the limestone rock. The

bituminous matter supplying this gas is probably of animal origin, as this limestone is full of marine mollusca, crustacea, and corals, without vegetable remains, unless some fucoids may have decomposed in the same strata. The invisible gas makes its way in countless bubbles through the clear transparent waters of the Niagara. On the application of a lighted candle it takes fire, and plays about with a lambent flickering flame, which seldom touches the water, the gas being at first too pure to be inflammable, and only obtaining sufficient oxygen after mingling with the atmosphere at the height of several inches above the surface of the stream. At noon, on a hot summer's day, we were tempted, contrary to my previous resolution, to perform the exploit of passing under the great sheet of water between the precipice and the Horseshoe Fall. We were in some degree rewarded for this feat by the singularity of the scene, and the occasional openings in the curtain of white foam and arch of green water, which afforded momentary glimpses of the woody ravine and river below, fortunately for us lighted up most brilliantly by a mid-day sun. We had only one guide, which is barely sufficient for safety when there are two persons, for a stranger requires support when he loses his breath by the violent gusts of wind dashing the spray and water in his face. If he turns round to recover, the blast often changes in an instant, and blows as impetuously against him in the opposite direction.

THE SCOTCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Not a few of the most intelligent and thriving inhabitants are descended from Loyalists, who fled from the United States at the time of the declaration of independence. The picture they drew of the stationary condition, want of cleanly habits, and ignorance of some of the Highland settlers, in parts of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, was discouraging, and often so highly coloured as to be very amusing. They were described to me as cropping the newly-cleared ground year after year without manuring it, till the dung of their horses and cattle accumulated round their doors, and became, even to them, an intolerable nuisance. They accordingly pulled down their log-cabins and removed them to a distance, till several of their more knowing neighbours offered to cart away the dung for a small remuneration. After a time, when the Highlanders perceived the use to which the manure was put, they required those who removed it to execute the task gratuitously; and my informants thought that the idea might possibly occur to some of the next generation of applying the material to their own fields.

PRIMÆVAL FORESTS.

The stumps of trees, some six feet high, are still standing in the gardens and between the houses. Our inn-keeper remarked that the cost of uprooting them would be nearly equal to that of erecting a log-house on the same place. I amused myself by counting the rings of annual growth in these trees, and found that some had been only forty years old when cut down; yet when these began to grow, no white man had approached within many leagues of this valley; most of the older stumps went back no farther than two centuries, or to the landing of the pilgrim fathers, some few to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, and scarcely one to the days of Columbus. I had before remarked that very ancient trees seemed uncommon in the aboriginal forests of this part of America. They are usually tall and straight, with no grass growing under their dark shade, although the green herbage soon springs up when the wood is removed, and the sun's rays allowed to penetrate. Some of the stumps, especially those of the fir tribe, take fifty years to rot away, though exposed in the air to alternations of rain and sunshine, a fact on which every geologist will do well to reflect, for it is clear that the trees of a forest submerged beneath the waters, or still more, if entirely excluded from air, by becoming embedded in sediment, may endure for centuries without decay, so that there may have been ample time for the slow petrifaction of erect fossil trees in the carboniferous and other formations, or for the slow accumulation around them of a great succession of strata.

Mr. LYELL'S remarks on slavery are characterized by singular moderation. He expresses the strongest conviction of its general evils as an institution, but he admits that, as far as regards the immediate well-being of the slaves themselves, there is not so much to complain of. For the most part they are better off than independent labourers, and practically they are unconscious of any disadvantages arising from it. Some instances of this are curious.

SLAVERY IN PRACTICE.

The negroes, so far as I have yet seen them, whether in domestic service or on the farms, appear very cheerful and free from care, better fed than a large part of the labouring class of Europe; and though meanly dressed, and often in patched garments, never scantily clothed for the climate. We asked a woman in Georgia whether she was the slave of a family of our acquaintance. She replied, merrily, "Yes, I belong to them, and they belong to me." She was, in fact, born and brought up on the estate.

On another occasion, we were proceeding in a well-appointed carriage with a lanter, when we came unexpectedly to a dead halt. Inquiring the cause, the black coachman said he had dropped one of his white gloves on the road, and must drive back and try to find it. He could not recollect within a mile where he had last seen it: we remonstrated, but in vain. As time pressed, the master, in despair, took off his own gloves, and saying he had a second pair, gave them to him. When our charioteer had deliberately put them on, we started again.

* * * * *

On entering the station-house of a railway which was to carry us to our place of embarkation, we found a room with only two chairs in it. One of these was occupied by a respectable-looking woman, who immediately rose, intending to give it up to me; an act betraying that she was English, and newly arrived, as an American gentleman, even if already seated, would have felt it necessary to rise and offer the chair to any woman, whether mistress or maid, and she, as a matter of course, would have accepted the proffered seat. After I had gone out, she told my wife that she and her husband had come a few months before from Hertfordshire, hoping to get work in Virginia; but she had discovered that there was no room here for poor white people, who were despised by the very negroes if they laboured with their own hands. She had found herself looked down upon even for carrying her own child, for they said she ought to hire a black nurse. These poor emigrants were now anxious to settle in some free state.

Mr. LYELL'S views of the emancipation question are extremely sensible, and deserve anxious consideration.

PROSPECTS OF SLAVERY.

Professor Tucker, of Virginia, has endeavoured to shew that the density of population in the slave states will amount, in about sixty years, to fifty persons in a square mile. Long before that period arrives, the most productive lands will have been all cultivated, and some of the inferior soils resorted to: the price of labour will fall gradually as compared to the means of subsistence, and it will, at length, be for the interest of the masters to liberate their slaves, and to employ the more economical and productive labour of freemen. The same causes will then come into operation which formerly emancipated the villeins of western Europe, and will one day set free the serfs of Russia. It is to be hoped, however, that the planters will not wait for more than half a century for such an euthanasia of the institution of slavery; for the increase of the coloured population in sixty years would be a formidable evil, since in this instance they are not, like villeins and serfs, of the same race as their masters. They cannot be fused at once into the general mass, and become amalgamated with the whites, for their colour still remains as the badge of their former bondage, so that they continue, after their fetters are removed, to form a separate and inferior caste. How long this state of things would last must depend on their natural capabilities, moral, intellectual, and physical; but if in these they be equal to the whites, they would eventually become the dominant race, since the climate of the south, more congenial to their constitutions, would give them a decided advantage. A philanthropist may well be perplexed when he desires to devise some plan of interference which may really promote the true interests of the negro. But the way in which the planters would best consult their own interests appears to me very clear. They should exhibit more patience and courage towards the abolitionists, whose influence and numbers they greatly overrate, and lose no time in educating the slaves, and encouraging private manumition to prepare the way for general emancipation. All seem agreed that the states most ripe for this great reform are Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennesse, Kentucky, and Missouri. Experience has proved in the northern states that emancipation immediately checks the increase of the coloured population, and causes the relative number of the whites to augment very rapidly. Every year, in proportion as the north-western states fill up, and as the boundary of the new settlers in the west is removed farther and farther beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, the cheaper and more accessible lands south of the Potomac will offer a more tempting field for colonization to the swarms of New Englanders, who are averse to migrating into slave-states. Before this influx of white labourers the coloured race will give way, and it will require the watchful care of the philanthropist, whether in the north or south, to prevent them from being thrown out of employment and reduced to destitution. If due exertions be made to cultivate the minds and protect the rights and privileges of the negroes, and it nevertheless be found that they cannot contend, when free, with white competitors, but are superseded by them, still the cause of humanity will have gained. The coloured people, though their numbers remain stationary, or even diminish, may in the meantime be happier than now, and attain

to a higher moral rank. They would, moreover, escape the cruelty and injustice which are the invariable consequences of the exercise of irresponsible power, especially where authority must be sometimes delegated by the planter to agents of inferior education and coarser feelings. And last, not least, emancipation would effectually put a stop to the breeding, selling, and exporting of slaves to the sugar-growing states of the south, where, unless the accounts we usually read of slavery be exaggerated and distorted, the life of the negro is shortened by severe toil and suffering. Had the white man never interposed to transplant the negro into the New World, the most generous asserters of the liberties of the coloured race would have conceded that Africa afforded space enough for their development. Neither in their new country, nor in that of their origin, whether in a condition of slavery or freedom, have they as yet exhibited such superior qualities and virtues as to make us anxious that additional millions of them should multiply in the southern states of the Union; still less that they should overflow into Texas and Mexico.

A TOWN LIGHTED BY NATURAL GAS.

Sailed in a steam-boat to Fredonia, a town of 1,200 inhabitants, with neat white houses and six churches. The streets are lighted up with natural gas, which bubbles up out of the ground, and is received into a gasometer, which I visited. This gas consists of carburetted hydrogen, and issues from a black bituminous slate, one of the beds of the Hamilton group of the New York geologists, or part of the Devonian formation of Europe. The lighthouse-keeper at Fredonia told me that, near the shore, at a considerable distance from the gasometer, he bored a hole through this black slate, and the gas soon collected in sufficient quantity to explode when ignited.

Currency doctors might read a lesson here:—

AMERICAN NOTES.

Wishing to borrow some books at a circulating library (in Philadelphia), I presented several dollar-notes as a deposit. At home, there might have been a ringing of coin upon the counter, to ascertain whether it was true or counterfeit; here, the shop-woman referred to a small pamphlet, reëdited "semi-monthly," called a "Detector," and containing an interminable list of banks in all parts of the Union, with information as to their present condition, whether solvent or not, and whether paying in specie, and adding a description of "spurious notes." After a slight hesitation, the perplexed librarian shook her head, and declaring her belief that my notes were as good as any others, said, if I would promise to take them back again on my return, and pay her in cash, I might have the volumes.

It often happened, that when we offered to buy articles of small value in shops, or fruit in the market, the vendors declined to have any dealings with us unless we paid in specie. They remarked, that their change might in a few days be worth more than our paper. Many farmers and gardeners are ceasing to bring their produce to market, although the crops are very abundant, and prices are rising higher and higher, as if the city was besieged.

According to Mr. LYELL, the Philadelphian repudiation was not quite as black a transaction as it was represented. He was present, and describes the ruin as tremendous. The bankruptcy was total, not partial. The holders of bonds at home suffered equally with those abroad.

It was painful to witness the ruin and distress occasioned by this last blow, following, as it did, so many previous disasters. Men advanced in years, and retired from active life, after success in business, or at the bar, or after military service, too old to migrate with their families to the West, and begin the world again, are left destitute; many widows and single women have lost their all; and great numbers of the poorer classes are deprived of their savings. An erroneous notion prevails in England that the misery created by these bankruptcies is confined chiefly to foreigners; but, in fact, many of the poorest citizens of Pennsylvania, and of other states, had invested money in these securities. In 1844, or two years after my stay in Philadelphia, the Savings Bank of New York presented a petition to the legislature at Harrisburg for a resumption of payment of dividends, in which it was stated that their bank then held 300,000 dollars, and had held 800,000 dollars, but was obliged to sell 500,000 at a great depreciation, in order to pay the claimants, who were compelled by the distress of the times to withdraw their deposits.

In fact, the Pennsylvanians did not pay, simply because they were insolvent; and not from any dishonest intent to defraud the foreign creditor.

In Nova Scotia, which is represented as a most uninviting country, Mr. LYELL met with remarkable kindness and attention.

I never travelled in any country where my scientific pursuits seemed to be better understood, or were more zealously forwarded than in Nova Scotia, although I went there almost without letters of introduction. At Truro, having occasion to go over a great deal of ground in different directions, on two successive days, I had employed two pair of horses, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The postmaster, an entire stranger to me, declined to receive payment for them, although I pressed him to do so; saying that he heard I was exploring the country at my own expense, and he wished to contribute his share towards scientific investigations undertaken for the public good.

With these specimens we reluctantly take leave of Mr. LYELL'S volumes, which we can heartily recommend to every book-club and circulating library, as a work sure to become popular, for it is substantially good.

POETRY.

The Maniac Improvisatore, and other Poems. By WILLIAM HURTON. London: E. Churton.

THE Rosinante of Don Quixote was not a more spavined, gravelled animal than the Pegasus on which Mr. HURTON rides. We have been speculating as to the cause of this. It may be that poor old Pegasus is worn off his legs by the number of riders who have spurred him since the time of HOMER. As the proverb says, a free horse may be ridden to death. Or it may be that he has tumbled down the side of Parnassus and sprained his ancle. At any rate, he limps very much, as our readers shall judge.

> In the southern part of that sunny clime
> Which has been termed the "Land of Song,"
> Di Luca with a proud head mocks Time,
> And stands forth the wild billows among:
> Its extreme point is a huge black rock,
> From which frequent rebounds the storm waves shock.

These lines are in the beginning of the *Maniac Improvisatore*. We doubt not the genuine *improvisation* of the verses we have quoted, and we should not be inclined to question the madness. They certainly were never written from close study, without which a poet is a thing of naught.

Mr. HURTON observes in his preface that "some who may glance over this little volume will in its author meet one whose acquaintance they have already made in one or more of the writings which, under assumed signatures, he has put forth from time to time." Herein lies the evil. Mr. HURTON has gathered, it seems, all his writings into one book, as a thrifty housewife sweeps crumbs into her apron, one half of which are not worth the gathering. He has overrated the public appetite, and catered as for a glutton, who never asks for *quality*. Mr. HURTON has entreated a candid review; but without imploring *our* candour, he may have reckoned upon it from the impartial character of THE CRITIC. It always pains us to call upon a man to withdraw himself from the flowery paths of poetry, since we know his love is rooted to them. There have been other labyrinths as difficult to find an exit from as that of Crete, and such a one is poetry. Mr. HURTON should be resolute, and strive to escape from it, despite the false praise of his over-earnest friends. If he must write, let him turn to prose. Notwithstanding his want of all poetic rule, we should not say this of Mr. HURTON if he had given us the slightest foretaste of poetic power. We cannot detect in him the spark that time and study can fan into a flame; and hence we infer that the recording angel has omitted Mr. HURTON'S name from the scroll of poets.

Love's Legends. By ARCHER GURNEY. London: Mitchell.

MR. GURNEY thinks that "superficial critics" may liken his *Bertha* and *Peri* to BYRON'S shorter poems and to MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*. Probably they will be so likened from a similarity of circumstances; but if plots or situations be imitations, then are all poets imitators. It is straining at a gnat to say so much. It seems to be universally understood that a writer may take a plot that has been used by another, and only be called a borrower; but let him take the published thoughts of another and he sinks immediately into a thief. Mr. GURNEY has shewn in his *Bertha* the fall of an unsuspecting, generous child of nature, like the "Haidee" of BYRON, the "Alice" of BULWER, and the "Effie Deans" of SCOTT. He has only

copied a design. His thoughts, we think, are the promptings of his own brain.

The *Peri* is not like MOORE's poem of the same name, but in character like his *Loves of the Angels*, in which an ethereal being is enamoured of a mortal. All other natures would be too gross, heavy, and worldly, and therefore the *Peri* chooses a minstrel for her lover. This is a consolation for the poets! Having little of comfort and the good things of this world, they must think all earthly troubles counterbalanced by the eye of favour with which spiritual ladyloves behold them.

Mr. GURNEY's style is easy and flowing. He seems to have had considerable practice in versification. He rarely soars high, and rarely sinks low, but keeps a middle course betwixt the heavens and the earth. Occasionally a gleam of sunshine falls upon his wings, and then he sings with a more clear and musical voice, as—

> Oh, she was beauteous! Golden hair
> Streamed round her form in flowing tresses;
> Eyes hath she such as souls must snare,
> Lips hath she such as court caresses;
> A form not all too straight and slender,
> Yet light though rich in beauty's pride;
> And, more than all, a soul most tender,
> Which in such dwelling *must* abide.
> He sees and loves! Nor wonder ye
> That love in him so prompt should be!
> Within his soul the lightning lay,
> Ready to strike when beauty's ray
> Should, kindling, call it into play.

The three poems in *Love's Legends* being long, we should not be giving an idea of their merits by chopping off here and there a bit for extract.

We hope Mr. GURNEY does not deceive himself when he says, "My poems are written *for the many, and not for the select few.* If the many do not approve, I shall have written, or at least published, in vain." The many do not read poetry. It is too spiritual for the worshippers of pounds, shillings, and pence. Mammon has no spare moments in which to study verses. Do, Mr. GURNEY, be contented if your poems find their way to a few social hearths, and with the "select few." Be not surprised if your book be kicked out as an interloper from the market-places: better books have been served the like. A poet must live on the promises of hope, as an equivalent for actual disappointments.

If Mr. GURNEY be a young man, with the means of study, let him write again. We have an impression that he can do better things.

EDUCATION.

Campion's Penman's Delight. London, 1845. Darton and Clark.

THE penman will indeed delight in this elegant volume, which supplies to him a complete series of copper-plate specimens of fancy writing of all kinds known in caligraphy, and many which we see here for the first time. As we open, the eye lights upon an illuminated title-page, itself a very gem; then follow the letters in every graceful form, and with the multitudinous adornments the most skilful pens have thrown about them; lastly, we are presented with a series of sentences fancifully designed with exquisite taste and in astonishing variety. We most cordially recommend this beautiful volume to all who desire to accomplish themselves in the art of caligraphy; it is by far the most tasteful and perfect teacher we have ever seen, and proves that the art of writing may be elevated to become a branch of the fine arts.

The Comic Music for the Million. London: Darton and Clark.

ONE of a series of little pamphlets, suggested by the success of the *Comic Latin Grammar*, and framed on the same plan. The philosophy is conveyed through the medium of fun, both by letterpress and by clever wood-cuts. We much doubt whether this novel mode of conveying knowledge be a proper one; if it will not associate a serious matter with ridiculous notions in the young mind. This, however, is open to question, and they who think otherwise will find the *Music for the Million* comic enough for their purpose.

The Alphabet of Nature, &c. By ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, B.A. London, 1845. Bagster and Sons.

A Manual of Phonography. By ISAAC PITMAN. Seventh Edition. 1845. Bagster.

The Phonotypic Journal, published Monthly. Bagster.

ALL these publications proceed from the same source. Mr. PITMAN, of Bath, has been for some years engaged in framing a system of phonography, or signs by which sounds may be expressed, so that the same signs may serve as a universal medium for communication among all people, and for all languages. The analogous instance of music probably suggested the perfect practicability of a design, the worth of which, if successful, would be beyond calculation. The same note in music conveys precisely the same idea of sound to every person of every clime and tongue in the civilized world. No reason can be assigned why signs should not be agreed upon whereby to convey to all the same spoken sound. The scheme is manifestly practicable in itself, provided only that the consent of the world be obtained for its universal use. Mr. PITMAN has framed his plan with great ingenuity; and it possesses the added advantage of being stenographic, or a short hand, as well as phonographic, or suggestive of sounds. Whether it will be possible to induce men to adopt a new form of communication by writing, is a problem to be solved by experience. At all events, Mr. PITMAN is using the proper means to the attainment of his end by a periodical publication, in which practical proof is given of the applicability of his plans to the purposes of life; and this, as well as his manual, will well reward examination.

Conversations on Arithmetic. By Mrs. HENRY AYERS. London: Souter and Law.

"THE design of this work," says the ingenious authoress, in her preface, "is to simplify and render agreeable and pleasing to children a study which is frequently looked upon as tedious and incomprehensible, and therefore only regarded with feelings of dread and dislike."

The excellence of such a design will be denied by none; but its practicability many will doubt. The attempt to simplify the study of arithmetic has been often made, but with very indifferent success, not, however, from obtuseness on the part of the instructors, but from the inherent obscurities of a science whose theory is beyond the grasp of the young mind, although its mechanical practice is to be readily acquired.

Mrs. AYERS, if she cannot boast a conquest over difficulties that have defeated all her predecessors, may certainly claim the merit of having done more to help her pupils through them than any other teacher we can remember. In the form of familiar conversations between little Lavinia and one Constantia, a friend of the family, Mrs. AYERS has contrived to explain not only the rules of arithmetic, but their *rationale*, and thus to introduce the unsuspecting reader into the arcana of science almost without his being aware of his progress. This volume is peculiarly adapted for use in schools and families, and few will make its acquaintance without thanking us for calling their attention to it.

The Young Christian's Companion; a series of Addresses adapted to Youth of both Sexes. By Mrs. AYERS. 2nd edition. London: Souter and Law.

THE subjects upon which Mrs. AYERS addresses the young in the language of piety, directed by experience of the world, and in a tone of affectionate exhortation, which cannot but win a patient hearing from those to whom she speaks so kindly, are such themes as "Obedience to God," "The Duty of Prayer," "The Study of the Scriptures," "Public Worship," "Conversation," "The Employment of Talents," "Evil Speaking," "Truth," "Friendship," "Conduct to Inferiors," &c. &c. A more useful little book could not be placed in the hands of children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Flowers of the Matin and Even Song; or, Thoughts for those who rise early. By MARY ROBERTS. London, 1845. Grant and Griffith.

"EVERY flower telleth its own tale to the ear of reason, yet men pass by unheeding. Women, too, and young children, who love flowers and ask questions concerning them, seem alike regardless of the small voices which speak from out the brakes and hedge-rows, the gaily decked meadows, and daisied commons. I have listened to those voices, heightening the delight of every country walk, and I have desired that I should profit likewise. Amid those mingled voices, therefore, I have sought to embody a few of the most interesting, and to describe especially such flowers as observe a fixed time of opening or shutting, and from which LINNÆUS constituted his celebrated Horologe, or Watch of Flora."

Such is the appropriate preface to this elegant little volume, and the excellent design thus described has been accomplished with the enthusiasm of one whose heart was in her work. Here we have the poetry of flowers; the best thoughts with which they have inspired the best writers, accompanying a

brief and pleasantly written natural history of each, from the pen of the authoress. Coloured prints illustrate the text, and the volume, thus abounding in beauties for the mind, is made attractive to the eye by the best paper and type, and a neat binding with gilded edges. It is just the book for a school prize or a midsummer present, to be read in the country during the summer holidays, amid the objects so charmingly depicted in its pages.

A brief Account of the Parish of Stowting, in the County of Kent, &c. By the Rev. FRED. WRENCH, Rector of Stowting. London, 1845. J. R. Smith.

IN the village of Stowting, situate about six miles to the north-west of Hythe, were discovered, some few months since, a quantity of ancient weapons, ornaments, a vase, and coins. Of these engravings have been made, and are now presented to the notice of the curious; with this additional recommendation, that the profits arising from the sale of the work are to be applied towards the restoration of an ancient stained glass window in the parish church.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Painting among the Ancients, followed by the History of Painters. By ALEX. DUMAS. Two vols. 1845.

THE first section of this work might more properly have been called "The Early Histories of Greece and Rome;" for, sooth to say, the author troubles himself but little about the arts; mention of them being only incidentally made where they affect the progress of the rising colonies. The book is, altogether, a disappointment; a crude, cold, uninteresting compilation from standard authorities, condensed in an unsympathetic, business-like spirit. An elaborately articulated skeleton, without one rag of drapery to soften down its angular proportions. It has evidently not been a labour of love; and is consequently more than usually redolent of the defects of style attributed to M. DUMAS. It is with some difficulty that we have collected here and there a fragment in his better manner; and these have only led us the more to regret that he should not have brought, if not more pains and carefulness, at least a little more enthusiasm, to his self-delegated task.

PAINTING AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

One of the first conditions for reproducing the beautiful is to have it constantly before the eyes, and upon this point the Egyptians, those first masters of the art, were not, it must be confessed, favoured by nature. Even as among the Chinese, the Hottentots, and the Laplanders, their men and women have a distinctive character of face, and for that reason no variety of physiognomy. The men were stout and heavy; the women, those fruitful mothers, were maidens sufficiently unattractive; while each and all had that tawny description of skin which caused them to be called Egyptians, or *sun-burnt*. The handsome Egyptians, of whom speak the two Latin satirists, were from Alexandria, that is to say, Greeks, born of Greek parents. On the other side, thanks to the ardent imagination of the Orientals, who incline rather to seek the extraordinary than the beautiful, the Egyptians, like the Persians, instead of making their gods in their own likeness, and endeavouring to elevate the divine nature by the perfection of forms, selected gods who were at once fantastic and monstrous. Osiris had the head of a hawk, Anubis had a dog's nose, Isis had horns on the forehead, and the Sphinx, those strange hermaphrodites of the Nile, had, as everybody knows, the head of a man, the bosom of a woman, and the claws of a lion. The Egyptians had consequently no chance of discovering the beautiful, either upon their earth or in their heaven.

This was not all: in the same spirit as their physicians were directed never to go beyond the prescriptions inserted in their sacred books, so were their workmen in painting and sculpture ordered to seek no new style, but strictly to follow up that which had been already adopted; we say workmen, and not artists, for they were really mere workmen, who undertook to shape porphyry, and to daub tombs, not from any inspiration of individual genius, but because their fathers had done the same before them. As to any progress in anatomy, it is clear that such was out of the question, all sections of the body being forbidden; the embalmers themselves, who were only permitted to make one solitary incision on the side of the corpse, being, at the close of the operation, pursued by yells and execrations, as well as having stones flung at them by the relations and friends of the person whom they had embalmed.*

* Diodorus of Sicily.—*Winkelmann.*

Thus, from the unknown centuries in which it commenced, to the day when the Ptolemys closed the Nile with their new empire, Egyptian painting had made but slender progress; it presents always the same harsh figures in profile, denuded of anatomy, grace, or picturesque effect; advancing stiffly one foot upon the other, and sometimes even painted entirely in blue, on a black ground, like the little Osiris found at Herculaneum.

All these circumstances were consequently opposed, as will at once be evident, to the discovery of the beautiful by the Egyptians, as Europeans understand the term.

Similar summaries of Etruscan and Greek art succeed; and it is much to be deplored that such passages as we have already stated are merely episodical, the foundation of the work being a dry, hard, historical compilation, containing a detail of facts of which a boy of the fifth form would be caned for being ignorant. We turn with pleasure to the biographical sketches which form its sequel. We have had more than one author in our own country engaged upon the "Lives of the Painters," our valued and lamented friend ALLAN CUNNINGHAM among the rest; but his were English painters, and the difficulties of the undertaking were consequently increased tenfold, for he was perpetually *en pays de connoissance*, where the slightest error or exaggeration would have been at once detected and exposed. We all know how admirable a work Lady MORGAN produced on the life of only one of the old masters, and we are compelled to allow that M. DUMAS has produced a set of sketches, not one of which is indebted to his pen for any interest which it may possess. As in the opening portion of the book, we are here again duly favoured with dates and names of scrupulous correctness; but in reading of art, we seek to catch something of its inspiration; and when we follow, step by step, the career of those who have made through its glorious medium their names a watchword in the whole civilized world, we desire to be aroused out of our apathetic earthiness, and to be inspired with an earnest wish to kindle our own torches at the same holy altar. Alas! M. DUMAS is no Pygmalion; he has drawn down no fire from Heaven. Not a pulse has throbbed as he wrote. Here and there the natural romance of events has been too much for him, and we have accordingly charming little passages which give us an insight into the spirit depths of the great men of by-past days, when emperors sat beside their easels, and kings were jealous of their friendship. We will extract one or two of these for the amusement of our readers. The biography of LEONARDO DE VINCI is the most interesting of the collection. According to the sketch of M. DUMAS, he must have been another admirable CRICHTON.

LEONARDO DE VINCI.

Leonardo was born at the Chateau de Vinci, of which the ruins may still be seen near the lake of Fucecchio, a few leagues from Florence; thence his name of Leonardo de Vinci. He was the natural son of a notary. Assuredly, the proverb which states that children so born are always more happily endowed by nature than others, must acquire increased credit from the example of Leonardo, predisposed as he was from his birth to elegance, art, and science. His face was handsome, his figure admirably proportioned, his intellect quick, and his application steadfast and persevering; and, rare indeed! with the rigid and exact judgment of the mathematician, he possessed the brilliant imagination of the artist; and with the apparent frivolity of the man of the world, the profound application of the scholar. Accordingly, on seeing his son at once a poet, a geometrician, a mechanic, a painter, a dancer, a horseman, and a musician, the good notary could not decide upon the future pursuit of a youth whom all around him agreed to look upon as a prodigy of universal precocity, when the boy relieved his father from all further difficulty by declaring that he would be a painter. The worthy notary upon this collected some of his son's drawings, and carried them to Andrea Verrocchio, another phenomenon of the same description, who had earned for himself a five-fold reputation as painter, statuary, engraver, goldsmith, and musician. Verrocchio looked at the drawings with an attention which indicated their importance in his eyes, and asked Master Peter (Leonardo's father) from what artist he had obtained them, to which question Master Peter answered that the artist was his own son, a boy of twelve years old. Verrocchio would not believe the tale, so the child was brought to him, and in his presence sketched some groups of men, animals, and flowers. The incredulous Verrocchio was, of course, convinced, and young Leonardo entered the *atelier* of the master whom he was soon to surpass.

Three years afterwards, Andrea Verrocchio was painting for

the monks of Vallambrosa a picture of St. John baptizing Jesus. Leonardo executed in this picture an angel so full of grace (now shewn as his first work) and which his master considered to be so perfect, that he would not retouch it. It consequently remains as it came from the pencil of an artist of fifteen.

But while he was becoming a great painter, Leonardo did not abandon his other accomplishments. He played upon several instruments, and, among others, on a lyre, of which he was almost the inventor; a clever chemist, he amused himself by composing, of different unsavory materials, some detestable odour, which compelled all who were in the room to desert it; at another time he applied mechanism to the purposes of magic; an arm-chair, where an impertinent critic believed himself to be solidly seated, would make the circuit of the apartment to the great terror of the victim of this unexpected locomotion; he made birds which flew alone, and quadrupeds which walked by hidden machinery; he invented machines for perforating rocks, and instruments for raising enormous weights; one day he proposed to lift the church of St. Lawrence, and to replace it upon a fresh foundation. In short, nothing was talked of in Florence but the young Leonardo de Vinci.

We cannot forbear transcribing one anecdote of this celebrated painter, which strikes us as highly characteristic of his painstaking, imaginative, and yet joyous nature.

THE HEAD OF MEDUSA.

One day a peasant called upon Ser Piero, and brought to him a sort of shield, which he had made from the trunk of a fig-tree, begging him to have it covered with some of his son's painting; he cared not what the subject might be, and left the artist at full liberty to follow his own fancy. As the notary, who was a zealous sportsman, had often found this same peasant a capital poet and companion, he undertook the commission, and promised to give the shield to Leonardo. The painter began by passing the shield through the fire, and then having polished it, he whitened the whole surface. During this time he was dreaming of what he should paint upon it, and he ultimately decided upon a head of Medusa. Accordingly, he collected in his workshop, which was closed against every one, adders, lizards, bats, toads, crickets, grasshoppers, and moths; and from all these hideous objects, these fantastical and noisome reptiles, he composed one solitary monster, which, crawling from beneath a rock, shot fire from its eyes, and smoke from its mouth and nostrils. It was the Medusa of which he had dreamed.

At last, satisfied with his work, Leonardo placed the shield in a favourable light, framed it in with moss and branches, and, calling his father to him, pointed it out. Hercules would have discovered in it a new hydra to attack, and would have fallen upon the shield with his club. *Ser Piero* was not a Hercules; he shrieked, and tried to escape, but Leonardo held him back.

"All is right, father," he said; "I have accomplished my wish: what you have taken for an unknown and living monster, is nothing but the painting which you asked for; take your peasant's shield and carry it away with you."

So saying, the young Leonardo tore aside the moss and leaves, took the large shield, and presented it to his father, who received it with some reluctance; but, when he became quite convinced that it was in fact a miracle of art, and not a caprice of nature, he did not require to be told twice to secure the prize: he took the master-piece, and carried it away; only, as it was necessary to return a shield to the peasant, *Ser Piero* purchased an old escutcheon which he met with by chance, on whose surface was painted a heart transfixed by an arrow; and gave it as something precious to his shooting companion, who fortunately understood sporting and fishing better than painting. As to the Medusa, he sold it for one hundred ducats to some dealers, who resold it shortly afterwards for three hundred crowns to the Duke Galeas.

One more anecdote, and we have done.

JEAN BELLIN.

Towards the conclusion of the year 1452, in the time of the unfortunate Francis Foscari, who, eight years previously, had been compelled to sign the sentence of his son James, and who five years afterwards, was himself deposed, a foreign painter, preceded by a brilliant reputation, arrived at Venice.

He was called Anthony of Messina, according to the custom of the times, which generally added to the Christian name received at the font, that of the locality to which the individual owed his birth. He was said to have inherited the secret of a Flemish artist; a secret which gave to his pictures so clear and brilliant a colouring that nothing in art had hitherto so thoroughly succeeded in emulating nature. * * * * All the ardent youth of that generation which was to witness the birth of Titian and the death of Gentile de Fabiano, was in commotion to gaze upon the first works which the foreigner would exhibit. And two months after his advent, a portrait was exposed to public admiration, which far surpassed all the promise of his fame. It was that of a senator. Never, indeed, had been seen a painting so striking, tones so harmonious, shades so softly blent. All Venice clapped its hands before this painting.

The next day a young noble who had arrived three days before from Padua, as he affirmed, called upon the painter in order to have his portrait taken. The price, debated for an instant, was fixed at twenty golden ducats; and as the stranger appeared hurried to return to Padua, the first sitting was arranged for the following day; Antonello merely stipulating that the stranger should retain the same costume which he then wore, and which was so elegant in its form, and so harmonious in its tones, that it appeared to have been draped by a statuary and selected by a painter.

At the appointed hour the young man arrived. He was, at least in appearance, one of those useless dandies who pass their lives in following ladies to church, or princes to the chase. Of art, according to his own account, he knew nothing; loving it by instinct, as every Italian of that time loved it; but arguing the subject of painting with an ignorance which, more than once, made the learned professor smile, to whom he had addressed himself to transmit his features to posterity.

Nevertheless the sitter observed the labours of the master with extraordinary curiosity. In the first operation, which consisted in preparing his colours on the palette, and diluting them with an unknown liquid, which was, without doubt, the secret of Antonello, he did not lose sight of it for a single second, a circumstance which the painter remarked to him. He replied, with charming simplicity, that his doing so could scarcely be considered wonderful, as not only it was the first time that he had seen an artist at work, but also that he had never before been in a painting-room.

Antonello believed him; and there was so much frankness in the tone and look of the young noble that he continued his operations without the slightest misgiving.

So passed the first sitting. Antonello wished to defer the second for a day or two; but the stranger, still under the pretext of his wish to leave Venice, requested so pertinaciously that no interval might accrue, that the painter consented to receive him again on the morrow.

The next day the sitter followed all his movements with the same attention; but the artist had ceased to observe any caution in his presence. The stranger was so ignorant of art that he had no apprehension of the discovery of his secret; nevertheless either by chance, by some unconscious remains of distrust, or simply from an excess of politeness, Antonello did not leave his visitor for one moment alone.

The following morning the stranger arrived at the same hour; but on this occasion, just as Antonello was diluting his colours, the young man ventured to ask him, with an air of perfect indifference, the nature of the ingredient which he used for this liquefaction. The painter replied that it was an elixir which he had invented, and which was so expensive that it had compelled him to raise the price of his pictures; and there the subject dropped.

Before the conclusion of the sitting, a young girl, who served as a model for the first Venetian artists, knocked at the door of Antonello, who had desired to see her. Antonello, informed that she was waiting in an adjoining room, desired she might be told that he wished her to come in the evening, as he could not then attend to her; but she sent him word that she had no time to spare in the latter part of the day, and that he must come and look at her at once, or she would not return.

Antonello, grumbling at her resolution, rose and went into the other apartment, begging the young noble to excuse him, which he did in the most gracious manner possible. Scarcely had the painter closed the door behind him, when the stranger bounded from his chair towards the bottle which contained the precious elixir, filled from it a small phial prepared for the purpose, and replacing the bottle on the bench, and the phial in his pocket, resumed his seat and the attitude in which Antonello had left him so promptly, that when the painter returned, five minutes afterwards, nothing appeared to have changed its place.

The work had progressed rapidly; it required but an hour or two more to complete the *chef-d'œvre*, and it was arranged that the young noble should take his last sitting at the same hour on the morrow. Before he left the painter, the stranger, who appeared to be enchanted, compelled Antonello, although greatly against his inclination, to receive the twenty ducats, which was the sum agreed on, for the yet unfinished portrait. The painter raised several objections to this prepayment, to which he was only reconciled by remembering that one more day would complete it.

The sitter then took his leave, and walked from the house at a calm and leisurely pace; but scarcely had he turned the corner of the street, when he ran at full speed towards the nearest canal, threw himself into a gondola, and desired the boatman to row him home with all possible despatch. Ten minutes afterwards he rushed into an apartment, or rather into a painting-room, whose walls were covered with madonnas, saints, and christs,

seized a palette, poured upon it some drops of the precious liquid, diluted his colours, and convinced himself, by a few touches upon the canvas, that so soon as he should have discovered the composition of the elixir of which he possessed a sample, he should be as skilful as Antonello. The difficulty was to ascertain of what the elixir was compounded.

He examined it in the light, tasted it with the tip of his tongue, poured a few drops upon paper, then upon different stuffs, and saw with the greatest astonishment that the elixir was simply an oleaginous matter exactly resembling oil. He hastened to an alchemist with whom he was acquainted, and gave him the phial, begging him to analyse the liquid which it contained, and to acquaint him with its nature. The alchemist, on seeing it, began to laugh, telling him that it was oil; and, on a second look, he affirmed that it was linseed oil.

The young man was overwhelmed with astonishment. As he returned home, he purchased a bottle of this oil, and passed the whole of the day in painting upon the new system which he had surprised, and when the twilight came he had thoroughly convinced himself that he possessed the secret of Antonello of Messina.

The following day he kept his appointment; but when the painter begged him to assume his accustomed position, the stranger laughingly replied that it was useless for them to fatigue themselves by this constraint, for that he would finish the portrait himself. Antonello gazed on him with astonishment; but the young man requesting of him the loan of his palette, and, taking a brush, commenced with his usual talent, painting in the gold chain which hung from the neck of his own likeness. The young artist who had thus discovered the secret which Antonello had inherited from Van Eyck, was John Bellin, who was born about 1426, and was then between 26 and 27 years of age.

The biographies of ALBERT DURER, of BACCIO DELLA PORTA, the convert and friend of SAVONAZOLA, known as FRA BARTOLOMEO, and of LUCA CRANACH, the friend of LUTHER, are, after that of DE VINCI, those which possess the greatest share of general interest. On the whole, the book is nevertheless a failure. The material for an admirable work is indeed there; but it is merely the block of marble, precious in itself, but awaiting the touches of a skilful hand to increase its value a thousand-fold. The talent of M. DUMAS is, however, so versatile, that he may well find indulgence for a single failure, even although it be a signal one. He evidently cannot *feel* art. He talks of it "as maids of fifteen prate o' puppy dogs;" and he depresses where he should elevate the sympathies of his reader. It is, nevertheless, extraordinary that an author possessed of so fertile and facile an imagination as M. DUMAS should, upon such a subject as painting and painters, have suddenly set himself down to write like a lexicographer or a mathematician, and have thrown off so entirely the graceful mantle of the poet and the novelist. Precision and correctness were, we admit, indispensable; but these are not inconsistent with grace and melody. No one knows better than M. DUMAS that *artis est celare artem*, and we therefore the more regret that on this occasion he should not have put his knowledge into practice, and presented to us a composition of beauty, as he might have done, instead of giving us, in the words of the Irish baronet, "a bone to pick."

LITERARY GOSSIP AT PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

If not the last *on dit*, at least the loudest in the literary and artistic coteries of Paris, is the rumoured elopement of the Viscountess de Saint Maro (better known to the public by her *pseudonyme* of La Comtesse Dash, under which appellation she has published several works of fiction), with the stripling son of the Hospodar of Moldavia. The lady, although long separated from her noble husband, is still a wife, the Viscount being in full health, and the Roman church not admitting divorce under any circumstances. It is stated that they were, however, divorced in Moldavia according to the laws there existing, and forthwith united; a union which cannot of course be recognised as legal in the country of the adventurous heroine. *Madame la Viscomtesse* is no longer young, but more than double the age of her innamorato, who is said to have been dazzled by the *prestige* of her fame. We do not attempt to vouch for the accuracy of these facts, but give them as they were related to us. It is true that this is the season when the Parisians of the *grande monde* are all in *villagiatura* on their respective estates, and when *canards* of every description are invented for the amusement of those less favoured portions of the population who are compelled to content themselves with the lime avenues of the Tuileries, and the rural shades of the Champs Elysées, and the Bois de Boulogne. We trust, however, that the most hoax-loving of our gay-hearted neighbours would not have ventured upon so minute and identified an anecdote without foundation. Of this we are certain, that had the accomplished Viscountess known as much of Moldavia and the Moldavians as we ourselves do, she would have remained very contentedly in Paris, even in her state of premature widowhood.

Madame de Montgolfier, the wife of the celebrated auronaut died last week at Paris at the patriarchal age of 111 years. This venerable lady was eminently distinguished for elevation of character, liveliness of intellect, and for her great conversational tact, nor will the void which she has left in an extensive circle be readily filled up.

All Paris has been thrown into confusion by a moral-quake. M. Victor Hugo has, it is asserted, forgotten his dignity, both as peer of France and as father of a family, and given occasion for an affair before, not "the gentlemen of the long robe," but the Upper Chamber, of which he has so lately become a member. We cannot permit ourselves to make further mention of this matter in the pages of THE CRITIC, than that the lady is wife to a distinguished painter; and that immediately on the discovery of her frailty she was, according to the French law in such cases, conveyed to prison. The *Quotidienne* states that M. Hugo is to escape scathless; the *Gazette de France*, on the contrary, affirms that the injured husband will carry his complaint bafore the Chamber of Peers. It is a singular fact, of which the present circumstance is only another example, that *esclandres* of this description are seldom caused in France by any but middle-aged men; it is rare indeed to find *la jeunesse* figuring as defendants in cases so extreme.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Bericht über die bewirkte Untersuchung einiger Theile des Mosquitolandes, erstattet von der dazu ernannten Commission. (*Report of the Examination of some parts of the Mosquito Territory by the Commission named for that purpose.*) 1845. Berlin.

THE object of this commission, undertaken during the spring and summer of the past year, will be best explained in the words of the preface. "The commission was intrusted with the task of examining the Mosquito country, and in particular that part of it now offered for purchase, in the shortest possible space of time, geographically, statistically, historically, and politically, with reference to the condition of the ground, the native animals, and the indigenous plants, the inhabitants of the country, and their way of life; with reference also to the climate, and its effects upon the health; in reference also to the agricultural and commercial relations of the country, both now and hereafter, all to be examined in so far as is necessary to answer the inquiry, whether the establishment of a German colony in that country would promise encouragement and success."

With this design the commission left Berlin on the 10th of April, 1844, and after various delays succeeded in reaching the Mosquito country, Cape Gracias a Dios, on the 10th of June. The investigation occupied them until the 2nd of August, when they sailed to Belize, and from thence returned home by North America, reaching Berlin on the 14th of October. The present volume contains the result of the inquiry, in a notice of its history, a review of the condition and customs of the inhabitants, the state of agriculture, &c. the whole terminated by copies of documents referring to grants of land from the king of the Mosquito territory to various individuals, and a succinct account of the language, specimens of Indian composition, a vocabulary, and so forth. The exact situation of the Mosquito land may not be clear to many; for their benefit, therefore, we may state that it is that portion of Central America first trod by COLUMBUS on his fourth voyage; hitherto it has remained almost as much unknown to Europeans as at that day; the information spread concerning it has been remarkable for unfounded statements and careless reports. The name itself has caused some discussion, many supposing it to have arisen from the swarms of mosquitoes which were said to infest the coast. There is a note on the subject, which is worth extracting.

The inhabitants of the Mosquito country, with the exception of some European settlers, are aboriginals, giving themselves the general name of Misskitös, and are called by Europeans Indianos, Bravos, Moscos, Mosquitos, Mosquito Indians. It has frequently been the question, to what circumstance this country owes the designation of Mosquito Coast, seeing that the insects known by that name are here far less numerous than in

many other coasts of America. Some time since the opinion was current that the name had been acquired from the numberless small islands, lying near the coast, which have been said to have the appearance of innumerable flies swimming on the water. Upon a map, perhaps, one's fancy may discover some truth in this resemblance, but hardly in looking upon the reality, where the islands, viewed either near or at some distance, have, if possible, less resemblance to flies than to any thing else. It may be permitted to add one more conjecture to the many that have been broached on this subject. Let us then suggest that the name of the coast is derived from that of the inhabitants, and that the latter is originally an Indian name, corrupted by the Spaniards; for it must strike all who hear them that the Indians, who, from their intercourse with the Spaniards, are perfectly well acquainted with the expression mosquitoes for flies, and are also in the constant habit of using it, never call themselves Mosquitos, or Mŏskĭtŏs, but on the contrary style themselves distinctly and uniformly Mueskitos (Misskitŏs); and if the other word is applied to them, they correct it carefully, adding, "Mosquitoes are flies,—we are Miskito men," as has more than once occurred to us. If now, the race originally living on the coast were called Misskitos or Misskos, it is highly probable that, naming themselves thus to the first Spaniards arriving in their territory, these latter gradually corrupted it, and applied to them, instead of Misskito, Mosquito, the name of the numerous insects on the coast.

The entire region known under this denomination is inhabited by several races, differing much one from the other in external appearance, and but little as regards manners and customs. Their chief divisions are three—the tribe of Sambos, the original Indians, and the Karaibees. The former comprehend the reigning power. All live in established dwellings, passing their days in hunting and fishing, cultivating just so much of the land as is necessary for their existence. Far up the country there are said to be yet some wandering tribes seen about, but our writers saw nothing of them. There are, of course, no means of rightly estimating the amount of population. Their history is absolutely buried in darkness; the few occurrences they relate are only sufficient to render "confusion worse confounded." Their months are reckoned by the moon, but of years they keep no account, and no man knows his own age; consequently, whatever they relate is marked by disorder and confusion. It is, however, well known that they resisted the arms of the Spaniards under Alonzo de Ojada and Diego di Nicuesca, yielding neither to their force and cruelty, nor to the mandate of the Pope, which enjoined them to "deliver themselves peacefully to the dominion of the lawful ruler of the world." To this day their hatred to the Spaniards is intense; tales of their horrid barbarity are transmitted from father to son; and this quiet and gentle people become violently excited at the idea of subjection to, or friendship with, a Spaniard. Spaniard and enemy are, in their language, the same thing.

The first colony laid here was in the year 1730, when some English settled near the Black River, Cape Gracias a Dios, and at Blewfields. During the war between England and Spain in 1739, a few forts were built for the protection of the young colony, which, with the exception of some disasters, continued in a flourishing condition until, in consequence of the peace of Paris (1783), the colonists were commanded to evacuate the country. Some few, however, in Blewfields, remained in their possessions; and the Indians, left once more to themselves, were attacked by the Spaniards, who were anxious to secure the deserted fort at the mouth of the Black River. This unsuccessful attack was also the last made upon the unfortunate Indians by their ancient enemies.

Much has been attempted by their late kings, who have had the advantage of education among the English in Jamaica, to improve the condition of their people, but hitherto without any success deserving of mention. Civilization of a barbarous people can only be accomplished by education of the rising generation.

It is a source of great pleasure to the Indian to see a European employed with and instructing his children. It flatters his vanity that they should become like the wise white men, and what indolence and custom alike render useless and indifferent to him, he is most anxious and eager to secure to them. With the greatest interest the Indians inquired of us whether the second son of the deceased king, Prince Clarence, who had been sent to England for his education, had already learnt much; whether he knew as much as a young Englishman of his own age; and it caused universal satisfaction when we answered in the affirmative, and in proof thereof produced a letter written by the Prince to his mother, which our fellow-traveller, Captain Willock, had to deliver. The young Indians are, moreover, willing and eager to learn, very quick in acquiring knowledge, and gentle and confiding in disposition, when once the timidity is overcome with which a white man at first always inspires them. Education of the young is the only means by which this long neglected people can be led to civilization. And for two hundred years, since which England has been the confederate of this nation, nothing has been done! Inquire what means have hitherto been used to give these people any sort of instruction, and we find that here and there an English missionary has appeared among them, and as long as he gave brandy he found ready listeners. When they cease to give spirits, the hearers cease to come near them. * * * They have no ideas whatever concerning the creation. The stars are, in their opinion, bright stones. They believe in a superior benevolent Being, but without thinking it necessary to worship him; on the contrary, all their thoughts and ceremonies are consecrated to the evil power, whom they believe to be omnipotent, and finding his greatest delight in tormenting and destroying mankind. When asked why they never pray to God, but always to the devil, the answer immediately follows, that a prayer to the good spirit is not necessary, for he gives them all good things without their asking, and it is only the devil who ever prevents him, therefore they must pray to the devil to grant them the good and spare them the bad. Herewith they have the greatest fear of spectres, so that after the sun has gone down, no Indian will leave his hut alone. They lay their dead in one-half of a canoe, while the other half covers the body, and thus they consign them to the earth. Their belief in the duration of life after death is manifest in their burials. They provide the dead with victuals and hunting implements, that he may have all things ready for the other world, and long after the death, they continue to lay meat and drink upon the grave, while they dance and sing around it. But where and how the life continues they have no idea whatever. Superstition forbids them to speak of, or even name, the dead. Another custom, alike peculiar and disastrous to the land, is that of cutting down every palm-tree at the death of the Indian who planted it. * * * Their dances are entirely confined to the girls and women, accompanied with drums, songs, and little clappers, which the dancers hang round their necks, made from the dry shell of the unripe calabash fruit. The dances consist merely of movements to and fro of the upper part of the body, while the feet move slowly to correspond. Beyond every thing, the Indians are delighted with listening to stories and tales, the more wonderful the better. For hours together they will sit around the clever story-teller in wondering silence. But they all know that what they have heard is but fiction, and one would be mistaken, therefore, in concluding them to be credulous. "It is all lies!" say they, rising slowly when the tale is ended, their faces beaming with pleasure, "It is all lies—but very beautiful!" * * * Generally speaking, their huts contain but one room. A fire glimmers all day, and great part of the night, on the centre of the floor, while near, and almost directly over it, are the hanging beds, swinging between two beams. In these hammocks the male inhabitants of the hut generally pass both day and night in the *dolce far niente*, while the women either sit cowering over the fire, or employ themselves in household matters. Besides the beds, there is little to be found in the Indian hut; a few calabashes, perhaps, serving for eating and drinking utensils, and an iron vessel. Here and there, too, one may discover a broken plate of English ware, a fishing-net, an old musket, or a sword-formed axe, a spear, and a bow and arrows. With these, one sees not less miserable specimens of their food, oyster-shells, a bundle of plantains, cocoa-nuts, and red palm berries. Proper sharers in this domestic economy, where dirt and filth of all kinds fail not, are their pigs, fowls, and lean, hungry dogs; and what a contrast to the luxury of nature without! * * * The cocoa-nut palm is not only the most beautiful, but one of the most useful trees growing in these parts. They plant them by means of the ripe nuts, which are allowed to lie unmolested on the ground, until the young shoots appear. When the shoots reach about half a foot in length, the nut and shoots are planted in the earth. The tree grows rapidly, in the sixth year bears fruit, and, one year with another, brings every month from fifteen to five and twenty nuts. After thirty, the tree produces no more nuts.

Several chapters are devoted to a detail of the natural productions, both animal and vegetable, of the kingdom. America is well known not to present such a variety of the former as the Old World, and the Mosquito Coast, in particular, bears evidences in its formation of its comparatively late origin. The wild horses scour the savannas in countless herds; the Indians catch them with the lasso, but use them only for riding. The cattle are in great beauty and perfection,

but left almost wholly wild. Such a thing as a drove of cattle is not to be seen in the possession of an Indian throughout the entire Mosquito Coast. They eat the flesh of the alligator, and consider it a luxury.

It has been ascertained by experience that the alligators desert a place near which men have established themselves. Five or six years since, some Indians settled themselves on the mouth of the Alligator Creek, above the Segovia River, and made vigorous war upon the numerous alligators in their neighbourhood; but, before long, they remarked with astonishment that they had completely deserted the river; and many similar examples are related. We caught a young alligator of a foot and a half in length, with the design of bringing it alive to Europe, but, during the very stormy passage we had through the Gulf Stream, it died, and became so rapidly putrid that not even the skin could be preserved; for no one would undertake the business of drawing it off and stuffing it, and we had neither spirits nor brandy on board.

Our extracts have already been sufficiently long; we must therefore take our leave of this volume, trusting that the next colony which wends its way to the Mosquito Coast may prove more successful than that under MACGREGOR in 1820, of which not a trace now remains. This result, however, is ably proved to have been the consequence of mismanagement in the beginning, and MACGREGOR'S folly afterwards, and not the effect of climate or country, as generally has been considered.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Lowell's Conversations on some of the Old Poets.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

FROM the home truths given in our last number let us turn to a passage not less truthful and still beautiful.

THE HUMANITY OF THE POET.

Surely, you jest. A greasy savour of the kitchen intrudes itself into whatever is done for the belly's sake. No. What a man pays for bread and butter is worth its market value, and no more. What he pays for Love's sake is gold indeed, which has a lure for angels' eyes, and rings well upon God's touchstone. And it is love that has inspired all true hearts. This is the ample heritage of the poets, and it is of this they have made us heirs. When the true poet is born, a spirit becomes incarnate which can embrace the whole rude earth as with the soft arms of a glorifying atmosphere. The inarticulate moan of the down-trodden he shall clothe in language, and so wing it with divine music that the dullest heart shall look up to see it knocking at heaven's gates. The world's joy, ere-while a leaden cloud, shall turn gold under his sunlike look. And when such a spirit comes forth from its heavenly palace, where it had been wrapped softly in the imperial purple of noble purposes and happy dreams, and tended by all the majestical spirits of the past—when it comes forth in obedience to the beckonings of these its benignant guardians, saying, "Behold, my brethren are ahungered and I will feed them; they are athirst and I will give them drink; my plenty is for them, else is it beggary and starving," and is jeered at and flouted because it can speak only the tongue of the heaven whence it came, now foreign and obsolete, what bewildering bitterness, what trembling even to the deep Godward bases of faith, what trustfulness mocked into despair, become its portion! The love, the hope, the faith, which it had sent out before it to bring it tidings of the fair land of promise, come back pale and weary, and cry for food in vain to the famishing heart which once so royally entertained them. The beautiful humanity, a vision of which had braced the sinews of its nature, and had made all things the vassals of its monarch eye, seems to it now but as a sphinx, from whose unchangeable and stony orbs it can win no look of recognition, and whose granite lips move not at its despairing cry. You smile, but let me think it is for sympathy. A sneer is the weapon of the weak. Like other devil's weapons, it is always cunningly ready to our hand, and there is more poison in the handle than in the point. But how many noble hearts have writhed with its venomous stab, and festered with its subtle malignity!

How deep is Mr. LOWELL'S love of poetry. He breakfasts and sups upon it, and, in this working day world finds it more sweet and grateful than the children of Israel did the manna in the wilderness. He reads a pathetic story of a mother parting from her offspring, and pauses after the reading to "hear the mother's tears fall upon the face of her child." Such simple criticism on a poet's verse is better than the whole verbiage of the reviews. And then how gloriously comes the reason for the pause. "The first voice that is heard after the reading of good poetry comes ordinarily from the shallowest heart in the company. Praise follows truth afar off, and only overtakes her at the grave; plausibility clings to her skirts, and holds her back till then."

We spare the reader our own language, and continue with our author.

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

The love of the beautiful and true, like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains for ever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's being, though all the rest be turned to stone by sorrow and degradation. The angel, who has once come down into the soul, will not be driven thence by any sin or baseness even, much less by any undeserved oppression or wrong. At the soul's gate sits she silently, with folded hands and downcast eyes; but, at the least touch of nobleness, those patient orbs are serenely uplifted, and the whole spirit is lightened with their prayerful lustre. Over all life broods Poesy, like the calm, blue sky with its motherly, rebuking face. She is the true preacher of the Word, and when, in time of danger and trouble, the established shepherds have cast down their crooks and fled, she tenderly careth for the flock. On her calm and fearless heart rests weary freedom, when all the world have driven her from the door with scoffs and mockings. From her white breasts flows the strong milk which nurses our heroes and martyrs; and she blunts the sharp tooth of the fire, makes the axe edgeless, and dignifies the pillory or the gallows. She is the great reformer, and, where the love of her is strong and healthy, wickedness and wrong cannot long prevail. The more this love is cultivated and refined, the more do men strive to make their outward lives rhythmical and harmonious, that they may accord with that inward and dominant rhythm by whose key the composition of all noble and worthy deeds is guided. To make one object, in outward or inward nature, more holy to a single heart is reward enough for a life; for, the more sympathies we gain or awaken for what is beautiful, by so much deeper will be our sympathy for that which is most beautiful,—the human soul. Love never contracts its circles; they widen by as fixed and sure a law as those around a pebble cast into still water. The angel of love, when, full of sorrow, he followed the first exiles, behind whom the gates of Paradise shut with that mournful clang, of which some faint echo has lingered in the hearts of all their offspring, unwittingly snapped off and brought away in his hand the seed-pod of one of the never-fading flowers which grew there. Into all dreary and desolate places fell some of its blessed kernels; they asked but little soil to root themselves in, and in this narrow patch of our poor clay they sprang most quickly and sturdily. Gladly they grew, and from them all time has been sown with whatever gives a higher hope to the soul, or makes life nobler and more godlike; while, from the overarching sky of poesy, sweet dew for ever falls, to nurse and keep them green and fresh from the world's dust.

No wonder that Mr. LOWELL sickens at the jugglery of the politician, since poetry is anti-Machiavel. But withal he hopes that, in the future, the poet and the politician shall be united in one mind. BURKE, he believes, had a narrow escape from being such a man. But this narrow escape seems to us as wide as the poles are asunder. Had BURKE been more of a poet, he would have been less as a politician. Like the *see-saw* of children, the poet flies up while the politician sinks down, and *vice versâ*. The politician must cast off the leper's skin, and be purified, before he can don the dress of the poet. The unwieldy growth of selfishness among which a politician now legislates is fatal to the poetic feeling. What change and the future may do, we know not; but we should be glad to hail a BURKE and a MILTON in one body.

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

The warrior, like the politician, is below the level of the poet. We take Mr. LOWELL'S opinion of

NAPOLEON.

What an intellect was Napoleon's! He was the Goethe of the throne and the camp. And that huge structure which he piled with such wasteful pains was but like the winter palaces of the Czar, being reared by the intellect alone, of its icy blocks, crystal, far-shining, yet no match for the silent eye of that all-beholding sun of mankind's moral sense. What pang of the world's sore distressed heart did he make the lighter? What gleam of sunshine streamed into the dim hovel of our race the more freely and bounteously for him? The great intellect dies with its possessor; the great heart, though his name in whose breast it had its ebb and flow be buried in the mouldered past, survives for ever, beckoning kindred natures to deeds of heroic

trust and self-sacrifice. Is Luther dead while Garrison still lives? The intellect would fain bargain with and outwit the future; the heart buys acceptance of it with a simple smile. This, then, is the great errand of the poet; to keep alive our fealty to the heart; and, even when it has been banished by the usurping intellect, to rouse our loyalty with the despised, and therefore unmolested, persuasion of a song.

Mr. LOWELL has as little of Americanism as any American we are acquainted with.

CANT OF NATIONAL LITERATURE.

It is a little strange that the English, all of whose glorious past belongs equally to us, should pity us for having no antiquity to look back upon, as if that, even were it true, would preclude us from having poets. Besides sharing their own history and tradition with them, we can also claim our share in the ancientry of this, our adopted hemisphere, and point to monuments, set by which their idle Druid-stones are but things of an hour ago. Not that the poet needs such obscurities to grope in, or desires a greater antiquity than that of his own heart, in which are written the same wondrous oracles, uncertain, yet not past finding out, of which all his brethren, from Eden downward, have deciphered but a few lines. Wherever Shakespeare lays his plots, that ruddy English heart of his was the true meridian, whence the degrees of latitude and longitude were numbered. Paradise and pandemonium both found room enough with Milton in that little house in the Artillery Walk. The poet who leans upon the crumbling arm of Eld will never himself become a part of history. When he crossed the threshold of his own heart, he left his strength behind him; and, in proportion as he wanders farther thence, he becomes remote from the hearts of all his kind; his words become a dim murmur, with no articulate syllable to claim attention from the ear.—But I interrupt.

No doubt, our poets may find proper subjects, without going out of their own geographical territories; but I would not imprison them within those. What has poetry to do with space and time? Past and future are to her but arcs of one horizon, whose centre is the living heart. Yet how much cant do we hear about a national literature! Let a man make a Pequod or a Cherokee bemoan himself through some dozen or more stanzas in such a style as neither of them ever dreamed of; let him invent a new rhyme for Huron, or a new epithet for Niagara, and he has done something national. What have we to do with a dance of savages more than with one of dervishes, or that of the planets which Pythagoras fancied? Our notion of an Indian is about as true as that which the Europeans have of us. In all the situations which are proper to poetry one man will feel precisely like another; and to the poet it is quite indifferent whether his scene be in Congo or Massachusetts, unless, indeed, he be not strong enough to walk firmly without the external support of old associations or magnificent ones. An Indian whose child dies, mourns the loss of one who would have been a great brave and an expert hunter; a tradesman in the same case laments that of a lineal successor behind the counter. Where is the difference in the feeling? Yet, in writing about the first, one would be bolstered up with rocks, woods, rivers, lakes, wigwams, scalping parties, and the whole machinery of savage life—things merely extraneous and cumbrous, and not at all belonging to the bare feeling one is trying to reproduce. It is merely because of our arbitrary and unnatural associations with different callings or modes of life—associations unworthy of men, much more, then, unworthy of poets—that we esteem the savage more picturesque (or whatever you choose to call it) than the tradesman. In all the feelings with which Poesy concerns herself, the latter may be, and ought to be, superior. The savage has had, it is true, the limbs of the oak-tree for his cradle; the primeval forest and the lonely prairie have been his playmates and nurses; the sky, the waterfall, the thunder, the stars, the legends of his forefathers, these have been his letters and his poetry. But the other, if he has not been dandled by the forest-titan, has had the nobler tutelage of a mother's arms; nature denies herself to him no more than to his savage brother; the stars, and the forest, and the waterfall have their secrets for him as well; and in books he can converse with yet higher company, the ever-living spirits of the brave and wise. Methinks the account between the two is well balanced; or, if not, that the *debit* is on the side of him whom we idly call the child of nature, as if we dwellers in cities were but her foster-sons. A man is neither more nor less a poet because he chooses one subject or another. Did not the cast-away shell of a tortoise become Apollo's lute?

Although we have been prolific of extract, we cannot tear ourselves away from these communings with the poets. "But one more," as Othello says, "and this the last."

TREATMENT OF POETS.

PHILIP.—Yes, men always deny the messenger of God at first. The spiritual eye, like that of the body, until taught by experience, sees objects reversed, and makes that seemingly come from hell, which has in truth but just descended, warm and fragrant, from the heart of God. But Time can never put Eternity off more than a day; swift and strong comes the fair to-morrow, and with it that clearer perception of the beautiful, which sets another fixed star in the bright coronet of Truth.

JOHN.—But when the world is at last forced to believe the message, it despitefully entreats the bearer of it. In most cases men do not recognise him till the disguise of flesh has fallen off, and the white wings of the angel are seen glancing in the full sunshine of that peace, back into whose welcoming bosom their flight is turned. If they recognise him earlier, it is with a scurvy grace. Knowing that hunger is the best taskmaster for the body, and always using to measure spirit by the laws of matter, they conclude that it must be the sharpest spur for the soul also. They hold up a morsel of bread, as boys do to their dogs, and tell the prophet to speak for it. They know that he has a secret to tell them, and think they can starve it out of him, as if it were an evil demon.

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That poverty may be of use to the poet, as you have said, may be granted, without allowing that it must come to the actual pinch and gripe of want with him. The man of genius surely needs it not as a spur, for his calling haunts him from childhood up. He knows that he has that to say that will make the great heart of the universe beat with a more joyous peacefulness and an evener motion. As he grows to man's estate, the sense of a duty imposed on him by nature, and of a necessary obedience to heavenly messengers, which the world neither sees nor acknowledges, grows stronger and stronger. The exceeding brightness of his countenance weaves a crown around his head out of the thick air of earth; but earthlings cannot see it. He tells his errand, and the world turns its hard face upon him, and says, "Thou art a drone in my busy hive; why doest thou not something?" Alas! when the winter season comes, the world will find that he has been storing honey for it from heavenly flowers, for the famishing heart to feed upon. He must elbow through the dust and throng of the market, when he should be listening to the still, small voice of God; he must blaspheme his high nature, and harden his heart to a touchstone to ring gold upon, when it is bursting with the unutterable agony of a heavenly errand neglected,—that bitterest feeling of having "once had wings." The world has at last acknowledged his sovereignty, and crowned him with a crown of thorns. Thomson, in one of his letters, says:

"The great fat doctor of Bath told me that poets should be kept poor, the more to animate their genius. This is like the cruel custom of putting a bird's eye out, that it may sing the sweeter."

The world plays the great fat doctor very well.

Our readers may observe that in the extracts we have given, there is little mention made of the old poets. But be it remembered that it is more difficult to select from a good book than from an indifferent one. Where beauties are thickly strewn, the mind is puzzled to choose a particular beauty. We could easily select a flower from a vase, but a garden full would distract us with variety. We can only recommend our readers to read Mr. LOWELL'S book. Such discourses on poetry are perfect sermons. When any of the kind come into the world, they come like sunshine, with a gladdening and a luminous power. The more the uses and the influence of poetry are taught, the less will be the necessity for stringent political enactments. LYCURGUS and SOLON were less lawmakers than HOMER and EURIPIDES. Alas, that England and America, as Mr. LOWELL laments, should care so little for their poets! A perfect age must be a poetical age. Not the mere barren system of writing verses, but a flexile state, in which feeling and sensation shall be the grand monitors.

Young Englandism, or any other ism, will prosper, if it return to the simplicity, the faith, and the sublimity of poetry.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

A HINT TO TOURISTS IN AUSTRIA AND ITALY.

A NOTION very generally prevails that the best of all coin upon the Continent is the English sovereign; that it will carry you over Europe. The cause of this impression is, I suppose, the

readiness with which it circulates in Belgium, North Germany, Switzerland, and the great highways of travellers. But it is a mistake altogether. In the Austrian dominions the sovereign is scarcely known. Last summer, I traversed Styria and North Italy, and, acting upon the prevalent belief, took with me nothing but sovereigns. The consequence was, that at many of the post-stations and inns they were refused, or valued only as Napoleons, and no more allowed for them. Frequently I was compelled to sell my sovereigns for fifteen shillings. If travellers would avoid this serious loss and inconvenience, I would advise them, before they enter the dominions of Austria, to provide themselves with the Austrian notes, which are convenient for carriage, and pass everywhere at their full value. I avail myself of this valuable department of THE CRITIC to offer to those who may follow me the results of my own experience. SENEX.

THE TYROL.—I want to go by the most picturesque route from Vienna across the Tyrol to Switzerland. Will any of the readers of THE CRITIC who may have attempted it oblige me, and perhaps many others, with a sketch of such a route, naming places, distances, time, and conveyances?

AN INQUIRER.

[We shall feel equally obliged by such a communication as that requested by our correspondent. This is the very object of THE TOURIST, and thus will its utility most appear. Our hope is ultimately to make it a complete periodical *Handbook for Travellers*, an indispensable addition to Murray.—Ed. CRITIC.]

HOME TOURS.—Would some of the readers of THE CRITIC favour the rest of us with their experience of Home Tours, naming the best and most reasonable hotels, &c.? G. L. T.

[A good hint.—Editor of THE CRITIC.]

ART.

THE NEW PANORAMA.—To the really magnificent pictures of Nanking and Naples, already noticed in this Journal, there has just been added another of surpassing beauty—a panorama of Athens and the surrounding country. To the scholar, the artist, the student of history, and the traveller—indeed to all who take interest in that which has once exercised a controlling and directive influence over other nations, and in other times, this picture will be welcome. Once the centre of civilization to the world, the seat of learning and wisdom, where the fine arts were carried to a pitch of excellence never before attained, never since surpassed, Athens, with its noble monuments of former grandeur contrasting against its modern barbarism, is still lovely and interesting.

The prospect is taken from the hill of Musæus, which commands a fine view of ancient Athens. In the immediate foreground are the remains of the splendid monument of Philopappus, with its bas-reliefs and mutilated statues. On the east, crowning the summit of the Acropolis, stand the ruins of the Parthenon, imposing and grand in their decay. On the left of the portico is a square-built, ugly, modern tower, erected in the poverty and barbarism of modern Greek taste, and which, contrasted against the magnificent architecture beside it, furnishes unintentionally a gauge which shews the vast difference there is between the Greeks of the present day and the Athenians of two thousand years ago. The arch of Adrian, the temples of Jupiter, Victory, and Erecthæus, a newly-built palace of King Otho, and part of the modern city, add interest to this side of the picture. Behind these stand the stately mountains of Pentelicus and Anchesmus, and to the right the famed range of Hymettus.

On the south, at a distance of some six miles, lies the blue Ægean Sea, with the port of Piræus, and the islands of Salamis and Corinth; and in the extreme distance a lofty chain of mountains.

On the north stands the Pnyx, the lovely temple of Theseus,—a spot ever sacred in the eyes of Christians,—the Areopagus, where the Apostle Paul preached to the Athenians. Mount Parnes, the precipice above Phyle, and the snow-clad range of Cythæron close in the view.

In the foreground, on the left of the monument of Philopappus, is a group of Greek maidens dancing the Romaika, and surrounded by spectators of different ranks. To speak too highly of these figures would be difficult indeed. There is actual motion, life, and spirit in the dancers. The combination of lines is pleasing, while it has the merit of being thoroughly original. There are three women seated on the ground, so grouped as three figures were never grouped before, yet producing a most agreeable line. Scattered through the picture on the roads, and in becoming places, are men and animals, which add by character or some other peculiarity to the interest of the scene.

The landscape, too, is admirably painted. There is abundance of soft sunny atmosphere; the colouring is forcible, clear, and truthful, and the effects are most judiciously thrown in. Nor can we close this notice without a compliment to Mr. KNOWLES, the gentleman from whose drawings the panorama has been produced. He appears to have devoted great care to the perfection of his sketches, as is evidenced by the elaborateness of the details; and that they are faithful to the objects themselves is equally clear, for there appears nothing of truth sacrificed to the mere picturesque.

To our friends, as both for its historical associations and artistic excellences, this is an attractive and meritorious picture, we unhesitatingly recommend a visit to the Panorama of Athens.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Our readers have, doubtless, many a time and oft, heard about the Quadruple Treaty, and have reflected with more or less of respect, according to circumstances, upon the diplomatic qualities of the negotiators by whom, *post longos labores*, the said treaty was brought to pass; but the Quadruple Alliance just effected by the masterly genius of one single diplomatist at the Great Theatre in the Haymarket, beats the other all to nothing, both in conception and in effectuation. The man who, last week, should have told us with an air of any thing like gravity, that TAGLIONI, and CARLOTTA GRISI, and CERITO, and LUCILE GRAHN were going to stand up together on the Opera stage, for any other purpose than a fight, would have been at once earnestly recommended by us to the care of his friends, with a view to an early inquiry *de lunatico;* being estate-less ourselves, we dread no such inquiry, our friends having nothing to get by it; and besides, it is of matter of fact we speak, when we state that TAGLIONI, and CARLOTTA GRISI, and CERITO, and LUCILE GRAHN *have* stood up together on the Opera stage, once, and twice, and thrice, and *not* for the purpose of a fight, but to dance such a *pas de quatre* as has never been danced before, and will never be danced again, so we conceive, but by the glorious four themselves. Up to the moment of their actual appearance, the most fearfully heating cares, the most intense suspense, pervaded the crammed house: and there was some reason for their doubts and fears; for, but a short time ere the opera commenced which preceded the *pas*, one of the four,—"Oh, breathe not her name,"—manifested decided symptoms of recusancy, on the ground that M. PERROT, the inventor of the said *pas*, had not therein assigned her an equal position with the other three; but on Mr. LUMLEY'S suggesting, with an emphasis, that if she persisted in not making one in the *pas de quatre*, they would be reduced to the necessity of having a *pas de trois*, wherein she would not appear at all, the fair rebel submitted. When the *four* graces, linked hand-in-hand—touching emblem of friendship until death, or, at least, until the *pas* should be past—came bending forwards, there was a perfect hurricane of hurraing, which continued until the very last courtesy was courtsied, and the curtain finally descending, the proud scene was o'er. There was a very ludicrous incident just before the dance commenced; a rain fell from the gallery of many-coloured papers, whereon was printed an Italian sonnet in glorification of CERITO, setting her above all the dancers of all time, past, present, and to come. The episode produced some amusement, and was therein useful, as relieving the attention, for a moment, of the audience. To describe a dance is obviously impossible; at all events, so we think, not being able to do so ourselves—if the thing were in us, the *pas de quatre* would have awakened the slumbering faculty; but this we can say, that the dance in question is the most marvellous Terpsichorean display that ever "raised our spirits or charmed our *eyes*." It were at once difficult and altogether invidious, to institute a comparison between the four "dansooses," as the Popular Lecturer, Mr. ALFRED ORMONDE, phrases it; let us rather content ourselves with stating the fact, that each, in her particular way, danced better than she ever danced before in the whole course of her life; our readers, who have seen each or all, may hence readily judge for themselves how stupendous the grand total must have been. We should insist upon Mr. LUMLEY'S being forthwith named our ambassador at Paris or Vienna, or wherever else perils do most environ British plenipotentiaries from the tricks and cheateries of foreign manœuverers, so consummate is the diplomacy he has manifested in this most delicate and difficult matter;

but Mr. LUMLEY has got a much better thing where he is, having recently acquired the entire property in the Italian Opera House, a highly gratifying circumstance, at once as shewing that his talents and energy have obtained a rich reward, and as affording an unquestionable guarantee for the future excellence of the management of this magnificent, but for so long a period, wretchedly administered theatre. Under this head we may, more appropriately than anywhere else, record the marriage of Mademoiselle DUVERNAY, whose nuptials with "STEPHENS LYNE STEPHENS, esq. of Roehampton, and Portman-square," were celebrated on Monday last, at Putney. What pretty Christian names, by the way, the fair one has: *Yolande Marie Louise.*

FRENCH PLAYS.—These delightful entertainments have terminated, after a season which we are glad to understand has been productive of pecuniary results to the spirited lessee, greater than those realized in any former year. Her Majesty, with Prince Albert and the King and Queen of the Belgians, were present on Friday evening, when M. ARNAL performed three of his favourite characters. It was really quite delightful to hear the hearty manner with which her Majesty entered into the fun of the thing; she laughed right joyously. M. ARNAL took his benefit on Wednesday, the closing night of the season. M. PHILIPPE continues his *Soirées* and *Matinées Mystérieuses* at this theatre, with great and well-deserved success.

DRURY LANE.—The Brussels company are continuing their performances here, having given themselves an extended *congé*, which, however, must needs expire, we believe, next week. We can hardly, indeed, expect that the Belgians will much longer permit us to rob them at once of their king and of their Grand Opera. The former, perhaps, they might spare for a few weeks more; but the Grand Opera——! Meantime, his Majesty ever and anon gives his subjects an audience at Drury Lane, accompanied by his royal consort, and the Queen of Great Britain with her consort, and in the presence of a very handsome attendance of English, who find the affair very nearly as amusing, perhaps more so, than a drawing-room or levee elsewhere. On the last occasion when this ceremony took place, the Brussels company presented their sovereign and the assemblage with *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, a comic opera by ADOLPHE ADAM, which gave infinite satisfaction to the entire audience. The libretto is animated and effective, and the music airy, graceful, and mirth-inspiring, fitting the story and the situations like a glove. As to the story, it is that of a musical postillon, whose voice, on the day of his wedding with the hostess of the inn at Longjumeau, attracts the attention of the Marquis de Corcy, one of the courtiers of Louis XV., who is out on a quest after a competent vocalist to fill a part in the court revels. The singer's vanity is so tickled with the flatteries of the great man, and his avarice so excited by his promises, that he consents forthwith to accompany the marquis, leaving his bride in solitude to mourn. The *éplorée* Ariadne, after the first outbreak of grief at the desertion, determines to quit the country; and accordingly, in the last scene of Act 1, takes her departure for the Isle of France. When the second act commences, ten years are supposed to have elapsed; the *ci-devant* postillon, under a new name, has become one of the stars of the Grand Opera at Paris, and a fine gentleman, addicted in a sad degree to dissipation of all sorts. We find him at this particular juncture extremely assiduous in his attentions to a *Madame de Latour*, a lady from the colonies, rich, beautiful, and virtuous. He proposes marriage, and is accepted, and the nuptials are forthwith to be celebrated. This *Madame de Latour* is none other than *Madelaine*, the fair landlady of Longjumeau, who, somehow or other, has attained rank and fortune in the Isle of France, and, having returned, foolishly enough, in search of her rascally husband, and found him, has resolved to tantalize him a little before declaring herself. The worthy ex-postilion endeavours to delude her into a sham marriage by a sham priest; but she effects a real marriage by a real priest; then, slipping away, and resuming her landlady costume, she reappears before her nefarious spouse, who is perfectly horror-struck at the dilemma in which he supposes himself involved, and is so grateful at being relieved from his fright by an explanation, that he promises to be the best of boys for the future. The opera was excellently supported, more especially by Madame GUICHARD, who filled the part of the heroine in a manner which elicited universal and warm approbation of both her singing and acting. *La Juive* has not been presented, possibly in consequence of the three nights of performance this week being occupied by benefits. *Lucie de Lammermoor* was given on Wednesday for the benefit of Mademoiselle PLUNKETT, one of the most charming of *ballerine.*

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—We found a full attendance here on Wednesday, drawn together by the combined attractions of Miss GEORGIANA SMITHSON and Mr. OXBERRY, the former, a successful *débutante*, in the character of *Zerlina*, in AUBER'S opera of *The Syren*, the latter in the adaptation from the "Caudle Lectures," which has already had a run at this theatre of nineteen nights, and promises to continue a favourite for a long time to come. The opera is infinitely better got up than could have been anticipated in such a bijou of a place; Mr. ALLEN fills the part of *Marco Tempesta* exceedingly well, and he is efficiently supported by Mr. LEFFLER, as *Balbaya*, the Neapolitan impresario, and by Mr. WALTON, as the ridiculous *Duke of Popoli.* Mr. C. HORN, too, we are glad to notice, manifests improvement. The star of the opera, however, is Miss GEORGIANA SMITHSON, whose appearance on Wednesday was her third on any stage. We must confess we did not ourselves go quite all the way with the audience in the enthusiasm which they displayed in her favour, but we regard her as possessing qualities which, carefully nurtured and disciplined, may obtain for her permanent public favour, and lead her on in the way of fortune. As to scenic effects, the Smuggler's Retreat, in the second act, was excellently managed. *A Court Ball in* 1740 followed, and though the twenty-seventh night of its appearance, was as well received as ever. What a capital dance that *Sir Roger de Coverley* is! How full of animation! how pleasant, though proper! It is one of those features of the good old times, or at least of the times of modern antiquity, which we should vastly like to resume. We would gladly exchange for it the stupid quadrille, which everybody anathematizes, and yet which everybody combines to retain. Next after the Ballet, came *Mrs. Caudle, or Curtain Lectures*, a most laughable affair, and of a nice morality. OXBERRY'S amusing farce, *The Three Clerks*, completed the evening's ample entertainments.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—M. JULLIEN has given two Monster Concerts at these gardens. The latter occurred on Friday, a most inauspicious day; but, notwithstanding the rain and the cold, the gardens were crowded, and the crowd seemed absolutely to take all the more pleasure in the entertainments, because of the rain and the cold, out of opposition. These concerts are of the same kind with those so successfully conducted by M. JULLIEN at the English Opera House and at Covent Garden, but on a much larger scale, there being no fewer than 300 performers engaged, embracing many of our most eminent names in instrumental excellence, who execute, in perfection, music of the most various character—polkas, quadrilles, and waltzes, alternating with sonatas, symphonies, and so on. "God Save the Queen" is played in the same manner as is the Russian national anthem, a salute of cannon marking each bar, which produces a very striking effect. The public and the profession are greatly indebted to M. JULLIEN for these promenade concerts, whether at the Lyceum, at Covent Garden, or at the Surrey Zoological Gardens.

THE COLOSSEUM.—It is scarcely possible to conceive the magnificence, and at the same time the exquisite taste with which this establishment is laid out. The whole exhibition reflects the highest credit on the spirit of the proprietor, who has allowed such ample means to the genius of Mr. BRADWELL, and we are glad to find it crowded, both morning and evening, with the nobility and gentry, among whom we lately observed, the Turkish Ambassador, the Duke and Duchess of St. Alban's, Earl Stafford, Lord Feversham, Lord Melbourne, Lord Say and Seal, Lord Bolton, Earl of Balcallo, Lady Combermere, Lady Brougham, Lady Bandon, the Bishop of Lincoln, &c. &c. &c.

ADELAIDE GALLERY.—We are glad to observe that this old-established place of amusement and instruction is fast retrieving its former high reputation. Under the present management the greatest care is taken to preserve its respectability, and we see that the audiences are increasing. "The Infant Sappho," little LOUISA VINNING, is nightly delighting those who witness the exertion of her powers; the delicacy of taste and musical correctness with which this wonderfully gifted child executes difficult passages, and the feeling evinced in her performance of some of the popular ballads of the day, shew that she possesses in rare degree the endowment of the "spirit of song." Mr. RUSSELL'S "Lectures on Character," form another attractive feature at the Gallery. The vivacity and humour of this gentleman's sketches make the lecture most amusing. His vocal illustrations are admirably introduced, and as he possesses a good voice, and uses it with great taste and judgment, the songs of themselves form no mean portion of his entertainment. To those interested in railway matters we should recommend a visit for the inspection of KOLLMANN'S locomotive engine for traversing curves on railway lines, and also for ascending inclines or gradients. Judging by the performance of the model, daily and nightly exhibited, the principle is one very applicable to railways, and is of great importance, inasmuch as it is proposed to diminish by its means the danger of running off the rails, and many other difficulties. In such a journal as this it is impossible to enter into the technical details. An inspection of the model itself will be the best means of judging of the merits of the invention. PILBROW'S atmospheric railway is also now completed, and is a great source of attraction and interest.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. — Professor BACHHOFFNER is now delivering a lecture on Electro-culture, or the application of electricity to agricultural purposes. As this matter has been the subject of extensive speculation among our practical farmers, and even among our scientific men, we felt anxious to hear what the Professor had to say on the matter, because from his peculiar position we have a right to expect from him a thorough knowledge of the subject. The lecture opened with an elaborate view of the electricity of the atmosphere and its various phenomena, including the *feu d'Elmo*, the Castor and Pollux, &c. The Professor next examined critically the reported experiments of Mr. FORSTER, and laid before his audience the results of many of his own researches in artificial electro-culture. We have not space to follow Dr. BACHHOFFNER through his able lecture, but we may conclude by informing our agricultural friends that we were convinced, and so we believe was the vast audience, that man cannot, by any of his paltry efforts, give to vegetation more of the electro-vital principle than nature has already taken good care to supply.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

We have been put in possession of the annual returns relating to the great national institution in Great Russell-street, containing the accounts, estimates, number of persons admitted, and the progress of arrangement, &c. These returns were laid on the table by the First Lord of the Treasury, and ordered to be printed on Monday last. We proceed to give the details *seriatim*. The total receipts during the year 1844 amounted to the sum of 40,430*l*., of which 8,114*l*. was derived from the fourth instalment of the Parliamentary grant for the financial year 1843-44 (due Lady-day, 1844), and 28,490*l*. from three instalments of the amount granted by the House of Commons for the year 1844-45 (which amounted to 28,490*l*.) The fourth instalment of 9,496*l*. due Lady-day last, had not been received when the accounts were made up. The estimated expenditure for the year 1844 (ended the 31st of December) amounted to the sum of 40,889*l*. whilst the actual expenditure has been 37,449*l*. leaving a balance in hand on the 31st of December last of 2,981*l*. Of the sum of 37,449*l*. thus expended, 18,664*l*. was appropriated to salaries; 1,481*l*. to household expenses; 11,706*l*. to purchases and acquisitions; 4,563*l*. to bookbinding, cabinets, &c. for preserving collections; 962*l*. for the cost of printing catalogues and making casts; and 69*l*. 17*s*. for law expenses. Amongst the items expended on purchases and acquisitions, we find a sum of 1,626*l*. for MSS.; 4,421*l*. for printed books; 739*l*. for fossils and minerals; 1,135*l*. for zoological specimens; 100*l*. for botanical specimens; 1,539*l*. for coins and numismatic antiquities; 204*l*. for casts from Athens; and 903*l*. for prints and engravings.

The available surplus in hand is reduced, by estimates, &c. given in the return, to the sum of 1,317*l*.; and the estimated charge for the service of the year ending Lady-day 1846, amounting to 43,356*l*. it follows that Parliament will be called upon to vote the sum of 42,040*l*. (the sum proposed by Sir R. Peel) for the year ensuing, from Lady-day 1845 to Lady-day 1846. This is an increase of 4,053*l*. on the grant of last year, which was only 37,987*l*. The increased estimates occur chiefly under the head of "salaries," "purchases and acquisitions" (12,704*l*.). There is also an account of the expenditure of certain "special" Parliamentary grants received during the year ending Christmas 1844, amounting altogether to 10,145*l*. of which 9,049*l*. has been received. The sum of 1,000*l*. was paid for a collection of fossils belonging to Mr. Kock; 45*l*. for some Syriac MSS. purchased in Egypt by the Rev. H. Tattam; 1,000*l*. for the expenses of excavating at Xanthus, and conveying sculptures to England; 1,200*l*. for coins from the collection of the Duke of Devonshire; 3,304*l*. for books and MSS. from the libraries of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex, Mr. Bright, and Dr. Southey; and 2,500*l*. for coins belonging to the collection of the late Mr. Thomas. The sum of 3,751*l*. was also received on account of the grant for the purchase of land and houses required for the purposes of the new buildings, of which sum 3,566*l*. was expended on a piece of land, and for leases, fixtures, &c. of two houses in Great Russell-street, and 184*l*. on law and surveying charges. We next arrive at the return of the visiters, &c. It appears that in the year 1844 the number of persons admitted to view the general collections in the Museum amounted to 575,758, being an excess of 58,318 over the number admitted in the preceding year, 1843. The number admitted in 1842 was 547,718; in 1843, 517,440; in 1841, 319,374; in 1840, 247,929; and in 1839, 280,850; from which it follows that the visiters have increased in the space of six years by 294,908, or upwards of 100 per cent.! The visiters are most numerous in the months of April, May, June, July, August, September, and December. There were in January, 37,179; in February, 19,705; in March, 26,780; in April, 58,689 (Easter having fallen in that month); in May, 83,876; in June, 59,972; in July, 85,320 (the Midsummer holydays); in August, 66,264; in September, 43,547; in October, 27,374; in November, 20,212; and in December (the Christmas vacation), 46,840. The two worst months appear to be February and November, when the weather is, generally speaking, wretched. The number of visits made to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study and research amounted, in 1844, to 67,511, being a decrease of 3,420 compared with the preceding year. In 1810 the number of book-worms and black-letter hunters was only 1,950. The number of visits by artists and students to the galleries of sculpture, for the purpose of study, was 5,436 in 1844, and 4,907 in 1843. In 1840 the number amounted to 6,354, since which period it has, with the exception of 1843, gradually decreased. The number of visits made to the print-room was about 8,998 in 1844, 8,162 in 1843, 8,781 in 1842, 7,744 in 1841, 6,717 in 1840, and 1,065 in 1835.

The public are admitted to the Museum on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between ten a. m. and seven p. m. from the 7th of May to the 1st of September. Artists are admitted to the sculpture galleries every day except Saturday. Persons applying for the purposes of study or research, are admitted to the reading-rooms (which are complained of as dreadfully defective in point of ventilation) from nine a. m. to four p. m. every day. The Museum is closed the first week in January, September, and May, and on Church festivals and fasts. In the department of MSS. 591 additions have been made in manuscripts, 161 in original charters, and 153 in original seals. Amongst the MSS. acquired we may notice the following:—the autograph MS. of Sir R. K. Porter's travels in Georgia and Persia, illustrated; 50 ancient MSS. on vellum, connected with biblical and classical literature, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; 4 valuable Leiger books of the Monastery of St. Edmundsbury, and 1 of the Priory of St. Denis, near Southampton; 2 extensive collections of Welsh MSS. in prose and poetry, including a copy of the laws of Hywel Dda, written on vellum, at the commencement of the 13th century; 36 vols. of Portuguese history, from Dr. Southey's library; 83 vols. from the library of the late Duke of Sussex, including many valuable ancient biblical, liturgical, and theological MSS. on vellum, in various languages, several of which are beautiful works of art; also the beautiful book of prayers, executed in 1524, for the King of Poland, Sigismund I. and a splendid copy of the Sanscrit epic poem, *Ramayana*, written in the years 1651-1654 and 1707, illustrated with 700 paintings; and the *Book of Hours* which belonged to King René of Anjou, and Henry VII. of England, exquisitely illuminated. The number of MSS. delivered to readers in the reading-room amounted last year to 20,987. In the department of "printed books," 15,501 works and volumes have been recently added to the library, of which 738 were presented, 2,732 received by copyright, and 12,031 purchased. Amongst the remarkable objects purchased may be mentioned a Hebrew Old Testament, with points and accents, printed at Naples in 1491, folio; the Psalter, in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldee, with three Latin versions, printed in 1516; the New Testament, in Ethiopic; the first edition of the Latin Bible, printed at Rome in 1471; the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, and the Fables of Æsop, printed by Caxton in 1483. The average number of daily readers is 234, and each reader consults, on an average, about five volumes daily. We have no space to quote from the report of the "Natural History" departments, including the mineralogical, zoological, and botanical branches. The principal acquisitions of the last year, in the department of "Antiquities," have been a large Chinese bell, decorated with figures and inscriptions; a considerable addition to the Xanthian sculptures; a colossal kneeling statue of an Egyptian chief, in black basalt; a piece of mosaic pavement from the site of Carthage; about 4,050 coins, including 80 gold, 1,207 silver, and 1,561 brass, from the Duke of Devonshire's collection; and 190 gold, 258 silver, and 287 brass, from Mr. Thomas's sale. In the "Prints and drawings" department there have been added a collection of Raphael Morghen's engravings; some very curious unique specimens of early playing-cards; some very rare proofs of Swanevelt's etchings, and many additions to the works of A. Mantegna, Rembrandt, Le Blond, and the old German masters.

Such is an epitome for this year of the information thus obtained relative to the state of the British Museum.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE rathe intricacies of bowery woods,
Where every branch sends forth a carol sweet
From merry birds;—the garden-walks, where floods
Of fragrance at each onward step we meet;—
The mountain's cloudward heights, where Silence broods,
And Thought weaves imagery, whose shows repeat
Phantasmal shapes that are the myth of truth;—
The ocean's marge, where Pœsy may build

Unending mausolea to the dead,
And on the unstable carpet of whose field
White gulls float ghostlike:—these, in very sooth,
Are rife with pleasantnesses, that make youth
In the worn breast of age!—But sickness dread
From me shuts out the joys they erst were wont to yield!

NATURE'S GOLD AND SILVER.

Draw nigh and hear, thou miser-hearted man!
Silver and gold will curse thee utterly;
Curse thee for evermore—as curse they can—
If words of warning do not set thee free;
Then listen to the whispered truth of poesy!

Upon thy coffer Ruin plants his foot,
And see a heap of dust creeps dumbly down,
And mingles with thy coin. Decay is mute,
For did he babble like a silly clown,
No time had he to eat strong walls and temples down.

Dust on thy coin, and dust upon thy soul,
A just deduction! Try a little breath!
'Twill puff it off as easily as the fool
Blows up a feather, and the wealth beneath
Look bright as noon again. Dust is the form of death.

Try but a little breath; speak noble speech,
And follow it by deeds. Say to the poor,
"Here 's help for ye, and yours," and to the rich,
"Be brothers to the poor," and evermore
The dust shall quit thy soul, and quit thy coffered store.

On silver and on gold perchance thy eye
From habit loves to gaze. Well, be it so!
God hath supplied thee, 'neath the naked sky,
With silver and with gold that bud and grow—
Some yellow as the stars, some white as whitest snow.

O man, a counterfeit best pleases thee;
Or other wealth but coins wouldst thou heap up!
The gold and silver for the child and bee,
Are what from heaven the angels have let drop—
The daisy and her sister flower the buttercup.

Walk in the lanes, and in the meadows walk,
And bare thy bosom to all loveliness:
Thou canst not solve the mysteries which birds talk,
Nor weave in subtle loom the flowers' rich dress;
But thou canst love them all, and all that love confess.

Of all God's creatures him I value least,
Who is too much a man to be a boy;
Who holds it 'neath his dignity to feast
Upon remembrance of an early joy;—
The best of men will weep to see some infant toy.

Hang in thy button-hole, whene'er they bloom,
The buttercup and daisy. They will be
To holy eyes more glorious than the plume
A hero wears; and they will preach to thee
Of how the sun and shower drop favours ceaselessly.

They will be signs and symbols in thy coat,
And, though thy eyes be dim and hair be grey,
Thy life is childhood. Age is far remote
From him whose love of flowers ne'er fades away,
Who loves them through the night, and loves them through the day.

Away! the counterfeit cast off from thee,
And Nature's gold and silver gather up;
Such as keep innocent the child and bee,
And which from heaven the angels have let drop—
The daisy and her sister flower the buttercup!

E. H. BURRINGTON.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

This is emphatically and pre-eminently the age of invention; and "rumours" of invention abound, of course, in the ordinary multiple ratio. One of these attributes to M. Daguerre a discovery "almost as wonderful," according to the journals which report it, "as that to which his name has been given." To us it seems still more wonderful, according to the terms in which it is stated. M. Daguerre having, by his former invention, induced Nature to save the labour of man, by doing, herself, the work of the artist, has now, it seems, by way of compensation, hit upon a process which teaches man to shorten the labour, and anticipate the results, of Nature. The discovery in question, it is averred, enables him to give to a young tree, in three months, the same development as has hitherto required as many years.—A New York journal has a scheme for bringing that city, for the purposes of verbal communication, within an hour's distance of the coast of England; the agent, of course, is the electric telegraph. In spite of very obvious objections which present themselves to the realization of such a scheme—as, for instance, the certainty of the wire breaking by its own weight, and the rather appalling cost and labour of every now and then seeking the fracture, and recovering the parts in the depths of the wide ocean,—it is ingenious and plausible, and a very great improvement both on the spirit and power in which an imperial dreamer, of old, flung chains into the sea. All the conquests of the passions which history records fade into insignificance before the magnificent march and grand and enduring acquisitions of science in these latter times; and such a victory over, and captivity of, the old material power that kept the races of the world apart, though, in the Persian's case, the very idlest fancy that ever entered the brain of a crowned madman, is yet, probably, within the resources of the great monarch of the modern world, and, some day, perhaps, to be achieved.—*Athenæum.*

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and new phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Of the many curious phenomena of Mesmerism, none is so vehemently disputed as clairvoyance. Not only does it share the sentence of condemnation hurled by the ignorant against Mesmerism in all its forms, as entirely a falsehood and a fraud, but it has to endure that which is very much harder to be borne—the denial and the reproach of those who profess confidence in Mesmerism generally, avow their entire conviction of its truth in every other respect, but angrily protest against the existence of clairvoyance in any shape or under any modification.

Among the opponents of clairvoyance the most distinguished for their ability and their general fairness, are Dr. FORBES and Mr. BRAID. The latter has submited to the readers of THE CRITIC many very clever and elaborate arguments to shew why *clairvoyance cannot* be; to which the only answer that *can* be given is, to point to the *fact* that *it is.*

We hope it will be understood that we meet the opponents of clairvoyance in no spirit of hostility, or even of blame. If they have not tried and proved it, they have a right to be sceptical. It is a phenomenon that differs from our ordinary experience, and therefore not to be received as true without the strictest examination and the most decisive proof. We confess that we felt the same doubts as do Dr. FORBES and Mr. BRAID, long after the other truths of Mesmerism had become convictions, until repeated evidence of the fact compelled to credence. Such has been our personal experience, (guarded by every contrivance to insure accuracy that ingenuity could suggest), that if clairvoyance be not true, if we have been deluded by our hands, eyes, ears, understanding, then is there no truth in the world; then is no evidence to be relied upon; then are our senses and our reason only impostors, and "nothing is but what is not."

We are desirous of submitting to our readers the facts that have necessitated in our mind a conviction of the absolute reality of the alleged faculty of clairvoyance, but we must preface them with a few observations.

Mr. BRAID and the opponents of clairvoyance generally found their objections upon a fallacy that ought not to

receive the sanction of any lover of science. They do not seek Nature to learn of her, by ascertaining the conditions under which she works, but they endeavour to impose their own conditions. • For instance, a clairvoyant will read certain words placed within a box, or in an envelope, or in some other position in which they could not possibly be perceived by the eye in its ordinary state; but it by no means follows that he can read them under certain other circumstances. The experimentalist, however, takes no account of this; but, although entirely ignorant of the conditions under which perception takes place, he propounds other conditions, probably not within the compass of the faculty, and because it then fails, he rejects the successful experiments as impostures of some kind.

The unfairness and irrationality of this proceeding will be apparent from the consideration of an imaginary but analogous case. Suppose a blind man to be investigating the phenomena of sight, being himself, of course, as ignorant of the nature of sight as we are of the nature of clairvoyance. Suppose he were to find that his patient could discern an object placed at a certain angle, but not at a certain other angle; that he could describe it when glass was placed between his eye and the object, but not when a much thinner piece of gold leaf was interposed; that in a fog the same object was represented as a rock, as a tree, as a house, as a man, as a cow, as the mind strained itself to discover what it was so dimly outlined upon the retina. The blind philosopher, ignorant of the nature of a sense he had never experienced, would probably form strange notions of the faculty of vision. Were he to follow the example of the opponents of *clairvoyance*, he would deny its existence altogether, because his patient could not see under all circumstances he chose to dictate. "If there be such a sense as sight," he would argue, "if he can distinguish the object at ten yards' distance, why not at a hundred yards, why not at a mile? I put this glass, half an inch thick, between his face and the object, and he sees; I put this gold leaf, impalpably thin, and he cannot see. He tells me that one is transparent and the other is not; but that is only begging the question: by transparent he means simply that he can see through it, but still the question remains; if he can see at all, why should he not as well see through the one as well as the other? Clearly there is no such thing as sight."

This reasoning of the blind man is precisely parallel with that of the opponents of clairvoyance. He errs simply because he does not know the conditions under which the faculty of vision is performed, and, finding it fail when tried on his own conditions, he pronounces it an imposture. In like manner do we, as ignorant of the conditions under which the clairvoyant perceives, apply conditions of our own, probably inconsistent with those under which the faculty acts, and because then it fails to operate, we exclaim against it as a falsehood, and even go so far as to deny the acts which it performs before our very eyes, when operating according to the method prescribed to it by the laws of nature.

The practical conclusion from this is, that in our present state of almost entire ignorance of the *rationale* of clairvoyance, the true philosopher will be content simply to note facts, to try, by repeated and careful experiment, what the faculty termed clairvoyance can effect, and what it cannot do. Thus, possibly, may we attain to a knowledge of the natural laws under which it works, and then, and not till then, shall we be able to assign satisfactory reasons why some experiments succeed and others fail, although there be no apparent cause for the difference of result.

Facts, then, are just now the most needed. We want not *arguments* to shew why clairvoyance cannot be, or ought not to be, or *vice versâ*; but merely experiments, the results of individual examination:—"I tried this test under such and such circumstances, and such was the result." "I did thus, and thus was I answered," and so forth. Failures are equally useful with successes, for they will shew the boundaries of the alleged faculty and the conditions under which it operates. As the beginning of a contribution to such a store of facts, we proceed to lay before the readers of THE CRITIC the results of the experiments we have personally made, in the hope that they may stimulate inquiry in others, and tempt those who have tried and observed to communicate the results of their experiences in the like manner.

We begin with the latest case that has fallen under our notice, because it is very recent, it is very decisive, and was conducted with the most careful regard for ascertaining the very truth.

The patient was a boy, aged about 17, in the employ of the publisher of THE CRITIC. The occurrences took place at the chambers of the Editor, where none were present but two other gentlemen, one of them an F.R.S. who came purposely to test that which when he came he believed to be an imposture.

The first proof of clairvoyance was thus shewn. On being mesmerised, the boy fell on the sofa, and his head reclined on a heap of newspapers, six or seven in number, that were accidentally lying there. When the boy changed from the coma to the sleep-waking state, he ran his hand over the newspapers on which he still lay, and presently said,—"Look here, there's the word 'Quarter.'" We looked immediately, but no such word appeared. He kept his finger at the place, and persisted that there was the word, and if not on the surface it was on one of the leaves below. We opened the papers, and on the lowest one in the heap, in the very spot his finger had indicated, was the word "quarter" in large type. There were at least fifty leaves of paper between his eye and the word.

We next blinded his eyes with our hands, and pressed the eyelids with the fingers, so that he could not move them. In this state he read the title of a book placed on the top of his head.

In the same blinded state he read the heading of a parliamentary paper, which one of our friends took from a drawer and held up on the other side of the room, at such a distance that we, with the utmost straining of the eye, could not discern a word or even a letter.

Words and isolated letters were next placed under the pillow of a sofa, and were read with ease and rapidity.

Five letters were stuck without order or connection on a piece of paper and placed upon his head. He first indicated with his finger the position of the letters, and then he named them correctly.

A book was taken from the shelf, and the back of it placed upon his brow, out of all reach of the eye, even had it been open, instead of being, as it was, tightly bandaged. He spelt the title, which was "Archbold's Nisi Prius."

This was the first experiment. On the following day we again mesmerised him.

As a still more decisive experiment, and to satisfy the scruples of our friend the F.R.S. who thought that, in spite of all precaution, vision might by some trick have been practised, a test was agreed upon which should set the question beyond all possible doubt. He was requested to retire and cut from some printed paper any word he pleased, to fold it in paper, seal it, and put the packet into his card-case, which was of *tortoise-shell lined with wood*. Without informing any of us what was the word he had so inclosed, he produced the card-case to the boy, who, after looking at it and pressing it to his lips, his forehead, and his stomach, for about four minutes, said, "The word is LONDON;" and so it was.

Still our friend thought that it was barely possible that it might have been a lucky guess; so he proposed to try him again with some *figures*, which it would be impossible to guess. In like manner he inclosed in four folds of paper some figures cut from a parliamentary paper, sealed it, and placed it in the card-case without naming to any person what figures he had put there. In still less time than he had taken to read the words, the boy read them correctly—"6 0 6." We should add, that each packet was taken out of the card-case still sealed, after the boy had named the contents.

On the following day, another gentleman, a member of the Temple, chanced to call at our chambers while the boy was being mesmerised. He was entirely an unbeliever. At his own request, he went to his chambers, and returned with a word inclosed in a thick card-case of leather, which he had there placed in it, with none present. He purposely named to no person what it was he had thus inclosed. In about five minutes, after an evident effort, the boy said, "I see it; the word is SOCIETY." And so it was, as was shewn when the card-case was opened.

The facts here reported are not hearsay; we adduce them upon our personal knowledge, under circumstances which make imposture impossible, because none were present who could be confederates, and without a confederation, fraud

would be impracticable. They have necessarily established in the minds of ourselves and the friends who witnessed and tested them, an entire conviction that clairvoyance is *a fact in nature*, and as such demands the strictest investigation. The other cases that have fallen under our personal observation, the curious features we have noted, and perhaps a few of the conjectures (for they can be no more) which these have prompted, must be reserved for a subsequent article.

MESMERISED WATER, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In reply to Mrs. Aglionby's inquiry touching the properties of mesmerised water, I beg to offer a few remarks; but rather to shew the nature and importance of the inquiry, than to afford any satisfactory information on the subject; with a view to help others to knowledge, by inducing a more strict and earnest investigation, directed to a better purpose, by opening wider and deeper the channel of inquiry, so that whilst the eye is expanded to a fuller appreciation of the vast dimensions and important bearings of this wondrously interesting subject, the sight may at the same time be contracted, to observe with careful attention every minute particular, the importance of which can only be discovered by repeated experiment; for we cannot say what may be important, and what may not, until we have brought the matter to trial and the result is fairly recorded. The properties of bodies are hidden secrets of nature, which are only known as they are called forth. Who could say what should be the phenomena of a mass of black gunpowder, to all appearance a substance the most inert and dead, until a spark of fire had been applied? The force and character of the innate properties of bodies are only appreciated in their effects in relation to other bodies; so that from what may appear at first to be the most trifling and insignificant means, follow often the most powerful and beneficial results. In the progress of knowledge it becomes apparent that all effects, even the most powerful, may be subdued by slight and gentle means—a word in due season—a touch in the right direction—the smallest portion of an ingredient placed in exact relation; and thus the electro-chemical influence of a minute homœopathic globule, rightly administered, may annihilate the most fearful disease as easily as a particle of contagion leaven a whole city; or a lightning flash—a something, a nothing—a touch, no more, destroy a church tower; for such is the course of nature and the power of knowledge. The efficiency of a means is only seen in the result; but men, for the most part, and philosophers, and great physicians not less so than others, are deluded in constantly judging of power by the quantity of crude, inefficient material, rather than turn to seek out the most fitting condition of a subtle agent. A powerful disease with such is only to be overcome and broken down by a large quantity of equally potent opposing disease-giving ingredient, too frequently tearing the constitution to pieces in the conflict; as violent rage got up to subdue a violent rage—as it were, to thrust an angry man out of the house by violence, rather than subdue and alter his condition by gentle speech—a great *looking* cause to produce a great effect; confounding the quantity or sustaining power of a property, with the quality or active principle in proper union developing phenomena through a whole mass; such as a particle of contagion to a healthy body, or the light which fills a room. The age of ignorance is ever an age of violence and cruelty. A touch or glance by one human being having the knowledge and special power, overpowers another, whose whole frame is held down in deepest slumber, the condition of his nature changed throughout. And how mistaken is the idea that it is the physically strong and healthy who always effect these changes the most readily. I have seen an extremely delicate child succeed immediately with a strong person, when the physically powerful and most skilled had failed entirely, after repeated trials; for the powers of Mesmerism vary considerably with different individuals, each possessing his own peculiar idiosyncrasy; this difference depending upon the health and character of the constitution, temperament, disposition, or special gift, and the relation of these peculiarities to those of the individual to be influenced; some possessing a far greater power than others, either generally, in any one form, or only over particular individuals, and producing effects of a more healthful character. One may induce sleep and cure fits, but possess very little power to relieve disease by touch, or to calm the irritability of a highly-sensitive nervous patient. An inflamed part may be relieved by the hand of one, whilst that of another will only increase the excitement. Hence the power of some is more suited to particular complaints. The firm, calm temperament will often succeed in mental irritation, where an irritable disposition would have very little influence, or only tend to increase the disease. The person who inspires the most confidence and is working in pure benevolence, under like conditions, has always a better chance. With some, who seldom do more than produce a slight sleep, disease may pass away for a time or only become modified, but return again in full force; whilst others take the complaint fairly out by the roots; and the last will produce the cure in half the time of the former, even when using pretty nearly the same process. Such being the case, the first thing a Mesmeriser should endeavour to ascertain is his own peculiar mesmeric endowments, so that he may produce as much good and as little evil as possible; and thus be enabled to place himself in a position that will be the most useful to others, and consequently most agreeable and easy to himself. Now, with regard to the effects of mesmerised water, be it remembered that the character of the power of the Mesmeriser is imparted to the water which he mesmerises, or other matter or object which he may influence, and will affect the patient accordingly, the power being pleasant or the reverse, and producing good or evil results, in accordance with its relation to the peculiar mesmeric condition of the patient, and the nature of the disease. Mesmerised water may be useful in particular cases from acting as an aperient, in others to induce sleep, or may only be of value when used after the sleep has been produced, or under one particular condition of the sleep, or in one particular stage of disease. Water mesmerised may be used also to change and deepen the sleep, and induce a more quiet and healthy condition. In some instances I have found it possess the marvellous power of instantly relieving long-seated pains, which my hand, though possessing a singular power of absorbing pain and disease, had been applied to in vain day after day. I have also found it most potent in giving tone and vigour to an extremely enfeebled system. By mesmerised water alone I have cured cases of great nervous debility and irritability, accompanied by sleepless nights, when the ordinary means did not apply, or could not be well carried out. The peculiar character of the water is a matter to be considered, and on which results will much depend; that which has been boiled is generally the best. Under particular circumstances, some mineral and mesmerically metalized waters are powerful and most beneficial, but should be used with very great care and judgment, for a Mesmeriser cannot be too often reminded that he is wielding a mighty and most subtle power, and that every power is to evil as well as to good, and that we are to be held responsible for the proper use of all our faculties, for our carelessness and for our ignorance, when we have neglected to acquire knowledge; and to assume to know what we do not, or to do what we cannot, is a miserable pride and weakness. It is not sufficient that we do much good, or more good on the whole than harm; the question is, do we accomplish all that we are capable of doing, and thoroughly displacing the idol self in the service of the good of others? Let us each look within the chamber of our pride and our vanities—see to this matter, and note well our deficiencies. By Mesmerism you may impart disease, increase or impede the cure of disease, or you may restore health, or greatly assist when other means are necessary. But in Mesmerism the power to do good far surpasses the tendency to evil, but to do less good than might be done is in effect an evil; and there is much to learn, unbounded knowledge to acquire. Virtues most potent lie hidden within every object on which the eye can rest, the most life-giving property is ever at hand, if we knew but the means to the end required,—if we knew but the quality of the various herbs, for instance, and the nature of their compounds as relating to health and disease, and the influence of Mesmerism under every circumstance, knowledge would indeed become a power capable of almost any thing. It is in the knowledge of such particulars that the genius and power of the Mesmeriser will be chiefly displayed, for Mesmerism presents to us a new description of chemistry, a vital electro-chemistry, when acting in union with the properties of the different bodies; the vital force imparting its powers, mingling, uniting, and varying in every instance, and then again changing under combination, and holding definite relation to particular conditions of health and disease, and the mesmeric trance, and these effects again varying according to the condition of the Mesmeriser and of the patient on whom the influence is to be used. Oh! that Lord Bacon were now alive! How his earnest soul would penetrate and revel in this inquiry—an inquiry which, in fact, he did enter upon with the liveliest interest, clearly seeing its great importance. But to those who practise Mesmerism in an off-hand, matter-of-course fashion, and fancy, in their ignorance, that they know all about it, and that any one can mesmerise well enough, and that in any case you have but to make a few passes before the patient for half an hour each day; and if that does not succeed, Mesmerism is to be considered inapplicable to the case. To such individuals my observations will appear but as a hopeless and unnecessary refinement of what is in itself sufficiently easy and open to all. But the powers of nature lie deep, and are passed by and trampled down unnoticed century after century by such men, who, dashing over the surface, take nature by storm; they winnow quickly, but it is the chaff that fills the air, and deludes the sight; and forgetting that to win so fair a lady, you must woo her perseveringly, and with all the deference and care of a true affection; for Nature is only overcome by knowledge,

and in the obedience to knowledge; and to become aware of the dreary chasm of our ignorance and our weakness is the first entrance into light and truth.

Few things are, perhaps, more lamentable to observe than the flippant conceit, the petty jealousies, and the almost total inefficiency of many who undertake Mesmerism, though often with a perseverance and a benevolence of purpose that would do good service directed through another medium, or by a better knowledge and judgment; and in which arises much of the odium attached to Mesmerism; but the error is as much on the side of the advocate as of the opponent, whilst the assumptions of speculation on the one side and scepticism on the other run riot together; and there is no space between the excited passions of men for quiet thought to rest and work on patiently, to the end that it may build to itself a pleasant mansion out of the fair realities of nature—a glorious edifice—the pillars of reason resting on the ground of solid fact, supporting all the beautiful structure of nature, blending together in one harmonious whole.

But the slow advance of knowledge proclaims the inefficiency of man; the shallow and false assumptions which content them; and the imperfect methods by which they proceed in their search after knowledge. Indeed, for the most part, men of science do but stop up the entrance to the temple of truth, and stand there before the altar like so many blocks or barking curs to impede the approach of others; for either they are so dull as not to be the least aware of their extreme ignorance, limited acquirements, and incapacity to judge of every matter in that infinity of nature of which they have evidence, any more than of the progressive principle of development and capacities of the human understanding when rightly directed; whilst some, with their little feeble taper-light, are ever ready to cast scorn and ridicule over the darkness which surrounds the path of other men, themselves perhaps deluded by every shadow, and shewing to the true philosopher more contemptible still than those whom they despise. It reminds him of the well-known assumption of the oyster-women at Billingsgate, who will not condescend to those who sell mussels. Superiority should induce a more humble spirit and deeper commiseration for the wants of others who have been less favoured; for the gifts of men are for love and the wise administering of true benevolence, not for the assumption of a childish authority over others; for the end of knowledge is not to excite but to subdue the passions into their best and purest channels. Let Mesmerists put aside their jealousies in the solicitude for fame, and be ever ready and anxious to render unto each according to his gift, and the happiness and the power of all shall increase; let them form themselves into a brotherhood of pure and enlightened spirits, neither having presidents nor vice-presidents, nor any other ruler than that of *pure* and holy thought, built upon the solid foundation of intellect and benevolence, raising their thoughts to all that is pure and most noble, striving to subdue the tone of excelling into the tone of excellence, and, being courteous to all, tolerate the opinions and respect the rights of each—the simple shewing of truth and its effects, contrasted with error and its evil tendencies, being their sole argument to their accusers, who will ever be found amongst the ignorant, the prejudiced, or the bigoted, and to whom argument, or the display of indignation or of anger, is but fuel to the fire and an incentive to opposition. Let such a brotherhood be formed—silently sympathizing in the good working of their great, enlightening, and most truly benevolent cause—the cause of the brothers and sisters in charity; and such a compact, joined by the sympathies of their highest and best nature, will have more sway over the world's heart than any young sect newly split off from a church, or political combination of worldly, ambitious men, striving after a fleeting popularity. The only true ambition lies folded up in the interests of the community and the advance of knowledge. One truth in nature revealed may loosen a whole fabric of error, and change the thoughts of men and the destiny of a world; for all truth is united, and powerful to reform; by truth shall the slave be made free, and the free become enlightened; and those who were at one time the victims of ignorance and of evil, which ever lies close in its wake, shall be advanced continually, step by step, in the eternal progress of development to greater ends—firmly and more firmly to be bound down by the principle of good enlightened and diffused throughout.

I am, Sir, very sincerely,
HENRY G. ATKINSON.

18, Upper Gloucester-place, London, July 7, 1845.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

STILL have few works of any worth come to hand. Perhaps our readers are not aware that a systematic attempt is invariably made to prevent the establishment of a new literary journal, by withholding from it all kinds of support in the shape of presentation copies or advertisements, until it has by its own strength passed beyond need of help, and then, when they are obliged to avail themselves of it, lest they should be rivalled by their juniors, the great publishers come to it. This is the case with all literary journals; but hostility is more especially directed against one that is known from the circumstance of its connections to be thoroughly independent. A sternly honest guide for the book-club, the circulating library, and the general reader, is an object of an almost ridiculous dread on the part of certain publishers, who purposely avoid sending their books to it, although they will do so to some dependent hack of a journal with a circulation not by one-twentieth so large nor in any manner so influential or respectable as that of the independent journal they shun. The reason is obvious. They are conscious that an honest, impartial review would be condemnatory of their bad books, and mar the puffing by which they hope to push them into a temporary sale. We observe that, with one single exception, all the publishers of really good books appear anxious to bring them under the notice of THE CRITIC, and a copy is forwarded as soon as it issues from the press. The books we do not receive are those that will not endure candid criticism. But they shall not so escape. We have made arrangements by which we may obtain access to the rubbish of certain warehouses, and its worthlessness will be duly exposed in spite of all attempts at concealment; the reader and the library-keeper shall be warned what to avoid, and the paid puffs and paragraphs of the newspapers, and the notices of the hack reviews (the property of booksellers), shall no longer impose upon such of them as honour THE CRITIC by relying upon its recommendations in their purchases.

The Chamber of Deputies of the State of Wirtemberg has been occupied with a matter urged upon it by the booksellers; who seem to have learnt the hardship upon authors of a copyright of no more than ten years' duration, only through the medium of the foreign interpretation. In most of the other German states, the right of literary property is much more extensive;—as for example, in Prussia, where the author enjoys it for life, and his heirs for thirty years after his death. In that kingdom, in Bavaria, and in Saxony, there is, besides, a law which assures to foreign works the same rights as they enjoy in the several countries wherein they are published. Thus, all works published in Wirtemberg may, by the very just limitations of this law of international copyright, be reproduced in any of those three countries at the expiration of ten years from their appearance at home. The foreign governments in question do not think it necessary to give, for the sake of the Wirtemberg bookseller, a longer protection than that government itself gives for the sake of the author. The booksellers have, in consequence, petitioned the Chamber to assimilate the legislation of Wirtemberg in this respect to that of the other states,—and the Chamber has recommended it to the government.

The booksellers of Southern Germany assembled, on the 16th ult. at Stuttgardt, as had been appointed; and at that meeting it was decided that Augsburg, Frankfort, and Stuttgardt shall be the three exchange towns in which they will, for the future, regulate their accounts (as formerly at Leipsic) in each alternate year. The King of Wirtemberg notified to the members that all public edifices and establishments should be at all times open to them. From Stuttgardt it is further announced that the printers of that town were to celebrate, in the course of the present month, the four hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing, by a banquet, concert, and ball; and that Duke Charles, of Wirtemberg, had lent them his palace of Stuttgardt for the occasion.—*Athenæum.*

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I beg to add my humble testimony to the usefulness of THE CRITIC as a book-guide and advertising medium—I find it so, at least, and think that you deserve the thanks, as well as the support, of booksellers, librarians, &c. &c. for the judicious arrangements you have made for their accommodation. Persevere, and your journal must ultimately command the patronage of the trade in general.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Dingwall, July 12, 1845. JAMES KEITH, Bookseller.

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Wienholt's Lectures on Somnambulism.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

THE singularly interesting and instructive inquiries into natural somnambulism to which these thoughtful lectures are devoted tempt us to return to them, for here we have the first systematic examination of a subject that medical science has hitherto evaded instead of boldly grappling with and investigating it.

WIENHOLT admits that the first glance at a subject seemingly so full of mystery threatened to present insurmountable obstacles to further progress. But, on closer inspection, they lose much of their height and ruggedness, and he opens his fourth lecture with expressions of cheerful confidence that, with care and pains, a path might yet be found, "which, if it does not conduct us over, may yet lead us past," the difficulties that rise frowning before us; and he proceeds at once to encounter them.

The two most formidable difficulties are—"1st, that we should receive visual impressions without the assistance of that sense which is constructed so entirely and peculiarly for the purpose; and, 2nd, that this should be effected without the co-operation of that matter which otherwise is alone capable of procuring them."

The lecturer opens the investigation of this objection with an inquiry how far extends our assured knowledge of the sensitive faculty in general.

All that we really know is, that in our sensations certain external *stimuli* act upon certain sensitive organs, and produce in them some change, which is communicated to the mind. This change is received either immediately from the object itself, as in smell, taste, and touch, or mediately through light and air, as in hearing and seeing. The change thus produced is conveyed to the brain by the nerves, and, if they be disordered, either they convey no sensation or an incorrect one.

This is all we *know* of the process. What are the changes of the sensitive organs—how they are conveyed—how the brain receives them—how the mind perceives them through the brain—in short, how PERCEPTION is produced, we are entirely ignorant. The image formed upon the retina is not itself conveyed to the mind; the mind only recognises it when it falls there. No reason can be assigned why the same impression might not be conveyed by other organs, or why the mind should not perceive through a different medium. It is purely a question of fact; *is* the organ of vision essential under all circumstances to the PERCEPTION by the mind of an external object touch cannot reach? If experience shews that there are conditions in which perception takes place through other media, there is in it nothing more wonderful than in perception through the retina; the one is in itself quite as mysterious, quite as curious, quite as inexplicable as the other.

Let us see if there be any facts in nature not questioned, which shew that the external organ is not always necessary to the mental perception.

In the animal kingdom we find abundance of such instances, especially among the insect tribes.

In many of these animals, we can find no vestige of an organ of smell; and yet many of their operations evince a very high degree of this sense. Most insects possess eyes; but in regard to their number, as well as their form and condition, these organs differ, not only among themselves, but also from those of other animals. The eyes of the common fly, for example, are sex-angular; the spider has no less than six of these organs; and yet, judging from their operations, they appear to receive only a single perception from these various images. The chameleon moves only the one eye, without the other, and can thus see before and behind, towards the sides, upwards and downwards. In birds, the eyes are placed on the sides of the head; they do not, therefore, like us, see only one object with their two eyes, but several. In the polypi, we perceive nothing analogous to our finer senses, and yet, without eyes, they manifest the most delicate sensibility to light—they are visibly affected by light and darkness; and when any nourishment comes near them, they immediately perceive it.

In the bat the faculty of vision continues after the organ has been completely destroyed. SPALLANZANI and other naturalists have verified this fact beyond a doubt:—

Now, these naturalists discovered that the bat, even when blinded, regulates its motions in the same manner as when possessing the complete use of the eyes. In several of these animals, they destroyed both organs of vision, depriving them of their transparency by means of a red-hot iron, or picking out the whole eye with the point of a pair of scissors, cutting away the roots, and filling the cavities with melted wax. These completely blinded bats were not in the slightest degree obstructed in their motions. They flew about, by night or by day, with their wonted ease and rapidity, avoiding all obstacles which lay, or were intentionally placed, in their way, as dexterously as if in full possession of their sight. They turned round at the right time when they approached a wall, rested in a convenient situation when fatigued, and struck against nothing. The experiments were multiplied in the most varied and ingenious manner. A room was filled with thin twigs; in another, silken threads were suspended from the roof, and preserved in the same position, and at the same distance from each other, by means of small weights attached to them. The bat, although deprived of its eyes, flew through the intervals of these threads, as well as of the twigs, without touching them; and when the intervals were too small, it drew its wings more closely together. In another room a net was placed, leaving occasional irregular spaces for the bat to fly through, the net being so arranged as to form a small labyrinth. But the blind bat was not to be deceived. In proportion as the difficulties were increased, the dexterity of the animal was augmented. When it flew over the upper extremity of the net, and seemed imprisoned between it and the wall, it was frequently observed to make its escape most dexterously.

WIENHOLT suggests whether the perceptions of blind persons might not proceed from some other medium than that usually adduced as the explanation of their wonderful acuteness, the exaltation of the other senses by repeated efforts. In illustration he adduces some curious facts:—

John Genelli, a blind man of Combassi, learned statuary in his twentieth year, after he had lost his sight; and, although blind, the figures he cut in profile were both beautiful and resembled the originals. He is also said to have occasionally employed himself in crayon-painting. Wezel, in the second volume of his *Essay on the Knowledge of Man*, mentions another blind man, who not only played skilfully at cards, but was also a good chess-player.

In Diderot's excellent letter *sur les aveugles, à l'usage de ceux qui voyent*, some notice is taken of a man born blind, who was living at the time the author wrote (1749). He was a chemist and a musician. He judged correctly as to beauty and symmetry—knew very well when another object came in his way—and made no mistake, in passing a street, whether it was a *cul-de-sac* or an ordinary thoroughfare. He wrought at the turning-lathe, and with the needle; took machinery to pieces, and reconstructed it, &c.

M. Baczko, who has himself been blind for eighteen years, takes this opportunity to relate of himself, that he also possesses many of the faculties above mentioned; that he, too, by the mere touch, acquires an idea of the forms of bodies, and, with no less facility, can distinguish the height, length, and breadth of a room. Moreover, he adds the interesting observation, that, in his frequent dreams, during his eighteen years' blindness, he has not six times dreamt that he was blind, but that, in this state, he sees and acts as if he had the complete use of his eyes.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1757, there is an account of a patient who was cured of small-pox by Sir Hans Sloane, and who, at the termination of the complaint, was seized with violent convulsive fits. After the use of the cold bath, which had been resorted to after the failure of several other remedies, she lost first her sight, then her hearing and speech, and, besides, the power of deglutition. This last privation continued for three quarters of a year. During this period, her touch became so delicate, that, by means of her fingers, she could distinguish not only the principal colours of various stuffs, but even the mixed

colours, and their finer shades. In other respects, too, she supplied, in this manner, the want of her eyes. But many of her actions and expressions shewed that she must have acquired sensations and perceptions in some other way. Upon one occasion, her friends wished to conduct her into a room where they gave her to understand that she would find acquaintances only. When the door was opened, she drew back with displeasure, because, as she said, there were strangers in it, and her friends had deceived her. She occupied herself much with sewing, and her work was remarkably neat and regular. Among many things of this kind which were preserved in her family, there is a pincushion which is scarcely to be equalled. Sometimes, too, she wrote, and her writing was still more extraordinary than her sewing; perfectly regular and correct; the penmanship very beautiful; all the lines straight, and the letters at an equal distance from each other. The most astonishing thing during her writing was, that she always discovered when she had left out a letter, and placed it above the word to which it belonged, with the proper mark. She used to rise from her bed at all hours, and to sew or write, when her pains would not allow her to sleep. As all these operations in a blind and deaf person appeared so very extraordinary, it was imagined that she must still possess some feeble remnants of sight and hearing; but all experiments proved the contrary. One evening, a clergyman found her working at a table on which there stood a light. He held his hat between her eyes and the light, so as to render the latter of not the smallest use to her. She continued her work undisturbed, until, accidentally raising her hand to rub her forehead, it came in contact with the hat, upon which she fell into violent convulsions. Thunder and lightning had no effect upon her, although she had formerly been very much frightened during stormy weather. Upon one occasion, she was sitting with her face to the window, during a violent storm of thunder and lightning, but she continued, undisturbed, at her work. Even her physician, Sir Hans Sloane, who was for some time very sceptical in regard to the correctness of these facts, became, at length, completely convinced of their reality. In Bath her convulsive fits diminished, but she continued deaf, dumb, and blind.

We cannot refrain from presenting one other very interesting case, it is that of Mademoiselle PARADIES, a distinguished musician.

This lady, when only in the second or third year of her life, was seized with amaurosis, which entirely deprived her of sight. She never recovered, and became so blind, that she could neither perceive the lightning in a stormy night, nor the light of the sun at noon. When she approached a burning candle, her friends were obliged to give her warning, or to remove the light, otherwise she would have passed her hand through it or burned herself, which frequently happened. I shall say nothing of the great progress which this lady made in music, any more than I have thought proper to speak of Saunderson's mathematical education. This much only I must mention, that, as the latter taught his science, so she gives instructions in her art to some young ladies, amongst others, to a very ignorant girl of sixteen years of age. This last-mentioned person she taught to sew, to play at cards, and, with incredible pains, succeeded in bringing her so far forward in music, as to perform several sonatas and a concerto. Mademoiselle Paradies sews well, and, in her earlier years, made lace. She plays all games of cards, and is very fond of the game of skittles. Dancing is one of her favourite amusements, and she takes a part in all German and foreign dances. She is passionately fond of the theatre. In her youth, she frequently performed important characters in private companies. She is also sensible of the approach of other bodies, and judges correctly of their distance and magnitude. She clearly perceives when any larger body stands in her way. She goes about the whole house like a person possessed of sight. When chairs or tables are displaced, and stand in her way, it sometimes happens that she comes against them; but this never occurs in the case of a person. When she enters a strange room, in which she had never previously been, she perceives whether it is large, moderate, or small. When near the centre of the room, she can determine whether it is long, broad, or round. When taken to the street, she easily perceives when she passes a cross street; and this even when the air is perfectly calm. When led past a house or garden in the open air, nothing escapes her attention; she inquires to whom this house or this garden belongs. The most remarkable thing is, that she can distinguish whether a garden is surrounded by boards, walls, or stakes. Of her perception of near objects, she convinced one of her sceptical friends in a remarkable manner. He led her along a narrow path through an alley of trees, and, with a stick given her by this friend, she struck every tree in passing, drawing back her hand each time, and she did not miss a single tree out of twenty.

Her ideas of beauty are derived from the perception of proportion in examining statues. She has much æsthetic pleasure in feeling them. This pleasure is in proportion to the beauty and correctness of the work. In the Müllerian cabinet and collection of antiques, therefore, she experiences great delight; and the observations she makes upon the objects are quite wonderful. Laughing, angry, weeping, calm and quiet countenances she recognises in a moment. She possesses such a clear and lively idea of certain passions and caricatures, that she sometimes excites, in her imagination, images which make her laugh. In her melancholy hours, too, images sometimes present themselves to her, which excite terror. A short time ago, as she was driving with two female friends in an open carriage, on a summer evening, a little stout mannikin appeared to her to keep running alongside the carriage, looking in and shewing his teeth, at which she was horrified, and had some trouble to get rid of the phantom.

Between these and the faculties of the somnambulist there is an obvious similarity, but there is also a striking difference. The blind attain to it by long-continued exercise, and by a communication of ideas with others. To the somnambulist it presents itself immediately as an already developed natural talent.

The question now arises, could the sort of perception that occurred in the cases above cited be the result of any conceivable education of the other senses? WIENHOLT examines them minutely, and decides in the negative, and having come to this conclusion, he proceeds to answer the question, "By what means can the mind of the sleep-walker acquire visual perceptions, if it does not obtain them through the medium of the eye?"

"The most natural solution which occurs to an unprejudiced person is to assume the existence of a sixth sense which is awakened in the blind, and supplies the place of the eyes." Such was the reply of the French magnetisers. But WIENHOLT shews that there is not the slightest proof to justify such an assumption. His own conclusion is similar to that which we have come to, namely, that in certain conditions the relationship of the soul and body is so altered that the former receives impressions of external objects by other than the ordinary *media* of the senses of the latter. His expressions are these:—

I am now entitled to hold it as demonstrated, that our soul, if it has once acquired perceptions through the medium of the eye, may afterwards, in an incomprehensible manner, indeed, and without the use of this organ, receive similar impressions, and continue to remain in the same connection with the external world in which it had previously stood by means of light and natural vision.

He deems that in the phenomena he has been reviewing are to be found the only conclusive evidence yet furnished by science of the immateriality, and consequent immortality, of the soul, and he concludes in this eloquent and joyous strain.

And if we look to the other class of individuals—the somnambulists—how are their spiritual faculties exalted? How comes it that their imagination is so much more vigorous and comprehensive than usual? How does their memory stretch back, and clearly represent to them periods of time, of which, in their waking state, they possessed only an obscure reminiscence, or which had entirely vanished from their mind? How much deeper are their impressions and feelings! how much sharper and more delicate their wit! how much more appropriate and precise their language! It is no uncommon thing for somnambulists, in their paroxysms, to compose essays superior to what they were capable of producing in their waking state, which they themselves read with astonishment on the following day, and will not acknowledge to be their own work. Finally—and this is the most important circumstance of all—their moral sense—this noblest and most valuable faculty of the human soul—is invariably more acute, more delicate, and more exalted, than in their waking state. And all this while one or more of the windows of the soul are closed up!—Verily! these phenomena cast a new light on our future existence. If the perfection of our soul, and the improvement of its faculties, become more conspicuous on the abolition of our sensitive organs, it is not incredible that, on being disengaged from the whole of its heavy external mantle—or, to use the expression of Jean Paul, on the complete removal of those leaden shoes, which are, indeed, necessary to us in this state of existence—our spiritual I will become more fully developed, will shine forth with a stronger and more brilliant lustre. And if this be true, to what may it not attain, when a new body and new organs shall have been conferred upon it, which oppose no barrier to its progressive development; deprive it of nothing; hold it not in fetters; but rather tend to lighten all its efforts—to support and assist its progress! Yes, truly! here our prospect is extended—a pro-

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spect which is not the mere creation of a wayward fancy, but is founded on experience;—a prospect not new, indeed, to the Christian, to whom his Sacred Scriptures have long unfolded it; and who, even now, beholds his brightest hopes brought into perfect harmony with the phenomena of Nature.

Mr. COLQUHOUN has subjoined to these delightful lectures an elaborate appendix, which must form the subject of a distinct notice.

FICTION.

The Astrologer's Daughter; an Historical Novel: in 3 vols. By ROSE ELLEN HENDRIKS.

MISS ROSE ELLEN HENDRIKS has chosen a good subject, but she wants the ability to work it out. The astrologer is an imposter who has obtained a mastery of Mary of Medicis, and his daughter is the heroine. He predicts the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and this and the subsequent events are mingled with the plot, which is wanting in consistency and probability, while the characters who figure in it are ill designed and ill supported. It is not a novel that could be recommended to any circulating library, save in the last extremity of demand for something new.

POETRY.

An Easter Offering. By ANNE TRELAWNEY. London: Edwards and Hughes.

THIS is another of those little volumes of respectable poetry which so mightily perplex the reviewer how to speak of them. They are not good enough for praise, not bad enough for condemnation; they present no single feature requiring comment, and all that the critic *can* do is to receive them with civility as "good sort of people," very amiable and well meaning, but tedious withal, and, having gone through the formality of an introduction, to make a bow and pass on. Such is the character, or rather no-character, of Mrs. TRELAWNEY'S *Easter Offering*, and so we take leave of it.

The Death of Basseville. A Poem. Translated from the original of MONTI. London: Watts.

FEW of our readers require to be told who HUGO BASSEVILLE was. His removal from his native place to Paris, and his fortunes there; his acquaintance with MIRABEAU, his attachment to royalty, his conversion to democratic fanaticism, and his fatal visit to Rome, where he was stabbed, and died with the words upon his lips, "Je meurs la victime d'un fou," are matters of familiar history.

The Death of Basseville is a poem in *terza rima*, and translated in the same verse. The original is marked by some masculine scenes, and may be taken as a good specimen of Italian literature. MONTI aimed at shewing the horrors and the many evils of revolutionary principles, and it may with justice be contended that in depicting these he coloured somewhat too highly the other side of the question.

The translator of *The Death of Basseville*, or rather of the first canto, has not failed, if he has not succeeded, in his efforts. In a translation we rarely hope for the force of thought, and the nicer inflections of language, which distinguish the original. If the present translator be again the representative of MONTI'S fame, we advise him, while he transfers the thoughts of the Italian poet, to emulate more the *grandeur* of English verse.

EDUCATION.

The German Delectus; or, Elementary and Progressive German Reader. By E. ALBRECHT, M.A. Professor of German in London, and J. C. MOORE, author of "The German Interpreter." London, 1845. Moore.

IT is with strict truth that the compilers of this excellent little volume observe in their preface, that of the many selections from the best authors, published for the use of students of German, not one has been arranged systematically. The taste and research of the compiler have been more thought of than the instruction of the learner. Hence he who could read and understand the extracts would be competent to read and understand any work in the language.

The compilation before us proceeds more rationally. It is strictly progressive. The lessons begin with two words—a substantive and an adjective; then three, four, five, six, until we arrive at sentences, and from sentences to elaborate extracts, thus ending where its predecessors have begun. This account of the plan will of itself recommend this Delectus to all who are entering upon the study of the German language. Combined with OLLENDORF'S unrivalled grammar, it will supply all their necessities.

RELIGION.

Elements of the Christian Religion; being Sketches of Sermons preached at St. John's, Brighton. By the Rev. SPENCER R. DRUMMOND, M.A. Brighton, Folthorp and Co.; London, Hatchard, 1845.

THESE are literally what they are called, *Sketches of Sermons*—skeletons of discourses which the reader's own thoughts must clothe with flesh and adapt to the uses of life. Their brevity may be judged by this, that no less than twenty-five are packed within 107 small duodecimo pages. But, though words be few, there is no lack of thought. To the preacher it will be useful, as suggesting a multitude of subjects, which he may elaborate at pleasure.

Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, and on the Life and Times of John Bunyan. By the Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. London, 1845. Fullarton.

THIS is one of the worst books proceeding from one of the worst schools that we remember to have met with. The burden of it is, the wickedness and stupidity of all members of the Church of England, and the godliness and wisdom of the author and the sect to which he belongs. The style of JOHN BUNYAN is clear, forcible, and expressive: the beauty of his allegory is, that it needs no illustration. Dr. CHEEVER'S lectures are partly a running commentary on good old JOHN BUNYAN, and partly a new "Pilgrim's Progress" of his own, directing its insinuations, in terms the most bigoted and illiberal, against all whose religious opinions he cannot embrace. This is not the spirit in which warfare of this kind ought to be carried on. Common sense and ordinary good feeling, no less than Christian charity, cry out against it. The prejudices of those who differ from us should never be treated too roughly; but it is hardly less than impiety to scoff at and ridicule them when they are concerned about the essentials of religion, about the efficacy of the sacraments, or the mysterious operations of divine grace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Walks in South Lancashire and on its Borders. By S. BAMFORD. Published by the Author. 1844.

LITERATURE has always a tendency to increase the social comforts of man. It is a foreshadowing of all that can be most true and beautiful in society; it speaks in a voice superior to the common voice, and yet not above the understanding of the multitude; for its mission is purely to elevate and instruct. Literature is the popular mouth, which will be heard, and which must be beneficial. When it fails to be profitable it fails in its purpose, and is no better than the fungus, or poisonous excrescence that springs from a rich and fruitful soil. The literary man is a man of fine sensibilities. He has chosen his occupation because of the extensive opportunity it offers for the display of generous thought and expression.

We believe Mr. BAMFORD adopted literature for this reason, as he seems to be possessed of large sympathies. Our author has drawn back the golden curtain from the world, and exposed its dross and its deformity. He has raised his arm for the afflicted and battled with the evils that stand in the way of improvement. Mr. BAMFORD has a rooted dislike to the pharisaical cant that has stolen the name of religion. He has a fixed distaste for that quiet inanity which sits and prays when it should be up and doing. He would have men active in kindness, energetic in love, expansive in charity. His whole philosophy is in the brief word—*do*, and do to the utmost for the benefit of mankind.

Our author has endeavoured to infuse this spirit of generous energy through the medium of simple tales. We cannot review such detached stories with the same critical acumen as we should a three-volumed novel. It is enough for us that this desultory composition is more than counterbalanced by the nobleness of its tone. Mr. BAMFORD has walked among the workers, and gives us pictures of their intellectual, moral, and physical condition. In Oldham, he observes, that "poverty

was increasing on all hands, and the people were getting in a worse condition every week. A collector of rents said people were crowding by two and three families into one house; they could not pay rents for entire houses, and nearly all the workers who could raise money enough were leaving the country. Seminaries for the instruction of youth and children had, in some instances, become nearly deserted."

Haywood, a busy manufacturing town, and which about forty-five years ago had only one cotton-mill, the property of the present Premier's father, is described as more flourishing, and the workers less distressed than those of other places. Yet even here, as in all the manufacturing towns Mr. BAMFORD visited, the mildew of poverty had fallen. The information contained in *Walks in South Lancashire* is valuable, and we hope it will induce readers to exert themselves in behalf of those who need succour. It is our object to knit together the seemingly opponent elements of society; to trample down that unchristian creed whose votaries have no eye to weep, and no heart to feel for any but their own sorrows. With this aim in view, we must welcome our author as a pioneer in the same road.

When Mr. BAMFORD is free of minute facts and details, he writes with ease and even elegance. His very imagination is of the profitable kind. His idealism is not a vapour that ever recedes as the reader advances, but we can solve and understand it as a power used to instruct us in our social duties. We give one very beautiful, and, alas, truthful extract from this useful volume.

THE TWO JUDGMENTS.

In the solitude of the night I had a strange dream, at which my soul was troubled, and filled with fear and awe.

Methought I was in a large open place, where a great multitude of human beings were collected together. And they were divided into the accepted and the unaccepted; and they were separated by a barrier, on which stood an angel, whose robe was as white as driven snow; and the outside feathers of his wings were like frosted silver, and those of the underside were like pale gold; and he stood there as a test and a witness of truth; and he kept a record of the proceedings of these children of men, but they knew not that he was there.

And I perceived that the accepted party dwelt in a beautifu country, like a large park, which was laid out in pleasant walks beneath shady trees, and by quiet and retired places, and amongst shrubs ever blooming, and ever in leaf. And splendid palaces were there, furnished with rich carpets and soft couches, on which the weary went to repose; and tables were spread for them covered with ever delicious viands; and whatever they wished to eat, or to drink, or to clothe themselves with, was straight set before them. And they formed a most splendid company as ever was seen under heaven. Noble countenances were there, and beauteous and majestic forms; and their garments were all bright colours and hues; gorgeous tiaras and head-dresses they wore; and as they moved, their robes and jewels gleamed with splendour; and they walked about in the sun-light, all so happy; —and some danced to music, and some listened to ravishing strains, and some had fine pictures and statues, and some were happy in love, and some had beauteous children, and others took pleasure in splendid chariots, and in horses and hounds; but all seemed so happy, like very angels; and thus they spent their time within their pleasant inclosure.

And I remarked that three spirits stood within a gate, which led into the inclosure; and they kept it that none might pass within but such as were accepted; and I asked the angel about them, and he said they were evil ones; and their names were Ignorance, Pride, and Hypocrisy.

And Ignorance assumed an air of wisdom; and Pride was robed in a garment of meekness; and Hypocrisy wore the clothes of a saint.

And the angel waved his hand, and their garments were turned aside, and their bosoms opened, and I saw their hearts, all teeming with arrogance, and oppression, and avarice, and perfidy, which they hugged inwardly, saying, "No man will know."

And on the outside of the gate at the barrier, stood one keeper only, and the angel said he was a blessed spirit,—his name was Hope. And a mighty concourse of men, women, and children stood behind him; and they occupied a vast plain, of which there appeared not any end. And their looks were incessantly directed towards the country inside the barrier, and the splendid company there assembled. And the multitude were agitated by a variety of wants and passions, and they were restles as a tossed ocean; some were torn by envy, some by revenge, some uttered curses loud and deep, some brandished weapons, some plotted to force the barrier, and others betrayed them; some advised conciliation, some laboured unceasingly to hoard up wealth, some were a-hungered, some in rags, some had long been houseless, and they stood there, wind and storm-beaten, praying for food and shelter.

And the angel looked on the multitude of beings with pity; and he straightway waved his wings of glory, and there broke from them a light at which the sun grew pale, and a feeling of divine mercy and charity fell upon the hearts of many of the people inside the inclosure; and they held meetings, and heard sermons, and made collections, for the instruction, and the moral and religious improvement of the great outside multitude: many of them said also, "lest peradventure they break in upon us, all rude and uncivilized as they are, and take from us our houses and lands, and our silver and our gold; and rob us of our enjoyments;" and so they contributed liberally, and sent instructors amongst the people.

And from time to time those amongst the people who had acquired wealth, by whatever means, knocked at the barrier, and being deemed respectable, were, by the evil ones, admitted to share the joys and splendour of the place.

And mingled with the people, were good men, and self-taught geniuses, who needed not instruction; and attended not, therefore, to the precepts of teachers, but unto those of God only. And from amongst these from time to time, advanced some to the barrier, to see if peradventure they might be accepted.

And, as I looked, an old man came from the crowd and demanded entrance; and the keepers within asked on what grounds he claimed it; and the blessed spirit of Hope spake for him, and said he was a virtuous man; he had shared his bread with the hungry, and his garments with the naked, he had protected the defenceless, and had shielded the innocent, and had saved life. And Pride asked if he were wealthy? and Hypocrisy if he were of the true faith? and Hope said he was very poor, and the angel, yearning, said he would be found acceptable of God; and they heard the words of the angel, but knew not from whence they came. And the keepers, looking at his humble appearance, declared he could not be accounted respectable, and therefore could not be admitted, and they closed the door against him. And certain men and women, of noble carriage, and with shining countenances and apparel, advanced from the crowd within the barrier, and spoke words of comfort to the virtuous man, and stretched forth their arms and embraced him, and gave him of the food and raiment which they had in plenty, and the poor man was very grateful, and he blessed them and their posterity; and then he went his way and died amongst the people, and there was a great mourning for him, and a lamentation; and he was carried to a quiet green field, and there buried; and the people wept upon his grave, calling him, Father! Father!

And soon after another man came from the crowd. He was of mature years; of a thoughtfully placid countenance, and neatly, though humbly attired; and he had books and writings under his arm, at which he kept looking. And Hope said he was a man of learning, but very poor, and the three keepers looked at him, and saw that his apparel was humble; that his feet were scarcely concealed by his shoes; that his features were shrunken and furrowed by want; and that the only jewel he wore was a plain ring, on which he glanced affectionately. And when they questioned him, he said his life had been spent in endeavouring to benefit and enlighten mankind.

And Ignorance questioned him about air bubbles; and Pride inquired about his pedigree; and Hypocrisy asked if he had written sermons; and he said he had not written any sermons, unless the tenour of his life and of his writings might be considered as such; and he was adjudged not to be respectable, and was rejected; and thereupon certain noble-minded men and women advanced from the crowd, and spoke kindly to him, and embraced him, and bade him be of good comfort, and they gave to him that which gladdened his heart, and he blessed them, and prayed God to bless them; and the Angel which stood on the barrier wrote that blessing in his book, and it was not forgotten in heaven.

And in some time a third man came from the crowd to the gate; his appearance denoted extreme poverty; he was bent with the weight of years, and his grey hairs scarcely sufficed to cover his forehead; and he asked not so much to be admitted, as to obtain wherewith to keep his old age from want. And Hope said he was a naturalist, and had spent all the hours he could spare from labour, in collecting and arranging God's wondrous works in the vegetable creation; and they questioned him about his moral life, and he admitted he had not been altogether blameless; but he sincerely repented, he said, whatever errors he had committed, and hoped they would be forgiven. And the Angel wrote down those words, and they were not forgotten of God. And the keepers decided that he could not be allowed relief because his life had not been morally pure; and he turned to go away, but certain noble-hearted men and women advanced from the respectable side, and called him back, and covered his grey hairs with a mantle, and spoke kindly to him, and gave him wherewith to make his latter days comfortable; and he blessed them, and the Angel recorded that blessing, and he took down

the names of those who did these good things, and they were blessed above the rest of mankind.

And then came one from the crowd, bearing a harp, and his carriage was dignified and respectful; and he put down his harp near the barrier, and leaned upon it, for he seemed weary with long travel, and his grey hairs floated about the strings. And Hope said he was a bard, and the evil ones inside the gate would not believe that one so homely could be a bard. And he waved his hand for silence, and when the noise had abated, behold a sweet strain was heard from voices inside the barrier; the respectable ones were singing a new song, and that song was his; and the people took it up and shouted his name. Then the evil ones questioned him about his conduct in the world, but they inquired not what had been the conduct of the world towards him; and he turned away indignant, and dashing the tears from his cheek, he took up his harp to depart.

And certain noble-minded men and women called him to the barrier, and embraced him, and consoled him; and they would have given him food and raiment, and silver, and gold; but he would have none of their gifts, because he was not thought worthy to be admitted; and so he blessed them and went his way. And the Angel wrote down all these things, and he shook his wing above the harp, and there awoke a melody such as never on earth had been heard before. And the multitude listened in ecstasy and wonder; and the minstrel knew not whence the music came, save that his harp was vibrating; and looking towards heaven, he said, "Lord, if it be thy will, let my travail now cease!" and he leaned on his harp, entranced with the wondrous tones. And when the Angel folded his unseen wing, the music ceased, but the bard stood leaning on his harp as if still listening. And they called to him, but he moved not; and they urged him, but he lifted not his head. And certain of the noble-minded came over the barrier, and others advanced from the crowd, and when they tried to arouse him, he was no more. And they mourned over him, calling upon him with endearing words. And they placed him on a bier, and wreathed his bier with garlands, and they bound his brow with tendrils of young woodbine, and hazel-bloom,—for it was the spring season,—and they decked his harp with the new flowers of the year, and placed it beside him on the bier, one hand resting on its chords; and they carried him on their shoulders to a green sunny bank, where they buried him, and wept over his grave, saying, "Alas! alas! that we should live and hear that voice no more!" and they placed fresh sods above his grave, and planted there a young broom, emblem of his never-fading song. And when they returned, a young bard carried his harp tenderly aloft, and the flower wreaths swung upon it, and the Angel waved his wing, and the same sweet tones were heard as before; and the people stopped and wept, and looked up, saying, "It is he! it is he! our beloved one is still abiding with us." And they were comforted.

And after that a man advanced from the crowd bringing with him a machine most wonderful to behold; he had spent long days and nights of toiling thought in its construction, so that he had wasted his substance, and was now poor and distressed; and he craved wherewith to enable him to complete his machine, that he might obtain his just reward; and in order to shew what the machine would perform, he turned a wheel, and the machine spun out many fine even threads at once, so aptly almost that it seemed as if moving from reason. And the respectable class praised his ingenuity, but they vouchsafed him not any thing; and the three keepers at the barrier kept it closed; and certain ignorant ones advanced from the crowd, and threatened the man, and abused him, and broke his machine, so that he was obliged to flee and hide himself, and he did so, and disappeared, and died in obscurity, and left his children in want. And then came another man with a machine almost like the former one, but more complete, and he carded his wool and spun out his threads as had been done before, and he shewed the multitudes on both sides how those threads might be made to yield gold, and they bade him go on, and he spun many threads and exchanged them for gold, so that presently he was clothed in gold. And the people on both sides set up a great shout, saying, "Well done! well done!" and the barriers were quickly opened, and the man went within all laden with gold; and the respectables received him with joy and feasting, and he was accepted by nobles, and honoured by princes, and all because he had shewn them how to procure gold. And after that I heard a tender, sweet voice singing a mournful air; and behold it was a woman who came forward in face of all the people. A comely woman was she, dark-haired and very pale, and her dark locks were beaten by the wind, and a wreath of dying flowers was upon her head; and she moved slowly, bearing in her arms a babe which suckled sleeping at her bosom. And ever and anon as she moved, she turned towards the crowd within the barrier, looking as if she would fain behold some one there, and pouring forth the while tones that might have moved a heart of stone; and she sung the joys of innocence, and the downfal of virtue, and the wretchedness of guilt; and many hearts were moved, and many were fortified to good intent. And she essayed to pass the barrier, but the keepers prevented her, and called certain stately ladies, who said she was impure, and degraded, and they were surprised at her audacity in attempting to enter there; and she blushed when they mentioned her shame, and tears fell upon her bosom, and bathed the face of her child. And she said she would not have presumed to come had she not known that one whom she loved, the father of her infant was there; and the ladies denied that he was there; and she pointed him out, walking in grandeur with a bevy of the fairest and noblest. And the ladies reproached her, and bade her begone, saying, "she was not a fit associate for any one in that place;" and the barrier was closed against her. And she raised her voice, and sung a strain of her days of innocence; and her betrayer heard it, and looked, and saw her, but he moved on and disappeared.

And then her heart sank within her, and she turned to go away, but certain noble-minded ladies came down to the barrier, and they spoke consolingly to her, and offered her food, and clothing, and tried to comfort her. And she thanked the noble-minded ladies, and prayed God to bless them, and that none belonging to them might carry a broken heart; but she would none of their gifts, and so she went slowly away.

And the Angel wrote down those blessings in his book, and they were recorded as blessings in heaven; and the noble-minded ones were blessed. And Hope, the good spirit, would have spoken to the woman as she went her way, but she, turning, gazed upon him with an unearthly gaze, and pressing her infant to her bosom, her full heart stopped, and it beat no more.

The Book-Collectors' Hand-Book; a Modern Library Companion. Churton.

THIS is simply an advertisement of Mr. CHURTON'S establishment; an ingenious device to introduce his catalogue under pretence of friendly counsel by a disinterested *littérateur*. Such deceptions are not creditable; they are too much after the fashion of MOSES and SON and the blacking makers of old to be worthily adopted by booksellers, who ought to consider the respectability of their calling, and strive to maintain, at least, if not to advance it.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The New Aladdin; followed by Fleuranges. By PAUL DE MUSSET. One vol. 1845.

THE new work of M. DE MUSSET has just reached us. The scene of the first story is laid at Venice, the second is purely French—so French, that to such of our readers as are unacquainted with the organization of Parisian society (if any such there be), we should despair of making the details of the story comprehensible, and the rather, that they are improbable enough even to startle a Frenchman. *The New Aladdin* is a fiction of a different calibre; not only novel in its idea and construction, but, moreover, conveying an admirable moral; it is told also with ease and spirit, and presents considerable variety. We said, as we thought, that the *Tour through Sicily, &c.* of the same gentleman, which we lately noticed, was a conceited, flippant, and empty production; and we are glad to find a legitimate opportunity of passing a more favourable opinion upon his subsequent labours.

The volume now before us contains, as we have shewn, two distinct tales. The author professes to have had the first of these related to him in the sea-seated city, during his sojourn there. Be this as it may, *The New Aladdin* is a very ingenious story, and there are many details introduced, which, however trifling they may be individually, nevertheless afford to the reader, in the aggregate, an admirable picture of the state of Venice before her fall. Take for example the following sketch.

VENICE IN 1795.

Louis Manino being Doge, the magnificent lordship, still existed in name, but its ruin was rapidly approaching. Industry, commerce, fortune, government, all was declining at the same moment; the fine arts were giving forth their last sigh; and as to the public morals, they were so loose that the rhymsters of Florence called Venice the *naughty place* of Italy. This ill-conducted beauty could not fail to be soon placed under strict guardianship, as she deserved. Nevertheless, there reigned at Venice a gaiety like that which filled the house of the prodigal son. Half the great names of the golden book were hidden under threadbare coats; the remainder, with some exceptions, were devouring the remnant of their patrimony, and leading a joyous life, in order to leave as little time as possible to their creditors, who, hoping nothing from their debtors, were them-

selves eating *the dinner of their master*. The guitar players and the women of pleasure might have grown rich, had they been faithfully paid, and had their value not degenerated; but there were so many grandee musicians, and so many great ladies complaisant, that the competition was formidable. The hotel-keepers only profited by the loose cash which still remained in the tattered pockets of the young and idle.

In the midst of this general disorder, and in opposition to the epidemic of folly and prodigality, a club was formed under the bold title of the *Taccagni*, or Misers. Half a dozen old merchants and toll contractors, shocked by the extravagance and luxury about them, made a parade of their avarice, and gloried in the contemptible name of *Taccagni*, as the society of *Lesine* had done in theirs a century before at Modena. When the example of an excess does not induce imitation, it invariably inspires a taste for its opposite extreme; and people become sordid from their hatred of prodigality, and from fear of ultimate want. This reaction might have produced a salutary effect at Venice, if the nobility could have been induced to try it as a novelty; but ridicule alone was engendered by the *Taccagni*; they were caricatured at the theatres; the pantaloons and harlequins were facetious at their expense; and their honourable club was overwhelmed with taunts even by the common people. Without retorting these mockeries, the *Taccagni* met regularly to talk over the means of still increasing their economies, and of becoming misers in a yet more supreme degree. They set the jesters at defiance, and spoke openly of the cynical statutes of their club; while they adopted a peculiar costume. This was composed of pantaloons of black cloth, a waistcoat with sleeves, a shirt of coarse linen (that of Holland being heretical), and covered the whole with a wide cloak of frise fashion, which served as a devotional habit at church; an umbrella in the spring, a dressing-gown in the house, a walking-dress in the street, a counterpane at night, and even a pall on the day succeeding the *passo extremo*. As to their hats, they purchased them at second-hand; the older they were the better; and they would assuredly have raked up some of those which figured in the time of Henrico Dandalo, if the Crusades had not damaged the beavers of the republic. When the bells of St. Mark were chiming for the interment of a senator, there was always to be seen in a corner of the church a group of *Taccagni*, calculating among themselves the expense of the catafalque, the music, the wax tapers, and the fees of the choristers; a habit which had more than once drawn down upon the displeasure of the pious, whom they disturbed in their devotions.

Six of these worthy individuals, after having on one occasion attended the pompous funeral of a Venetian noble, were crossing the *piazzetta* on their way to the quay, anathematizing the wasteful profusion of which they had just been the witnesses, when one of them stooped to pick up a lentil which appeared to have been dropped from a vegetable-basket. As he was in the act of rising with the precious treasure in his hand, his ill-fitting hat fell to the ground, and was instantly seized by a young man who chanced to be passing, and who ran off with his prize, pursued by the cries and threats of the angry owner. This lentil is the keystone of the tale, and the mischievous Zanetto is its hero. We will allow M. De Musset to make him known to the reader.

A VENETIAN ADVENTURER.

Zanetto was not a vagabond without name or dwelling, as may be thought, but simply a wild young rascal, a prodigal, as his father and grandfather had been before him, and his inheritance had been scant enough. As he had learned to read, write, and cypher, his uncle Don Joseph Tomolo, an advocate at Padua, had offered him a paltry situation among his oppressed and overworked clerks. Zanetto could not make up his mind to leave Venice; the nostalgia would have seized him as it did young Foscari, and he consequently refused. Having sold all his furniture, he found himself one fine day without a halfpenny in his pocket; but gay, reckless, and full of confidence in his strength, his handsome face, his nineteen years of age, and, above all, in the clemency of his Maker; for, by the signal favour of nature, Zanetto bore upon the lateral summit of his skull that strange protuberance to which Spurzheim gave the name of Hope; that is to say, the faculty of seeing the present through a bright prism, and the future all light. This rare and charming tendency sustained Zanetto in all his difficulties; and when hunger stared him in the face, he consoled himself by the reflection that the calling of a gondolier was esteemed noble at Venice, and that, consequently, even a *cavaliere* like himself could not be dishonoured by handling an oar in some passage of the Grand Canal.

This gay-hearted *neer-do-weel* at length consents to restore the hat of the *Taccagno*, on condition of receiving the lentil in exchange; a proposition merely made to annoy the miser, but to which he nevertheless reluctantly accedes. Zanetto walks off with the wretched vegetable in idle mirth, and then looks about him for another source of frolic. His attention is, after a time, attracted to an old Turk, followed by a servant carrying a large and apparently heavy bag, which he deposits upon the steps of the quay while he awaits a gondola in which to transport it to another quarter of the city. Zanetto approaches the Turk, and inquires whether the bag does not contain lentils. The Osmanli answers that it does; upon which Zanetto shews him the one which he has received from the *Taccagno*, remarking that he has just found it, and that consequently the bag must probably have burst in some direction. The Turk, in evident alarm, begs his new acquaintance to examine the canvas, in which Zanetto does in fact discover a small rent. The agitation of the Mussulman increases; and, earnest only to amuse himself, the young scapegrace offers to restore to him the little vegetable of which he has become the possessor, remarking, that from the evident value which the stranger attaches to his lentils, he cannot be dishonest enough to keep it. The Turk, struck by the refinement of Zanetto's honesty, desires him to take his place in the gondola, and to accompany him to his house, where he will shew him the contents of the bag. These prove to be jewels of enormous value, the heirlooms of several impoverished Venetian families, purchased from their representatives for the Sultan. Finally, having satisfied himself that all are safe, the Turk and Zanetto take some refreshment together, like old friends; and before they part, the grateful Osmanli offers his companion the choice between a purse containing 2,000 ducats and a small copper seal, which he declares to be a talisman, by whose means the young man may gratify every wish that he can form, simply by stamping the letter containing his demand with this mean-looking signet. After a moment's hesitation, Zanetto selects the seal; and forthwith they part, the Turk for Constantinople, as he affirms, and the mystified Venetian whithersoever his next vagrant fancy may carry him. Of course, he commits nothing but follies, becomes faithless to his mistress, is robbed in his own house, and half-poisoned by a sleeping-draught; and eventually imprisoned "under the leads" as a swindler; his signet, also carried off by the thieves, falls into the possession of his rival; the father of his promised bride, who is a *Taccagno*, turns him from his doors as a vagabond, after having received him as a prince; in short, he has run the gauntlet of suffering and ignominy, and is lying stretched along the quay moralizing on the past, and weaving a tissue of prudence and moderation for the future, when once more the Turk appears upon the scene; the mystery of the signet is unravelled, and the misfortunes of Zanetto are at an end; for, strange to relate, he resolutely adheres to his system of reformation, and soon learns to acknowledge the truth of the old adage, that "contentment is better than wealth."

There is a buoyancy of style, well sustained throughout the book, which is singularly pleasing. M. De Musset seems to have written it in a green bower, within sight of a running stream, with sunlight in the sky, and flowers scattered over the earth. The spirit in which it has been composed was a happy and a wholesome one; and the reader at once takes the infection.

We shall conclude our notice by one or two extracts:—

A LOVE SCENE IN VENICE.

As soon as he stood beneath the window, Zanetto took off his hat, and made the Venetian salutation, saying, "*Schiavo!* beautiful Luigia. Why are you not to-night at San-Salvatore, where the famous Sacchi is to improvise a new piece? All Venice will be there but you and I."

"Alas, Don Zanetto, my father will not allow me to go to the theatre; and the worst of the business is, that my future husband, Marcantonio, will not take me there either, when I am his wife."

"Your father is a tyrant; and if I were in your place, I would not accept such a husband as that miser of a Marcantonio. I cannot think why you thus suffer yourself to be shut up and worried."

"Alas, what can I do, my good Zanetto?"

"Ah, Luigia! if you had not forgotten the time when you promised to be my wife, and when I swore to remain faithful to you—but all that has escaped your memory."

"I remember perfectly, on the contrary, dear Zanetto. It was on a heap of sand, that we used to play together. I was ten

years old at least, and you thirteen, if I am not mistaken. For the last six years I have not seen you, however. Your father ruined himself, while mine has shut his door against you, and never ceases repeating in my ears that you have not a halfpenny, that you have not an idea of steadiness, and that you lead the life of a vagabond. A girl must marry as soon as she can. Marcantonio is ugly, rich, and avaricious. I should prefer another husband, handsomer, more generous, and who would let me go to the play; but where can I find him?"

"Here he is!" said Zanetto, striking his chest with the academical emphasis of his country; "here he is, beautiful Luigia. I have never ceased to love you since the day of the sand-heap. Those who tell you that my father ruined himself are right; but I will prove that I am neither ugly nor avaricious, like Marcantonio; and moreover, that as to not having a halfpenny, not being steady, and living the life of a vagabond, things are very different. Do you see that lantern yonder that they are lighting on board a Turkish ship? Well, if you were to make a rosary of what I possess in silver crowns, hard piastres, Spanish pieces, and gold sovereigns, your chaplet would reach beyond that light; and moreover, if you will be my wife, I swear and promise, in writing or otherwise, to take you to the theatre once a week, as much as you please, under pain of a separation. May I be drowned if I have lied in one syllable!"

"What! are you rich, Zanetto?" cried the Venetian beauty, her eyes flashing like carbuncles; "make haste, and speak to my father. Buy a house, and proclaim what you are worth. We will be married; and you shall give me twenty ducats to buy tapers, for I have promised St. Zacharius to burn for him sixty tapers of white wax if I marry a handsome man, and I will keep my vow faithfully. For Marcantonio I would not have burned a candle-end."

"You shall have your sixty tapers, but I will not buy a house; I must have a palace on the Grand Canal, and I shall engage some waiting-maids, and as many cooks as you please, without counting the hired musicians."

"Zanetto," replied the young girl, "it would be dreadful for you to laugh at me, for I feel my head swim. I no longer love Marcantonio, and I return to you with all my heart. I have a handsome coat for the wedding-day. I should like you to be as beautiful as the sun."

"I will have a white silk coat, with pink and gold fringes. As to your own marriage dress, it shall efface the gala mantle of the Dogeressa, unless the silk merchants of the Merceria have no more handsome materials in their shops."

"Oh! how delightful! Good Zanetto, take this white handkerchief as a pledge of my faith: I am your wife. Fly! my father has just turned the corner. If you deceive me, I shall die of grief."

"May St. John, my patron, break my bones, if I fail in my promise to you!"

Zanetto received the white handkerchief, covered it with kisses, and ran off up an alley; but scarcely was he alone when he began to feel terrified at the enormous lies that he had been pouring forth.

A TACCAGNO MARRIAGE SERMON.

"My son Marcantonio," said old Canapo, "while Don Vitale is giving to his daughter the instructions which a good father owes to his child, it is necessary, notwithstanding your good sense and your excellent qualities, that I should impress upon your memory also some wise advice in the presence of my brother Taccagni. We have often meditated, like men of mature age and experience, on the advantages and inconveniences of matrimony. It is for you, as you are about to marry, to know how to secure and to retain the profits of the conjugal state, by discountenancing and diminishing by degrees the expenses and outlay consequent upon that condition. A woman must not have ideas and tastes contrary to those of her husband; that is why I have chosen for you a helpmate imbued and penetrated with our doctrines. You are economical; you require a parsimonious partner, and I trust that Luigia will be such. In the precepts of our club it is said, that if you venture to take a wife, you should choose her small, because she can dress cheaper, she will spend less for her linen and her other clothes; that was why I chose a little wife for you. If the expenses of a married man are heavier than those of a bachelor, there is a compensation; the woman works, and takes care of the house. Never suffer your spouse to be idle. Always keep her at home; or, if she go to see a neighbour, make her carry her work with her: she will save candles while she works by another's lamp. Never leave her in the company of men, for fear of wicked thoughts; man is like fire, woman like tow; if they approach each other, the devil is the breath which blows upon them, and makes them blaze. Youth requires amusement; meet the evil half-way, and shew yourself a good husband without its costing you any thing, by walking out with your wife on fine days; but avoid coffee-houses, theatres, pastrycooks, and rain, which latter would oblige you to take shelter in some place where you must spend money. Do not let Luigia walk on the Rialto, among the jewellers, nor in the Merceria, where rich stuffs and laces might excite her envy, nor in any other neighbourhood where a display of expensive objects presents an odious temptation.

"This day, at twelve o'clock, you change your condition."

LITERARY GOSSIP AT PARIS.

From our Correspondent.

Considerable amusement was created last week by the *méprise* of the young and handsome wife of one of the chief magistrates of the capital, who has lately confined her reading to the *Juif Errant* of M. Eugene Sue, and who, on being informed of the results of M. Rossi's negotiations, exclaimed joyously, "I am delighted to hear it; I congratulate the *Rennepont* family; we have got rid of *M. Rodin* at last, and it was really quite time, for he had already lived through nineteen volumes."

It will be well if M. Sue take the hint; for the tale in question "drags its slow length along" in a way so wearisome that it betrays the fact that its author is "working by the piece," and looking to his pocket rather than to his literary reputation. We are fairly beginning to yawn over its platitudes.

Our own literary women, with very few, and those very pitiful exceptions, scorn all affectation of singularity in their dress or manner; but with the Parisian *bas bleu* it is precisely the reverse. They delight in the *monstrosities* which cannot pass without inducing an inquiry as to the identity of the wearer. The lioness loves to be "stirred up with a long pole," and compelled to roar. We have been highly amused lately with the innocent and unconscious epigram of a milliner, who, waiting upon one of the fair sisterhood with an account of rather formidable dimensions, thought it necessary to induce its settlement by the most honeyed words in her vocabulary, heightened in their power by a regret that her clever customer had so long suffered her pen to lie idle. The venture was peculiarly unfortunate; the last work of the said lady having "died, and made no sign." By way of recovering her *faux pas*, she resumed blandly, "As to your late failure, Madame, put it out of your thoughts; every one has his weak days. Who knows better than I that genius is never secure from failure? Even I myself, about two months since, had composed a love of a bonnet, upon which I founded the most legitimate hopes. Had it been adopted by a *grande dame*, or even a *petite maîtresse*, it would have made my fortune. I was just about to produce it, when my ill-luck would have it that Madame Sophie G—— walked into my show-room, took a fancy to my *pauvre cher chapeau*, and that very night, by wearing it at the *soirée* of Madame la Comtesse M——, she ruined its reputation for ever."

I need hardly tell you that the 14th instant, being the fifty-sixth anniversary of the taking and destruction of the Bastile, an immense crowd collected in the place where the fortress formerly stood. It was composed almost entirely of students and operatives, and no serious disturbance took place.

Mademoiselle Plessis, of the Théâtre Français, has sent in her resignation to the management. The event has created considerable sensation and no small annoyance to a large portion of the public, as she took the *rôles* of Mdlle. Mars, and filled them very efficiently. By her present resignation she loses her position as a member of the theatrical society, and her claim to a pension on her retirement. The indemnification is said to be an engagement in St. Petersburg for ten years, which is to produce the sum of 40,000 roubles and a pension of 2,000. M. Arnoud, well known in the world of letters, will be her companion to the city of the Czar, where their marriage is to take place.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(From our Correspondent.)

In Germany the period for literary societies is at an end; a result which must always follow when the literature of any country has attained a certain standard of excellence. In Belgium, however, these societies are in full glory; and to them must be ascribed great part of the Flemish movement which has been so remarkable of late years. Many of the old associations exist even now in their antique form, with their president, their poet, &c. and from time to time manifest themselves to the world by some new publication, as lately in Ostend, Dixminden, &c. With these, many young societies may be named, either devoted wholly to literature, or to literature and the drama. In Antwerp, that entitled De Olyftak, the Olive Branch, is in full activity. Shortly after the foundation of the society appeared the *Woordstar* of V. Kerkhoven, to which all members of the society contributed. When this publication ceased, it was resolved to publish a history of the city, of which the fourth edition has lately appeared. It is an excellent work, compiled from the best authorities, and one which may well be recommended to students. It has the advantage of admirable illustrations; all

the public buildings, monuments, arms and seals of the city, statues of the most celebrated characters, are given in woodcuts, lithographs, or etchings, from the hands of the first artists of Antwerp. The members of this society likewise publish the literary journals *De Vlaemsche Letterbode, De Kederyker;* and some numbers of the *Nederduitsche Kunstbibliothek* have also appeared, a work supported by the first writers of the day, and brought out with great magnificence. It has been well remarked that the strength of Antwerp lies chiefly in the union between its writers and its artists; a union that exerts its influence as much in the higher as in the middling classes of society. The mass of writers are young men, who have no taste for inactivity; Ghent, on the contrary, bears in all its proceedings a character of reflection and deliberation, as if it never could take a step without considering for a year whether it would not be going too far. Brussels, too, has, not long since, established a society which bids fair to be of some influence. The governor of the province of Brabant, the Baron DE BIRON, is honorary president, and it publishes a monthly journal, entitled *Het Vaterland*, under the direction of V. DER BOORT. Belgium contains many associations devoted to literature and the theatre. Ghent is the principal seat of the Flemish drama; besides the ancient Kederykgesellschaft, established in 1448, several of importance have arisen.

No production of its own sons has excited such attention in Germany as the works which a few months have scattered all over Europe—THIERS's *History of the Consulate*, and *The Wandering Jew*. It is impossible to say that the interest raised by them has in any degree abated. Translators are as industrious as ever in seizing upon all that either France or England may produce capable of amusing the mass of readers. Germany can never be reproached, as France has been, with a deficiency of versions of the master works of other countries. A translation of SHELLEY's poems, by JULIUS SCYBT, said to be very good, has just been published at Leipsig, and a new edition of Miss KENNEDY's works, which are among the most popular of that class in Germany. They are busy, too, in investigating the state of English affairs, as the talented work of SCHULTE, on the Constitution of the English Parliament, sufficiently testifies; which, although the treatises of BLACKSTONE, MILLAR, DE LOLME, and HALLAM are well known through the aid of SCHMID, DAHLMANN, and RUDER, and also by means of the original publications of SCHMALZ, VINCKE, BESEHORNER, &c. on the same subject, must derive interest and authority from the fact of its author's long residence in England.

In novels and romances we have, as is usual, a large number to glance over. The *Tivei Franen* of Madame HAHN HAHN is yet to be counted among the novelties of the press—at least, among the novelties worth mentioning. REINHOLD'S *Historical Romances for the German Nation*, dedicated to ERNST HONWALD, are reported as good in their style. The three volumes contain the story of "George Podiedrad," "Scenes from the Seven Years' War," and the "Robbers of Spremberger." *Three Days from the Life of a Zurich Priest*, by HANS LEBRECHT, is a tale cleverly interwoven with the moral and political condition of Zurich during the last forty years; it might, perhaps, have been more popular had it contained matter less controversial, but in Switzerland, a country distracted by parties religious and political, it would have been difficult to write without some such evidence of its birthplace. It is adapted more for the Swiss than for a desultory public. The prolific writer A. V. STERNBERG has published *Jena und Leipsig*, which in the reviews is described as brilliant and clever, like all his writings; but having a tendency towards the political discussions of the times, and painting in no favourable colours the vices of aristocratic Germany. It contains, too, many dramatic situations and really poetical passages. *Der Roué*, by A. JAGER, known as the author of several novels and the *Life of Prince Pückler Muskau*, is deserving of mention, being entertaining, and even in parts instructive. We have in it a repetition of the Jean Paul description of Scheeraw, which place he selects for the cradle of his hero; this is a comparison to which few authors, we think, would expose themselves. *Ritter und Bauer*, and *Zigennen und Edellante*, are novels written under nearly the same impressions—the relation of the rich to the poor, but treated in very different styles; the first being, among novels, good, the second scarcely deserving more than a reference.

The Comte DE CORBERON has published a collection of German popular stories and legends, chiefly for the benefit of his own countrymen. The opinions of a foreign critic upon it may be quoted here. "The first collection of German popular tales and songs, published some years ago in a French dress, met with a very different reception from different literary circles. The one hailed it as the very quintessence of all true poetry; the other regarded the volume itself as evidence of excited and irrational enthusiasm. There were very few who rightly fixed their judgment between the two. In the end, the latter party held the sway, and the work fell to the ground in the struggle which took place regarding its merits. There are many at present even who do not perceive that, as time advances, the life of every nation becomes of more interest and importance to others. Napoleon proscribed the wonderful *De l'Allemagne*, because this most remarkable work of a remarkable woman was just of that nature to instil the French with a sympathy for the young and rising spirit of Germany. These French radical critics would imitate Napoleon, and repress to the utmost of their power every element of Germanism which comes in their way. They shew this in the determined antipathy to the German spirit which is to be met with in many of the liberal organs of opinion; incomprehensibility, obscurity, mysticism, are among the terms in most frequent use with these anti-Germans. Nevertheless, there are many in France to whom this work will be really welcome, many who will appreciate it, alike for the genuine beauties it contains and the great merits of its translation. We inquire for the sources whence the collector has drawn the materials of his labours; and, before all others, the old Musaeus stands conspicuous, whose works even now are read with delight by old and young. It is not, however, to be denied that he owes much to other works, for instance, the *Rubezahl* of Lyser; but the groundwork of his information is to be found in the *Wolksmärchen den Deutschen* of Musaeus. The editor declares also that he has spent thirteen years in travelling over Germany, in securing information relative to the subject which no book could have afforded him. The first volume is devoted to the frisky, capricious 'Rubezahl' alone. Is it not to be feared that, at this rate, the patience of a people, not nationally interested in the work, will be exhausted before it is near completion? It might, too, be objected to the editor that he is too fond of displaying the really vast resources of his mind, seizing with avidity upon the slightest opportunity of launching forth the treasures of his knowledge, and thus giving to his labours an air of heaviness, without which they would, undoubtedly, become more popular. His knowledge of German literature is certainly, for a foreigner, remarkably extensive."

Another work of this class is a volume entitled *Legends, Tales, Songs, &c. of Cologne;* the joint contributions of several hands, edited by ERNST WEYDEN, of which the *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung* remarks:—"Some time since, Ernst Weyden was author of a book styled *Köln's Vorzeit*, a book which has been much and deservedly read. It has been followed by this little work. The history of Cologne, which opens the former volume, must be reluctantly passed over; it furnished a short yet clear glance over the fate of the German Rome, and was, indeed, a most welcome preface to such a study. The tales and legends of course formed the chief contents, which, when given in their old and genuine style, are infinitely more pleasing than all the romanticism in the world. But some of the most beautiful sayings and legends have been robbed of all their truth and beauty; as, for instance, that of the *Cuniberts Born*. In this spring, so say the people, sit the children and the Mother of God. When a mother wishes for a child, she goes to the well, lets down the bucket, and the Mother of God sets one in the bucket for her. Commonly, however, the woman hurts her leg against a great stone which lies at the edge of the well, and then in bed she must stay until the leg is well again. In the present version we are told that the spring was a healing spring, and once or twice children have been discovered near it." *Die Sagen des Rheinlandes* is another work of the same class, which appeared some time since; the contents would disappoint all, who, reasoning that the Rheinlande must furnish an inexhaustible source of *Sagen* and legends for any who would give the necessary time to their investigation, takes it up in the expectation of meeting an interesting recital of the tales of that land of legends; but KIEFER, the author, has contented himself with simply stringing together some pages from the collections of SIMROCK, PFARRIUS, and others; the book, therefore, cannot be recommended as at all answering its expressed purpose.

Another journal has an observation applying to ourselves, which we give. "Gervinus, in his *National Literature of Germany*, has remarked, that at every period when the unceasing struggle between the backward tendency of the priesthood, and the onward march of the laity, has been at an exciting crisis, *Reynard the Fox*, that ever young poem, has invariably been again produced and seized by the latter party as a most useful weapon. Circumstances at this day have brought forward strongly the contention between these parties, and in England, where it rages more violently than elsewhere, an edition of *Reynard the Fox* has just come to light from the pen of S. Naylor."

We may refer to a collection of the novels and tales of THEODORE MUGGE, at present in course of publication. MUGGE is a writer who has always been popular, without ever succeeding in placing himself among novelists of the first class. He possesses the power of good arrangement, freshness of

colouring, and the art of combining the spirit of the day with his tale in a more eminent degree than the mass of modern writers of fiction. There is much, too, that is admirable in his works, and evidences a fine turn of mind; but, wanting the stamp of originality, he only pleases while being read; no after-impression remains, which alone determines the power of an author or his chances for immortality. His inventive faculties are fertile, but only in a limited field; his novels moreover commence with great vigour, often with novel combinations and situations, &c.; but this fire and energy last only a short time, and burn out long before the close of the volume. It is sad to see so much talent thrown away from mere want of concentration. The last novel of the authoress of *Schloss Goezyn* is now completed, entitled *Skizzen aus der Vornehmen Welt*. It is said to be clever and graceful, like all her writings. We may mention too, *Ivan*, by H. V. Bissing, the *Camilla* of Satori, and *Keine Geheimnisse*, from the pen of J. Hylarius, as all worthy to rank among the respectable novels of the day. Our notices of tales and romances have occupied so much space, that this week our remarks must here come to a close.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headley. New York and London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

There are two sorts of tour-writers; the man who travels with a daguerreotype and presents accurate, hard, unpoetical transcripts of the objects he sees, and the man who travels as an artist, catching and conveying to us with inspired pencil only the more striking *effects*, shewing things as seen in their most novel or most beautiful aspects, or still better, who tells the impressions they made upon his own mind, and reflects their images upon the mind of the reader, illuminated and made doubly interesting by the hues of his own spirit.

Each has his mission. A new district is best explored by your matter-of-fact man,—your traveller in spectacles, who makes a catalogue of the country he traverses, is tediously minute about heights, and distances, and magnitudes, draws whatever he sees in sharp angular outline, accurate as a mathematical problem, describing by rule and compass the precise figure it fills in space, and thus bringing back a ship-load of *facts* for the Cyclopædia and other very useful but very dull domestics.

When, however, a country has been thoroughly explored in this wise; when all its *facts* are ascertained, when all its objects of curiosity have been described a hundred times by pen and pencil, by author and artist, the services of the formal registrar are no longer required, his details are insufferably tedious, and he is dismissed with indignation as a pedant and a bore. Thenceforth, the only tourist we can abide in type is he who gives to an old theme a new aspect by investing it with himself; then we read with eager interest and curiosity, to learn how the places that stand in our memory as hueless forms have impressed another human mind, who has viewed them in the reality. We burn to know what emotions they kindled in him, the very narrative of which by sympathy excites kindred emotions in the reader, and imparts life, colour, motion, and soul to the daguerreotype image that was before lying in his mind so accurate, but so cold and dead. Such a tourist is always welcome; never can *he* weary; to him, the land trodden by millions of travellers is as fresh as if his foot were the first to disturb the dust of centuries, and he is perused with as much eagerness and pleasure as if his book were the first, instead of the last, of hundreds that have been inspired by the same localities. And this because it is the mind of the writer we read; it is for his emotions that our interest is roused; the individual fills and inspires the whole scene, and mind being infinitely diversified, the reflex of the most familiar objects will from every one be thrown out with the freshness of a new creation, though faithful to the original type,—another yet the same.

These preliminary remarks upon tours and tourists in general are not an inappropriate introduction to the volume which has been transmitted to us from America. *Letters from Italy* carry no recommendations on the face of them; they promise no novelty; nay, they would seem to be superfluous. The press has already flooded the world with books about Italy; every square inch of the country has been explored by every imaginable variety of the genus traveller—philosopher, poet, painter, statistician, antiquarian, twaddler. There would seem to be no gleanings for another labourer in the same field. But it is in seeming only. The *rationale* of tour writing we have feebly set forth above will explain why even Italy may yet afford material for ten thousand charming volumes, provided that the writer comprehends his mission and possesses the capacity for his office.

Such a writer is Mr. Headley. He knows his proper task, and he has the ability to execute it. He is essentially an *artist*. He does not copy, but he paints. He professes to report to us not so much Italy as *his views* of it. The scenes he sketches are vivified by the hues of his own emotions. The spirit of philosophy and of poetry is in him: or rather, we should say, he is in the frame of his mind a poet, for the true poet and the true philosopher are identical, and no man can be the one without being also the other. His letters breathe the air of the sweet south—the spell of the land of music and of painting is upon him; he has caught its inspiration, and it has made him eloquent. But he loves wisely. The natural beauties of the clime, the wonders of art which almost live and breathe beneath that blue sky, the memories that hallow every footstep, do not throw him into convulsions, nor do they blind him to the degradations and deformities, physical and moral, into which the people of that land have fallen from causes which all are ready to assign, but which yet remain to be calmly investigated. If we linger over these letters longer than is our wont, it is because it is a better book than it is our lot often to review; and the readers of The Critic are aware that its plan is to measure its notices by the worth and interest of the book reviewed, and not by its bulk, or the name of the publisher.

Mr. Headley quitted America in the autumn of 1842, sailing directly for Italy, and his opening description of life at sea not only possesses some novelty, but is a favourable specimen of his style.

LIFE ON THE WAVES.

The sleeping, or rather not sleeping, in a miserable berth six feet by two, holding on to the one above you to prevent being thrown out—the eating like an Eastern devotee bowing over his sacrifice—the pitching and tossing of the ship against a head-wind on the heavy breakers—the long, monotonous days, and often restless nights—the wearisome calms and fearful storms, and more than all the yearning after the green quiet earth, make a sea-voyage irksome and sickening. It is true there is some relief to this. There is a beauty at times in the ocean, in its changes and caprices, that breaks its otherwise insufferable tedium. I think I have never enjoyed *mere life* more keenly, than when sitting in a clear day far out on the flying jib-boom, I have careered with the careering vessel, and looking back a-down the keel, watched the waters part and foam away from the cleaving bows. Next to this I love, when the sea is "gently rough," to sit on the topmost yard, and look abroad on the great solemn ocean, and catching the dim outlines of the vessels that are hovering on the edge of the horizon, send down "Sail ho!" to the dreaming group on deck. It is pleasant also to lean over the taffrail and watch the rainbow-dolphin slowly swimming after the vessel, or the porpoises floundering ahead, while perhaps the black fin of a shark is combing the water in the distance. A clear evening on the quarter-deck is sweet, when the moist south wind just fills the sails that are gently swelling in the light of the moon, and the bright sparkles here and there on the water seem the twinkling of the feet of Fairies abroad on their nightly revels. There is a sense of freedom too at sea. The jostling multitude—the jar of wheels, and the clamours of money-mad men, are not around. The heart is not compelled to retire within itself lest its feelings should be detected, and its emotions mocked. There are also time and room enough to think. Every thing seems at leisure—even the waves when most excited have a stately motion. But these pleasures are all transient, and then comes the long pining after the fresh earth.

He landed in Genoa in October, and some half-dozen letters are devoted to that city. He opens one of these with a remark which proves how well he understands what a modern tourist has to do. "I have been," he says, "three weeks in Genoa, and I suppose I have not given you what is called a *general* description of the city. This I dislike most of all things—first, because it is indefinite, second, because it is uninteresting." We shall follow his example, and limit our extracts to matter that cannot be found in the Gazetteers.

Mr. Headley and his party determined to take a house in the neighbourhood of Genoa, and finally obtained one with which was associated the following curious

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

There is quite a little romance connected with this building. It was formerly erected and owned by a wealthy man, who was in the habit of visiting a beautiful peasant girl in the neighbourhood. Pleased with his attention, she cast off, as ladies are very apt to do, the rustic lover she had before encouraged. But although her new admirer was frequent and steady in his visits, he never mentioned the subject of matrimony. Things went on in this way for three years, till one night the gentleman was startled, as he was about leaving the house, by the abrupt entrance of the two brothers of the innamorata, demanding that he should immediately marry their sister. They told him that he had visited her for three years, thus keeping away other suitors, and destroying all hopes of their sister's marriage except with him: three years were quite long enough for him to make up his mind in, and as he had not done it, they had concluded to do it for him. This was bringing things to a focus he had not anticipated. For a man of wealth and station to marry a poor peasant girl, merely because he condescended to be smitten by her beauty, was something more than a joke; yet he saw at a glance that there was more meant by those brothers' speech than met the ear—in short, that his choice was to be a marriage or a stiletto through his heart. This was reducing things to the simplest terms; rather too simple for the wealthy admirer.

The trembling, weeping girl, the bold, reckless brothers, and the embarrassed gentleman, must have formed a capital group in a peasant's cottage. At length Signor —— attempted to compromise the matter by saying that then was not the time, nor there the place, to celebrate such a ceremony; besides there was no priest, and the proper way would be to talk over the subject together in the morning. One of the brothers leaned back and rapped slightly on a side door; it opened, and a priest, with his noiseless, cat-like tread, entered the circle. "Here is a priest," said the brothers. There was a short interval of silence, when Signor —— made a slight movement towards the door. Two daggers instantly gleamed before him. He saw that it was all over with him—that the three years of courtship were going to amount to something after all—and so yielded with as good grace as possible, and the nuptials were performed. Like a man of sense, he immediately placed his wife in a convent to be educated, while he, in the mean time, bought a title. Years passed by, and the ignorant peasant-girl emerged into the fashionable world, an accomplished woman. She is now a widow, and is called the beautiful Countess of ——.

While at Genoa, the Carnival took place. Of this we have had so many accounts that we need not copy Mr. HEADLEY's picture, although more spirited than any we have seen, save to relate an anecdote of CLARA NOVELLO, who was engaged to sing there, after a contest between the governments of Rome and Genoa which should have her, and which was decided by their *sharing the honour!* She attempted an air unsuited to her voice, was slightly hissed, and walked off the stage in dudgeon. For this she was put under arrest for three days, but was released on promise of good behaviour.

The love of music in Italy amounts to a monomania. It absorbs all other thoughts, and probably tends not a little to keep the people in their present degraded and depressed condition. A horrible proof of it was witnessed by Mr. HEADLEY.

A SCENE AT AN OPERA.

I have seen and heard much of an Italian's love of music, but nothing illustrating it so forcibly as an incident that occurred last evening at the opera. In the midst of one of the scenes, a man in the pit near the orchestra was suddenly seized with convulsions. His limbs stiffened; his eyes became set in his head, and stood wide open, staring at the ceiling like the eyes of a corpse; while low and agonizing groans broke from his struggling bosom. The prima-donna came forward at that moment, but seeing this livid, death-stamped face before her, suddenly stopped, with a tragic look and start, that for *once* was perfectly natural. She turned to the bass-singer, and pointed out the frightful spectacle. He also started back in horror, and the prospect was that the opera would terminate on the spot; but the scene that was just opening was the one in which the prima-donna was to make her great effort, and around which the whole interest of the play was gathered, and the spectators were determined not to be disappointed because one man was dying, and so shouted, "Go on! go on!" Clara Novello gave another look towards the groaning man, whose whole aspect was enough to freeze the blood, and then started off in her part. But the dying man grew worse and worse, and finally sprung bolt upright in his seat. A person sitting behind him, all-absorbed in the music, immediately placed his hands on his shoulders, pressed him down again, and held him firmly in his place. There he sat, pinioned fast, with his pale, corpse-like face upturned, in the midst of that gay assemblage, and the foam rolling over his lips, while the braying of trumpets, and the voice of the singer, drowned the groans that were rending his bosom. At length the foam became streaked with blood as it oozed through his teeth, and the convulsive starts grew quicker and fiercer. But the man behind held him fast, while he gazed in perfect rapture on the singer, who now, like the ascending lark, was trying her loftiest strain. As it ended, the house rang with applause, and the man who had held down the poor writhing creature could contain his ecstasy no longer, and lifting his hands from his shoulders, clapped them rapidly together three or four times, crying out over the ears of the dying man, "Brava, brava!" and then hurriedly placing them back again to prevent his springing up, in his convulsive throes. It was a perfectly maddening spectacle, and the music jarred on the chords of my heart like the blows of a hammer. But the song was ended, the effect secured, and so the spectators could attend to the sufferer in their midst. The gens-d'armes entered, and carried him speechless and lifeless out of the theatre.

Here is another trait:—

"BRAVO."

The wife of our chargé related to me the other day a curious illustration of an Italian's habit of crying "bravo" to every thing that pleases him. During the winter there was a partial eclipse of the sun, and the Turinites were assembled on the public square to witness it. As the shadow of the moon slowly encroached on the sun's disc, they cried out "bravo, bravo," as they would to a successful actor on the stage.

Mr. HEADLEY appears to have been much disappointed with society in Italy. The balls are showy, but uninteresting; they consist of very small talk and very zealous dancing—just like balls in England. As for the fabled beauty of the Italian women, he could nowhere find it. Their charm lies in their graceful figures and movements, and their lively unaffected manners. Take this portrait of

THE BELLE OF GENOA.

There, for the first time, I saw the *belle* of the city, the Marchioness of Balbi. I was glad to see what the Italians regarded as beauty, and was surprised to find that she had the light complexion and rosy cheeks of the Saxon race. She *was* beautiful—*very*, but of that kind of beauty I do not particularly admire; it was, what I would term, of the *doll kind*. But oh, such spirits, and such a dazzling quantity of diamonds!—one almost needed to shield his eyes to look on her. The value of them was variously estimated, but the average estimate seemed to put them at about two hundred thousand dollars. But even her diamonds could not outshine the sparkling joy of her countenance. I never saw a being float so through a saloon, as if her body were a feather and her soul the zephyr that floated it. It made me sigh to look on her.

In Genoa, it seems, the monks and priests have established a regular trade of match-making, for which they receive three per cent. on all the dowry the bride they have won brings to her husband. "Custom," says our tourist, "has fixed this rate till it is absolute as law."

Italy is supposed to be the very focus of priestcraft, and so it is of priestly *power*; but it is questionable whether the people are really so imposed upon as they appear to be. A great storm occurred at Genoa during Mr. HEADLEY's residence, and prayers were offered in the churches, and the storm of course passed off in due time. On this subject he had some talk with two classes of persons—his attendant ANTONIO, and a gentleman of his acquaintance. Said the former, "Ah, they know that storms in this country never last more than four days, and they saw the wind was changing before they started." Quoth the latter, "Umph, they watched the barometer, and were careful enough not to start till they saw it rising." These are significant signs of what is working in the depths of the national mind.

Another mode of cheating the Church is related of the revels of the carnival:—

The *law* is, that no dance shall be *commenced* after the great bell of the cathedral has struck the hour of midnight. They are not required, however, to stop in the middle of one already commenced, but are permitted to dance it out. Taking advantage of this law, just before midnight they divide the orchestra and form a new dance. One part of the orchestra rest till the other become fatigued, when they relieve them. There are always enough dancers to keep the set full, and yet half the company be resting. In this way *the dance is not ended* till two o'clock. By this simple process they cheat the Church out of two good hours.

(To be continued.)

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

HOME TOURS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—There is a mania for going abroad in search of natural beauties and turning the back upon the beauties at home. I have travelled over a considerable portion of the Continent and can conscientiously aver that I have seen no scenery to be compared with that presented by our own country. Wales is as picturesque, if not quite so grand, as Switzerland: Scotland beats the Black Forest hollow; for river scenery there is nothing like the Wye; and the plains of Belgium and Germany are very uninviting to the eye accustomed to the rich meadows and wooded valleys of Old England. Our lakes are at least as good as those of the South, though not so large. In short, I would recommend those of my countrymen who have time and money to expend upon a tour, to try a travel in Great Britain. As everybody goes abroad, the select will now stay at home, and fashion will wander in the Highlands, or in Devonshire, or on the Welsh mountains, instead of the Rhine and Switzerland. I know many persons who purpose this diversion, but they want the aid so readily supplied if they go abroad. They need a *Murray's Handbook* to tell them what to see, how to travel, where to put up, what are the charges at the inns, and so forth. Would some of the readers of THE CRITIC favour us with a few skeleton home tours and the particulars, in ever so few words, which I have indicated? It would confer an obligation on many with intentions similar to those of your admirer. LECTOR.

ART.

THE exhibitions are now closing, and there is, and will be for some time to come, little of special interest to report in the department of Art. The exhibition of the works purchased by the prize-holders of the Art-Union is yet to come. Why it should be deferred to a period when the more influential classes have left town, we are at a loss to discover. That the delay is intentional, there can be no doubt; for ample time would be allowed the prize-winners to select the works they may prefer, if they were required to make their choice by the close of May. That the policy of the committee in postponing the exhibition to so late a period, is prejudicial equally to the institution itself and the interest of the arts, must be obvious to every one. When at last the exhibition shall be opened, we shall take the opportunity, as we did last year, of making such strictures on the society, its constitution and operation, as seem to us desirable, and unquestionably the interests of art demand.

We subjoin a report of the meeting for distribution of the prizes at the Government School of Design:—

On Wednesday the Annual Meeting and distribution of prizes to the successful students took place at the rooms, Somerset-house. The Right Hon. Lord Colborne presided, and was supported by Lord Ashburton, the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, M.P.; the Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley, M.P.; B. Hawes, esq. M.P.; H. T. Hope, esq. M.P.; H. G. Knight, esq. M.P.; R. M. Milnes, esq. M.P.; S. Pusey, esq. M.P.; Sir R. Westmacott, R.A.; Thomas Wyse, esq. M.P.; J. G. Lefevre, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, &c. A large number of ladies were also present, and the rooms were decorated with specimens of the students' skill, most of which were highly creditable performances.

CHARLES HEATH WILSON, Esq. director of the school, read the report. It stated that the prize committee appointed by the council had examined the various designs and drawings exhibited by the competing students, and had much satisfaction in testifying to the great improvements which had been made in the school during the past session. The designs were more numerous, better executed, and displayed more knowledge of ornament, and greater range of taste and composition, than those exhibited on any similar occasion, holding out a cheering prospect of continued improvement on the part of the pupils. The committee had also much satisfaction in reporting that some of the students were already engaged as designers by manufacturers, and several of the designs which were exhibited that day had been purchased by Messrs. Holland and Son, upholsterers, of Marylebone-street, St. James's. Three of the principal designs, namely, the arabesque, subject "Painting and Music," by Mr. Murdoch; the arabesque called "Peace and War," by Mr. Stewart; and that in the Pompeian style, by Mr. Hammersley, had not been executed in competition, but were the works of the assistant masters, who had been engaged in the study of ornament, and employed as elementary teachers in the school during the past year. The committee had also much pleasure in alluding to a cartoon by Mr. Murdoch, which he had executed at home, and which was most creditable to his industry and advancement in his studies. Various designs for manufactures were exhibited, which were deserving of praise. An evening class had been established, in consequence of a large portion of students, to whom the study of the practice of painting was of essential importance, being able to attend in the evening only; but as painting by gas-light was attended with considerable difficulty, the practice of these students had been principally confined to subjects from casts, or groups of still life. This arrangement had been found to be of great practical benefit to the students, and the works produced by them had very considerable merit. The works of the female pupils were extremely satisfactory, as had also been the progress of the pupils in the modelling class.

The CHAIRMAN remarked, that in the higher classes of art, the people of England had generally been found inferior to their continental neighbours; but he thought, from the achievements of the students in that school, that in a few years we might be able to equal them. The noble lord passed a high eulogium on Mr. C. H. Wilson, the director of the school, and all who were concerned in the work of tuition.

His lordship then delivered the prizes. They consisted of sums of money from 30s. up to eight guineas, and were sixty in number, and were awarded for designs in carpets, paper-hangings, handkerchiefs, chandeliers, and every conceivable branch of manufactures, as well as for paintings, drawings, and sculpture, &c.

The principal prizes were adjudged to Messrs. Harvey, Cadman, Pearce, Jefferson, Denby, Longford, Wise, O'Reilly, Durrant, Abercrombie, and Wells; in the female school, to Misses Filmore, Cooke, Bragg, Smith, Hunter, Shaw, Jennings, Farrer, and Culbard.

MUSIC.

DE FOLLY'S NEW PIANOFORTE.

INNOVATIONS upon long-used and widely-spread forms, however valuable, are perilous to the hopes of the inventors. It is therefore not without well-grounded apprehension of the many and various impediments which an invention like M. De Folly's pianoforte will have to encounter, that we call the attention of our readers to its claims and merits. These, if established, must carry with them the entire subversion of the old structure of this kind of musical instrument. The principle upon which M. De Folly, an accomplished practical musician, has constructed his instrument, is a uniform distribution of the semitones throughout the scale, by means of keys alternately raised and depressed, of the same form as those already constituting the key-board of the pianoforte. The object of the inventor is to render the action of the fingers uniform, in whatever key the performer may find himself. This is done by two positions of the hand only, instead of the multiplied *poses* hitherto necessary. This novel construction not only facilitates the performance, but extends the range of musical combinations, by placing at the command of the player a larger number of notes, without distortion of the hand, or disturbance of its position.

To attain the average amount of proficiency upon this new instrument, not more than one-tenth of the labour demanded by the older will be required. To the objections of interested parties, whether professors or manufacturers of the pianoforte, no immediate attention need be paid. It is enough for our purpose to have pointed out the undeniable advantages arising from the simplified system which this invention offers. But one great practical impediment will be found in those who are already possessed of pianofortes of the old structure, and who are adepts in the use of them. Nothing short of a legislative enactment, calling in the *old* and enjoining the use of the *new*, can, as we think, establish that universality which must be considered an elementary principle of the instrument. We have before said that this invention must subvert the existing structure, and, as far as regards public performance, this would be of little importance; but in private use, the great source of recompense to which the inventor must ultimately direct his attention, we apprehend that, however great its merits, they will be balanced against outlay of money and practical utility. It must be borne in mind that a recommencement of study is primarily necessary, which, although shorter in its course, is disqualifying as regards progress, even if a double course of practice be not required to guard against the inevitable accident of not always finding an instrument of this kind at hand. We offer these observations in no unfriendly spirit to the ingenious inventor, but as reasonable grounds of impediment to the progress of his dis-

covery, against which he must hold himself prepared. Beyond these obstructions to its adoption, the invention comes full of promise, both as regards the facilitated practice and enlarged resources of the instrument; and we cannot allow it to pass without our recognition of its claims, against which, while we have felt it our duty to offer some objections, we cannot allow its access to notoriety to be barred by superficial sneers or envious detraction. This duty our position, wholly independent of the "manufacturer," or his occult agent, the "professor," enables us to discharge with justice to the public and those aspiring to their patronage and support.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We attended on Saturday to witness the second performance this season of MOZART'S *Cosi Fan Tutte* ("'Tis the way with them all"), which has been revived, we hear, at the express desire of her Majesty, at once a fine musician herself, and an excellent judge of music. Her selection of this most graceful opera for reproduction is of itself a proof of sound taste, for it possesses none of those elements which constitute attraction with minds of the more vulgar stamp. It has no glare, no excitement about it; its beauties are altogether of the more tranquil sort, appealing to the soul, and not merely to the ear, as is the case with far too many of the current favourites. The first act is more especially charming; its music is easy, flowing, natural, and full of melody; twining,—to adopt the language of a contemporary critic,—twining round the heart like the grape vine of the sunny South round the father of the forest; satisfying at once the ear and the understanding. On the last occasion of its production, in 1842, RUBINI and Madame PERSIANI filled the parts intrusted this season to MARIO and Madame CASTELLAN; Madame RITA BORIO has succeeded to Madame MOLTINI in the character of *Dorabella*, and Madame ROSSI CACCIA is the intriguing chambermaid, in place of Madame GRANCHI. The Signori LABLACHE, father and son, fill the same parts now which they impersonated then. It will thus be seen, that the cast of the opera is on the whole more efficient than in 1842, for while LABLACHE, *père*, is as good as ever, and LABLACHE, *fils*, better; while MARIO (who seemed really quite animated, for him) and Madame CASTELLAN may fairly contest the palm with their predecessors; while Madame RITA BORIO'S performance gave rise to no invidious recollection of MOLTINI, there can be no doubt that ROSSI CACCIA is a vast improvement upon Madame GRANCHI. The opera was well received, but without any very vehement enthusiasm, the audience, perhaps, reserving the strength of their hands and voices for the *Pas de Quatre*, which was danced that evening for the last time, CARLOTTA GRISI'S engagement then terminating for the season. The theatre was crowded beyond all precedent, enormous as the attendances have been. CERITO, who was announced for Tuesday in *Eoline*, was not forthcoming, and in her place LUCILE GRAHN, a very agreeable substitute, appeared as the *dryade*. LABLACHE took his benefit on Thursday, and a very beneficial benefit it must have been, as he well merits. *Don Pasquale* was the opera selected.

HAYMARKET. — MORTON'S play, *A School for Grown Children*, was revived here on Tuesday evening, after a repose of nearly twenty years, it never having been acted, we believe, since the first season of its production, in 1827, until the present time. Its five acts have been compressed into three by some judicious hand, a circumstance, as we take it, greatly conducive to the success which it met with on this occasion. Of the actors who participated in the production of the comedy in 1827, two still remain on the staff of the Haymarket, and resumed their parts on Tuesday as lively as ever, Mrs. GLOVER, to wit, and Mr. FARREN. For the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, Mr. HOLL took the part heretofore filled by CHARLES KEMBLE, *Sir Arthur Stanmore;* Mr. HUDSON impersonated *Young Revel*, *vice* JONES; Mr. WEBSTER replaced SERLE in the character of *Frank Ryland;* Mr. BRINDAL succeeded to POWER, in that of *Dexter;* and Mr. BUCKSTONE was *Buttercup*, whom KEELEY whilome represented. As to the ladies, whom we ought to have mentioned first, Miss JULIA BENNETT was *Lady Stanmore*, the character in which ample Miss CHESTER, in 1827, walked majestic; Miss FORTESCUE succeeded in the part of *Mrs. Revel*, to the charming CHATTERLEY, whom, by the way, we saw only the other day, looking well nigh as well as ever; Miss CARRE replaced Miss M. GLOVER, and Mrs. STANLEY invited comparison with Mrs. VINING. It is no slight praise of the Haymarket *troupe* to say, that, called upon to perform a comedy whose parts were manifestly written, as is but too commonly the case, for particular actors, not less than for a particular period and for a particular tone of public feeling, they have fitted themselves to the parts, as though the author had composed the work last month especially for them. As to the plot, its outline runs thus:—*Revel, senior*, an old Nabob, having a son sadly given to dissipation, can think of no better means of curing the young rake than by affecting to go to still greater extremes than he in the improprieties, and finally pretends to hang himself in a fit of despair for having lost all his fortune, as he feigns, at the gaming-table. Two others of the *grown children* are for a while made perfectly miserable, and their conjugal blessedness almost entirely destroyed, by the machinations of a malignant woman, rendered furious by jealousy; but their distresses, too, clear away. The folly of another of the *grown children* consists in his adventuring at the gaming-table a sum of money he has saved up for the filial purpose of paying his dead father's debts. He loses it all, and *hinc multæ lachrymæ;* but all ends well, and *Old Revel*, come back to life, takes part in a hornpipe so vigorously as to warrant the spectators in making him dance it over again. Mr. WEBSTER'S impersonation of *Frank Ryland* was exceedingly good; his pathos had nothing of the maudling about it. How Mr. FARREN filled his part may be readily conceived by all who have seen this accomplished performer. It must have been quite *A Cure for the Heartache* to Mr. MORTON to come across such men as FARREN, to enter thoroughly into his meaning, and to interpret it unmistakeably to his audiences. Mr. HOLL was placed in a trying position, filling, as he did, a character heretofore assigned to CHARLES KEMBLE; but he went through the ordeal very satisfactorily; he has a handsome and highly intelligent face, a good figure, and great animation. BUCKSTONE, of course, was amusing; his acting, as usual, was characterzied by mannerism, but his predecessor KEELEY is still more open to this objection than he. KEELEY very rarely gets beyond the point—which, however, answers his purpose—of the audience laughing at him; BUCKSTONE not unfrequently superadds to this the making the audience laugh with him; but then BUCKSTONE is a really clever man, KEELEY mere fat and face-making. Previous to the performances, the walls vicinous to the Haymarket were placarded with an announcement that Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, who was to have taken the part of *Young Revel*, "in direct violation of his engagement, had refused to appear." We must confess that we are rather disposed to congratulate Mr. WEBSTER upon this proceeding of the refractory actor. Mr. and Mrs. MATHEWS, we believe, have, for some time past been drawing no less a sum than 60*l.* per week from the Haymarket treasury; and fully impressed, as we are, with the belief that their joint value to the theatre cannot be greater than, at the very outside, 20*l.* a week, we should imagine that Mr. WEBSTER will be only too happy to accept any tender of resignation which those *grown children*, in the inflation of their self-importance, may offer him. We like very well to see CHARLES MATHEWS in several characters, and we like pretty well, but not so well as heretofore, to see Madame VESTRIS in several characters, but we can dispense with them rather than hear of their airs, and the lessee of the Haymarket can dispense with them, we should say, rather than submit to their airs.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We stated last week that these admirable performances had terminated. We return to the subject, for the purpose of giving our readers a *resumé* of the arrangements which have thrown such *éclât* over the past season, arrangements, embracing as they have done, a large proportion of the available histrionic talent of the French metropolis. The success attending the performances of Mr. MITCHELL'S English company in Paris, and their marked patronage by Louis Philippe, seem to have given a new interest to the French plays in London; as these commenced on the 27th January with more brilliancy, and under more encouraging auspices, than in any previous season. The first stars were LAFONT and Madame NATHALIE, who at once established themselves as favourites. Next, scarcely less successful, came FREDERIC LEMAITRE and Mademoiselle CLARISSE. An entire change in the style of performances took place on the arrival of Mademoiselle PLESSY, who appeared March 21st, and remained among us for two months, with a popularity ever increasing. She was joined by RAVEL, who, playing on the same evenings with her, enabled the audience to enjoy at once the elegant comedy of the *Théâtre Français* and the broad farce of the *Théâtre Palais Royal*. By the way, PLESSY, it seems, has quarrelled with her manager at the *Théâtre Français*, and flown to Russia, bonds and bargains to the contrary being all set at naught. The forsaken *entrepreneur* threatens all sorts of fierce things, which we hope he will not carry into effect against so charming a person. At all events, we trust that PLESSY will have got thoroughly tired of St. Petersburg ere the St. James's next season opens. To proceed with our *resumé:* after RAVEL, came REGNIER, one of the most popular *artistes* of the *Théâtre Français*, and some of the best productions of *La France Dramatique* were acted by him in conjunction with Mdlle. PLESSY, Mdlle. BONVAL, M. CARTIGNY, aided by the excellent general company engaged by Mr. MITCHELL. Thereafter came ACHARD and his sweet voice, succeeded by ARNAL, with whom

the season closed, after seventy-one nights of performance, wherein no fewer than eighty-four pieces had been produced, of which fifty were entirely new to this country. We can conceive no reason why Mr. MITCHELL should not open again in the autumn; the past season has, we believe, been a successful one; why not a winter season as well? There are always plenty of people, of the higher class, too, in town, who would be delighted to have such a place to spend the evening in when the opera is closed and time weighs upon them as upon us with peculiar heaviness.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—*Marie Ducange* has been revived here, and, with Madame CELESTE for its heroine, is attracting full houses every night. The drama is excellently played, and well worth seeing.

DRURY LANE.—The performances of the Brussels operatic company have been extended to the present week, but are now concluded, we believe, for the season; the success, however, of the later representations has been such as to render it highly probable that the company will repeat their visit as soon as their other arrangements will permit. We shall be delighted to renew our acquaintance with them.

ASTLEY'S.—We attended at this handsome theatre on Tuesday, and witnessed the performance of a ballet of action by the French company, entitled *Il Diavolo di Abruzzi; or, the Brigand Chief and the Dog of the Chateau*. The *Diavolo* is represented by M. TOURNAIRE with much vigour, and he is supported by a large and well-disciplined company, not the least important member of which is the dog Nestor, an exceedingly intelligent and virtuously-disposed animal, which co-operates in the suppression of vice most energetically and successfully. The scenery is very good, and the *tableaux* arranged with a capital eye to effect. We have seen many a worse *mise en scène* at houses of far higher pretension. The scenes in the circle are very good, our prime favourite among the exhibitors being Madame KLATT, who displayed some of the most mistressly and elegant horsewomanship we ever witnessed. The entertainments concluded with *The Battle of Waterloo*, Mr. GOMERSAL appearing, for the thousandth time, for aught we know, as the Emperor. We wonder it has never occurred to this gentleman to "try the Napoleon dodge" in France. We are by no means clear that Louis Philippe would not deem it discreet to buy him up, in order to prevent any unpleasant contingency.

Tamburini is expected in town shortly, from St. Petersburgh, having taken a trip to his native Italy previous to coming to Paris. Mme. Viadot Garcia has arrived some time, having proceeded hither direct from the Russian capital. The campaign is described as having been brilliantly successful, and the entire company return for the next season.

VAUXHALL.—A third *Bal Masqué* was given here on Thursday, which we have not space to notice this week; we will do so in our next publication.

THE COLOSSEUM.—This temple of recreation continues to be an object of admiration to all classes of visitors. Its attractions are so varied, so intellectual, and at the same time so striking, that the spectator scarcely knows which the most to admire. The Museum of Sculpture, the Panorama of London, the Caverns of Adelsberg, Mont Blanc, Mer de Glace and Alpine Torrent, the Conservatories, beautiful Gothic Aviary, and Classical Ruins of Rome and Greece, together form a combination of entertainment unequalled perhaps in the world. The Colosseum is now rendered a yet more delightful lounge for evening parties than heretofore, by the introduction of music and *singing* in the Grand Saloon.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—THE DUTY ON GLASS.—One of the effects of the removal of this duty may now be seen in the chemical lecture-room of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, where the large table used for the chemical experiments is covered by one enormous slab of plate-glass, nearly an inch in thickness, and covering a surface of twelve feet by five. The glass is embedded in *sulphate of baryta* to prevent the discolouring effects of any of the hydro-sulphate, which might by accident find its way underneath the glass. The comfort, cleanliness, and utility of a table so covered can only be fully appreciated by those who have to contend with the annoyances arising from the action of acids and alkalis upon common wood surfaces. The appearance of the table is certainly unique and beautiful, and reflects great credit upon the directors of the institution, as well as the parties under whose superintendence the whole has been constructed. The lecture of Dr. RYAN on steam-boiler explosions continues to attract crowded audiences, shewing the interest the public take, and certainly very properly, in a subject of such vital importance. One word for Dr. BACHHOFFNER, whose lectures on Natural Philosophy are clear and convincing.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

As every experiment, however apparently a repetition of former ones, is of invaluable importance in the ascertainment of the existence of the alleged faculty of clairvoyance, because the greater their number the more improbable becomes the presence of fraud on the part of the patient, or error on that of the observer, we make no apology for continuing to record the observations made upon the youth whose interesting case we last week introduced to our readers. And being immediately under our own eye, and employed in our own establishment, the opportunity will not be neglected for making and preserving a formal and extensive series of experiments; and we shall be obliged by suggestions from any quarter in aid of this endeavour to throw more light upon phenomena as yet so wrapped in mystery.

Since the publication of the last CRITIC the boy has been twice mesmerised with a view to a repetition of tests. The results were as follow.

On the first occasion there were present the same F.R.S. who had witnessed the former experiment, an eminent solicitor, and the wife of a distinguished physician who has been, and is, a decided opponent of Mesmerism, and the lady entered the room sharing to the full the opinions of her husband. The solicitor, too, had come in full confidence of fraud, and to make sure, as he thought, of exposing it, he had, previously to leaving his office, requested his clerk to cut out a word from any book he pleased, and enclose it in thick brown paper folded over some five or six times and sealed, so as to ensure that it had not been opened. No person in the room knew what the packet contained. On producing it, he said he should be satisfied if the boy would read it through the paper in which it was wrapt; but to make assurance doubly sure, and to test beyond all doubt Mr. BRAID'S assertion that they see by an exalted power of ordinary vision through a transparent medium, it was resolved that the packet should be placed in a box. Accordingly a card case was procured of solid wood, veneered with tortoise-shell, and into this the packet was placed, the boy not being present at the time.

The boy was then called in, mesmerised, and the card-case containing the packet was given to him. He breathed upon it several times, pressed it to his stomach and his forehead, and asked us, who had mesmerised him, to breath upon it also. His mind was evidently working itself up to a state of concentrated attention. He placed the case upon the arm of the sofa above him, threw himself upon the pillow, buried his face in it, the case still remaining on the ledge above him, and in this state he remained for two or three minutes. Then he said, "I see it now; it is wrapped in thick brown paper, and there are two seals on it—little seals. What a lot of folds to get through!" Presently he rose up with evident joy on his countenance. "What will you say if I tell you? It is 'LAW.'" And on opening the packet sure enough it was.

The F.R.S. and the lady then cut out something from a newspaper, we knew not what, and the lady folded it in the thickest brown paper many times, and sealed it with her own hand and put it into the card-case. Supposing that it had been a *word* they had so enclosed, we told the boy that there was a word for him to read. After pondering over it for some time, he said, "No, it's not a word—it's figures. I see them; they are 1217." Both the lady and gentleman had forgotten what the figures were, and, curiously enough, as they were guessing at it, the recollection of them escaped the boy also, and he was not then sure whether it was 1217 or 1717 he had said. However, it was the former, and on opening the packet there were the very figures enclosed.

Still the lady was not satisfied. In each case, she said,

somebody else besides herself had known what was put in the case, and she could not be sure that they had not told the boy. This was a reasonable objection enough in itself, though, to be sure, not very complimentary to her friends; but it was resolved that she should satisfy herself, by putting privately, and unknown to any body beside, something into the box, having first enclosed it in as much paper as she pleased, and sealed it with her own hands. She went apart for this purpose and produced the card-case. Not a word was said as to its contents. In about three minutes the boy said, "It 's not a word—it 's a picture—a picture of a lady walking with a parasol, and a little child." Mrs. M. was amazed and convinced now. On opening the card-case there was the thick packet, with seal unbroken, and within a vignette engraving as the boy had described.

Afterwards, one gentleman placed his hands over the eyes of the boy, pressing down the lids tightly with his fingers; then the other gentleman placed his hands over those of the former, and in this state the boy read whatever was put before him, and described pictures.

These occurrences took place at the chambers of the editor in the Temple.

On the following day the boy was taken to the editor's private residence. At this *séance* four ladies and one gentleman were present. He again three times read words embossed in the card cases of the company, and read with his eyes blinded.

And here we will note a very interesting incident accidentally elicited. There was a piano in the room, and the boy asked one of the ladies to play to him. To try what effect it might have upon him, we silently placed our finger over *Time* and *Tune*. The boy immediately made for the piano, and said he would play. He sat down and rudely but intelligibly produced several airs, and then wandered into a sort of extempore strain, keeping beautiful time, and with an evident idea of a tune in his mind, which he was unable to express on the instrument from ignorance of its mechanism. He informed them afterwards, when he was wakened, that he had never touched a piano before, but he had once thumped for a few minutes on an organ. This manifest exhibition of time and tune was curious enough; but the result was more so. While he was playing away with all his soul, and in evident enjoyment, we blew so gently that he did not feel it on the organs we had exerted. The effect was instantaneous. His hands wandered over the keys, without observance either of time or tune, in most unpleasing discord, and his face assumed a comical expression of amazement. "What have you done to the instrument?" he exclaimed; "you've been screwing it up, —it don't sound as it did—just put it right again, will you?" He was not conscious that the change had been in his mind, and not in the instrument. Again we touched Time and Tune, and again he played correctly; again we blew upon them, and again his hands wandered about in dire confusion. So delicate and perfect a proof of phreno-mesmerism we have never seen before, and we record it, hoping that the experiment will be tried with other patients, and varied as ingenuity may suggest. It must lead to extensive and useful knowledge of the precise functions of the various mental faculties.

The boy is extremely intelligent and communicative in the somnambulic state. He readily answers any inquiry, and he tells us that if any test is applied which he cannot solve he says so at once. He never guesses at an answer if he does not really perceive the object; hence it is that, unlike any other patient we have seen, *he has never failed in a single instance.*

When asked *how* he sees the objects in the box, he describes it thus:—he says he feels as if his eyes were turned up towards his forehead and fixed upon a spot on the brow (upon which he placed his finger to shew us)—it was just above the frontal sinus, in the region of *Eventuality*. When the eyes are so fixed, he adds, he perceives a blue light, which seems to illuminate every thing round him and to penetrate every thing, and by this light, which passes through the card-case and the paper, he sees what it contains.

He states further, that it is easier for him to see through a solid body than through one composed of folds; *each surface presents an obstacle and increases* the difficulty of seeing. Hence he can perceive objects within a wooden box more readily than within a couple of envelopes, and through brown paper more easily than through white paper.

This is the substance of his own accounts of the manner of this curious form of perception. We give it as we had it from him that it may be taken at its worth. In a subject about which we are so entirely in the dark, all evidence, however slight, has some value. It may at least assist inquiry and suggest experiments.

One word more before we conclude for this week. From many incidents, we have not space now to detail, we are satisfied that the faculty called *clairvoyance* is not an occasional but a universal incident to the mesmeric condition; that, by judicious management in encouraging to its exercise, every patient will be found to possess it in a greater or less degree. We therefore earnestly recommend to all of our readers who enjoy the opportunity, to make patient trial of it, and note the results. They must not be disappointed by failures at first, and great patience must be used in the experiments to incite the patient to the necessary effort of the mind, and to wait results; for perception is rarely manifested immediately, but only after a fixing of the attention for some minutes. If this trial be made generally we have little doubt that the most valuable discoveries will be the consequence of the experiments in clairvoyance.

MR. SPENCER HALL AND MR. BRAID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I beg to offer a few remarks in reply to the rabid attack which Mr. Hall has made upon me in THE CRITIC of the 5th instant. Mr. H.'s chameleon and ostrich similes are too poetic for my prosaic powers, and consequently I shall not attempt to cope with them. I may remark, however, that they are written with more of the *poetic license* than is consistent with the strict and correct narrative which becomes philosophic discussion; and a reference to Mr. Hall's writings, sayings, and doings will prove that his *own* opinions have not been without *something* of the *chameleon* character which he attempts to impute to mine.

It must have been obvious to every dispassionate reader that the reference I made to Mr. Hall and the "only Wm. Holbrook whom I had known," answering to the description given of himself, was not given with the view of stigmatizing them, but was merely a statement of facts required to identify the persons whom I had reason to believe were the *dramatis personæ*. I merely alleged that the *author* and *sponsor* of the letter were *different persons*, and that probably *the* William H. *referred to* might have lent his name in print to what was written by another; and now Mr. Hall admits the fact on both points, and thus proves that I was sufficiently clairvoyant to comprehend the whole of this shallow piece of manœuvring. But if Mr. Hall considers it such a grievous crime on my part to have made that slight allusion to himself and coadjutors in this cause, why not also assail the editor of THE CRITIC for referring to his proceedings *at Reading*, so justly as was done (through a correspondent) *in the same page with my letter?* Again, if Mr. Hall considers it a stigma for him and his subjects to be known as engaged in their present vocation, how does he reconcile his professions with his conduct in this respect? and how comes it that I see so many of his advertisements *announcing the fact?* one in THE CRITIC, so late as the 5th inst. in these words: "Engagements made for morning or evening lectures, illustrated by experiments?" Verily, it is Mr. Hall who ought to *blush* for *such inconsistency!*

It is quite true that I requested Mr. Hall to visit Manchester, and I think it very possible that, through my representations, he did so *sooner* than he otherwise might have done,—for I know he intended to come hither,—and I do not suppose he had any occasion, in a pecuniary point of view, to regret his having done so. Whatever obligations *I was aware that I owed to Mr. Hall* are fully acknowledged in my little work on Hypnotism, where the curious fact is also stated, that the mode of manipulating by which I now succeeded in eliciting mental manifestations (*after* reading reports of Mr. Hall's lectures at Sheffield), *was precisely the same as that which I first tried* WITHOUT SUCCESS. I have also explained the reason of this—namely, my having allowed the patients to lapse too deep into the sleep before I began my manipulations. The inferences, however, which I drew from what resulted were very different from Mr. Hall's notions, who was then multiplying phrenological organs with a zeal and success, which, if continued up to this period, must have rendered phrenology, long ere now, "a ravelled web" indeed.

If Mr. Hall is so desirous of making it appear that Mr. Holbrook came to Manchester *entirely on my account* (he knows I never asked such a favour), may I ask whether it was on *my account also* that he left home to go to Liverpool and so many other towns in England, as well as Scotland, with Mr. Hall? The most disingenuous part of all, however, is the attempt to raise a prejudice against Hypnotism by the mode of reporting

what took place when he was hypnotised by me. I did so only once, at my own house, in the presence of Mr. Hall and several mutual friends. All went on as usual for some time, when I was sent for to attend a lady under circumstances which would admit of no delay. As the patient did not awake readily, and Mr. Hall alleged he had become *cross-magnetised*, he was handed over to Mr. Hall, who was to *remagnetise* and *then arouse him*. He was cataleptic, but HAD NO CONVULSIONS, *whilst I was present*, and when I returned home an hour and a half after, I heard nothing of his having been *convulsed after I left*, or, *that there had been any difficulty in arousing him;* and so far from his manifesting any symptom of distress *after he was aroused*, I was told of him and the other subjects having amused themselves by various means, as can be certified by three of those who were present.

Perhaps Mr. Hall has conveniently confounded this case with what happened on that occasion with *another of his patients—Wilmot*. After arousing the *former*, Mr. Hall *magnetised* the *latter*, when a scene ensued which threw the whole of my household and others present into the greatest commotion and alarm. This patient had to be dragged into the open yard, and a tap of cold water made to play upon for a considerable time before he was sufficiently recovered to enable Mr. Hall to put him into a cab and take him to his lodgings. Surely I ought not to be held responsible for what happened when I was a mile distant from them; nor ought Hypnotism to be held so for what happened with a *magnetised* patient. I can honestly say I never encountered any such untoward circumstances with *any hypnotic patient*.

Hypnotism does not claim such transcendental powers as to be able to trace any connection "between Tenterden steeple and the flooding of Goodwin Sands." I presume such a feat may be more appropriately intrusted to Mr. Hall's patient, whom he reported as so clairvoyant that *he read verbatim letters travelling to him in the post-bags*. In reference to this case, I offered Mr. Hall five pounds *as a reward*, either to *that patient or any other he could find, who should accomplish this in the way I suggested, which precluded all possibility of mistake or collusion*. At first Mr. H. craved delay; in a second letter he pleaded ill-health and various other difficulties which had arisen to prevent its accomplishment, *but was to try it for me so soon as he recovered*. After I knew he was recovered, and had for some time been engaged in his public mesmeric lectures, I wrote to urge the fulfilment of his promise, but to this I had no reply nor allusion until what appeared in THE CRITIC of the 5th inst. If Mr. Hall had, *from the first*, meant to act as he has there implied, why did he not honestly say so in his *two first letters?* Mr. H. knows well that the test I proposed was of such a nature as could have admitted of no doubt whatever, and that if a few such tests were successfully performed and attested by such witnesses as he refers to, all cavil on the point would at once cease. The question of seeing through opaque bodies may be settled to the satisfaction of some, but the great majority of mankind think otherwise. It is not the veracity or intellectual respectability of the witnesses which is questioned, but the great want of uniformity in the results; *and the possibility or probability, from the nature of the tests used by them, when they have succeeded, of their having overlooked something which has enabled the subject to perform, by the* ORDINARY *media and organs, what they have alleged was effected through some occult power brought into operation by the processes resorted to*, which is alleged by sceptics as unsatisfactory.

Whatever inferences I have ventured to propound as my own opinions, have generally been accompanied with the premises from which they have been deduced; and thus others were left either to assent to, or dissent from, my conclusions, according to their own convictions. Notwithstanding Mr. Hall's sarcastic remarks and straining to misrepresent the *real* object and scope of my recorded opinions on this subject, I am perfectly contented to leave them for the candid critic and time to determine whether my views or those of the ultra-mesmerists are nearest the truth (for as yet we are only on the threshold of the inquiry), and it is gratifying to me to have the honour of appealing to the able article, *Mesmerism True, Mesmerism False*, in Dr. Forbes's Journal; to an able article in the *London and Edinburgh Monthly Journal of Medical Science*, and to *Fraser's Magazine* for June 1844 and July 1845, all of which ably support my views, *both as to the nature and extent of the phenomena*.

It has been long since observed, that assuming and endeavouring to maintain the attitude and expression of particular passions and emotions had a direct tendency to engender the feelings with which they are usually associated, *even in the waking condition;* and most people are sufficiently acute to have observed that, to a considerable extent, the leading traits of character are depicted in the form and features and expression of mankind generally. It is also generally admitted that "evil communications corrupt good manners," both morally and physically; and this is particularly apparent in many cases of squinting and stuttering, acquired from imitating others so afflicted. After having published these remarks, in addition to those contained in my former letter, as to the baneful tendency of reiterating false impressions in the waking condition, and the power of sympathy, habit, imitation, and excited imagination and credulity, I consider I have fully discharged my duty in submitting for general consideration what to me appeared a practice fraught with evil; and I shall now leave Mr. Hall and others so inclined to follow their own courses in this respect to any extent they choose, without the risk of farther molestation on my part regarding their "vigilant manifestations." I shall, however, remark, that if they succeed in demonstrating the possibility of *continually repeating false impressions, such as those alluded to, without inducing morbid mental or physical consequences, I consider they will realize for us a new physical and psychological phenomenon*.

In conclusion, I beg to assure Mr. Hall that, personally, I cherish no unkindly feeling towards him, but the contrary, and shall rejoice to hear how successful his labours may prove in his application of this new method of treatment for the relief of suffering humanity.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

3, St. Peter's-square, JAMES BRAID.
Manchester, July 8, 1845.

DR. FORBES AND MR. VERNON'S EXPERIMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I trouble you with the following facts, trusting you will allow space in your valuable journal for them; knowing the impossibility of obtaining even a line in the *Times* in answer to any thing they may have published against Mesmerism or its advocates, the leading journal, I presume, judging the time has not yet arrived when it would be advantageous to speak in favour of this truth. I shall comment as little as possible, mere opinion being worth little at present; my object is merely to have published a correct statement of the facts as they occurred in my experiments, which have been noticed in the *Times* from Dr. Forbes's account. Of course I am bound to believe the misrepresentations are *mistakes*, although others as well as myself wonder how such mistakes could occur when there appears to have been so careful a noting of events.

First, then, the experiments with Adolphe were *four*, as stated. At two of these sittings, according to Dr. Forbes's account, the inclosed words were read. The first was prepared by a gentleman who, I was told, belonged to one of the embassies. I never saw him before, nor have I seen him since. The package was carefully examined by several scientific persons present, quite as capable of judging as Dr. Forbes; they were satisfied of the utter impossibility of the word being read by ordinary vision, and they *knew* collusion was out of the question. Dr. Forbes says he and his friends were not satisfied, because the experiment was perfectly conclusive. There are *things* upon which some persons never will be satisfied. The other word read by Adolphe was prepared by Dr. Ottley, one of Dr. Forbes's party, and he was much *too wary* to give even a hint of a letter contained in the word. After it had been read, he publicly declared he was satisfied—that he could not stand against such an *accumulation of evidence;* but Dr. Forbes *says* he knows a lady who can do the same without being mesmerised. Was Dr. Forbes's lady in the same circumstances as Adolphe, seated in the middle of a large room, surrounded by spectators? If not, the counter-experiment of Dr. Forbes is worth nothing; if he says she was, his assertion is no more a proof than is the assertion of a Mesmerist. I shall be happy to see it done by the lady, or any one else, when I will admit further proof is wanting of clairvoyance, and that I can and will supply. Adolphe, at Dr. Forbes's house, after the most careful bandaging, played a hand at *écarte* with Mr. Ottley, and told several cards without touching them, in the presence of Professors Sharpey and Reid, Drs. Carpenter and Moore, and Mr. Noble, &c. Therefore three out of the four experiments with Adolphe I consider were perfectly successful.

With regard to the lady, she was tried but *twice*, not *four times*, as stated. The first time she said she could not see, but would on the 21st of the following month, if her directions were followed, which were, to be mesmerised daily till the 21st. Circumstances prevented this, and she was not mesmerised till the 21st, when the trial was made, although failure was anticipated, rather than disappoint the parties. If Dr. Forbes will refer to his notes, he will find that he had been put *en rapport* with the somnambule to speak about the box he had prepared, she explained why she could not see, and he remained quite close, if not in actual contact when speaking to her. I should like Dr. Forbes to explain, if he thinks somnambules are so cunning as to deceive men of the highest fame and character who examined them—men such as formed the second French commission—men like Huffeland, Wienholt, Bertram, Wolfart, Georget, Elliotson, Gregory, &c. &c.—what is the charm *he* possesses to render them so simple as to reply to his questions when they are shamming deafness. Why, Doctor, you could upon an emergency sham thus much, and hold your tongue for ten minutes to avoid being detected in a falsehood.

In conclusion, allow me to state that this lady has, under fa-

vourable circumstances, read words contained in boxes above twenty times. I can shew the words and explain the circumstances to parties anxious to examine the facts; but when somnambules are not *lucid*, and are urged to try to *see*, they will do so, and appear to make guesses, which Dr. Forbes thinks is a proof of their being impostors. I think the clairvoyant state being one of cerebral excitation, they, under the circumstances, being urged, state correctly what they *really* see from internal causes, as persons labouring under spectral delusions see and describe objects which really do not exist external of themselves. If the somnambules were cheating, would they say any thing, knowing that the chances must be more than 10,000 to one against their guessing right? This fact proves that, however ignorant we may be of the state they are in, it is impossible they can be artful characters wide awake. If awake, they must be the silliest creatures alive, and if the silliest creatures, how have they succeeded in deceiving the wisest men in all parts of the world?

Wishing to have the matter fairly brought to issue, I now state, as I have by advertisement in the daily papers, that I will meet (gratuitously) Dr. Forbes and twelve persons, medical and non-medical, and undertake to prove, according to his own tests, the fact of clairvoyance, the somnambules doing what it is impossible to do without Mesmerism,—decipher words or letters in opaque boxes, and indicate diseases in persons presented to them for the first time; the commission to name the times and place of meeting. In no other branch of science would teachers take the trouble of forcing conviction on the minds of men, when they (the taught) can alone be benefited, for it cannot matter to the world or to Mesmerists what is the opinion of any one or any party of medical men upon a subject which all can appreciate, and to which so many are daily having recourse and finding in its application that relief which it was impossible to find in the combined skill of the most celebrated practitioners. I shall be happy to receive communications as to the meetings or the formation of the commission to fairly investigate this subject, and remain yours obediently, W. J. VERNON.

27, Duke-street, Manchester-square,
July 24th, 1845.

EXTRACTION OF A TOOTH WITHOUT PAIN IN THE MESMERIC STATE.—Being in attendance on a family at Clifton, I was asked to see one of the servants, who had been suffering from violent tooth-ache, and had not courage to have her tooth extracted. On first trying to mesmerise her, I found a great impression was made; my second trial satisfied me that there was insensibility to pain; on my mesmerising her again on Saturday last, I found she was fully equal to any operation. I called on a dentist, residing at 28, Park-street, and made an appointment for him to meet me at 29, Park-street (where I have apartments), at three o'clock. The family came with their servant at half-past two o'clock. In less than ten minutes the servant, a very timid and excitable young person, was sent into the mesmeric state. At a quarter past 3, the dentist arrived. The tooth was a double one, with three prongs, and was firmly rooted in its socket; in truth, a powerful wrench was require to extract it. The gum was afterwards closed firmly with the fingers. During this period, the patient sat with her hands quietly resting on her lap; not the slightest motion or resistance could be detected by the lookers-on. After the operation, Mr. Moseley, the dentist, was asked his impressions, from what had passed: his reply was, "That there was perfect insensibility, and that she remained as passive as a block of wood." This opinion is the more satisfactory to me, Mr. Moseley being a perfect stranger, and before the operation expressed himself as very doubtful whether Mesmerism could be brought to such a practical bearing. On being awoke, the young woman looked about surprised at seeing strangers in the room; and when told by me that she would not now feel her tooth pain her, she doubtingly inquired, "What, then, is it out?" I need hardly say, that such a result was as gratifying to those who witnessed the operation without pain, as to the patient who lost her tooth without knowing it. I have not said a word to the parties on the report of this case; but I feel it ought to be made known, occurring as it does in the centre of much medical scepticism; and I can refer with confidence any medical or other sceptics to Mr. Moseley, the dentist, of 28, Park-street, and to Miss Smith, of 29, Park-street, Bristol, both of whom witnessed this interesting result, and will doubtless give their unbiassed opinions.

Mr. Estlin and his adherents, of the Bath and Bristol Provincial Medical Association, will perhaps say this is the force of imagination. They shall have the full benefit of this explanation. My reply is, that if imagination will allow limbs to be amputated, teeth extracted, and tumours removed, without pain,—to say nothing of the most distressing nervous diseases cured,—the sooner imagination is allowed to be an active agent of the pharmacopœia the better. To medical sceptics I would say, in the language of the late talented Mr. Chevenix, "Would it disgrace the greatest man whom England has ever produced to attempt an experiment or two upon a doctrine which Hufeland, Juisseau, Cuvier, Ampère, and La Place believed?" Surely, what great men believe, ordinary men may try.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
HENRY ST BER, M.D.

27, Brock-street, Royal-crescent, Bath.

MESMERIC LECTURES.—SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.—Mr. Spencer T. Hall gave his second lecture at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on the 15th, and his second evening lecture at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Leicester-square, on the 16th. The audiences were very respectable, and appeared to be deeply interested. On the latter occasion, however, several parties said they should like to see the effects of the influence upon some one not previously known to Mr. Hall, and two or three gentlemen offered themselves from the body of the audience. Mr. Hall selected one who had previously avowed his scepticism, and soon succeeded in making a somnambulist of him, when he joined in an animated conversation, was thrown into ecstasy by music, responded in a most striking and conclusive manner to various phrenologic touches, and was then awaked, when he declared himself totally unconscious of every thing that had transpired between the closing of his eyes and his restoration to vigilance by Mr. Hall's manipulations. It is needless to say that this test of the influence gave great satisfaction to the entire audience.

NECROLOGY.

JOHN ADOLPHUS.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John Adolphus, the celebrated barrister, which took place suddenly at the house of his son, Mr. J. Leycester Adolphus, in Montagu-street, Russell-square, at a late hour on Wednesday night. Mr. Adolphus was one of the oldest members in the criminal courts of this country, and father of the Old Bailey Bar. The deceased gentleman, in early life, raised himself to distinction in the metropolitan courts of criminal jurisprudence, and in a few years worked his way into a large and lucrative practice. Mr. Adolphus on various occasions throughout his professional career had distinguished himself in a very remarkable manner by his extraordinary talents, judgment, and energy, especially during the memorable trial of Thistlewood in 1820, when he was only retained as leading counsel on behalf of the conspirators a few hours before the trial commenced, notwithstanding which, though the trial was one of the most interesting and momentous which perhaps ever took place in a criminal court, involving as it did the liberties and lives of many individuals, he displayed as much legal knowledge, mental acuteness, acquaintance with the facts of the case, and professional talent generally, during the protracted proceedings, as if he had devoted an entire month to the preparation of the defence. The manner in which he acquitted himself was equally the admiration of the Bench, the Bar, and the public. That he was physically equal to the subject was the surprise of all who were aware of the fact that he had sat up the whole of the previous night for the purpose of mastering the principal facts of the case, scattered as they were over a mass of evidence. His statements and arguments were as clear and ingenious as his cross-examination of witnesses was skilful and felicitous. Mr. Adolphus spoke with much ease and fluency, and on all important occasions displayed talent and eloquence of the highest order. He has died sincerely lamented by a very numerous circle of friends. Among the literary efforts of the deceased gentleman may be mentioned the *History of the Reign of George III.* the seventh volume of which has just appeared; the *Political State of the British Empire*, 4 vols.; *Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution; Life of Bannister*, 2 vols. &c.

JOSEPH AUGUSTINE WADE.

It is with deep emotion we record the deplorable death of this accomplished individual; a fine musician, a pleasing poet, and no mean scholar. He died at his lodging, 340, Strand, on Tuesday, under the most distressing circumstances, having suffered a long and severe illness, ending in mental derangement, brought on by incessant study, and, we fear, by habits or feelings which made the destructive resource to opium but too acceptable. Mr. Wade's musical compositions and poetical and other literary productions were of a high and pure order, nearly allied to that genius which is too much for the oppressed mind to struggle with. He has left a widow and two children utterly destitute, threatened with an execution for rent, and without the means of burying his remains!

MR. BUTLER, THE TRAGEDIAN.

It appears that Mr. Butler was engaged to deliver a course of lectures on Shakespeare's plays, at the Athenæum, Manchester. Wednesday, 16th inst., was the first of the series, *Hamlet* being the tragedy selected; but scarcely had he concluded reading the fourth act, before he became so seriously ill, that he was conveyed home. Not the slightest symptoms of recovery were perceptible afterwards, and on the following evening (Thursday), about half-past seven, as he was proceeding across his bed-room, supported by his wife, he suddenly fell back in her arms and expired. The complaint which has thus brought him to an early grave was one of a very painful and dangerous character, and it is understood that but a few months ago he was operateed upon by Dr. Liston. He was in his 41st year, and was much esteemed throughout the profession.

GENERAL JACKSON.

General Jackson, alias "Old Hiccory," the ex-American president, an individual throughout life very hostile to England, and the author of a number of political pamphlets, died on the 8th ult. at his residence in Tennessee.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

GOOD BREAD. (*From a correspondent.*)—I am delighted with your design of giving to the readers of THE CRITIC honest information where articles of use or ornament may be procured of best quality. In London it will be especially useful; for such is the system of puffing that it is absolutely impossible to ascertain what praises are genuine; and so huge is the metropolis, that one may live in it all one's life, and not hear of something to be got in the next street possessing special claims upon one's patronage. The section of THE CRITIC which you propose to dedicate to the collection of such useful information must therefore recommend it to every housekeeper, and I make a point of telling all my friends what is your plan, and enlisting their aid, not only as subscribers to THE CRITIC, but as contributors to the promised record. I presume you will admit inquiries, as well as experiences, and double the field of usefulness, by enabling persons to name their wants and thus to procure the experience of your immense circle of readers to aid in the supply of them. My immediate inquiry is one which, I am sure, will be readily sympathized with by thousands in the metropolis. Where can I obtain the best and purest bread? I find no faith can be put in the advertisements; I have tried many, and all have deceived me. I therefore avail myself of the invaluable department of THE CRITIC, which I am now addressing, to ask of your readers if they can, *from their own experience*, say where the best bread can be procured by A HOUSEKEEPER.

WEST-END PRICES.—A dweller in the West end offers a hint to his neighbours. The prices of meat, vegetables, and fruit are at least 25 per cent. higher at all the shops in our neighbourhood than in the less fashionable parts of the metropolis. This is a consideration in the housekeeping of a large family. I was resolved to see whether it might be avoided. I went into the City and found that butchers and greengrocers were willing and anxious to serve me at City prices, and deliver at my door by means of their light spring carts. The plan I adopt is this: A note is posted every evening stating what things are wanted for the morrow, and the account is settled weekly. By this arrangement I have not only saved at least 100*l.* per annum, but I obtain meat, vegetables, and fruit of vastly better quality. I avail myself of your very useful and novel department of THE CRITIC to give to others in a like situation the benefit of my own experience. A FAMILY MAN.

MALLEABLE GLASS.—The *Segusian Mercury* states that a most marvellous discovery has been made at St. Etienne, of rendering glass as malleable when cold as when first drawn from the pot. This substance, which is called silicon, combines with various substances producing the most brilliant colours, and can also be obtained opaque or transparent as crystal. Its specific gravity is 2·85, water being 1·00. It is very ductile and malleable, and neither air nor acids act upon it.—*Commerce.*

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Permit me to take this opportunity of adding my cordial and sincere testimony of approbation of the plan on which THE CRITIC is and seems likely to be conducted. Taken as a single opinion, mine may be unimportant; but, as a book is made up of individuals, it may add another to the aggregate of general approval.

I wish it every success, and shall be glad to forward its interests as far as lies in my power. An energetic, and, at the same time, a really honest and faithful censor of the public press, must prove a national advantage, and eventually I should think will triumph over all obstacles raised against it, however difficult and discouraging may be its progress at first.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. R. BUSH, Bookseller.

Devizes, July 21, 1845.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A living monument of intelligent industry exists in Mr. John Britton, the eminent antiquary and topographer, to whom a public dinner was given at Richmond, on the 7th, his seventy-fifth birthday, by several cultivators of the liberal arts. In the table-talk it came out that Mr. Britton was of humble origin. Having been confined for six years of his youth to a wine-merchant's cellar, he entered upon his literary inquiries without knowledge of grammar or dictionary; bought both for the purpose; and, while yet apprentice, devoted four hours a day to mental improvement. He has produced 66 volumes, containing 1,866 engravings of noted accuracy, and costing in the outlay 50,000*l.* A subscription has been opened for a memorial to be presented to the venerable topographer, and 300*l.* has been collected.

THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.—We are glad to learn that the subscription for the family of this distinguished writer already exceeds 1,000*l.* and is still making progress. We have observed also, with satisfaction, during the last few days, the influential names of Mr. Charles Dickens and Mr. Thomas Carlyle added to the committee list. Sanctioned by such eminent examples, and hitherto so liberally supported by the public, this excellent object can hardly fail to meet with a complete success—such a success as will fitly express the public recognition of the poet's genius, and insure to those whom he held dear an ample provision against future want. We call attention once more to the subject, as we understand that the subscription-lists are to be closed at the end of the current month.

FREDERIKA BREMER.—We believe this charming authoress will shortly pass through Liverpool, *en route* to the United States.—*Liverpool Albion.*

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—A sale by auction took place, at the auction rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of a collection of Egyptian antiquities, the property of Mr. Salt, which were discovered by him at Memphis, Thebes, &c. during his travels in Egypt many years ago, and which consisted of female ornaments, figures, and statues of deities, the worship of the Egyptians; canopic and other vases in alabaster, sepulchral tablets in calcareous stone, magnificent cases, which had contained mummies, manuscripts, or papyrus, &c. There were 172 lots, many of which were stated by antiquaries in the room to have belonged to the age of the Pharoahs, and fetched high prices. A sarcophagus of wood, entirely covered with paintings and hieroglyphics extraordinarily preserved, and found in one of the sepulchral chambers in the small temple of Isis at Thebes. The body in it was supposed to have been that of a person of high military rank, as when the sarcophagus was opened there were numerous gold and other ornaments on it, and in the case were two bows and six arrows. This was disposed of for 61*l.* The ritual of the Egyptian priesthood, written on the linen bandages with which the Memphian mummy opened in 1837 at Exeter-hall (supposed to have been the most complete extant) was enveloped, was sold for 18*l.* 10*s.* and the head and legs of the said mummy were sold for 3*s.* The upper portion of the case of a mummy of a lady of rank went for 6*l.* The figure of the deceased was described on the cover; the eyes were of composition, still of a

brilliant black colour, and the face covered with gold of an unusual thickness. A hieroglyphical papyrus 64 feet long, written for a deceased royal scribe, was bought for 14 guineas; another hieroglyphical papyrus of Anchapi, a functionary attached to the worship of the god Ammon of the Ptolmaic period, 13 feet long, was bought for 12 guineas. A sanctuary, 21½ feet high, composed of verde plasma, the inner part representing in relief the figure of a priest as holding in either hand a sceptre, surmounted by the head of one of the deities; on the top of the sanctuary are the cartouches of Ramises the Great—sold for 14 guineas. Another sanctuary, on which was a priestess, represented as making offerings to Osiris, who is standing between two serpents two feet two inches and a half high, was disposed of for 12*l*. A sacrificial font, composed of a solid block 31 inches in diameter, went for 9*l*. A painted tablet, representing the figure of a king, his queen, and daughter making offerings to Osiris, beneath which were 17 lines of hieroglyphics, four feet high, was bought for 15*l*. A necklace, composed of 12 shells of fine gold, each one inch in length, and containing three pieces of red composition inlaid on the upper part, of beautiful workmanship, sold for 8 guineas. The statue of Horus, sen. with the head of the hawk, surmounted by the globe, feathers, and two royal asps, was bought for 4*l*. 16*s*. The property fetched about 400*l*. Several of the articles were purchased for the British Museum.

ROMAN REMAINS.—A number of gold and silver coins of Constantine, Samian ware and tiles, have been found this week in digging the foundations for houses in Maiden-lane, Battlebridge. The coins, of the beginning of the fourth century, were in an iron vessel, about ten or twelve feet below the surface of the ground.

POMPEII.—Letters from Naples mention some recent discoveries of interest made in late excavations at Pompeii, particularly an extensive Necropolis. Beside one of the graves there is a seat, and over it is inscribed, "*Clovatius*, Duumvir and Tribune of Pompeii." This is a family name hitherto unknown. Near it is a monument of fine Grecian marble, richly sculptured. The ground where these discoveries have been made is the property of Signor Verlucci, who pays so little regard to antiquities, that as soon as he hears of a grave being explored he orders it to be filled up with earth or rubbish.

A letter from Rio Janeiro, of the 24th of March, states that Dr. Lund, the celebrated Danish naturalist and geologist, to whom we are already indebted for many interesting discoveries in Brazil, has found, in the province of Minas Geraes, a quantity of human bones, including some skeletons complete, in the fossil state (?). There are many skulls; and nearly all have the principal characters of those of the existing indigenous tribes of Brazil,—excepting that in many of them the incisive and molar teeth are exactly alike—a circumstance observed in some of the Egyptian mummies. The writer argues that as, hitherto, no human bones have been discovered, in the fossil state, in any other portion of the globe, those found in Brazil would seem to indicate that America, or its southern part, had been peopled before any of the other quarters of the world. Dr. Lund has also discovered, in the same province, a great quantity of fossil bones and skeletons of the horse,—an animal which, it is known, had no existence in Brazil when the Portuguese first landed there; and has further found the skeletons of forty-four different species of mammifers entirely unknown. The Doctor promises a detailed account of these discoveries to the Imperial Institute of History and Geography at Rio Janeiro.—*Athenæum*.

The number of works published in France during the first six months of 1845 amounted to 4,682—namely, works written in all languages, dead and living, 3,342; prints and engravings, 778; maps and geographical plans, 62; musical works, 500.

THE ADVERTISING SYSTEM.

Our Parisian contemporary publishes the following:—

"*The Times* journal, which occupies among British journals the same rank as the *Presse* among the French, and which, like it, defends the principles of the Government without being dependent on the Cabinet—*The Times* journal is of twice the present size of the *Presse*. The columns of *The Times* are forty-eight in number, and by the aid of a supplement their number is frequently increased to seventy-two, and even sometimes ninety-six during the Parliamentary session. Four-fifths at least of its columns are taken up by advertisements, the greater portion of which are only a few lines in length; and the total number of these summary advertisements in each number of the paper amounts generally to more than 1,000, and sometimes to 1,500.

"Such is the multitude of these advertisements in England, that, during the whole session of Parliament, four times a week, at least, the *Times* publishes a supplement of twenty-four, and sometimes of forty-eight columns, exclusively filled with advertisements, with the exception of the few lines necessary to connect the supplement with the body of the paper. In France, and in Paris especially, it is manifest that we are far behindhand in this respect. Whence arises this difference? It originates in the fact that in England all, without exception, have recourse to publicity. Does any one require some particular object, or clerks, or workmen, or servants, or horses, or coaches, the want immediately obtains publicity through the medium of the journals. If any one has received, invented, or fabricated any new article, or is the author of a new invention, or the purchaser of an improvement, changing his residence, extending his business, or has obtained some further claim on the confidence of the public, &c., the fact is immediately made known to all. In England every thing is advertised—births, deaths, marriages, departures, balls, and banquets. By previous agreement they even serve as a means of correspondence between parties. Lords and ladies, gentlemen, merchants, clerks, workmen, cooks, servants—none are above advertising. It is the universal channel of communication between all ranks and all professions. What is it which in England and the United States has given this immense development to advertising? What is it that has made it enter into the habits and customs of all? The low price of these insertions on account of the small space which they occupy. In England and the United States an advertisement never occupies one-tenth, nor the quarter, much less the half, of a page, as in the French journals, but generally is only of from two to ten lines in length. In this space, sufficient to call the attention of the public, what is required to be said is said without fine phrases, or one superfluous word; which allows of its being frequently repeated, and at little cost; it being necessary to fix the attention of the listless reader, that it should have struck his eye more than once. But when advertisements are too dear, they cannot be frequently repeated, and thus it generally happens that advertisements which appear only once or twice fail of effect. This is what occurs in France. What course, then, was the *Presse* instructed by experience to adopt? To take, as it always has done, the initiative of an useful reform, less, indeed, by reducing the price of its advertisements than by classing them methodically, and adopting for their composition an uniform type which should allow each advertisement to be printed in the smallest number of lines possible, without the fear of any being crushed by the neighbourhood of bill advertisements, composed in thick and variegated type, which forcibly attracts and retains the attention—to imitate, in a word, the English advertisements—to render French advertisements, by means of summary announcements, costing from 6 to 18 francs, accessible to all classes, viz.:—

"To merchants and traders, who are forced by the efforts of opposition constantly to recall to the public their existence and titles to its confidence by placing the name of their house constantly under its eyes whenever they receive any new merchandise recommendable from its low price, its superiority, or its novelty; to those who have an abatement in prices to announce; to those who wish to dispose of their stock, &c.

"To patentees who are desirous of making known or disposing of an invention or improvement.

"To landlords or principal tenants who have apartments, houses, shops, &c., to let.

"To masters who are in want of clerks, servants, journeymen.

"To clerks, journeymen, and servants, who are seeking for employment.

"To persons of all classes who have real or landed property to dispose of or purchase.

"The *Presse*, however, while giving the example of this reform, has not wished to operate it without transition; it has not entirely abolished the use of bill advertisements, which may be disposed according to the fancy of the advertiser; but it has given precedence to the rule over the exception—the small advertisements of all before the large advertisements of a few; it has separated the latter from the former, in order that the one should not injure the other.

"This is a first step taken by the *Presse* in the career of improvement as regards paid publicity. Doubtless the public will reward it when it shall have appreciated the immense advantages in the twofold position of buyers and sellers, who will in future be able to communicate all with each other at a small cost."

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From July 19 *to July* 26.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abercrombie (John) on the Diseases of the Brain and the Spinal Cord, 4th edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Ancient Syriac Version of the Epistles of St. Ignatius, with an English Translation, Notes, &c. by William Cureton, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Apprentice (The): Vol. I. New Series, 4to. 3s. 6d. cl.

Bell's Stream of Time, continued down to 1845, mounted on roller and varnished, 2l. 2s.—Bosom Friend (The), a Novel, by the author of "Gambler's Wife," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.—Book Collector's Hand-Book, a Modern Library Companion, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Christian Charity Explained, by J. A. James, 5th edit. fc. 4s. cl.—Chronicles of the Bastile, 1 vol. demy 8vo. with illustrations by Cruikshank, 1l. 1s. cl.—Confessions of a Convert from Baptism in Water to Baptism with Water, fc. 8vo. 2s. cl.—Count Königsmark, an Historical Romance, by Capt. Chamier, R.N. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.

Daniell's Elements of Meteorology, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 1l. 12s. cl.—Downing's (A. J.) Fruit and Fruit Trees of America, with engravings, 8vo. 14s. cl.

Edgeworth's Parents' Assistant, new edit. 3 vols. 18mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—English Gentlewoman (The); or, Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society, 1 vol. post. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Forbes's (J. D.) Travels through the Alps of Savoy, &c. 2nd edition revised, royal 8vo. 1l. 8s. cl.

Gray's Poetical Works, Eton Illustrated Edition, edited by Rev. J. Moultrie, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Hardcastle's Catechism of Astronomy and the Use of the Globes, 18mo. 2s. cl.—Hopkins's Exercises in Composition, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Hopkins's Exercises in Orthography, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Hopkins's Key to both the above, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Hopkins's Teacher's Manual of Mental Arithmetic, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Hopkins's Pupil's Manual of Mental Arithmetic, 12mo. 2s. cl.

Journal of an African Cruiser, by an Officer of the United States Navy, edited by Nath. Hawthorne, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Law of Fixtures, Ecclesiastical and Lay, by S. G. Grady, esq. 12mo. 14s. bds.—Legends of the Isles, &c. by Charles Mackay, royal 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Letters from Italy, by J. T. Headley, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Lily M'Nab; or, the Heiress of Dunelf, a True Tale of Modern Times, by D. B. M'Leod, 3s. 6d. half cl.—Literary History of the New Testament, with Introductory Recommendations, by Rev. E. Bickersteth and Dr. Pye Smith, demy 8vo. 14s. cl.

Maitland's (Rev. S. R.) The Dark Ages, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.

Naomi; or, the Last Days of Jerusalem, by Mrs. J. B. Webb, fc. 8vo. 4th edit. 7s. 6d. cl.—Napier's (Gen. W.) Conquest of Scinde, 2nd edit. complete in 1 vol. 8vo. 1l. cl.—New Tablet of Memory; or, Mirror of Chronology, History, &c. with Additions to end of 1844, 16th edit. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.

Stanhope, a Domestic Novel, 1 vol. crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. bds.—Sullivan's (Robert) Geography Generalized, 4th edition, enlarged and improved, 12mo. 2s. cl.

Thiers' French Revolution, Part VIII. (Whittaker's Popular Library) medium 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Tales of the Colonies, by Charles Rowcroft, 4th edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Townley's (Robert) Second Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ, a Past Event, 8vo. 5s. cl.

Wolski's (F. A.) New French Grammar, with Exercises, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Worsley's (W., B.A.) Six Discourses to Explain the Principles of Unitarianism, 12mo. 3s. half cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

English Churchman, No. II.

GLEANINGS.

PORT PHILLIP.

An occasional correspondent at Sydney has forwarded us the following extract:—

(From the *Port Phillip Herald*, Jan. 28.)

"NATIVE CUSTOMS, &c.—We have been favoured with the following interesting paper, from the able pen of Mr. Assistant Protector Parker, on the manners, customs, and traditions of the Aborigines of the North-western or Loddon River District:—'Many erroneous opinions have been entertained respecting the character and habits of the Aborigines of Australia, and it has been commonly asserted that they are totally destitute of any notions worthy of the name of religious opinions. In the earlier period of my acquaintance with them I entertained similar views, but further communication has induced a conviction that a traditional mythology exists among them, rude and obscure indeed, but in all probability the indistinct relic of some older and more complete system. It must be sufficiently obvious to all who have had much intercourse with the native tribes, that they are exceedingly reluctant to speak on these subjects; a circumstance readily accounted for by the fact, that, whatever notions they entertain of supernatural beings, all refer to objects of fear and dread, and not of love. The older natives can scarcely be brought at all to speak about their traditions, but from the young men I have latterly obtained some more definite information than I formerly possessed, which appears to me of sufficient interest to become matter of record. I have long been convinced that, in addition to a general notion of the existence of an immaterial principle in man which survives the body, the Aborigines entertained opinions bearing a rude analogy to the metempsychosis of the Oriental mythologies. They have cherished the idea that the souls of their deceased friends pass into the bodies of certain species of birds. How long this is supposed to continue, and what may be the result of the change, they are either unable or unwilling to tell. The belief also has been very general that the whites who have occupied their country were formerly "black fellows," who have passed into a new and improved state of existence. It is remarkable, that the designation given to the white inhabitants of the colony in most of the dialects of which I have heard (*amydeet*, jojowrong, *amerjig*, koligan, *amy gai*, &c.) appears to be identical with the words used to describe the soul when separated from the body. I once, and but once, saw a singular ceremonious dance, on the Loddon station, which was called "Yepéne amy gai," or dance of separate spirits. It was avowedly a novel affair to nearly all the actors, and was taught by an old man from the westward, since dead. In this ceremony, after a very singular and not unpleasing dance with branches in either hand, all, with the exception of the two old men, who were leaders, came together to one spot, and gradually bent towards the ground, becoming slower and slower in the motions, till they were entirely prostrate. They remained perfectly motionless for some time, and a mournful chant was sung over them, and they were said to be "dead." The two old men then went round them several times, and seemed to be driving something away with their boughs, singing at the same time with increasing energy till they became very loud and rapid. Then, at a given signal, they all sprang to their feet, and recommenced their dance. They were then said to be "alive." I have made many inquiries to ascertain whether any notion of a superior power or deity existed amongst the tribes with which I am in communication. I think I have found a distinct tradition of the supposed existence of a being possessing some of the attributes of a deity. The name of this imaginary being is *Binbeal*. They assign to him the making of an original pair, from whom has descended the present race of man. There is evidently much vagueness and obscurity in their notions on this particular topic. But they are more distinct in their representation of the relation he is to bear to them after death. He is said to take the spirits of deceased natives and to subject them to a sort of purgatory, placing them in fire to try them whether good or bad; the good are at once liberated, but the bad are made to suffer for an indefinite time. They have sometimes replied to my inquiry, "Who made all things? &c." "Binbeal;" but the reply is given in a doubtful and hesitating manner, and it is a frequent acknowledgment with them that they are "very stupid," and know little about the great facts of creation and Providence. Other traditions exist among them referring to the origin of certain natural objects. Thus, they believe in the existence of another mythological being called *Bonjil* or *Pundyil*, who, however, is said to have been once a "black fellow," and a remarkable locality is indicated as his residence when on earth. This is the deep basaltic glen or hollow, forming the fall of "Lallal" on the Marrabool, near Mr. Airey's station. He is now represented as dwelling in the sky, and it is curious that they call the planet Jupiter "Pundyil," and say it is the light of his fire. This Pundyil is said to have found a single kangaroo, emu, and other animals on earth: that he caught them, cut them up, and by some mysterious power made each piece into a new kangaroo, &c. that hence the country was filled with these animals. Another tradition professes to account for the origin of the Pyrenees, Mameloid Hills, and the neighbouring heights. It is ridiculous enough in its detail, but supposes them all to have originated in a single immense mountain, which was torn to pieces by the action of fire. The volcanic character of the district may seem to suggest this notion. Of all the objects included in their rude and savage superstitions, none appear to exercise more influence on the native mind than the fear of the *mindye*. They apply this term to a large species of serpent, which is universally asserted by the natives to exist in the hitherto unexplored country between Mitchell's Outward Line and the Murray. The object of dread, however, is a supernatural being having the form of the animal just named. This being is represented as having the power of inflicting disease and death when invoked by incantations. The existence of any epidemic or endemic disease is always ascribed to its influence. It is remarked that the small-pox, which from the accounts given by the natives must at times have proved a terrific scourge to them, is called "*monola mindye*," or the dust of the mindye; and the scars left by it "*lillpook mindye*," or the scales of the mindye. The whirlwinds, which in the summer season carry up columns of dust to a great height, are much dreaded by the Aborigines. To be included in the vortex of one is regarded as a sign of speedy death, because it is said to be an indication of the presence of the mindye; it is, in fact, called 'its tail.' The men who are regarded as magicians or conjurors profess to derive their power from some pretended communication with this object. Although there seems to be nothing deserving the name of a regular religious rite among them, I am disposed to think that some peculiar ceremonies which have been

observed within the last two years are intended to propitiate this dreaded phantom, and to avert the consequence of its anger. And I think in their ceremonies and superstitions may be traced the obscure and nearly obliterated relics of the ancient *ophilatria* or serpent worship still extant in India and Africa. I am fully convinced that these wretched superstitions have far less hold upon the minds of the younger part of the aboriginal population than on the middle-aged and elderly people. Some of the young men openly ridicule their notions; and it is remarkable how very few attempt to question the truth of what is stated to them on religious topics. Their traditionary superstitions are too dim and indefinite to give the mind much pre-occupation, and the estimate which they have formed of the superior knowledge of the whites predisposes them to listen, at least with respect, to what may be inculcated. I have thus briefly sketched a few of the traditionary superstitions of the Aborigines. I do not, however, profess to give this as a complete delineation of the subject. Other details have been given me, but the information I have received is not sufficient to communicate. I have little doubt that more extended acquaintance with their language and opinions, and increasing confidence on their part, will elicit many interesting circumstances in connection with their history and associations.'"

IMPORTANT METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.—We understand the commissioners for the improvement of London have it in contemplation to open a most important avenue from the West end of the town to the City, with the view of relieving the crowd of carriages now so inconveniently congregated at times in Holborn and the Strand. This new street is to continue the line opened from Coventry-street through Leicester-square to Long-acre, from the corner of Bow-street obliquely across Drury-lane to Carey-street, on the south side of Lincoln's-inn-fields; thence across Chancery-lane through the Rolls property, midway between Holborn and Fleet-street, to Farringdon-street, and passing under an arch to the wide part of the Old Bailey. This valuable opening is again to be intersected by a wide street extending from the north side of St. Clement's Church, known as Pickett-place, into the centre of Lincoln's-inn-fields, across which the street will go directly into Holborn, to join Red Lion-street, and thence direct to the Foundling Hospital, thus opening a noble avenue, long wanted, from the north to the south side of London. There is also every reason to believe that the long-required establishment of the courts of law in a central part of the metropolis will be accomplished. Surveyors have been engaged during the past week in measuring the new site, which is to extend from Boswell-court, Carey-street, to Bell-yard, Temple-bar, extending back towards the Strand, thus bringing the courts close to Lincoln's-inn and the Temple, and midway between the east and west and north and south portions of London. The plan is consistent with common sense and the convenience of the public, although long opposed by the selfish and bigoted influence of a few old crones who keep carriages, and find it desirable to combine parliamentary with legal interests. The plans will be carried out by Mr. Barry, the celebrated architect, and, combined with the new streets, north and south, east and west, referred to above, will indeed be a boon to the public, as well as a vast advantage to the metropolis in a healthful as well as moral point of view.—*Observer.*

HEDGEHOGS.—One of the most interesting facts in the natural history of the hedgehog is that announced in 1831, by M. Lenz, and which is now confirmed by Professor Buckland. That is, that the most violent animal poisons have no effect upon it—a fact which renders it of peculiar value in forests, where it appears to destroy a great number of noxious reptiles. M. Lenz says that he had in his house a female hedgehog, which he had kept in a large box, and which soon became very mild and familiar. He often put into the box some adders, which it attacked with avidity, seizing them indifferently by the head, the body, or the legs, and did not appear alarmed or embarrassed when they coiled themselves around its body. On one occasion M. Lenz witnessed a fight between the hedgehog and the viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the snake, for in those animals the sense of sight is very obtuse, she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do much harm; for having disengaged its head, it assumed a furious and menacing attitude, and hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal, however, did not recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devoured every part of the body. M. Lenz says that battles of this sort occurred in the presence of many persons; and sometimes the hedgehog has received eight or ten wounds on the ears, the snout, and even on the tongue, without appearing to experience any of the ordinary symptoms produced by the venom of the viper. Neither herself nor the young she was suckling seemed to suffer from it. This observation agrees with that of Palles, who assures us that the hedgehog can eat about 100 cantharides without experiencing any of the effects which the insect taken inwardly produces on men, dogs, and cats. A German physician, who made the hedgehog a peculiar object of study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive sublimate, none of which did it any harm. The hedgehog in its natural state only feeds on pears, apples, and other fruit, when it can get nothing it likes better. Its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, snails, adders, and sometimes rats and mice.

THE PORTLAND VASE.—Mr. J. Doubleday has at length completed his labours upon the Portland vase. That gentleman has accomplished his undertaking in so masterly a manner, that it would defy even the most critical to discover where the vase had been injured. We believe it is the intention of the authorities of the Museum, in order to preserve the vase from future attacks, to keep it in a separate apartment, accessible only by tickets.—*Sunday Times.*

THE MODESTY OF NORTHCOTE.—As the Duke of Clarence was once sitting to Northcote, he asked the artist if he knew the Prince Regent? "No!" was the brief reply. "Why," said the Duke, "my brother says he knows you." "Oh!" answered Northcote, "that's only his brag!"

A few days ago one of the Earl of Lonsdale's gamekeepers shot a young woodcock about half grown, in Melkinthorpe Woods, near Lowther, and saw several other young ones about the same age and size.

THE MUSIC THAT GOD LOVES.—God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted and thankful persons.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

FACT FOR SMOKERS.—German physiologists affirm that, of twenty deaths of men between 18 and 25, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking.

CURIOUS IF TRUE.—The following is literally translated from *Le Politique Belge.* The Commissioner Lau (Law?), member of the Court of Insolvent Debtors, has just published his report on the debts of Father Mathew, the temperance apostle, contracted in 1842. The debts recognized amount to 13,000*l.* sterling, upon which a dividend of 4s. 9d. is about to be paid. The declared debts amounted to 27,000*l.* sterling. The bankruptcy of Father Mathew arises from the cost of hiring Covent Garden Theatre!

To Readers and Correspondents.

W. R. B. (Devizes).—*Thanks for the suggestions, which we are unable to adopt, because "leading" the lines, &c. would swell out the matter to an extent which our jealously-guarded space would not conveniently admit.*

J. L. W.—*Any keeper of a circulating library, or bookseller in extensive business, would give the required information, which we are unable to.*

R. W. B. (Manchester).—*We are unable to answer the question respecting the* Novel Times.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following is the moderate scale of charges for Advertisements adopted by THE CRITIC.

For 6 lines and under..... 5s.
For every three lines above ..... 1s.

The volumes of THE CRITIC *neatly half-bound, as completed, for 4s. 6d. each, if the numbers be forwarded to the office. The stamped edition may be sent by post with the ends open, and a letter of advice should contain directions how it is to be returned.*

A portfolio, on a novel and convenient plan, for preserving the numbers of the current volume of THE CRITIC *may be had at the office, or by order, of any bookseller in the country, price 4s. 6d.*

THE CRITIC *may also be had in monthly parts, sewed in a wrapper price 1s. 6d. each.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LETTERS of the MARCHIONESS BROGLIO SOLARI, one of the Maids of Honour to the Princess Lamballe, with a Sketch of her Life and Recollections of celebrated characters. 8vo. 5s.

Pickering, 177, Piccadilly.

CONTINENTAL TOURISTS.
Just published, price 10s. bound,

COGHLAN'S HAND-BOOK for ITALY, Northern, Central, and Southern, with mode of Travelling, Expenses at Hotels, &c. for an entire Tour.

Also, 2nd edit. of COGHLAN'S HAND-BOOK for CENTRAL EUROPE, through Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, France, Switzerland, and Channel Islands, with Map of the Railways to the present time. Price 10s. bound, or, both in one, 20s.

London: H. Hughes, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

THE CRITIC,

And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

PERHAPS a better specimen of the comparative charges of the various journals for the same advertisement will be a statement of the prices actually paid by our publisher during the present week for an advertisement not exceeding five lines. These were—

Times	5 0	Examiner	5 0
Herald	5 0	Britannia	5 0
Chronicle	5 0	John Bull	5 0
Globe	5 0	Spectator	7 6
Athenæum.....	10 0		

It will be seen from this that the *Athenæum* is exactly double the *Times* with a circulation probably not by one-twentieth so large. The *Spectator* has about the same circulation as the *Athenæum*, but its charge was 25 per cent. less, while it was still one-third higher than the *Times*, with a circulation twenty-fold greater. The enormous charges of the *Athenæum* and *Spectator*, so far above those of the other journals, should be known to the advertising public, especially those who reside in the country, or they may chance to find themselves grievously mistaken in their calculations. The question will then be, not so much if these journals be good *media*, as whether they are so much better than other journals as to be worth the enormous price demanded. Their columns crowded, even in spite of such charges, strikingly illustrates the tendency of the English to do as others do, without thinking for themselves. A moment's reflection would satisfy any man that no ordinary journal could be worth the scale required by the two above named. But because some persons are foolish enough to throw away their money thus, forthwith others do the same, and pay, because they pay in company, a greater price to journals of inferior circulation than they would grumble to pay to others far more widely read, to which it is not the fashion to resort for such announcements.

The *Monthly Magazines* are excellent places for advertisements, because they are not only largely read, but they are more permanently before the public eye than the weekly newspapers. The best, undoubtedly, is *Blackwood*, and next is *Fraser*. The charges of the magazines vary considerably, but they are more moderate than might have been supposed from the fact that, unlike newspapers, they are obliged to print so many additional pages for the purpose, and if the circulation be large, the mere paper on which the advertisement stands costs almost as much as would have been the scale charge of a newspaper. *Tait's Magazine* is also an excellent medium for the purpose.

Advertisers are apt to look complainingly at the charge for an advertisement. But have they never calculated the *gain* that it is to them? Suppose, now, that a man has published a book, and desires to make it known in the cheapest way. The cost of printing 2,500 little handbills would be at least 1*l.* 5s. But he goes,—say to a journal office,—pays 5s. and not only procures the printing of 2,500 copies of his announcement, but that which would be still more costly, their introduction to the notice of the very persons he specially desires to address. His direct pecuniary gain is 1*l.*; his indirect benefits are incalculable.

NEW SERIES.—No. 31. VOL. II.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents. By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 2 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

MR. JESSE is becoming a regular book-maker; falling into the ranks of the booksellers' hacks; writing tomes to order, and getting up any theme that has a popular sound about it. He started a good subject in his *Memoirs of the Stuarts*, he handled it with industry and judgment, and consequently it proved successful. But, not content with one profitable adventure in that quarter, he must needs try another and another, each, of course, more dull than its predecessor, because each was made out of the *leavings* of that which went before. We have had already some six or eight volumes about the Stuarts, ingeniously varied in name, but similar in substance, and now we are presented with two more, and heaven knows what the fertility of Mr. JESSE's pen may yet produce to lengthen out the line.

The Memoirs before us have some interest and a little novelty, but they are not worth the cost of two volumes. They might with advantage have been compressed into a moderate duodecimo, or made a part of the memoirs relating to the same period which have preceded them. This is another of the book-making speculations before described, and, as such, is to be viewed with suspicion; reduced to half its bulk, and we could have cordially commended it to the book-clubs. As it is, we can advise only *public* (not circulating) libraries to buy it.

Mr. JESSE can write very agreeably when it pleases him, and all the original portions of these memoirs are light, lively reading. It is the needless expansion of which we complain, and the spinning out into two volumes a tale that might have been told in one that we find fault withal. Mr. JESSE begins with the birth of the Prince, and traces him to his death, and then takes up his son in like manner, introducing us, as he goes along, to a sort of portrait gallery, on the right and on the left, of the more eminent personages whose names are in any manner associated with theirs. The only real novelty in the work is some unpublished correspondence relating to the rebellion, which had been preserved in the library at Glendoick. "The collection," says Mr. JESSE, "was formerly far more voluminous; but, unfortunately, from feelings of laudable but mistaken delicacy, one of the descendants of the Lord Advocate (probably the late Lord CRAIGIE) dreading lest certain families, who had been concerned in the rising of 1745, might become implicated by the entire collection seeing the light, thought proper to commit perhaps not the least interesting portion of it to the flames. Those letters and documents, however, which still remain, though far from comprising an uninterrupted series of correspondence, will nevertheless be found highly valuable and interesting, from the insight which they give into the measures adopted for the suppression of the rebellion, and the light which they throw on the events of a stirring and memorable period."

Among the personages whose fortunes are narrated by Mr. JESSE is FLORA MACDONALD, the heroine of SCOTT, who, it is well known, emigrated to America with her husband. The close of her history is thus told.

The remainder of her eventful life was passed by Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, where she died at the age of seventy, on the 4th of March, 1790. At her particular request, her body was wrapped in one of the sheets that had been used by the unfortunate grandson of James the Second during the night he rested at Kingsburgh, which, as we have already mentioned, had been presented to her by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Macdonald. She was the mother of five sons, all of whom held commissions either in the military or naval service of the reigning sovereign. The eldest, Charles Macdonald, who was a captain in the Queen's Rangers, was a person highly distinguished for his accomplishments and graceful manners. When the grave closed upon his remains, his kinsman, the late Lord Macdonald, paid a pleasing tribute to his worth. "There lies," he said, "the most finished gentleman of my family and name." Flora Macdonald was also the mother of two daughters, the last survivor of whom—the widow of Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye—I had the pleasure, some years since, of accompanying in a voyage through a part of the Western Islands. I had also the additional pleasure of hearing from her own lips the tale of her

mother's adventures and escapes with Prince Charles, and of having some of the scenes where they occurred pointed out by her own hand. One of the first questions which she put to me was, "where had I been staying?" When I told her "at Raasay,"—"Ah!" she said, in a tone which plainly told that she inherited the principles of her race, "you saw no *red* roses at Raasay!" This interesting lady was then, I think, in her seventy-fourth year; she had pleasing, and even polished, manners; was full of anecdote of the past, and had still the remains of beauty. She remembered the visit of Dr. Johnson and Boswell to Kingsburgh, and had been the companion of her parents when they emigrated to America. She spoke of her mother as a small, but neat figure; and when I questioned her whether there was any resemblance between them, she told me that they were reckoned so alike, that, half a century before, happening to be looking at a print of her mother in the window of a shop in the Strand, the celebrated General Burgoyne, who chanced to be passing at the time, was so struck with the resemblance, that he accosted her, and taxed her with the relationship. Her mother's escape with Charles Edward was then an event, she said, sufficiently recent to render her an object of considerable curiosity; and consequently, had her identity been proclaimed to the bystanders, she had little doubt, she added, but that she would have been followed by an inquisitive and disagreeable crowd. The few hours which I passed in the society of this interesting lady I have always looked back upon with satisfaction and pleasure. She died a few years afterwards, at an advanced age.

From the letters we make a few extracts.

It would seem that the insurrection took the authorities by surprise, for they were ill prepared to meet it, and for a long time doubted the rumours that reached them on every side, as will appear from the following:—

The Earl of Findlator to the Lord Advocate.

15th August, 1745.

My Lord,—On Monday last, I was alarmed by a letter from my son-in-law, Mr. Grant, informing me of a report that some French ships, with arms, officers, and money, were come to the Isle of Skye, and that the Pretender's son was said to be amongst them, and that many of the Highlanders in that neighbourhood appeared determined to join them. I would immediately have despatched an express to your lordship with this account, if I had not known that Major Grant had sent one to General Cope. The news surprised me extremely, because I had not the least suspicion of any disturbance. The Jacobites in this country, though elevated by the success of the French abroad, have of late had no remarkable caballings that I have heard of. I immediately made what inquiries I could for intelligence, but have not neard any thing considerable. In general, the Jacobites want to keep us secure. Their language is, that it was only two privateers, who seized some victual-ships bound for Ireland, and sent their boats ashore for provisions. But if the Pretender's son is there with arms and money, or any officers from him, I am well convinced that great numbers will soon flock to him; and although some of the Jacobite chieftains should not venture to appear publicly themselves, they will by their demi-vassals effectually send out their men. My humble opinion is, that all care ought to be taken to crush it in the bud, which I imagine may very possibly be effected. As all the well-affected chieftains are now in this country, I am convinced they will be zealous to exert themselves; and if some few regiments were immediately sent north to pursue and bear down the rebels, I think it would be in their power to quell the insurrection before it can be brought to any great length. Yesterday I went to Gordon Castle, and found the duke determined to set out for Edinburgh this day, which he has accordingly done. I used, in the most prudent manner I could, all sorts of arguments to persuade him to stay at home, and effectually to exercise his power and interest to restrain his people from going out; but he said his private business necessarily obliged him to go south. I think that possibly it is not in his grace's power to restrain all his Highlanders; but I am really of opinion that his presence and commands could keep at home the people of Euzie and Strathbogy, in which there are near three thousand Papists, besides other Jacobites; and that he would have great weight with the people of Strathaiven, Glenlivat, and Badenoch; besides, if any of them should disobey him, he could make them feel the weight of his resentment severely. If any of the Marischal family is in Scotland, it will certainly draw great numbers from Aberdeenshire and Mearns. The state of this corner is, that though many of the commons are very well affected, they have no arms. All the arms in the country are in the hands of the disaffected, which makes my situation very bad.

The Earl of Sutherland to the Lord Advocate.

Dunrobin, 11th August [1745].

My Lord,—Your favour is now before me, by which you inform me that the lords justices had intelligence that a report was current at Paris that the Pretender's eldest son had embarked with an intention to land in Scotland, where he expected to be joined by the Highlanders. This intelligence I have many reasons to apprehend is but too well founded. I have had private intelligence to the same purpose within these two days, and have sent to acquaint the Duke of Argyll of it; and I have several reasons to think that the Pretender's son expects to be joined by too many in the Lowlands as well as in the Highlands, and that a general insurrection is designed of the disaffected party, both south and north. It happens greatly amiss, in such an emergency, that his Majesty's firmest friends in the Highlands are destitute of arms and ammunition for their own defence and his Majesty's service, when his most inveterate enemies are too well provided, and threaten, as I am certainly informed, in less than a fortnight's time, to do all the mischief that their malice, armed with fire and sword, can effect, to such of their neighbours as are most attached to his Majesty's person and government. I and Lord Reay, with our vassals, could raise eighteen hundred or two thousand men, and with these could effectually bridle all the public enemies north of us, and do considerable service also against the more numerous enemies on the other hand of us. But what can we do without arms or ammunition? I made early application to Sir John Cope for a proper supply, on the surmises we had of a French invasion near two years ago; but my applications have unhappily been neglected, till now there is danger that a supply will come too late. I am causing to be gathered in and brushed up all the arms in this country, which, between me and Lord Reay, I doubt not will make above two hundred stand, and we shall need at least sixteen hundred more of swords and guns, with proportional ammunition. I pray, by all the regard you and others of his Majesty's ministers have for his Majesty's service and interest, that you will instantly order a sloop here with arms and ammunition as above, to be delivered to me on my receipt. It will be further necessary, my lord, that a proper person have a commission directly sent to him, to act as lord lieutenant of the northern shires. If I am honoured with that commission I shall take the utmost care to fulfil it with equal zeal and fidelity as my grandfather did in the time of the former rebellion. You have inclosed, my lord, a true copy of a contract of mutual friendship I entered into with Lord Reay, in prospect of the invasion and rebellion that seems to be on the point of breaking out. I again entreat, in the most earnest manner, that a proper supply may be sent me of arms and ammunition, as above, without any loss of time. If that supply does not come within twenty days at farthest, it may cost his Majesty abundance of men and money to recover the loss his interest may sustain in the north, which the supply mentioned, coming timeously, might enable me, with Lord Reay's assistance, to prevent. I shall take care, from time to time, to communicate to you and others of his Majesty's servants any motions that may be in the Highlands at this juncture, and take proper measures to get the best intelligence I can for that purpose. I am, with great respect, &c. SUTHERLAND.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of a Working Man. (*Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers.*) London, 1845. Knight and Co.

THE volume of this series now before us contains the self-written "Memoirs of a Working Man." These are the memoirs of a very undistinguished life—the life of a man born, living, and destined to die, in a very lowly sphere; a life remarkable for no extraordinary incidents, no startling adventures, cheered with few joys, and those of no exalted character; harassed with many cares, and those the oft-told common-place sufferings which fall to the lot of the labourers, the mechanics, and the base rabble of this fair England. There is nothing here of the romance which made King Cophetua's beggar-maid a heroine, or of that more modern and less innocent interest that invests the Shepherds and Turpins of the Newgate Calendar with dignity. There is nothing but a very plain simple statement of the manner in which the days of a feeble, sickly, yet intelligent poor man have been passed; and yet there is here much shrewd remark, much honest prudence, much food for useful consideration. The healthy craving after intellectual nourishment, mingled with the calm and patient performance of all the duties of a most unintellectual state of existence, manifested by the author of this small volume, is striking and full of admonition. From the perusal of such a book, the great and increasing crowd of readers now happily to be found among the lower classes of society will derive no ordinary lessons of encouragement in every moral and intellectual advance; nor will those of higher

station, if they think aright, find such a memoir uninteresting, however great cause they may see in it for self-abasement in a comparison of the opportunities possessed, and the knowledge attained by the working man and themselves. Men of education, whose whole career has been passed in a kind of literary leisure ; whose very business, perhaps, has something in it of a literary stamp, need at times to cast their eyes upon a picture of existence very different from their own—the existence of rational beings, their fellows and compeers in natural endowments, animated with an ardent thirst after information, naturally equal, if not superior, to their own, yet chained down by a mysterious dispensation to a state of life which has its beginning, its course, and its end, in toil ;—a state by which the mind is cheated of its fair proportions, its energies quelled, its impulses overpowered, its fine and spiritual nature made the slave of a coarse, physical, material necessity. It was the sense of this apparent want of harmony between intellectual attainment and the plodding mechanical condition of the lower orders of the people, that made so many worthy persons believe, a few years ago, that the spread of education among all classes would be necessarily fraught with so much evil. The higher and finer part of man's constitution, if allowed full scope and development, would, it was thought, grow fastidious at the approach of the vulgar labours which are the portion of the sons of poverty, and as the sense grew more dainty, the hand was expected to become less willing to endure employment. Now, to such a theory, these Memoirs are an answer. A poor journeyman tailor, a mere drudge in an art of itself sufficiently, as it is thought, contemptible, is found, by quiet observation and indefatigable industry in the pursuit of book-knowledge, amassing an amount of observation, and acquiring a purity of taste of no trifling excellence, and yet the regular round of tailoring duties is not the less punctually attended to ; nay, the two opposites work so well together, that the poor journeyman actually sends into the literary world, as a proof of the compatibility of his two pursuits, a little treatise, indicating an abundance of technical skill, and bearing the title of *A Manual for the Apprentices to Tailors*.

The nameless subject of the memoir was born in the year 1792, and, at an age so early that he cannot remember the circumstance, was taught by his parents to read. They thus gave him possession of the main requisite for carrying on the system of self-instruction to which he was principally indebted. His schooling was no better and no worse than that of other poor children of the same age and station, and he recalls now the strange ideas held by himself, as a contemplative child, upon a variety of subjects, in the explanation of which he could obtain from those about him no assistance. After spending a year or two at a dame's school, which his mother began to keep when he was five years old, he was promoted to a dissenters' charity school, after an examination to him scarcely less awful than the terrible ordeals of our universities. His account of the matter is a good specimen of the simple style of his narrative.

The school to which I have referred was supported by a congregation of Protestant Dissenters. It consisted of twenty-five boys, who were taught the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. They were also partly clothed at the expense of the subscribers. The period for which the boys were admitted was three years. The vacancies in the school were filled up at the close of the year, and it was required of the applicants for admission that they should be able to read in the New Testament to the satisfaction of the managing committee. This regulation involved an ordeal which to me was a rather formidable affair. I dreaded it so much the more because, as I knew but little of its nature or extent, my imagination was at liberty to draw a rather fearful picture. I well remember the subdued feelings with which I wended my way to the place of trial. It was on a winter's evening, when the dreary aspect of every thing around me was in keeping with the solemnity of the business in which I was engaged. It was well for me that my good mother took me under her wing, as otherwise I should certainly have been confounded when I came before my examiners.

These worthy but to me awful personages were assembled in a large upper room of an ancient inn. They were seated around a fire that was blazing cheerfully, and almost eclipsing the light of the candles, which of themselves would have but just sufficed to make " darkness visible." I was too much abashed to allow of my surveying the room very closely ; what I saw of it, therefore, was only by occasional and hasty glances. I observed, however, that the table was well furnished with bottles and glasses, pipes and tobacco, indicating that the company present thought it wise to relieve the cares of business by a little of that which tends to make the heart glad.

I cannot now remember all who were present, but have a clear recollection of several, among whom was the minister of the congregation, an aged, venerable looking man, whose close-fitting, neatly curled wig, and somewhat antiquated dress, accorded well with his age and character. There was also a worthy gentleman, one of the deacons, whose portly figure, powdered head, and commanding aspect filled me with profound awe. He was, however, a kind-hearted and affable man. I could have spoken without much perturbation to either of these good men, had I met him alone and casually ; but to see them all at once in a strange place, and invested with authority to question me, was too much for one so timid as I then was. A novitiate monk in the august presence of his Holiness and a full conclave of Cardinals, or a presumed heretic at the tribunal of the Inquisition, could hardly feel more discomposed than I did when directed to read aloud in the hearing of my assembled judges. I obeyed this dread mandate with much trepidation, but was enabled to do it so as to escape censure. My mother gave such further information about me as was required ; upon which I was unanimously elected, with some expressions of approbation.

Thus ended my much dreaded trial, to my no small relief and satisfaction ; I had passed through the ordeal unscathed, although much frightened, and I could not but rejoice at my success.

I was well satisfied with the treatment I had met with from my examiners, but, as a faithful chronicler, I am bound to state that I was not a little puzzled at a part of their proceedings. They were smoking ; and as I had been accustomed to regard this practice as indicative of intemperate or loose habits, I was greatly surprised at seeing " grave and reverend " men like these wielding the ominous tobacco-pipe. Even the minister was thus employed ;—this was the most inexplicable circumstance of all : I afterward learned that he was an inveterate smoker, which intelligence further increased my perplexity. I feared that all was not right, but I was too poor a casuist to grapple with so knotty a question ; I was therefore compelled to leave it until I should be more equal to the task.

The school in which our author was thus placed was under the governance of two masters ; the chief, besides his scholastic labours, employed himself as a land-surveyor, and the subject of the memoir considered himself fortunate in being selected by him as his helper in the task of measuring estates. The change of scene thus procured, and the traveller's experience obtained in a circuit of twenty miles, though not very great, were sufficient to feed and stimulate the curiosity of an observant, inquisitive boy. Of this master mention is made in the glowing terms dictated by the remembrance of early and continued kindness. The other schoolmaster, whose literary toils among the rising generation appear to have been relieved by the performance of the lighter duties of a cordwainer, was altogether a different person. His portrait is given in colours not so prepossessing as those in which his chief is delineated.

Unhappily he was too fond of strong drink, and was often more than half intoxicated, but contrived to conceal this from the other master. When he was in this state he was very ill-tempered, and was guilty of administering undeserved correction : he did this, moreover, with much severity and indiscretion. I yet retain a clear recollection of his having, when half inebriated, severely punished me with a heavy leather strap upon the palms of my hands. The occasion of this punishment was a very trifling one : I had written as an exercise the word " hyperbole ;" on shewing him my writing, he proceeded to flog me in the way I have described, and that too without telling me where or how I had done wrong. I felt at the time that I was very unfairly treated, and I still think that I might have been far more mildly corrected even had I been blameable.

This incident made an indelible impression upon my mind, and produced one or two rather curious effects in regard to my association of ideas ; during many years from that time I felt an invincible dislike to the luckless word which had been the innocent occasion of my sufferings. Even to this day I am reminded of them whenever I deliberately use this word. Nor is this all, for it were no *hyperbole* to affirm that the formidable leather strap " in gorgon terrors clad " is still occasionally brought to my remembrance, especially when I see a similar weapon. But though I have not forgotten the punishment, I have long ago forgiven my master, of whom, except in this instance, I had no cause to complain. My chief reason for noticing his faults is that I may, by this example, shew the necessity there is that all who have the care of young people should be able to govern themselves : any deficiency here will be very unlikely to escape the

notice of their pupils, who will soon learn to despise such as are wanting in self-respect. The consequences which naturally follow from this state of things are too obvious to need pointing out.

Upon leaving school, "the working man" finds occupation in several little menial offices, until, at length, when not quite thirteen years old, he is made servant to a woollen draper, with the liberal wages of three shillings a week. From this incident the future career of the author took its general complexion. Here he remained for five years, by which time, having become a fairly competent workman, he resolved to go to London in search of employment. An obscure alley in Moorfields was the quiet retreat where he sought for and obtained lodgings. It would of course be tedious, in this short review, to follow our author through all the little successes and failures of his London life; of both of these it seems to have had its fair, and not very much more than its fair proportion. What is, however, very admirable, is the resolute and unflinching manner in which the poor tailor struggled against the attacks of sickness and an enfeebled constitution, the strength of purpose with which he shunned the snares of vice and dissipation, and the warmth of affection with which he devoted himself to the little scraps of knowledge that from time to time fell in his way. All this is told in an unaffected manner that carries with it the warrant of its own truthfulness. There is no attempt to lay claim to any praise for the good actions: that they were done under such and such circumstances, and with these or those feelings or emotions, is all that is narrated. There is a particularity, moreover, in the detail of the little acts of extravagance or economy, that is amusing to all, and will be especially useful to those in the same circumstances and with something of the same tastes as the author. The following is the account of how he conducted the affairs of his housekeeping in very bad times:—

I continued daily to look out for work, but still without success. This gave me considerable uneasiness, and the greater because my stock of money was by this time a good deal reduced. To meet this exigence, I still further reduced my expenditure; so that my charges for living were about as low as those of an inmate of a poor-house. It may not be amiss to present the reader with my usual bill of fare. The account for one day will suffice, as I allowed of no highdays or holidays. Even the slightest expense that was not indispensably needful, was carefully avoided. For breakfast I had a penny roll and half a pint of porter. This I took at a public-house—for two reasons: first, that I might have an opportunity of looking at a morning newspaper; and further, that I might have the comfort of sitting by a good fire—for the wintry season was not far off, and the mornings were already cold. As an impartial and faithful narrator, I am bound to confess that this meal cost me a *halfpenny* more than the sum charged for the provisions, because I preferred the accommodations of a room where I could sit quietly, and without the annoyance of tobacco-fumes. For this privilege I willingly incurred the additional expense, and thus spent many an hour in tolerable comfort, which otherwise must have been spent either in the cold and cheerless streets, or among the noisy and uncouth frequenters of a dirty tap-room. I felt a considerable degree of interest in regard to the course of public affairs, and therefore was the more anxious to see a newspaper every day. I also hoped that some one of the numerous advertisements might be made available in the way of getting employment other than that of tailoring. In this hope I was disappointed; yet the time I thus spent was not quite thrown away, as I hereby contracted a habit of carefully reading advertisements, which I have found to be useful * * * It may be a merely fanciful notion on my part, but I nevertheless seem to learn more of human nature and of the tangled web of human affairs from these sources than I am able to learn from the most laboured statements of either editors or paid correspondents. While these, in order to bring grist to the mill, are forced to comply with party views and to suppress their own; or are induced to mystify plain questions, so that they may seem to be profoundly learned in political knowledge; the advertising parties write for themselves—throw aside the veil of mystery—ask in good plain English for the reader's cash, and generally give a fair view of what is going on in the regions of their inner man. There are, indeed, some cases in which the advertisers employ a few cabalistical phrases in their announcements; but these may be soon interpreted. When *this* is done, the reader will not fail to discover what may, perhaps, help to guard him from becoming a victim to the cupidity, trickery, or base selfishness which may often be partially concealed under cover of very plausible statements. But I am neglecting my bill of fare, in like manner as I then sometimes neglected to get my dinner—that is to say, by having my thoughts fully occupied about other matters. I have but a very slender account to give of my noonday meal, inasmuch as I frequently dined in the style of "Duke Humphrey," and in a similar place. When I did have a dinner, it was made out of a penny loaf unaccompanied by the addition of any thing besides. Of the meal usually called "tea," I say nothing, and for a good reason, namely, that I really have nothing to say, inasmuch as it had no place among my meals. In consideration of my abstinence during the day, I venture to hope for the reader's verdict in respect of my rather plentiful supper. At this meal I allowed myself a sufficient quantity of food; but as to its quality I cannot say much in its favour. It consisted of bread and cheese, porter, and onions—food which I have always much relished, but which was, even then, far too crude and heavy for my feeble digestive powers. It was, however, very palatable, and considerably the more so because of my having had the appetite a good deal sharpened by much previous abstinence, and by exposure to a cold atmosphere.

From London, the working man, after some time, returned to his native village, and thence again to town, settling for some time in each. In due course he passed from the bachelor and the journeyman into the married man and the master. With regard to the former of these two changes we are told very little; nor is the author, generally speaking, very communicative with regard to those domestic histories which are generally the life of narratives of this nature. He chronicles, indeed, the births of his children just as he does the occurrence of national events, and with very nearly the same degree of apparent interest. Of the partner of his domestic joys we hear little or nothing. For this, two very good reasons may be given: first, the working man, in all probability, wrote with a strong practical design; he knew that the good or the harm to be done by unfolding matters connected with the scenes of domestic privacy is every day realized by a thousand others. There would, therefore, have been little novelty and less utility in exhibiting his wife or children as the heroine or heroes of cottage or garret life; in the next place, it may well be that a poor artizan of refined literary tastes and pursuits might shrink from exhibiting the scant, matter-of-fact realities of a working man's home. Whatever the cause, so it is, that we have no picture of any romantic feelings, early attachments, or the devotion of the heart. In their place we have the more valuable detail of the shifts and expedients employed by the working man for the gratification of his ruling desire, the appetite for literary food. Another point worth remarking is, that our working man is a working man to the end of the chapter. From his literary attainments he derives pecuniarily almost nothing. One little book, published by subscription, and a few lectures, delivered at a mechanics' institution, are the only remunerating literary tasks to which he seems to have given himself; so that we have before us a sketch of the history, not of a man, like BURNS, raised above his sphere by intellectual taste and power, but of one who softens the ruggedness of bodily drudgery by the cultivation of his mind, and demonstrates by his example the value of virtuous industry combined with educated taste, not in removing the poor man from the lot assigned to him, but in securing for that lot greater and purer happiness in itself, and higher respect and estimation from the hands of others. The close of the book leaves him located in London, the atmosphere of which best suits the tendency to asthmatic complaints, by which his existence has been, almost from the day of his birth, cheated of the enjoyment of perfect health. It leaves him patiently resigning himself to a premature old age, occasioned by no intemperance or youthful folly, but by the sickly constitution by Providence appointed to him. It leaves him also the father of a small family, intent upon bringing them up to the same tastes and principles as those by which his own life has been softened and improved, respected and encouraged by the kindness of those familiar with his history, but still a working man, and still poor.

We have been hitherto occupied with the private life and adventures of our hero; these, of course, it is the design of the memoir to represent, and with them, after all, is our chief concern. But when, in the course of his narrative, the working man has to speak of public events and characters, his remarks are very judicious, and indicate a very healthy tone of mind and feeling. Thus he gives a very different picture of the opinions and conduct of the really useful members of his own class in times of riot or in disputes between masters and workmen from that which is given either by the presidents of trades'

unions, on the one hand, or the stubborn advocates of martial law on the other. The great majority of industrious and honest workmen have no less interest in peace and quiet than the wealthy mill-owner or manufacturer. In fact, they have a greater interest, because their means enable them to endure a cessation from employment for a much shorter time. They are, therefore, slow to enter upon a contest with their employers; they need oppression to rouse them to it, and with a little kindness they are soon appeased. But, at the same time, they are bound up with and are dependent upon the conduct and the sympathies of their companions. When a strike takes place, nothing can prevent them from joining in it but the most strenuous support and encouragement from their masters. They, in most cases are not supported. They become spectators of scenes of riot and violence, to which they are opposed, but they have no means and no inducement to organize their opposition. Their presence, which it is unsafe to refuse, lends a fictitious semblance of strength to the wrong-headed and the disorderly; the law is outraged, and the guilty, nevertheless, generally escape. In almost every riot, in every conflict between employed and employers, there is a certain measure of blame attaching to both sides. Among the public events noticed incidentally in the Memoirs appears the following:—

The general election, consequent upon the breaking up of Lord Grenville's administration, in the spring of 1807, gave me the means of adding a little more to my knowledge of the world. I could not, indeed, interpret rightly all that I saw and heard, but I could, nevertheless, understand enough thereof to see the instability of popular favour, and the worthlessness of popular applause. The gentleman who had been the favourite candidate of the people, and whom they had joyfully sent into Parliament less than a year before, was now so coldly received by his recent friends, that he thought it prudent to retire from the field without trying the issue of a contest. The watchwords which he so effectively employed at the preceding election, "T——l and the glorious revolution of 1688!" were now powerless, while those of his opponent, "No Popery!" appeared to have an almost talismanic influence. The worthy (?) electors seemed to have undergone a transformation which, to the uninitiated in such matters, was not easily to be accounted for. Except from the speeches and placards of the candidates and their friends, I should not then have discovered that the exercise of the elective franchise involves the discharge of a public duty; neither should I have judged it to be conducive to any real private advantage. From the general aspect of the whole scene I should rather have inferred that it was considered merely as an occasion for indulging in unrestrained intemperance and lawless confusion.

The countenance which I saw was given to these and other immoral practices by respectable men was what I could not understand; and even now I am at a loss to comprehend fully how it is that such men can allow themselves to patronize what has so powerful a tendency to debase the character and to injure the condition of their unreflecting and needy countrymen.

The next public event that attracted my notice was the great military expedition to Copenhagen. Nearly if not all the regiments of the line then in the adjacent barracks were sent upon this service; and I think it was the bustle and excitement connected with their departure that led my master's workmen to take some additional interest in public affairs. Until this time I do not remember to have heard them talk much about matters of that description. Now, however, they clubbed their pence to pay for a newspaper, and selected the *Weekly Political Register* of that clever man the late William Cobbett. This journal was in the form of a pamphlet. It was chiefly filled with the letters of correspondents and the political disquisitions of the proprietor. The only news it contained was that which related to the naval and military operations of the British forces. The *Political Register* was soon thought to be deficient in matters of general interest. It was therefore exchanged for the *Courier*, which in a short time gave place to the *Independent Whig*. From this time the men were warm politicians—not indeed very well conversant with public affairs, but what they lacked in knowledge they made up by a rather large amount of zealous partisanship. When they were too busy to look over the newspaper they employed me as their reader—an office whose duties I found to be very pleasant.

Not only, however, has the working man given his opinion and the result of his observations upon more stirring matters, but he also deals in a great deal of quiet and sensible reflection upon the buildings, the curiosities and the adornments of the different places in or in the neighbourhood of which he is thrown. Accordingly, few of the lions of the metropolis escape without some short comment. The following notices of Westminster Abbey and of Lord Eldon are interesting.

Trade continued to be very dull, so that I could not procure employment except a few trifling jobs on my own account. Thus I had more than enough time for my other purposes. In good truth, I had much more than I desired to have, or than was at all consistent with my well-being; yet, as there was no help for it, I endeavoured to be contented. I employed the greater part of it in reading and walking; and in order to see as much as I could, I varied my walks; but my favourite haunts were, as before, the Royal Exchange, and the banks of the river below London-bridge. Sometimes I rambled westward, and then I rarely omitted visiting Westminster Abbey, for the purpose of seeing the various interesting objects in Poets' Corner. I did not then know of the Cloisters, or I should have availed myself of the facility they afford for a quiet walk. There was free access given to that part of the Abbey which I have named, otherwise my visits there would have been both "few and far between." As it was, however, I put no check upon my wishes, but often spent an hour or two in quietly contemplating the monuments which either public esteem or private affection had there placed in memory of departed genius, learning, or moral worth. It is a place in which, as it seems to me, there may be learned much both of an admonitory and an encouraging character, in which there are numerous and affecting intimations concerning the "vanity of human wishes," and the utter insignificance of all that men deem "good or great," unless it be connected with the practice of moral virtue, and therefore bearing upon the interests of another and a nobler life.

In these western rambles I sometimes looked into the courts of law and equity. In the latter I had one day an opportunity of hearing several long and dry harangues respecting some houses which were claimed by different parties. I was amused by the seeming inattention of the Lord Chancellor (Eldon), as I also was by the contrast between his sombre habiliments and the parchment-like hue of his face. When, however, it came to his turn to speak, I was much surprised by his clear recapitulation of what had been said—stripping it of all its verbosity and tautology; and I was so much pleased by hearing his earnest deprecation of a Chancery suit in the case before him, that I ever afterwards felt a high respect for his lordship, as being an *equitable* as well as an *equity* judge.

In a mind so self-instructed as that of the singular character of whose history we have been speaking, much inconsistency and irregularity is of course to be detected. One peculiarity is very striking, namely, a warm and almost poetical sympathy with, and admiration of, the services, the rites, and the temples of the Church of England, united with a steadfast adherence to the sect of dissenters to which his family had belonged. In the sacred music of the solemn organ, in the sweet sound of the pealing bell, or the majestic melancholy with which it tolls for the departed, he finds constant food for delight and musing. He has a keen sense of the beauties of Gothic architecture, and even a reverence for the persons of the English clergy, and yet in spite of this, he cleaves to a congregation, the very first principle of fellowship with which is the belief that the ceremonies of the church are superstitious and dangerous in their tendencies. We give this as an instance of apparent inconsistency in the man's mind. There are several others of a similar character. One defect of his mind, originating in a bad state of society, is the absence of strong distinctive religious feeling. In calamity his main support is in a philosophical, not a religious resignation. This is connected, in all probability, with the fact that no mention is made of any minister of religion as interesting himself in the spiritual or temporal well-being of the working man. This is bad. The poor man who is to be rendered better and wiser by books of this nature, ought to have his thoughts more frequently directed to Him who careth for the poor. The poor man who is to become a better member of society has a right to somewhat more attention and sympathy from the ministers of religion than this memoir leads us to infer that its author ever received.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Journal of a Voyage round the World. By Charles Darwin, M.A. F.R.S. London, 1845. Demy 8vo. John Murray.

The author of this very entertaining and instructive book, accompanied, in the capacity of *Naturalist*, the expedition which, in her Majesty's ship *Beagle*, sailed round the world in 1832 and following years. The duty intrusted to Captain Fitzroy—the commander of the ship, and his officers, was to complete the survey of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, to lay

down correctly the shores of Chili, Peru, and certain islands in the Pacific, and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world. This undertaking, so important to the interests of physical science, had been commenced in 1826, under Captain KING, and was completed by this expedition in so satisfactory a manner as to leave little more to be desired.

It adds not a little to the lustre which invests our country, that she stands foremost among existing nations in the prosecution of maritime discovery and the investigation of the physical phenomena which appertain broadly to the globe.

The achievements of this nature made a few centuries ago by the Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch, and later still by the French, stand honourable examples in their history, which their present spirit no longer emulates—or at best but feebly. Next to the British, it is to the Americans and Russians that science is most indebted for discoveries in this way. Their expeditions have been conducted with energy, curiosity, and ability, and judiciously supported with a liberal hand; the result of which has been a considerable, and therefore invaluable, addition to our knowledge of geography, natural history, and the physical laws,—magnetic, tidal, and other, which, affecting navigation, control to a greater or lesser extent the interchange of commodities, of arts and refinement, between the multitudinous inhabitants of the globe. On the utility of such national undertakings, as it must be obvious to the dullest intellect, it were needless to enlarge.

The discoveries made by the officers of the *Beagle* in the sciences they undertook to watch, have appeared in separate publications; those made by Mr. DARWIN, with his notes and remarks, have been edited by British naturalists severally most conversant with the departments intrusted to their care, and, thanks to the munificence of the Lords of the Treasury, who gave a thousand pounds towards the expenses, laid before the public in several volumes. From these, and his journal, Mr. DARWIN has compiled this agreeable book, condensing, and adding occasionally to parts, so as to fit the work for the popular taste; but referring naturalists, for full details, to the large publications which comprise the results of the expedition.

To follow the author throughout his course is impracticable here; we must therefore content ourselves with stating that this volume (there are others to follow) comprises the narrative of his voyage along the shores and his excursions into the interior of South America. His narrative is lively and graphic, his observations acute and marked with judgment, and his style unaffected and easy. We proceed to give a few extracts, which, by their spirit and general character, will convey a fair notion of the work. There is the colouring of nature in our author's description of his first entrance upon

A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

The day has passed delightfully. Delight itself, however, is a weak term to express the feelings of a naturalist who, for the first time, has wandered by himself in a Brazilian forest. The elegance of the grasses, the novelty of the parasitical plants, the beauty of the flowers, the glossy green of the foliage, but above all the general luxuriance of the vegetation, filled me with admiration. A most paradoxical mixture of sound and silence pervades the shady parts of the wood. The noise from the insects is so loud, that it may be heard even in a vessel anchored several hundred yards from the shore; yet within the recesses of the forest a universal silence appears to reign. To a person fond of natural history, such a day as this brings with it a deeper pleasure than he can ever hope to experience again. After wandering about for some hours, I returned to the landing-place; but, before reaching it I was overtaken by a tropical storm. I tried to find shelter under a tree, which was so thick that it would never have been penetrated by common English rain; but here, in a couple of minutes, a little torrent flowed down the trunk. It is to this violence of the rain that we must attribute the verdure at the bottom of the thickest woods: if the showers were like those of a colder clime, the greater part would be absorbed or evaporated before it reached the ground.

In an excursion from Rio Janeiro, Mr. DARWIN passed a spot which had been the place of refuge of some runaway slaves, his account of which we extract:—

Our party amounted to seven. The first stage was very interesting. The day was powerfully hot, and as we passed through the woods, every thing was motionless, excepting the large and brilliant butterflies, which lazily fluttered about. The view seen when crossing the hills behind Praia Grande was most beautiful; the colours were intense, and the prevailing tint a dark blue; the sky and the calm waters of the bay vied with each other in splendour. After passing through some cultivated country, we entered a forest, which in the grandeur of all its parts could not be exceeded. We arrived by midday at Ithacaia; this small village is situated on a plain, and round the central house are the huts of the negroes. These, from their regular form and position, reminded me of the drawings of the Hottentot habitations in Southern Africa. As the moon rose early, we determined to start the same evening for our sleeping-place at the Lagoa Marica. As it was growing dark we passed under one of the massive, bare, and steep hills of granite which are so common in this country. This spot is notorious from having been, for a long time, the residence of some runaway slaves, who, by cultivating a little ground near the top, contrived to eke out a subsistence. At length they were discovered, and a party of soldiers being sent, the whole were seized with the exception of one old woman, who, sooner than again be led into slavery, dashed herself to pieces from the summit of the mountain. In a Roman matron this would have been called the noble love of freedom: in a poor negress it is mere brutal obstinacy. We continued riding for some hours. For the few last miles the road was intricate, and it passed through a desert waste of marshes and lagoons. The scene by the dimmed light of the moon was most desolate. A few fireflies flitted by us; and the solitary snipe, as it rose, uttered its plaintive cry. The distant and sullen roar of the sea scarcely broke the stillness of the night.

Contrasted against the comfort, civility, and convenience enjoyed at an English hotel, a curious description is the following of the accommodation at

A BRAZILIAN INN.

As the vênda here was a very good one, and I have the pleasant, but rare remembrance, of an excellent dinner, I will be grateful and presently describe it, as the type of its class. These houses are often large, and are built of thick upright posts, with boughs interwoven, and afterwards plastered. They seldom have floors, and never glazed windows; but are generally pretty well roofed. Universally the front part is open, forming a kind of verandah, in which tables and benches are placed. The bedrooms join on each side, and here the passenger may sleep as comfortably as he can, on a wooden platform, covered by a thin straw mat. The vênda stands in a courtyard, where the horses are fed. On first arriving, it was our custom to unsaddle the horses and give them their Indian corn; then, with a low bow, to ask the senhôr to do us the favour to give us something to eat. "Any thing you choose, Sir," was his usual answer. For the few first times, vainly I thanked Providence for having guided us to so good a man. The conversation proceeding, the case universally became deplorable. "Any fish, can you do us the favour of giving?" "Oh! no, Sir." "Any soup?" "No, Sir." "Any bread?" "Oh! no, Sir." "Any dried meat?" "Oh, no, Sir." If we were lucky, by waiting a couple of hours, we obtained fowls, rice, and farinha. It not unfrequently happened that we were obliged to kill, with stones, the poultry for our own supper. When, thoroughly exhausted by fatigue and hunger, we timorously hinted that we should be glad of our meal, the pompous, and (though true) most unsatisfactory answer was, "It will be ready when it is ready." If we had dared to remonstrate any further, we should have been told to proceed on our journey, as being too impertinent. The hosts are most ungracious and disagreeable in their manners; their houses and their persons are often filthily dirty; the want of the accommodation of forks, knives, and spoons is common; and I am sure no cottage or hovel in England could be found in a state so utterly destitute of every comfort. In Campos Novos, however, we fared sumptuously; having rice and fowls, biscuit, wine, and spirits, for dinner; coffee in the evening, and fish with coffee for breakfast. All this, with good food for the horses, only cost 2s. 6d. per head. Yet the host of this vênda, being asked if he knew any thing of a whip which one of the party had lost, gruffly answered, "How should I know? why did you not take care of it?—I suppose the dogs have eaten it."

On his way to Buenos Ayres, our author stopped at the *Sauce Posta*, where he witnessed

A TRIAL OF SKILL WITH THE BOLAS.

I staid at this posta two days, waiting for a troop of soldiers, which General Rosas had the kindness to send to inform me would shortly travel to Buenos Ayres; and he advised me to take the opportunity of the escort. In the morning we rode to some neighbouring hills to view the country, and to examine the geology. After dinner the soldiers divided themselves into two parties for a trial of skill with the bolas. Two spears were stuck in the ground thirty-five yards apart, but they were struck and entangled only once in four or five times. The balls can be thrown fifty or sixty yards, but with little certainty. This, how-

ever, does not apply to a man on horseback: for when the speed of the horse is added to the force of the arm, it is said, that they can be whirled with effect to the distance of eighty yards. As a proof of their force, I may mention, that at the Falkland Islands, when the Spaniards murdered some of their own countrymen, and all the Englishmen, a young friendly Spaniard was running away, when a great tall man, by name Luciano, came at full gallop after him, shouting to him to stop, and saying that he only wanted to speak to him. Just as the Spaniard was on the point of reaching the boat, Luciano threw the balls: they struck him on the legs with such a jerk, as to throw him down and to render him for some time insensible. The man, after Luciano had had his talk, was allowed to escape. He told us that his legs were marked by great weals, where the thong had wound round, as if he had been flogged with a whip. In the middle of the day two men arrived, who brought a parcel from the next posta to be forwarded to the general: so that besides these two, our party consisted this evening of my guide and self, the lieutenant, and his four soldiers. The latter were strange beings: the first a fine young negro; the second half Indian and negro; and the two others nondescripts, namely, an old Chilian miner, the colour of mahogany, and another partly a mulatto; but two such mongrels, with such detestable expressions, I never saw before. At night when they were sitting round the fire, and playing at cards, I retired to view such a Salvator Rosa scene. They were seated under a low cliff, so that I could look down upon them; around the party were lying dogs, arms, remnants of deer and ostriches; and their long spears were stuck in the turf. Further, in the dark background, their horses were tied up, ready for any sudden danger. If the stillness of the desolate plain was broken by one of the dogs barking, a soldier leaving the fire would place his head close to the ground, and thus slowly scan the horizon. Even if the noisy teru-tero uttered its scream, there would be a pause in the conversation, and every head, for the moment, a little inclined.

What a life of misery these men appear to us to lead! They were at least ten leagues from the Sauce posta, and since the murder committed by the Indians, twenty from another. The Indians are supposed to have made their attack in the middle of the night, for very early in the morning after the murder, they were luckily seen approaching this posta. The whole party here, however, escaped, together with the troop of horses; each one taking a line for himself, and driving with him as many animals as he was able to manage.

BUENOS AYRES.

The city of Buenos Ayres is large;* and I should think one of the most regular in the world. Every street is at right angles to the one it crosses, and the parallel ones being equidistant, the houses are collected into solid squares of equal dimensions, which are called quadras. On the other hand, the houses themselves are hollow squares; all the rooms opening into a neat little court-yard. They are generally only one story high, with flat roofs, which are fitted with seats, and are much frequented by the inhabitants in summer. In the centre of the town is the Plaza, where the public offices, fortress, cathedral, &c. stand. Here also, the old viceroys, before the revolution, had their palaces. The general assemblage of buildings possesses considerable architectural beauty, although none individually can boast of any.

The great *corral*, where the animals are kept for slaughter to supply food to this beef-eating population, is one of the spectacles best worth seeing. The strength of the horse as compared to that of the bullock is quite astonishing: a man on horseback having thrown his lazo round the horns of a beast, can drag it anywhere he chooses. The animal ploughing up the ground with outstretched legs, in vain efforts to resist the force, generally dashes at full speed to one side; but the horse immediately turning to receive the shock, stands so firmly that the bullock is almost thrown down, and it is surprising that their necks are not broken. The struggle is not, however, one of fair strength; the horse's girth being matched against the bullock's extended neck. In a similar manner a man can hold the wildest horse, if caught with the lazo just behind the ears. When the bullock has been dragged to the spot where it is to be slaughtered, the *matador* with great caution cuts the hamstrings. Then is given the death bellow; a noise more expressive of fierce agony than any I know: I have often distinguished it from a long distance, and have always known that the struggle was then drawing to a close. The whole sight is horrible and revolting: the ground is almost made of bones; and the horses and riders are drenched with gore.

A terrible description is that given by Mr. DARWIN of

A SOUTH AMERICAN DROUGHT.

While travelling through the country I received several vivid descriptions of the effects of a late great drought, and the account of this may throw some light on the cases where vast numbers of animals of all kinds have been embedded together. The period included between the years 1827 and 1830 is called the "gran seco," or the great drought. During this time so little rain fell, that the vegetation, even to the thistles, failed; the brooks were dried up, and the whole country assumed the appearance of a dusty high road. This was especially the case in the northern part of the province of Buenos Ayres and the southern part of St. Fé. Very great numbers of birds, wild animals, cattle, and horses perished for want of food and water. A man told me that the deer used to come into his courtyard to the well, which he had been obliged to dig to supply his own family with water; and that the partridges had hardly strength to fly away when pursued. The lowest estimation of the loss of cattle in the province of Buenos Ayres alone, was taken at one million head. A proprietor at San Pedro had previously to these years 20,000 cattle; at the end not one remained. San Pedro is situated in the middle of the finest country, and even now abounds again with animals; yet, during the latter part of the "gran seco," live cattle were brought in vessels for the consumption of the inhabitants. The animals roamed from their estancias, and, wandering far southward, were mingled together in such multitudes, that a government commission was sent from Buenos Ayres to settle the disputes of the owners. Sir Woodbine Parish informed me of another and very curious source of dispute: the ground being so long dry, such quantities of dust were blown about, that in this open country the landmarks became obliterated, and people could not tell the limits of their estates.

I was informed by an eye-witness that the cattle in herds of thousands rushed into the Parana, and being exhausted by hunger they were unable to crawl up the muddy banks, and thus were drowned. The arm of the river which runs by San Pedro was so full of putrid carcases, that the master of a vessel told me that the smell rendered it quite impassable. Without doubt several hundred thousand animals thus perished in the river: their bodies when putrid were seen floating down the stream; and many in all probability were deposited in the estuary of the Plata. All the small rivers became highly saline, and this caused the death of vast numbers in particular spots; for when an animal drinks of such water it does not recover. Azara describes the fury of the wild horses on a similar occasion, rushing into the marshes, those which arrived first being overwhelmed and crushed by those which followed. He adds that more than once he has seen the carcases of upwards of a thousand wild horses thus destroyed. I noticed that the smaller streams in the Pampas were paved with a breccia of bones, but this probably is the effect of a gradual increase, rather than of the destruction at any one period. Subsequently to the drought of 1827 to '32, a very rainy season followed, which caused great floods. Hence it is almost certain that some thousands of the skeletons were buried by the deposits of the very next year. What would be the opinion of a geologist, viewing such an enormous collection of bones, of all kinds of animals and of all ages, thus embedded in one thick earthy mass? Would he not attribute it to a flood having swept over the surface of the land, rather than to the common order of things?

With this we must conclude our notice of one of the most agreeable and instructive books of travels that have lately been published.

* It is said to contain 60,000 inhabitants. Monte Video, the second town of importance on the banks of the Plata, has 15,000.

FICTION.

Count Konigsmark; an Historical Romance. By Captain CHAMIER, R.N. In 3 vols. 1845. Colburn.

CAPTAIN CHAMIER is a better sailor than writer. He wields the pen in a very slovenly fashion, boldly setting at defiance the rules of rhetoric, never caring to study the graces of composition. But withal he has a spirit in him which compels us to read spite of his manifold defects. He will not let the interest of his story flag for the sake of such a paltry consideration as probability. What matter to him that his hero is plunged into an unheard of scrape from which escape is impossible by any human aid; he has but to invoke a ghost or a witch, and the thing is done in the twinkling of an eye. Nothing stays the gallant Captain in his onward march to the completion of the story he has undertaken. *Inveniam viam aut faciam* is his motto. The more extravagant, the more exciting: the more wonderful the adventures of his hero, the more is he like to engage the regards of the milliners and sentimental misses who will not give a pin for a hero who can not perform impossibilities. To this class of readers *Count Konigsmark* will be a rich treat. For many a long year we have not lighted upon such a tissue of astounding extravagances. The real Count was a remarkable man enough,

but the captain's Count is a devil incarnate. Gifted with fascinations of person and a persuasive tongue, he employs them for the gratification of selfish passions and a bad heart. The captain takes him through numberless intrigues, perils, escapes in love and war; mingles him with murders, makes him a gambler, carries him to various parts of the world, everywhere winning hearts and cutting throats; thus making him an excuse for introducing a multitude of personages whose names have a sound in our ears as associated with other times.

We cannot say of such a work that it is without interest, but undoubtedly it has no pretensions to repute as a literary production. It is of the same class with the monster melodramas of the minor theatres, and, like them, it excites the mind even while we disapprove the principles developed, and ridicule the palpable absurdities and inconsistencies. The captain occasionally paints from personal recollections of places, and then he does so vividly and truthfully; but when he gives the rein to his imagination, it fairly runs away with him. This novel will serve excellently well to beguile a dull morning at a dull watering-place, but for sober readers who have no leisure for indiscriminate reading, it cannot be recommended. Judicious library-keepers will therefore be guided in their judgment, whether to order it or not, by a consideration of the class of customers they are required to supply.

The Bosom Friend; a Novel. By the author of "The Gambler's Wife," &c. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

THIS is the third or fourth novel from the pen of Mrs. GRAY which we have had occasion to review during the two years of THE CRITIC'S existence. Such facility of writing is of evil promise. It argues a dilution of thought incompatible with the attainment of excellence. Hence it is that Mrs. GRAY does not improve with practice; on the contrary, she falls off. Her plots are more and more carelessly, because hastily, constructed; her characters are less finished, and therefore less life-like; and her dialogues lose their spirit, for want of concentration. She is fast degenerating into the second class circulating library scribbler, emulating the inanities of the once famous Minerva press school; she strains after excitement, plunges deeper into the melodramatic strain, and substitutes an unwholesome cant in phrase for the really virtuous in act and in sentiment. *The Bosom Friend* is an endeavour to take advantage of the recent revival of "No Popery" feelings. It repeats the old stories about the Jesuits; paints them as the impossibilities of craft it was once the fashion with the ignorant to imagine them; and with these she has associated an ultra-romantic Italian lady, full of passion and nothing else, and as ready to murder as to love. Mrs. GRAY'S name ought to have been a guarantee that a novel to which it is appended might be ordered without regret. But she has not been enough regardful of her own reputation, and therefore we cannot recommend this to the library or the reader, save in the last resort, when all better books are exhausted.

POETRY.

Poems. By an UNDERGRADUATE. London: Pickering.

"I DO not care to be told," observes the author, "that various inconsistencies occur in the course of the following pages. I do not regard this as an object attained, but the *error*—if such it be—*is one I am aware of, and against which I might have guarded, had I deemed it of sufficient importance.*"

Never was a worse confession made by an author. If it be not of sufficient importance to avoid an error, it can be of little or no merit to preserve an excellence. We are not pleased with such off-hand ways of dealing with poetry, and the readers of THE CRITIC are aware that it has been our aim to put a stop to this daily increasing folly. It is beneath no man's dignity to write, and beneath no man's attention to correct the smallest fault he may commit in his communings with such semi-spiritual and semi-mortal maidens as the muses. Our author, an undergraduate, in walking through the wilderness of Greek and Latin languages, has doubtless found pleasure on coming to that green and fertile spot where poetry nestles. He has, we say, found the pleasure, and then, like a big boy who amuses himself with marbles, he affects to hold that as of no importance from which he derives the entertainment. But the excellencies and the defects of poetry are of importance to all men who write and the more so to our author, since his stanzas are highly creditable. The book before us is a mere tract, and we shall not rob it by extracts, since it can be purchased at a trifling cost. Though a small book, it has a large infusion of the spirit of poetry. All written poetry is a transfer of the feelings from the inward to the outward representation, and from this circumstance the painter and the poet are kindred souls. This outward representation, which is language, our author is skilled in giving; nor, in saying this, do we forget that he evinces thought in his compositions, which more than counterbalances the trivial errors which he *might* have guarded against had he "deemed it of *sufficient importance!*"

RELIGION.

The Ideal of the English Church. A Sketch by the Rev. R. MONTGOMERY, M.A. London, 1845. Smith and Elder.

THIS is a very clap-trap production. It professes to be mainly derived from two previous works by the same author; and, with an affected coyness and reserve, declines to mention the particular reasons which caused its publication at the present juncture. It consists of some half-dozen rambling chapters, arranged without method and without connection, full of capitals and italics, and notes of admiration, and all the adjuncts which belong to what has so happily been termed the "forcible feeble" style in literature. Mr. WARD'S *Ideal of a Christian Church*, the much talked of and much reviewed book, which procured for its author a deprivation of his academical degrees, was a work betokening great originality and power of mind, together with a very considerable amount of force and eloquence, although unfortunately perverted by a great want of judgment and that calmness of reflection necessary for the proper pursuit of truth. Mr. MONTGOMERY'S book—despite its taking and deceptive title—does not attempt to grapple with such an antagonist. It contents itself with shewing the world what is the stuff out of which are made the sermons which delight the Percy-street congregation,—in what inflated language the poetical mind of Satan MONTGOMERY loves to unfold itself. The following childish piece of declamation is in the same key as the rest of this very weak pamphlet.

Since Christ is "the All in All" of true Religion—*may we venerate our own ecclesiastical mother*, THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Let the adherents of the Romish schism in this country pray for her downfal; let those, whose Papal yearnings for a spurious catholicity are not satisfied with our Church, strive to betray her interests, distort her doctrines, and abuse her services after a Jesuitical fashion; let the unbelieving radical imprecate curses on her powers and prerogatives, and the political Dissenter plot and scheme for her ruin; or, lastly, let the morbid victims of Trentine Theology, mutter their treason and whisper their dislike against her formularies and creeds:—but be it our privilege, as it *is* our duty, evermore to say, "Peace be within thy walls;"—when we "forget thee," may "our right hands forget their cunning!" And why should we not thus supplicate the God of heaven to protect our venerated Zion, when her Orders and Sacraments, her Rites and Ceremonies, her Services and Chants, her Symbols, Articles, and Homilies, do each and all, with unvarying fidelity and firmness, maintain this blessed doctrine,—that "Christ" is "All and in All." But in order to illustrate how truly she does respond to the theology of Scripture, let us venture to *contemplate the great principle of her constitution.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays, Letters, &c. by Percy B. Shelley,

(CONCLUSION.)

WHILE resident at Geneva, SHELLEY met with MONK LEWIS, and they passed much of their time together. SHELLEY records in his journal that LEWIS had a *penchant* for ghost-stories, although professing to discredit them; he possessed quite a stock of them. SHELLEY has preserved five, from which we take two of the most curious.

LEWIS'S GHOST STORIES.

The tale was of a lady in Germany.

This lady, Minna, had been exceedingly attached to her husband, and they had made a vow that the one who died first should return after death to visit the other as a ghost. She was sitting one day alone in her chamber, when she heard an unusual sound of footsteps on the stairs. The door opened, and her husband's spectre, gashed with a deep wound across the forehead, and in military habiliments, entered. She appeared startled at the apparition; and the ghost told her, that when he should visit her in future, she would hear a passing-bell toll, and these words distinctly uttered close to her ear, "Minna, I am here." On inquiry, it was found that her husband had fallen in battle on the very day she was visited by the vision. The intercourse between the ghost and the woman continued for some time, until the latter laid aside all terror, and indulged herself in the affection which she had felt for him while living. One evening she went to a ball, and permitted her thoughts to be alienated by the attentions of a Florentine gentleman, more witty, more graceful, and more gentle, as it appeared to her, than any person she had ever seen. As he was conducting her through the dance, a death-bell tolled. Minna, lost in the fascination of the Florentine's attentions, disregarded, or did not hear, the sound. A second peal, louder and more deep, startled the whole company, when Minna heard the ghost's accustomed whisper, and raising her eyes, saw in an opposite mirror the reflection of the ghost, standing over her. She is said to have died of terror.

A young man who had taken orders had just been presented with a living on the death of the incumbent. It was in the Catholic part of Germany. He arrived at the parsonage on a Saturday night; it was summer, and waking about three o'clock in the morning, and it being being broad day, he saw a venerable-looking man, but with an aspect exceedingly melancholy, sitting at a desk in the window, reading, and two beautiful boys standing near him, whom he regarded with looks of the profoundest grief. Presently he rose from his seat, the boys followed him, and they were no more to be seen. The young man, much troubled, arose, hesitating whether he should regard what he had seen as a dream, or a waking phantasy. To divert his dejection, he walked towards the church, which the sexton was already employed in preparing for the morning service. The first sight that struck him was a portrait, the exact resemblance of the man whom he had seen sitting in his chamber. It was the custom in this district to place the portrait of each minister, after his death, in the church.

He made the minutest inquiries respecting his predecessor, and learned that he was universally beloved, as a man of unexampled integrity and benevolence; but that he was the prey of a secret and perpetual sorrow. His grief was supposed to have arisen from an attachment to a young lady, with whom his situation did not permit him to unite himself. Others, however, asserted that a connection did subsist between them, and that even she occasionally brought to his house two beautiful boys, the offspring of their connection. Nothing further occurred until the cold weather came, and the new minister desired a fire to be lighted in the stove of the room where he slept. A hideous stench arose from the stove as soon as it was lighted, and, on examining it, the bones of two male children were found within.

At Venice he met Lord BYRON, then residing in the city of the sea. At that time he says of the noble poet: "He is changed into the liveliest and happiest-looking man I ever saw." It will be seen that subsequently they met again.

In the library at Ferrara are deposited some

INTERESTING MSS.

There is here a manuscript of the entire *Gerusalemme Liberata*, written by Tasso's own hand; a manuscript of some poems, written in prison, to the Duke Alfonso; and the satires of Ariosto, written also by his own hand; and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. The *Gerusalemme*, though it had evidently been copied and recopied, is interlined, particularly towards the end, with numerous corrections. The hand-writing of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object; and as we do not agree in physiognomy, so we may not agree now.

SHELLEY excels in description of works of art, and few minds were so sensitive as his to the presence of the beautiful. As a specimen of his power in this difficult task we will select, spite of its length, a very masterpiece of pictorial writing.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NIOBE IN THE GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

Of all that remains to us of Greek antiquity, this figure is perhaps the most consummate personification of loveliness, with regard to its countenance, as that of the Venus of the Tribune is with regard to its entire form of a woman. It is colossal: the size adds to its value; because it allows the spectator the choice of a greater number of points of view, and affords him a more analytical one, in which to catch a greater number of the infinite modes of expression, of which any form approaching ideal beauty is necessarily composed. It is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine or inevitable peril, the last, we may imagine, of her surviving children.

The little creature, terrified, as we may conceive, at the strange destruction of all its kindred, has fled to its mother, and is hiding its head in the folds of her robe, and casting back one arm, as in a passionate appeal for defence, where it never before could have been sought in vain. She is clothed in a thin tunic of delicate woof; and her hair is fastened on her head into a knot probably by that mother whose care will never fasten it again. Niobe is enveloped in profuse drapery, a portion of which the left hand has gathered up, and is in the act of extending it over the child in the instinct of shielding her from what reason knows to be inevitable. The right (as the restorer has properly imagined) is drawing up her daughter to her; and with that instinctive gesture, and by its gentle pressure, is encouraging the child to believe that it can give security. The countenance of Niobe is the consummation of feminine majesty and loveliness, beyond which the imagination scarcely doubts that it can conceive any thing.

That masterpiece of the poetic harmony of marble expresses other feelings. There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined, and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting the child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger:—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

Every thing is swallowed up in sorrow; she is all tears; her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible, and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of any other sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away.

It is difficult to speak of the beauty of the countenance, or to make intelligible in words, from what such astonishing loveliness results.

The head, resting somewhat backward upon the full and flowing contour of the neck, is as in the act of watching an event momentarily to arrive. The hair is delicately divided on the forehead, and a gentle beauty gleams from the broad and clear forehead, over which its strings are drawn. The face is of an oval fulness, and the features conceived with a daring of a sense of power. In this respect it resembles the careless majesty which Nature stamps upon the rare masterpieces of her creation, harmonizing them as it were from the harmony of the spirit within. Yet all this not only consists with, but is the cause of, the subtlest delicacy of clear and tender beauty—the expression at once of innocence and sublimity of soul—of purity and strength—of all that which touches the most removed and divine of the chords that make music in our thoughts—of that which shakes with astonishment even the most superficial.

It has been the fashion to ridicule the tale that KEATS died of a broken heart, from mortification at the damnatory notice of his poems in the *Quarterly Review*. But there is more truth in the report than the world was willing to believe. SHELLEY, who watched his decline and tended his death-bed, wrote a letter to the editor of the homicidal Review, which, however, was not sent; but it contains a very interesting account of

THE LAST DAYS OF KEATS THE POET.

Poor Keats was thrown into a dreadful state of mind by this review, which, I am persuaded, was not written with any inten-

tion of producing the effect, to which it has, at least, greatly contributed, of embittering his existence, and inducing a disease from which there are now but faint hopes of his recovery. The first effects are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun. He is coming to pay me a visit in Italy; but I fear that unless his mind can be kept tranquil, little is to be hoped from the mere influence of climate.

And a note appended to a subsequent letter thus narrates

THE DEATH OF KEATS.

I hasten to communicate to you what I know about the latter period and closing scene of the pilgrimage of the original poet from whose works, hitherto unseen by me, you have favoured me with such a beautiful quotation. Almost despairing of his case, he left his native shores by sea, in a merchant vessel for Naples, where he arrived, having received no benefit during the passage, and brooding over the most melancholy and mortifying reflections; and nursing a deeply-rooted disgust to life and to the world, owing to having been infamously treated by the very persons whom his generosity had rescued from want and woe. He journeyed from Naples to Rome, and occupied at the latter place lodgings which I had, on former occasions, more than once inhabited. Here he soon took to his bed, from which he never rose more. His passions were always violent, and his sensibility most keen. It is extraordinary that, proportionally as his strength of body declined, these acquired fresh vigour; and his temper at length became so outrageously violent, as to injure himself, and annoy every one around him. He eagerly wished for death. After leaving England, I believe that he seldom courted the muse. He was accompanied by a friend of mine, Mr. Severn, a young painter, who will, I think, one day be the Coryphæus of the English school. He left all, and sacrificed every prospect, to accompany and watch over his friend Keats. For many weeks previous to his death, he would see no one but Mr. Severn, who had almost risked his own life, by unwearied attendance upon his friend, who rendered his situation doubly unpleasant by the violence of his passions exhibited even towards him, so much, that he might be judged insane. His intervals of remorse, too, were poignantly bitter. I believe that Mr. Severn, the heir of what little Keats left behind him at Rome, has only come into possession of very few manuscripts of his friend. You will be pleased with the information that the poetical volume, which was the inseparable companion of Keats, and which he took for his most darling model in composition, was the *Minor Poems of Shakspeare*.

At Ravenna, SHELLEY again fell in with

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron is very well, and was delighted to see me. He has in fact completely recovered his health, and lives a life totally the reverse of that which he led at Venice. He has a permanent sort of liaison with Contessa Guiccioli, who is now at Florence, and seems from her letters to be a very amiable woman. She is waiting there until something shall be decided as to their emigration to Switzerland or stay in Italy; which is yet undetermined on either side. She was compelled to escape from the Papal territory in great haste, as measures had already been taken to place her in a convent, where she would have been unrelentingly confined for life. The oppression of the marriage contract, as existing in the laws and opinions of Italy, though less frequently exercised, is far severer than that of England. I tremble to think of what poor Emilia is destined to.

Lord Byron had almost destroyed himself in Venice: his state of debility was such that he was unable to digest any food, he was consumed by hectic fever, and would speedily have perished, but for this attachment, which has reclaimed him from the excesses into which he threw himself from carelessness and pride, rather than taste. Poor fellow! he is now quite well, and immersed in politics and literature. He has given me a number of the most interesting details on the former subject, but we will not speak of them in a letter. Fletcher is here, and as if like a shadow, he waxed and waned with the substance of his master. Fletcher also has recovered his good looks, and from amidst the unseasonable grey hairs, a fresh harvest of flaxen locks put forth.

A few days afterwards he writes:—

L. B. is greatly improved in every respect. In genius, in temper, in moral views, in health, in happiness. The connection with La Guiccioli has been an inestimable benefit to him. He lives in considerable splendour, but within his income, which is now about 4,000*l.* a year; 100*l.* of which he devotes to purposes of charity. He has had mischievous passions, but these he seems to have subdued, and he is becoming what he should be, a virtuous man. The interest which he took in the politics of Italy, and the actions he performed in consequence of it, are subjects not fit to be *written*, but are such as will delight and surprise you.

And again, from Pisa, on the 14th of September:

We expect Lord Byron here in about a fortnight. I have just taken the finest palace in Pisa for him, and his luggage, and his horses, and all his train are, I believe, already on their way hither. I dare say you have heard of the life he led at Venice, rivalling the wise Solomon almost in the number of his concubines. Well, he is now quite reformed, and is leading a most sober and decent life, as *cavaliere servente* to a very pretty Italian woman, who has already arrived at Pisa, with her father and her brother (such are the manners of Italy), as the jackals of the lion. He is occupied in forming a new drama, and, with views which I doubt not will expand as he proceeds, is determined to write a series of plays, in which he will follow the French tragedians and Alfieri, rather than those of England and Spain, and produce something new, at least, to England. This seems to me the wrong road; but genius like his is destined to lead, and not to follow. He will shake off his shackles as he finds they cramp him. I believe he will produce something very great; and that familiarity with the dramatic power of human nature will soon enable him to soften down the severe and unharmonising traits of his *Marino Faliero*.

But here we must reluctantly pause. Already have we been tempted beyond the limits allowed to a *new edition*; but we hope that the intrinsic beauty and interest of the extracts will be admitted as an excuse for a departure from accustomed plans. The doing so is the best proof that could be given of the estimation in which we hold these collected remains of one of the truest poets the world has ever seen, and proportioned is the gratitude due to Mr. MOXON for having offered it to the admirers of genius in a form so accessible to those who must consult economy in their book-buyings.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Catacombs of Rome. By PAUL L. JACOB, Bibliophilist. 2 vols. 1845.

WE always take up the works of M. JACOB with pleasure, under the gratifying surety of finding not only much to amuse, but also much to instruct in his pages. Novel-writing is not with him the business, but simply the recreation of his life of learned labour. His fictions are always based upon some solid foundation, derived from worm-eaten and dusty tomes, whose very aspect would serve to scare the crowd of mere novelists who are his contemporaries. The last time we saw him was at the *Bibliothèque Royale*, with an illuminated MS. of ancient ballads before him; and a delicious half-hour we passed before our leave-taking with the urbane and courteous student. The name of the present little work promised well, and we opened it with eagerness. *The Catacombs of Rome; an Episode in the Life of a French Painter;* and a charming companion, as well as an admirable artist, is M. Hubert Robert, who is unfortunate enough to incur the hatred of Monsignore Badolfo, the Grand Inquisitor, by painting his portrait in a large picture of "Susannah and the Elders," where his depraved, cunning, and mean physiognomy contrasted with the calm and beautiful countenance of Father Alexander, an humble and pious monk of a mendicant order, and the classical and faultless face of Seïla, a young Jewess, of whom the artist has, still more unfortunately, become deeply enamoured, and by whom he is equally beloved. To deepen the feud between these unequal adversaries, the fair and virtuous heroine has been dishonestly wooed by the Inquisitor, and only saved from ruin by the timely interposition of her artist-lover; and hence, also, the idea of the painting. Seïla has determined to become a convert to Christianity, in which communion her mother died; and Father Alexander, the good friar already named, has undertaken to instruct her in her new faith, and subsequently to unite her to her lover. Conversion is the leading idea of the simple-hearted father, whose zeal in the cause proceeds solely and beautifully from his thorough conviction that there is no salvation beyond the pale of his own church; and in furtherance of his scheme of universal charity and brotherhood, he not only accepts the gentle Seïla as a pupil, but flatters himself that he shall also snatch from ruin the soul of Marco, a young Hebrew, whose father is gatekeeper of the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and who is one of the most desperate characters in Rome. This dark spirit is, in his

turn, beloved by a Christian woman, beautiful, passionate, and fallen; but, nevertheless, a skilful illustration of the axiom that "the human heart is not all evil." Our first extract shall be a masterly scene in the foul and filthy hovel of the gate-keeper. Marco believes, after a furious scuffle, in which the old man is beaten down upon his bed without sense or motion, that he is his father's murderer. He has been absent from the hovel since the event.

A JEWISH HUT IN THE GHETTO.

When he returned to the low room in which the gatekeeper was compelled to remain night and day, he glanced darkly towards an old piece of ragged tapestry which hung across the entrance of a recess, and then seated himself beside a table of dark oak, on which a metal cup and a jug of wine were awaiting him. He thrice filled and emptied this capacious cup, after which he leant his burning forehead upon his icy hands. A long groan sounded from the recess, but Marco did not stir; he seemed to sleep—he was reflecting—he was combating with his evil passions.

The chamber in which he sat betrayed a misery of long standing. Smoke had completely blackened the ceiling and the bare walls, upon which were hung a few cooking utensils of iron and pewter, worn and rusty; the table, a chest of worm-eaten wood, and three or four wooden stools, were the only furniture of this damp fetid lodge, whose uneven and miry floor was constantly exposed to the exudations of a neighbouring aqueduct; a brazier of brown clay, still full of warm cinders, replaced in the most bitter season the stoves and grates which were at that period almost unknown at Rome. Behind the tapestry in front of the recess, of which portions hung in ribands, and where you could scarcely have stood upright, was a miserable pallet-bed which the son had shared with his father since his mother's death. * * * Marco did not sleep, but he had ceased to drink. He was a tall young man, well built, with those elegant and slight proportions, those picturesque attitudes, and those harmonious movements, which characterize the population of the Transtiverian suburb—a generous and uncorrupted population, proud of its origin, and jealous to preserve itself from all admixture with the degenerate Romans. The countenance of Marco would never have betrayed his Jewish blood; his features, admirably regular, and attractively expressive when they did not reflect some sordid passion, would have been worthy of those antique statues which appear to have been executed after a type created rather by art than after a living model; but his large piercing eyes were often lighted up by flashes of menace, or lowered with fierce and deadly rage. His thick eyebrows, which almost met when he frowned, threw a fatal shadow over his fine face; while his mouth, with its thin lips, contracted into a smile at once melancholy and bitter, during which his teeth were closely clenched. Marco wore the costume of the Transtiverians; the velvet jacket and breeches, the long gaiters of yellow leather, the girdle of speckled silk about his waist, the red cravat with long ends, and the conical hat of grey felt. This costume was more cleanly and more carefully selected than could have been expected from the state of poverty in which he lived.

Suddenly two small pebbles rattled against the glass of the solitary window which looked upon the Jews' square. At this well-known signal, which was almost drowned in the uproar of the storm, Marco shuddered, sprang up, listened, and ran to open stealthily the gate of the ghetto, which he had not double-locked, and had left unbolted. He admitted a woman wrapped in a cloak of brown cloth, which she threw off as soon as she had entered the hovel of the porter. It was Nisida.

During the conversation which ensues, the fair frail one makes her lover promise that he will submit to a public baptism at the church of St. John de Lateran, after which she pledges herself to become his wife; and, playfully asserting that Jews always possess hidden wealth, she insists upon a pearl necklace and ear-rings, and a hundred piastres, as a wedding present from her enamoured bridegroom. They are at this point of the conversation, when

Some one knocked loudly at the gate of the ghetto, but this time the dogs did not bark. The storm had probably frightened them, and forced them to remain in their kennels. Marco made a sign to Nisida to conceal herself behind the tapestry of the recess, and, despite the repugnance which she felt to appproaching a dead Jew, she obeyed; but as she did so she uttered a faint scream, which Marco did not hear, for he had hastened to the gate. After exchanging a few words with the new-comer, Marco left him to make his way to his own dwelling, and returned to the lodge. His brow was no longer so gloomy, nor his look so dark.

"There, coquette," he exclaimed, throwing five pieces of gold on the table—"there is your wedding-dress."

But there was no answer, save that of a thunderbolt which had fallen in the Ghetto, and shaken at the same instant the sky, the earth, and the houses, as though they had been visited by an earthquake and the eruption of a volcano. Marco heeded not the shock, but at once rushed to the recess. A hideous spectacle froze up his faculties; the tapestry had been thrust aside, and was held back by a thin and livid arm; the gate-keeper, Capricola, looking like a spectre risen from its tomb, half-naked, his countenance cadaverous and immobile, his eyes fixed and gleaming, and his long white hair dishevelled, was kneeling upon the bed, and pressing with so much force the throat of the young girl, who had fainted, that he had left the print of his bony fingers in the flesh, and had almost strangled his unhappy victim. Marco tore her from his hands, pushing him back with so much violence that he fell with his head hanging over the edge of the bed; then, taking poor Nisida in his arms, who gave no sign of returning consciousness, he sought to re-animate her with kisses and caresses.

"May the curse of heaven be the only inheritance you may have of me!" muttered the old man, who endeavoured vainly to recover his equilibrium, and who felt the blood rushing to his head, and whistling in his ears.

"Nisida, my own, my beloved!" cried Marco, whose despair was even greater than his desire of vengeance; "wake up; recognise me! Oh, miserable old man!—I will smother him with my own hands."

"May the Christians revenge me and punish you, son ungrateful and accursed!" repeated Capricola, still struggling to rise.

"If he should have killed her!"— said Marco, alarmed at the long insensibility of Nisida, "the murderer is there, and yet I spare him!"

"Go, dog, marry thy Christian woman," growled the dying man, who, far from recovering a horizontal position, rendered his position only the more painful by each successive movement, and who already touched the floor with his scull; "marry her, and bring Christian sons into the world. Cursed be ye both, and they after ye! Cursed, cursed, cursed!"

The groans of Capricola, accompanied by a frightful rattling in the throat, had more power over the syncope of Nisida than the tender beseechings of Marco; but it was under the empire of an indescribable terror that she recovered her senses, and saw herself, bathed in cold damps, and trembling from head to foot, supported by her lover. At first she believed herself still to be in the presence of the corpse, which she had seen start suddenly into life, in order to seize her. By the voice of Marco she was reassured, and she threw herself into his arms, without daring to look back upon the old man, whose death-rattle was still audible.

"Fear nothing, dear Nisida," said Marco fondly, "I am here to protect you."

"Oh, Marco! I thought that the demon was dragging me down—down"—she answered with wild energy; "it was the old Jew!"

"How now!—come—to me!—help!" muttered Capricola in an expiring voice, "in mercy, help me!"

"Poor Nisida, I would give all my blood to spare you one pain, one annoyance, one regret!" whispered the son of the dying man.

"I seem still to see him before me," murmured the young Roman woman, whose alarm was still unappeased; "he glared on me with eyes gleaming with rage and hatred. He laughed to display his long yellow teeth, as though he would have devoured me."

"Think of it no more," said Marco, affecting a gaiety which he did not feel, "it was a bad dream. The dead have not yet learned to rise again. Look! see these fair golden pieces which are now yours."

"Help—help—help!"—gasped Capricola, who no longer distinguished objects, save through a bloody veil—"I am dying;—help! I shall die if you leave me here—help!—my son! Marco! have pity on me!"

"Do you hear?" whispered Nisida in terror, as she listened to the blended prayers and groans; "the old man is come back to earth, and asks for prayers. He is come to announce to us his own damnation!"

"Tales and follies!" replied Marco, endeavouring to drown in a peal of forced laughter the expiring voice and rattle of Capricola; "I promise you rich laces, as you covet them; you shall have, moreover, jewels, rings, necklaces, ear-rings——"

"Ear-rings! necklaces! rings!" echoed Nisida, still not daring to turn her head towards the bed, where the old man was still writhing. "Ha! It is the virgin who punishes me, because I have profaned the Holy Week by entering the house of a Jew."

"Marco!—help! help!" once more moaned out the agonizing voice, as the near and palpable approach of death overwhelmed the wretched victim with its terrors: "I will pardon thee—I will turn my curse into a blessing—help! help! help!—come, come to me, and I will pardon thee!"

"It is for me to curse thee in my turn!" cried Marco, in a deep and passionate accent; "leave me in peace, old man, and die."

Capricola did not speak again, but the frightful rattle still went on. Nisida at length ventured to look behind her, but she instantly closed her eyes, with a shriek of horror, when they fell upon the wretched old man. His body lay stretched across the bed, but his head rested on the floor; his face was purpled and contracted by the convulsive efforts which he had made to raise it, and his haggard eyes were bloodshot and distended. She rushed from the room before Marco could foresee or prevent her purpose, and, running to the gate of the ghetto, where the key was still in the lock, she disappeared. Her lover had not followed her so closely as to entertain a hope of her being overtaken. He called after her again and again; the awful voice of the storm, which had not diminished, was the only answer to his supplicating and despairing cry.

This culprit son subsequently murders the good father Alexander, in order to possess himself of a sum of money which the monk had collected among the pious for the reparation of his monastery. The murder is, through the machinations of the Grand Inquisitor, attributed to Seïla and her father, who are accordingly conveyed to the dungeons of the Inquisition. The actual malefactor, who has at once carried the bag of money to Nisida for the purchase of her marriage finery, is adopted by other zealous priests, and the ceremony of his reception into the Church of Rome takes place on Easter Sunday.

BAPTISM OF A JEW IN ROME.

A considerable crowd of people had collected early in the morning in the neighbourhood of Saint John *in fonte*, although this small church cannot contain more than 400 or 500 persons, and that the places are reserved for foreigners of distinction, who are furnished with tickets. But a report had spread that the neophyte, after having received baptism, would go bare-headed and bare-footed, covered with a shirt of white serge, to make the great pilgrimage of the seven basiliques; that is, to visit in succession the churches of St. John de Lateran, of St. Paul *extra muros*, of St. Sebastian, of St. Lawrence, of Ste. Mary the Greater, of Santa Croce in Jerusalem, and of St. Peter, which are distant three leagues from each other.

The great door which opens upon the square of the Lateran palace remained closed, but another door was open in the interior of the convent appertaining to the basilique, and affording ingress to the church of Constantine. The crowd was immense at this door, and cries and imprecations resounded, which the holiness of the spot did not suffice to control. The foreigners, although at that period less numerous than at present, exhibited as much eagerness to witness this baptism as though it had been some profane exhibition; and the Roman clergy, who are accustomed to this demonstrative curiosity on the part of strangers, favoured the introduction of the ladies, and made room for them round the balustrade of the baptismal fonts. The tumult which was observable throughout the assembly gave no indication of a religious ceremony. Among the privileged assistants was Nisida, dressed in her richest garments, and adorned with all her jewels; her toilette only, however, announced a festival, for her pale and anxious countenance betrayed a heart ill at ease. She constantly glanced towards the oratory of Pope St. Hilary, by which the Christian neophyte was to enter, surrounded by the canons of Saint John de Lateran; then she dropped her eyes, and continued her interrupted prayer, grasping the beads of her rosary in her trembling hands. She was the only female present who wore the Roman dress, and she had obtained the favour of being present at the baptism of Marco, because Marco had exacted that she should be a witness to the ceremony. Her costume of bright colours, her characteristic beauty, and more than all, her emotion and her grief, attracted many looks, and occasioned many commentaries, to none of which she vouchsafed the slightest notice. It was soon known that she represented the family of the Jew proselyte, and it was believed, from her pious and retiring manner, that she was deeply interested in his conversion * * * A partial silence having been established among the spectators, who were crowded closely together, four Swiss soldiers, wearing the speckled uniform of the sixteenth century, forced, with some difficulty, a narrow passage through the throng, for the procession of the catechumen, which was composed of twelve canons in robes of white linen, and of four choral children with the cross, the gospels, the patena, and the censer. The Archdeacon of St. John, in pontifical robes, the episcopal mitre on his head, and the crosier in his hand, to recall to the memory of the pious the fact that the Pope St. Silvester had baptized the Emperor Constantine in that same church fifteen centuries before, walked at the side of the neophyte, whom he held by the hand, in order to present him at the font. Marco himself had no other clothing than a tunic of white serge, which fell in large folds to his feet, but left his chest and his arms uncovered. A thick veil of white worsted, thrown over his bare and shorn head, enveloped all his body, and swept the floor. Behind him came two priests carrying the holy oils and the sacred cloths.

When the clergy composing the procession had reached the baptismal fonts with the catechumen, the latter, still veiled, knelt before the archdeacon, whom the canons disembarrassed of of his mitre and his golden cope, in order to wind a linen round his head, and to attire him in a cope of white, embroidered with silver. The sponsors were then desired to stand forth; they had been selected by the Pope himself from amid the princely families of Rome. The Jew was still prostrate on the marble pavement, and his face had not yet been seen. Silence had at length spread over the whole crowd, and nothing was audible save the smothered sobs of Nisida, who prayed with fervour in an undertone, and who beat upon her breast as though she were performing penance. * * * The archdeacon next desired the catechumen to rise, but Marco obeyed only when the command was repeated. The veil which nearly covered him was removed, and all eyes were turned on him at the same instant, while the sinister expression of his face produced a general impression of pain and disappointment. Each had hoped to read upon his face a feeling of repentance, of contrition, and of joy; and saw there only the index of cold and disdainful indifference; his brows were knit, and his eyes flashed with defiance. He appeared unconscious of the ceremony in which he was the chief actor, and of all the objects around him he seemed to see nothing save Nisida praying by his side. As he gazed fixedly upon her, the expression of his features changed by degrees, and ere long became serene and even radiant. As to his baptism, he did no more than follow slowly and abstractedly the instructions which he had received, and which were again repeated one after the other. Several times he manifested symptoms of impatience while submitting to them, and it was only by a supplicating and tender look from Nisida that he was more restored to the docility and resignation which were necessary: nevertheless, he did not reply to any of the sacramental questions of the archdeacon, and one of the assistant priests was compelled to answer for the reluctant neophyte, whom every one believed to be dumb.

We cannot conclude without one more extract; and, in order to make it understood, we must briefly remark, that, to prove the innocence of Seïla and her father of the murder of the friar Alexander, it is necessary that his body should be found. Strong suspicion having arisen in the mind of the French artist that the foul deed was committed by Marco, while accompanying the monk on the road to Tivoli, he explores it in every direction without success, and ultimately convinces himself that the victim has been precipitated down one of the numerous pits formed by the breaking in of the earth above the abandoned catacombs in that direction. He accordingly resolves to explore them, if practicable, within a given distance,—he finds the body, but loses himself in the subterranean Necropolis; exhausts his provision of light; and, in a state of temporary madness, from hunger and despair, lies down beside the corpse to die. Meanwhile, the body of a supposed saint has been discovered in the catacomb of St. Cyriac, which is to be exhumed with great pomp by the Grand Inquisitor in person. We need scarcely say that Hubert Robert is saved at the eleventh hour. We will, therefore, at once proceed to extract an account of the ceremony, which must be novel to, and cannot fail to interest, the greater portion of our readers.

EXHUMATION OF A SAINT.

The basilique of St. Lawrence, constructed by Constantine, is situated a mile beyond the walls. This patriarchal church stands above the *cemetery* of St. Cyriac, in which a number of martyrs, and, among others, St. Lawrence, were interred. This cemetery, since the catacombs of St. Sebastian have ceased to furnish holy bodies as relics, has the privilege of supplying them abundantly; for its sepulchres are still full, and it would appear that the barbarians who descended into most of the catacombs in search of hidden treasure, never penetrated into these, whether because the entrance was not then known, or because the difficulties of the way had arrested the most intrepid. In fact, the galleries of these catacombs, which appear to have been excavated by the Christians during the persecutions, are sometimes so low and so narrow that a man can scarcely traverse them when bent double. They are not quarries open for emolument and exportation, according to the habit of ancient Rome; they are subterranean paths excavated by incompetent hands, in the sole view of rendering the burial-place inviolable.

A prolonged sojourn in this cemetery is mortal to the living; for, although the air is not mephitic, the respiration exhausts itself in a dense atmosphere laden with warm exhalations, which wither as though they had escaped from the crater of a

volcano. There nevertheless exists a pious congregation of workmen, who consecrate themselves to the labour of the catacombs. These worthy people, who entitle themselves brothers *della Fossa*, ought surely to have a prodigious remuneration in heaven; they are always in a state of grace upon earth, and they enjoy the singular privilege of being permitted to communicate without being absolved in confession by a priest, as though they were themselves priests; but, in compensation, they expose themselves to the certainty of dying of consumption in the space of two or three years. Their mission consists in removing the soil which encumbers the galleries, and in seeking the holy bodies; for the church does not recognise as saints all the dead entombed in the catacombs, and thus tacitly agrees with the learned, who believe with reason that the greater part of the catacombs were destined, long before the era of Christianity, to receive the bodies of slaves, beggars, still-born children, and criminals, who had no right to the honours of the stake. The brothers *della Fossa*, whose number is limited to twelve, in memory of the twelve apostles, pray in an under-tone as they work, and know no greater happiness than the discovery of a martyr or a confessor, indicated by a slab of marble closing the tomb, an inscription and the sign of the cross engraved on the marble, a phial of incrusted blood at the feet of the corpse, or palm-branches painted in fresco round the sepulchre. * * *

The chief of the congregation of the holy office had entered the catacombs to *raise* the body of the saint; the body of the said saint was so well preserved that the traces of its martyrdom could still be distinguished; unfortunately, her relics were not to remain in Rome, the holy father having promised them to the King of France. It was, however, hoped that the Congregation of Relics would reserve the several objects discovered in the tomb—the remains of the shroud, the phial of blood, and even some portions of the bones, which would, without doubt, perform great miracles. Already, it was said, a paralytic had walked, and a blind man had seen. It was, therefore, in the hope of such miracles that many infirm and sick persons had dragged themselves so great a distance in order to be the first to salute St. Valeria, and to share in her favours. Faith gave strength to those who had felt exhausted by age or ill-health. Some were there who had not left their beds for months, and who had been standing without rest for hours. * * * The brothers *della Fossa*, dressed entirely in white, their heads folded in a linen cloth, preceded the clergy; some carried large resinous torches, whose smoke formed a species of canopy above them; others bore a spade upon their shoulders and a pickaxe in their hands. Behind them, the chief of the Congregation of Relics, in whose presence the exhumation of the holy body must take place, walked, surrounded by white penitents, laden with empty boxes and reliquaries; and in their suite came other penitents of different orders, belonging to twenty distinct congregations. Ultimately were seen two grave-diggers, chosen specially to touch the holy body, and who, for this purpose, were honoured by the benediction of the pope, who had absolved them from all their sins. One held a silver hammer in his hand; the other an enamelled shovel. They were both caparisoned in pale blue silk, with silver embroidery representing the instruments of the Passion. In their suite two deacons of the chancelry brought a chest of cedar-wood inlaid with ivory, in which St. Valeria was to be placed under a triple lock and the seal of St. Peter. A score of the graduates of the Vatican, penitents, magistrates, chamberlains to the pope, chaplains, &c. named by the pope to assist at the ceremony, and having a right to the indulgences, filed off two by two, each holding a branch of olive and a lighted taper. Monsignore Badolfo, representing the Pope, was the last in the procession, with the exception of two clerks bearing his train. * * * The chanting became more fervid, and the *cortège* came to a pause. It had arrived near the holy body. Among all the tombs, open or otherwise, in the gallery, appeared one, larger than the rest, still sealed by a piece of marble, on which was seen this inscription, surmounted by a cross: *Sub signo requiescit ad vitam eternam.* On each side of the tomb were inserted in the soil two lamps and two phials, rendered dense by time. Every eye was fixed upon the marble which hid the holy body. The chanting continued; the master of the ceremonies exerted himself to assign to each individual his proper station; the brothers *della Fossa* were ranged in single file, along the partition wall within which was the saint; opposite to them stood the penitents, forming a second line; the great dignitaries, heads of the congregations, and pontifical officers were grouped on the right and left. Monsignore Badolfo, always attended by his officers of honour, with their silver maces and red rods, and assisted by his cross-bearers, approached the tomb, bowed and fell upon his knees. * * * * * * * * * * Then he rose, and the ceremony commenced. He took from the hands of one of the grave-diggers already mentioned, the silver hammer, and slightly beat upon the marble slab, murmuring, *Aperite portas Domini;* then he gave back the hammer, and the other grave-digger presented to him the enamelled shovel, containing a little earth. Badolfo threw this earth against the marble three several times, saying, *In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.* Again he knelt in the attitude of prayer. The chanting became louder, expressive of the joy of the faithful collecting the relics of a martyr. Then the brothers of the grave worked to open the tomb; they detached the cement which secured the marble lid; they shook the lid carefully; they prepared to remove it, and every one prostrated himself at the sound of the bell rung by the master of the ceremonies. The chanting did not cease, although the tomb was laid bare.

But what was the general surprise and consternation, when each perceived that the grave was empty, and did not contain even the vestige of a bone!

Œuvres Choisies de E. Scribe, de l'Académie Française.
Tomes 2 à 5. 1845. Paris and London.

Some time since we noticed the first volume of this elegant edition of M. Scribe's select works. We owe some apology for not having given earlier attention to the succeeding volumes, which were received soon after. The publisher has exercised good judgment in thus presenting to the reading public a selection of the best of the voluminous writings of the dramatist whose ingenuity and wit have been so unblushingly copied, without acknowledgment, by the playwrights of every other country. By the readers of French literature in this country such a collection, thus elegantly printed, and sold at a price so moderate, cannot but be heartily welcomed. The elegance and liveliness of the dialogues can only be appreciated in the original language; no translation can do them justice; their spirit escapes in the process of conversion from the tongue in which they were conceived to our ruder dialect. We recommend every student of the French language or literature to procure this edition of M. Scribe.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Headley's Letters from Italy.
(conclusion.)

From Genoa Mr. Headley proceeded to Naples, and of course visited Vesuvius and the other sights of that magnificent country. To these we shall not follow him, but prefer some less hackneyed themes. Still he finds the same disappointment in the appearance of the

WOMEN OF NAPLES.

You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses and music-like language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here, *i. e.* among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and our Indians is, that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The colour is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the "soft bastard Latin" they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favourable, nay, in a poetical light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women dirty, slip-shod slatterns. Talk about "bright-eyed Italian maids!" Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation.

But it is otherwise as to *form.*

In form the Italians excel us. Larger, fuller, they naturally acquire a finer gait and bearing. It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist is, and, *per necessita*, must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation, if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire, only by the longest, painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them, as models; and hence endeavour to assimilate themselves to *them;* whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than Nature herself.

Rome was the next attraction, and our tourist arrived in time to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week. The scene of the benediction from St. Peter's is briefly but vividly described, and the effect is heightened by one of those touches which shew the poet and the artist.

THE BENEDICTION.

To imagine it well, you must place before you a magnificent church, with the paved ground gently sloping up to the flight of steps that lead into it. From each corner imagine an open colonnade running down in a semicircular form, inclosing a vast area, and you have the front of St. Peter's. The centre of the area was kept clear by the military, ranged round it in the form of a hollow square. Between the upper file of soldiers and the church steps, stood the living mass that waited the benediction. Behind the lower file were crowded the countless carriages. The open colonnades, and the top of one of them, are given to strangers. In the front of the church, over the main entrance, there is a gallery, covered with a crimson cloth and shaded by an immense piece of canvass. Into this gallery the pope advances, and blesses the people. * * * Nearly under me were a group of pilgrims, ragged and dirty, lying along the steps, unconscious of all around—their staves leaning across them, their head on their hand, and they either nodding or fast asleep. One boy held my attention for a long time. He lay on the hard stone, in deep slumber, with his father asleep beside him. Suddenly there was the blast of a trumpet, and the father started from his repose, and, supposing the Pope was about to appear, roused up his boy, so that they might not lose the invaluable blessing. The tired, ragged little fellow rose half up, and then fell back again heavily on the steps, sound asleep. The Pope did not appear, and the father, too, was soon in deep slumber beside his boy. What were their dreams, in the midst of this pomp and splendour? They had wandered far from their quiet home, to receive the blessing of the Holy Father. Reckless of the magnificence around them—of the crowd—the ocean-like murmur that went up to heaven—they had fallen asleep under the shadow of St. Peter's. That boy, ragged and dirty as he was, had also *his* dreams, and his palace and objects of ambition; but they were all far away, and many a weary mile must be traversed before he would be amid them again. What a change, to be waked from that quiet dream by the sound of trumpets, and instead of his own rude hut by the mountain stream, to find the lofty cathedral before him, and the rumour of thousands around him!

At length the Pope appeared—engaged in a short prayer—stretched out his hands over the multitude that sunk to the earth, — and pronounced the benediction. The long lines of soldiers kneeled in their ranks, and all was silent as the grave. But the last word was scarcely spoken, before they were on their feet—drum and trumpet pealed out their joy—the cannon of St. Angelo answered them, and the bells threw in their clang to swell the jubilee—the multitude began to sway and toss and disperse—and all was over.

One of the most impressive ceremonies of the Holy Week is

THE CHANTING OF THE MISERERE.

The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets, the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest wo. Stunned and stupified, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone, we are orphans—all orphans!" The silence at length became too painful. I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail, so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart, stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, that the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer.

Among the interesting sights of Rome are two plain tombstones. One in the English burying-ground bears the epitaph—

PERCY BYSHE SHELLEY.—'Cor Cordium.'
"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

The other, in an adjoining cemetery, is a small marble slab, half hidden amid the long grass, on which is writ, "This grave contains all that is mortal of a young English poet, who on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' Feb. 28, 1821." It is the grave of KEATS. But his name is inscribed upon the record of his country's genius.

It was with eager curiosity that Mr. HEADLEY, full of the recollections of *Corinne*, went to hear

AN IMPROVISATRICE.

An Urn was left at the door, in which every one who wished dropped on a bit of paper the subject he wished her to improvise. This Urn was to be handed to the Improvisatrice, from which she must draw, by chance, the number of topics she was to render into verse during the evening. I sat all on the "*qui vive*," waiting her appearance, expecting to see enter a tall, queenly beauty, with the speaking lip and flashing eye uttering poetry even in their repose. I expected more, from the fact that these inspired birds are getting rare even in Italy, and this was the second opportunity there had been of hearing one during the entire year. Well, at last she came, a large, gross-looking woman, somewhere between thirty-five and fifty years of age, and as plain as a pike-staff. She ascended the platform somewhat embarrassed, and sat down: the Urn was handed her, from which she drew seven or eight papers, and read the subjects written upon them. They were a motley mess enough to turn into poetry in the full tide of song. I looked at her somewhat staggered, and wished very much to ask her if (as we say at home) she did not want to back out of the undertaking. However, she started off boldly, and threw off verse after verse with astonishing rapidity. After she had finished, she sat down, wiped the perspiration from her forehead, while a man, looking more like Bacchus than Cupid, brought her a cup of nectar in the shape of coffee, which she coolly sipped before the audience, and then read the next topic and commenced again. Between each effort came the coffee. Some of the subjects were unpoetical enough, and staggered her prodigiously. The "spavined dactyls" would not budge an inch, and she would stop—smite her forehead—go back—take a new start, and try to spur over the chasm with a boldness that half redeemed her failures; sometimes it required three or four distinct efforts before she could clear it. The large drops of moisture that oozed from her forehead in the excitement formed miniature rivulets down her cheeks, till I exclaimed to myself, well there is *per*spiration there, whether there be *in*spiration or not; and after all, who can tell the difference?

We do not remember to have read before of the Artists' Fête, of which we have here a long and curious account. It is held in the quarries of Rome: the dining-hall is an old forsaken ruin hard by. At eight o'clock the procession forms, headed by the president, dressed fantastically, and followed by many hundreds of artists and their friends, each in the oddest costume his purse or fancy can furnish, some on foot, some on mules, some on donkeys: the more *outré* the appearance, the more in keeping with the scene. To the quarries they go, and the president is there enthroned.

Around him were flags of every description and ornaments of no description. He had on a necklace made, I should suppose, of a huge Bologna sausage, with pieces a foot and a half long, putting out at intervals all round it, at the end of each of which stood an imp striving with all his might to fill it with wind. At his side stood a drummer, that looked more like a griffin than a man, beating rapid and hurried beats upon his drum, while at every pause arose the chorus of some wild German song. Before him, in the dirt, were all sorts of divinities waltzing—two-thirds drunk. Round and round they would spin, ankle deep, in

the powdered clay, until they came on the broken rocks with a jar that made my bones ache even to see.

And in this entire abandonment to unlicensed revel the day is passed.

Quitting Rome with reluctance, our traveller journeyed towards Florence, visiting all objects of interest on the route. Among the rest was a church of the little town of San Giovanni. He saw cased within the wall a human skeleton, no mason's work surrounding it, but among the naked, jagged stones, it stood erect and motionless. A few years since, when the church was under repair, the workmen had occasion to pierce the wall, and struck upon the skeleton. The attitude indicates a death of agony; and an English physician who was present declared that he must have died of suffocation, and that he had evidently been built in alive, beginning at the feet.

At Florence, Mr. HEADLEY notices especially the works of two American artists as remarkable for their indications of genius. One of them has lately received its meed of approbation in England, where art receives more patronage than in America; and therefore we may boast the possession of her first great work of sculpture—the Greek Slave, by Mr. POWERS. Of this beautiful statue the following anecdote is told:—

THE GREEK SLAVE.

An American, who had suddenly acquired great wealth by speculation, took it into his head to travel, and finding himself at length in Florence, made a visit to Mr. POWERS's studio. Looking over the different statues, his eye rested on the Greek Slave. "What may you call that are boy?" said he. "The Greek Slave," replied Mr. Powers. "And what may be the price of it?" continued our Yankee. "Three thousand dollars" was the answer, as the artist gazed a moment at the odd specimen of humanity before him. "*Three thousand dollars!*" he exclaimed,—"you don't say so, now. Why I thought of buying something on you, but that's a notch above me. *Why, statiary is riz, ain't it!*"

Mr. POWERS has another statue, an Eve, which our traveller describes as equally, if not more admirable.

Powers's Eve is a woman with a soul as well as heart, and as she stands with the apple in her hand, musing on the fate it involves, and striving to look down the dim and silent future it promises to reveal, her countenance indicates the great, yet silent struggle within. Wholly absorbed in her own reflections, her countenance unconsciously brings you into the same state of deep and painful thought. She is a noble woman—*too noble to be lost.*

The artist told him that no less than thirty different females had stood for this statue.

Another promising sculptor from America is Mr. BROWN. His most famous work is

THE INDIAN BOY.

In it Mr. Brown has endeavoured to body forth his own nature, which is full of "musing and melancholy." The boy has gone into the woods to hunt, but the music of the wind among the tree tops, and the swaying of the great branches above him, and the mysterious influence of the deep forest, with its multitude of low voices, have made him forget his errand; and he is leaning on a broken tree, with his bow resting against his shoulder, while one hand is thrown behind him, listlessly grasping the useless arrow. His head is slightly bent, as if in deep thought, and as you look on the face, you feel that forest boy is beyond his years, and has begun too early to muse on life and on man. The effect of the statue is to interest one deeply in the fate of the being it represents. You feel that his life will not pass like the life of ordinary men. This effect, the very one the artist sought to produce, is of itself the highest praise that could be bestowed on the work.

But there has arisen suddenly, unexpectedly, and almost as it were by inspiration, an artist who promises to surpass all modern sculptors. He is by birth an Italian, though a Frenchman by extraction. His history is too interesting to be omitted. His name is

DUPRE, THE SCULPTOR.

Originally a poor wood engraver, he designed and executed last year, unknown to any body, the model of a dead Abel. Without advancing in the usual way from step to step, and testing his skill on busts, and inferior subjects, he launched off on his untried powers into the region of highest effort. A year ago this winter, at the annual exhibition of designs and statues in Florence, young Dupré placed his Abel in the gallery. No one had seen it—no one had heard of it. Occupying an unostentatious place, and bearing an unknown name, it was at first passed by with a cursory glance. But somehow or other, those who had seen it once found themselves after awhile returning for a second look, till at length the whole crowd stood grouped around it, in silent admiration—our own artists among the number. It became immediately the talk of the city, and, in a single week, the poor wood engraver vaulted from his humble occupation into a seat among the first artists of his country. A Russian princess passing through the city saw it, and was so struck with its singular beauty, that she immediately ordered a statue, for which the artist is to receive four thousand dollars. Many of the artists became envious of the sudden reputation of Dupré, and declared that no man ever wrought that model, and could not—that it was moulded from a dead body, and the artist was compelled to get the affidavits of his models to protect himself from slander.

I regard this figure equal, if not superior, in *its kind* to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age. It is not proper, of course, to compare it with the Venus de' Medici, or Apollo Belvidere, for they are of an entirely different character. The dead son of Niobe, in the Hall of Niobe, in the Royal Gallery, is a stiff wooden figure compared to it. The only criticism I could utter when I first stood over it was, "*Oh, how dead he lies!*" There is no marble there, it is all flesh—flesh flexible as if the tide of life poured through it—yet bereft of its energy. The beautifu martyr looks as if but just slain, and before the muscles became rigid and the form stiff, had been thrown on a hill side, and with his face partly turned away, and one arm flung back despairingly over his head, he lies in death as natural as the human body itself would rest. The same perfection of design and execution is exhibited in all the details, and the whole figure is a noble monument of modern genius.—Being a new thing, and hence not down in the guide-books, most travellers have passed through Florence without seeing it.

But it is time to conclude, although we have not exhausted a tithe of the passages we had marked. We will add only Mr. HEADLEY's judicious

ADVICE TO INVALIDS.

And here let me say to those who visit Italy for their health, to ascertain well beforehand what ails them. For invalids of a certain character, such as those troubled with pulmonary affections, this climate will doubtless often be found very beneficial; but to dyspeptics, and those afflicted with the whole tribe of nervous diseases, it is the very worst climate they could possibly visit. The air is too stimulating, and produces constant excitement, where the very reverse is needed. The consequence is, that most of the Italians themselves, who in our country would be nervous dyspeptics, are here lunatics. *A sensitive nervous system cannot endure the stimulating air and diet of Italy.* I have tried it for nearly a year, and now leave it sooner than I designed, and far worse than when I entered it.

With this we bid adieu to one of the most intelligent and agreeable travellers we have met for many a day, assured that the specimens we have presented will recommend the letters from which they are taken to the further acquaintance of our readers.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

Hand-Book for European Tourists, &c. By F. COGHLAN. London, Hughes.

Mr. COGHLAN'S *Hand-book* has at least one advantage over MURRAY'S, that it is much cheaper, and more condensed. The traveller contemplating a tour from the north to the south of Europe must carry with him a complete library of MURRAY. Mr. COGHLAN relieves him from this burden by his *Hand-Book*, which in one volume comprises a complete guide to Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. Thus he adapts himself both to pocket and portmanteau. Necessarily his information is not so full as MURRAY'S, but it is not less accurate. The traveller's most pressing wants are consulted; routes, hotels, prices, tariffs, are fully given. There is, too, an introduction to the sights of each place; and here it is that Mr. COGHLAN gains in space; for, instead of a history of the places described, he contents himself with indicating to the tourist what there is worth seeing, and where it is to be

found. To these attractions he adds some useful practical advice, the results of his own experience, and a list of all the steam-packets and of the continental railways. The edition before us, being quite new, brings down this information to the latest moment.

SKELETON TOUR FROM VIENNA TO SWITZERLAND ACROSS THE TYROL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—"An Inquirer" wishes to know the most picturesque route from Vienna across the Tyrol into Switzerland. I came down the Danube in the summer of 1842, and walked in the Tyrolese and Salzburg Alps during the summer months of 1843. The first part of the journey from Vienna should without doubt be performed by steam, as the chief beauties of the Danube lie between Vienna and Linz, including many objects of historical interest; amongst these the castle of Dürrenstein, where Cœur de Lion is said to have been confined. The first part of the voyage is a little tame, the Danube flowing in a wide stream through level banks; but the scenery gradually improves as one goes up the stream; the left bank, although flat, is backed in the extreme distance by the snowy ranges of the Noric Alps; the right is broken into vineyards. About half-way up to Linz, as far as I can recollect, the river flows between perpendicular rocks in a deep, solemn stream. The heights are covered with large pines, which give them a most savage character. The river abounds in whirlpools, caverns, and islets formed by fragments which have dropped from the heights. On arriving at Linz, the traveller should make for the Austrian Switzerland. There is a horse-railroad to the head of the Traun See, which he may readily cross and proceed to Ischl, a place well worth a stay of some days for the sake of its baths and excursions in the surrounding mountains. The rest of the journey depends on whether the traveller intends to walk or to ride, or to combine both. There are stellwagens (a species of omnibus) on all the great roads in the Tyrol, by which the pedestrian may readily assist himself. From Ischl he will go to Salzburg, not omitting the ascent of the Guisberg, which has a châlet at the top, and furnishes a magnificent mountain panorama. From Salzburg, Berechtesgaden should be the next point. The salt-mines at Hallein should not be forgotten. I ascended the Watzmann there, a mountain about 10,000 feet high, bivouacking on the Alp half-way, but the summit is very dangerous. Two ways are open to the pedestrian from Berechtesgaden, one over the Konigsee and the snow-covered wilderness of rock called the Steinernes Meer, into the Pinzgauer Thal, the other through the Hirsch-brecht Pass and the Hohl-wegen, a tremendous pass, choked with blocks as large as an ordinary house, to the Lake of Zell and the Pinzgauer Thal. This valley gives views of the Venediger Horn and Great Glöckner, though the weather did not allow me to see much of them. Visit the waterfalls about Kriml, climb the pass of the Gerlos (by no means difficult, but exceedingly fine), and drop down the Zillerthal (famous for fair women) into the valley of the Inn. The straight carriage-road from Salzburg to Innsprück is by Reichenhall, but the detour by Berechtesgaden will amply repay the trouble. Follow the course of the Inn; visit Hall and its salt-works; put up at the Golden Eagle at Innsprück, a thorough German house; from Innsprück proceed to Switzerland, through the Vorarlberg, with wheels. The pedestrian may vary this tour by keeping up his acquaintance with the river Inn somewhat longer, instead of leaving it at Landeck. I walked through the Finstermünz Pass, a scene of slaughter in the French war, and traced the Inn to the three lakes, where it rises at the top of the Engaddin valley, a walk of about three days from the place where I quitted the Innsprück and Meran road. In this valley there is no accommodation but in private houses in some of the villages. The people speak Romaunsch, but a different dialect from that spoken in the valley of the Ober Rhein. I dropped down from the sources of the Inn on Chiavenna, in Lombardy, and passed the Splügen into Switzerland; but there is another way, over the Julier Pass to Chur. Though the scenery at the sources of the Inn is most singular and beautiful, and one mounts the valley imperceptibly to near the verge of the perpetual snows, finding the slope to Chiavenna a most surprising change at the crest of the pass, I would scarcely advise the passage of the Engiadina, as it is most fatiguing, and somewhat monotonous in its grandeur, unless the pedestrian has much time to spare, and is willing to rough it in every sense.—I remain, &c.

A GENTLEMAN TRAMPER.

AGENCY.—Travellers on the continent are continually in need of a respectable and safe agent in England to whom they may consign goods, or by whom their baggage may be forwarded to its destination abroad. Mr. Goddard's office in the Old Jewry well supplies this want, and there those who purpose making a tour can readily obtain every kind of information they may require relating to the countries they are about to visit, and whatever assistance they may need.

ART.

THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

IN our last number we gave a summary of the proceedings, with the report of the committee, at the annual meeting, for transaction of business and the distribution of prizes, of the Government School of Design.

Owing to an inadequacy of talent, or of downright negligence, or of both, in some of the masters, a spirit of dissatisfaction, which ripened into insubordination, displayed itself a short time ago among the students of at least one department of the school, which led, we believe, to the resignation of one of the masters and the expulsion of several students. As the circumstances are not before us, we are without the means of judging which party is in the wrong, therefore refrain from making comment upon the quarrel until the public shall be in possession of *the facts*, which ought unquestionably to be laid before them. But whether the students or the masters were most to blame, there certainly is no falling-off, but, on the contrary, an improvement, in the merit of the works this year exhibited.

Hitherto our manufacturers have been compelled to resort to France and Belgium for their designs in most of the branches of ornamental art. Large sums of money were thus drained annually from the country, which, had these schools been earlier established, would have benefited a large and deserving class of both sexes at home. Few acts of the Legislature of late years have done so much for the interests both of the manufacturer and the artist as the establishment of a school, which, by especially cultivating ornamental art, enables the one to find the market for the talent he requires at hand available on the instant, and opens to the other a new and profitable field for the exercise of his abilities. Already have some of the leading upholsterers, glass and china manufacturers availed themselves of native talent by purchasing the right to certain of these designs, and, in some cases, securing the exclusive services of the artists themselves.

Among the works to which prizes were awarded, we noticed a design for a pyx, another for an antique vase, and a third for a chandelier, all of which exhibited happy powers of invention, and were of a rare beauty. Some of the drawings for lace were remarkable for gracefulness of line; and there were designs for shawls, carpets, paper-hangings, and table-covers, which struck us equally by the novelty and boldness of their ornaments, and the happy taste which had governed both composition and colouring.

In concluding our remarks upon this subject, we would urge upon the Government the desirability of giving larger prizes than hitherto they have awarded. This year the amounts distributed varied from thirty shillings up to eight guineas. It is not enough to say that the *property* of the design is in the artist, and that therein should lie the substantive return to his exertions. No. Heighten as far as possible the inducement to genius to put forth all its powers, and you may be sure of a handsome return; appear careless or indifferent about it, as you do by giving a *thirty-shilling prize*, and competition flags; there is small thanks to you if any thing above mediocrity responds to your demand. What we wish to see is a fair proportion between the value of a design and the labour expended on it, and the amount of the prize for the department within which the design falls.

THE CHINESE PAGODA AT KEW.

THIS lofty and elegant structure having fallen into a state of decay, her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests have very properly determined on restoring it; and in order to complete the undertaking as fully and exactly as possible, they have availed themselves of the example afforded in Mr. BURFORD's charming panorama of Nanking, where (as stated in our notice of that picture) the famous Porcelain Pagoda stands correctly figured—the sketch having been made on the spot. The pagoda at Kew was built (if we remember rightly) from the design of Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS. In his day

much less was known of Chinese architecture than is the case at present, hence some irregularities and errors are visible in this structure, which as far as possible will be removed. The scaffolding is erected round the Pagoda, and the work of alteration and restoration commenced. We are glad of this; for it would have been a regretful thing to lose an edifice which forms so interesting a feature in the surrounding landscape, one too, that familiarizes the eye of the spectator with a style of architecture, which, though foreign to European notions, is harmonious in its proportions and graceful in its form.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NEWS.—Most of the distinguished professors who assisted in giving brilliancy to the season just ended are now quitting London. Sivori has undertaken a short provincial tour, for which most liberal offers have been made to him, and will afterwards visit Hamburgh, where a special engagement awaits him, thence proceeding on a journey through the German states, which may occupy him till the commencement of the next London season, when he is again expected in this country. The new reputation he has acquired here by his exquisite performance of chamber music will cause his presence to be desired by all true lovers of the art. The sisters Milanollo, after a performance before her Majesty, left London last week for Brussels, and it is hoped will revisit us next year. M. Sainton has availed himself of the vacation at the Royal Academy of Music to pass a few weeks in Paris, after which he will return, having accepted a permanent engagement from the directors of that institution to give instructions on the violin, which will probably naturalize him as one of the resident professors of this country. His broad and vigorous style is well calculated to advance the pupils. M. Vieuxtemps has departed, some weeks ago, in a manner somewhat abrupt, having left unfulfilled several engagements into which he had entered, the cause of which has not yet been publicly explained. No one disputes his merit, and all will regret that too great sensitiveness to the rivalry of others should ever disturb so excellent a position. M. Godefroid, the celebrated harp player, left town yesterday; M. Gras and Madame Dorus Gras about a week since, with the intention of visiting the principal places in the south of France. The Brussels company, who have distinguished themselves so greatly by the performance of French operas as to be referred to by the amateurs of London as a genuine school of art, are on the point of leaving us; the concerts of all kinds have ceased, and after the few days more have expired in which her Majesty's Theatre will be the sole musical attraction of the metropolis, nothing will remain to invite the connoisseur in that delightful art. On the whole, it may be said that London has made decided progress in this season, and that in proportion as audiences have become more fastidious, performances have improved.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The only circumstance connected with her Majesty's theatre which calls for remark this week is the production of a new ballet by the indefatigable PERROT, with TAGLIONI for its heroine. It is entitled *Diane*, and has for its story the amour of the *Casta Diva* with the shepherd of Mount Latmus—happy shepherd he, if the Great Diana of the Ephesians were as charming a personage as her impersonatrix. *Of outward form*, at all events, the likeness *is most elaborate*, however of *inward less exact*. The daughter of Jove and Latona, we are told, was "generally represented as a healthy, active maiden, in a huntress's dress, with a handsome, but ungentle countenance." Now, TAGLIONI looks the picture of health, and her activity is unquestionable; as to the huntress's dress, she was semi-attired in one which, we will bet a cool thousand, Artemis never saw the equal to at the Olympian *Magasin des Modes* (there was but one establishment of the kind, owing to the little demand for dresses there), though in fashion it is classically correct to a fold, being copied from the noble statue of Diana Venatrix in the Louvre. TAGLIONI, perhaps, can hardly be called handsome, as to features, but then her countenance is not ungentle; oh, no! if ever countenance of goddess or mortal, in the antique world or our own, was characterized by gentleness *par excellence*, that countenance is TAGLIONI's. Her smile is one of the very pleasantest things in nature—or art. PERROT himself was *Endymion*, and danced as one dancing with TAGLIONI must needs dance, supposing him only to possess a certain amount of executive competency, and PERROT is a master of his art. At the close of the sketch—for it is only a sketch, unhappily—bouquets were rained at TAGLIONI's feet, with a profusion entirely regardless of expense; and the applause throughout was enormous, but not greater than TAGLIONI merited; and let us in justice add, not greater than PERROT merited, both as author and as dancer.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre continues open, notwithstanding the cession of CHARLES MATHEWS and his wife. Mr. HUDSON has most efficiently replaced the former, both in *Young Revel*, and as *Young Goldthumb*, in *Time Works Wonders;* and Miss JULIA BENNETT, succeeding to Madame VESTRIS's part in the latter play, acts it very nearly, if not altogether as well, and looks it infinitely better. WEBSTER himself has taken CHARLES MATHEWS's part in *Used Up*, and fills it in a manner so satisfactory to the audience as to render it additionally unnecessary to him to go any great lengths in the way of concession to the insurgents. At the same time we shall be very glad to find matters arranged between the parties, for though Mr. WEBSTER, it is manifest, can manage without Mr. and Mrs. C. MATHEWS, yet their names looked auspicious in the bills, and their acting was *pretty to observe*, as Mr. Pepys has it. The *casus belli* is stated to have been CHARLES MATHEWS'S refusal to take the part of *Young Revel*, as being *infra dig.;* but we imagine there must have been some graver matter in dispute; in all probability the contemplated permanence of the Haymarket season operating against the fulfilment by Mr. MATHEWS and Madame VESTRIS of their engagement at the Surrey. JERROLD has undertaken to have another comedy ready for next season, to be attended, we hope, with as full success as that which *Time Works Wonders* has realized. For the latter play, the author already cannot have received less than a round 1,000*l.*, "and there's pippins and cheese to come;" while, for his next production, he is to be still more amply remunerated. As far, therefore, as this ornament of English literature is concerned, the lamentation about no encouragement of native talent does not hold good; and we doubt much whether, as a general fact, it is justified. The matter is, that native talent, in common with foreign talent, where it does exist, is no sooner acknowledged—and the acknowledgment on the part of the public is neither tardy nor ungrudging—is too apt to set up preposterous pretensions; not merely to claim due encouragement, but to grasp at all the merit and all the money, and if its bad ambition be not satisfied, to run rusty and sulk in its tub.

DRURY-LANE.—The Brussels company gave their farewell performance on Friday night. The opera selected was *Les Huguenots*, and never was that admirable work more admirably executed. The entire *troupe* seemed to have formed a resolution to leave a profound impression on the English public, and they fully succeeded in this purpose. There was a crowded attendance. We earnestly hope that the company may be able to give us an annual visit. We should imagine that the more favourable time for them would be the months in which the Italian Opera does not present its all-powerful attractions. True, the period suggested would not be the London season, *par excellence;* but there are always in our metropolis, at whatever time of the year, wealth and taste, and *ennui* enough to furnish an overflowing audience for the largest theatre within the bills of mortality, if there be aught worth seeing or hearing on its stage.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—A third grand masquerade and carnival *al Fresco* has been given at these gardens, and we are glad to say with great success. The whole resources of the immense establishment were brought into combined operation, and the result was certainly a most magnificent and amusing affair. The illuminations were as fine as any we ever witnessed, even at Vauxhall; and the fireworks, under the highly competent direction of Mr. DARBY, were exceedingly brilliant. JOEL, heretofore HERR JOEL the sifleur, now Signor JOEL IL DIAVOLO, made his descent on a single wire, very wonderful assuredly, and very entertaining to those who like such exhibitions, among which number, however, we, being nervous, do not count. However, there were entertainments enough for every variety of taste and temperament, and, universally welcome, there was MUSARD, with his perfect *orchestre*, so perfectly directed by him, and his charming waltzes and quadrilles, and polkas and galops, as powerful in their motive influence as the magic fiddle in Grimm's story. Here is a programme for you:—*Quadrilles*—La Syrène, Les Tambours de la Garde, Les Hongroises, Les Etudians de Paris, La Tulipe Ouragueuse, Les Diables de l'Opéra, Quadrille de 1845 (composed, by order of her Majesty, for *the* Court ball), Bonhomme Dimanche, La Part du Diable, Zanetta, Puritani, Espagnol, Le Roi des Ménétriers. *Waltzes*—Brussler Spitzen, Brandhofen, La Somnambula. *Polkas*—Die Schonste, Vauxhall, Nationale, and the Grand Galop des Bals de l'Opéra, with an ample selection, besides, from the most popular productions of STRAUSS, LANNER, and LABITZKY. If here be not matter for dancing, where shall you seek it? There was a Yager brass band, moreover, conducted by Mr. T. LEWIS, who performed in excellent style a variety of pieces. The refreshments which fell more immediately under our observation were decidedly eligible, and the prices, pursuant to the new and most judicious system, place them within the reach of all the frequenters.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The celebrated diver and swimmer, Captain STEVENS, is at present giving some most interesting lessons in the art of swimming at this institution. The illustrations or experiments are exhibited in the person of his son, a boy of only eight years of age; and really his graceful and pleasing attitudes while immersed in the water, and the facility with which he swims and dives, render the whole a most interesting exhibition, unattended also by the slightest cause of pain to the most sensitive visitor. Dr. RYAN'S lecture on steam-boiler explosions continues to attract large audiences, and this perhaps may justify the directors in keeping it so long before the public. We were much pleased to find that Dr. RYAN has introduced into his lecture Mons. BOUTIGNY'S experiments connected with the action of water on red-hot plates of metal, as we have no doubt that many anomalous explosions may be thus satisfactorily explained. The recently-invented apparatus of Earl ROSSE for indicating the action of the feed-pump of the boiler was also beautifully and simply explained by the lecturer, and elicited the warm approbation of a most respectable and numerous audience, which quite filled the theatre of the institution. We find that Professor BACHHOFFNER, in his lecture on the atmospheric railway, traces the invention of the principle to a Mr. MEEDHURST, who wrote on the subject some twenty years ago. Verily there is nothing new under the sun!

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

When from the earth the sable night
With fairy step hath pass'd away,
And yellow streams of golden light
Proclaim the faint approach of day;
Then, as I turn my wand'ring eyes
To one endear'd and hallow'd spot,
A little flower, of lustrous dyes,
Shall softly breathe Forget me not.

And shall its short and simple prayer
To me be whisper'd all in vain?
Shall it not ev'ry morning bear
Some still more sweet and soothing strain?
Yes—though the rival buds reveal
Some thought that Time perchance may blot,
Fond memory's light shall gently steal
Around this pale Forget-me-not.

E. M. R.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE "ELECTRIC GUN."—In consequence of a communication made by Mr. Beningfield, the inventor of this instrument, to the authorities of the Ordnance, a deputation from the committee of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich, accompanied by Colonel Chalmers, the secretary, attended on Saturday at the piece of ground on the south side of King-street, Westminster, where the gun is placed, to see the experiments. As the gun is not made an object of public exhibition, and as the inventor does not allow any close inspection of his invention, it may not be without interest to those who have no opportunity of seeing it to describe, in the words of Mr. Beningfield himself, its appearance, powers, and properties. It was seen by many persons in Jersey, but in London by only a very few friends of the inventor, and a few scientific and military men. The barrel is placed "on a small carriage running upon a pair of wheels, and may be drawn by one horse at ten miles an hour. When in position, it has a third wheel attached, by which it traverses with ease and steadiness. It is light and elegant in appearance; the barrel for discharging the bullets is over the body of the machine, being about five feet from the ground, so that the engineer who works it can take a true aim; it is supplied with balls by two chambers, one of which is fixed, the other a moveable one, which is called the volley chamber, and may be made to contain any quantity of balls. From 1,000 to 1,200 balls could be discharged per minute. These volleys are shot off in quick succession, and while being reloaded, the stationary chamber continues to supply the barrel, so that a constant discharge is maintained. The bullets are five-eighths of an inch in diameter (those used in the experiments on Saturday were not so large); but in actual service, the apparatus being but little enlarged would discharge balls one inch in diameter with increased force. The bullets now used are calculated to kill at the distance of a statute mile; they pass freely through a three-inch plank, which in volley-firing is torn to atoms by their force, but if discharged against an iron target they are dashed to pieces, and if into a solid log of wood are often found welded together, appearing to be united by a semifusion." In the experiments on Saturday the distance of the target was forty yards from the gun. At that distance the effect was tremendous; a three-inch plank was perforated, and the balls which struck the iron target flattened as thin as half-crowns —indeed, to mere plates of metal—and frequently beat to atoms. The rapidity of the discharges was very surprising; and the discharges were kept up without intermission apparently as long and as continuous as the engineer thought fit. What the report of the deputation will be of course cannot yet be known. To the engineers, and to the military and naval officers who have been present at the trials, the results have been satisfactory, and the most unqualified praise has been given to the inventor, and the highest testimonials of the efficacy and importance of the invention. The cost for keeping the machine in a continual discharge for eighteen hours, resting a few minutes every four hours, has been estimated at 10*l.*; during which time more bullets would be discharged than from the fire of two regiments of musketry firing at their greatest rate of quickness.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

PHENOMENA OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

OUR anticipations that we should glean much valuable information from the very curious and interesting case of clairvoyance which we have described in the last two numbers of THE CRITIC have not been disappointed. The boy has been submitted to experiments of various kinds, with results that have astonished all who have witnessed them. In two ways has progress been made. Many thoughtful minds, of influential station, whose opinions guide others, have seen and satisfied themselves that clairvoyance is a truth in nature. But that which is of yet greater importance to science than the opinion of any man, however he may sway the minds of his fellows, is the insight we have succeeded in obtaining into the *modus operandi* of the faculty, and the startling conclusion to which it appears to lead. We are not at this moment in a position to lay before the public all that has occurred during the past week relating to both of these lines of progress. Neither is yet completed, though the goal is in sight. As to the first, if we are not much mistaken, conversions of distinguished opponents of Mesmerism to a perfect convicion of its truth will be proclaimed by those who have had the honesty to make trial for themselves, and possess the moral courage to avow a change of opinion, effected by facts that cannot be disputed. As to the second, we can this week do no more than state that we have good reason to suppose that we are upon the very threshold, if not actually in possession, of a discovery that will startle the world. We are loath to announce it until it shall be confirmed by a greater number of experiments than we have been yet able to make. But if our present surmises should prove to be correct; if further research should exhibit the same results as past trials, then shall we have succeeded, by investigation of the case we have recorded, in ascertaining the true seat of the faculty of clairvoyance; and if it be as we have reason to believe, then follows the most interesting result—that clairvoyance is not a faculty peculiar to the mesmeric or the somnambulist state, but that it is possessed by everybody, being only

quickened and exalted in mesmeric patients, in like manner as in them is every other mental faculty exalted.

Again we say, we have not sufficiently established the fact by experiment to justify its positive announcement. As yet it is only a case of strong probability; but if further inquiry should ever so slightly confirm the views that have flashed upon us in the course of the series of experiments now in progress, we will at once ask the aid of all the readers of THE CRITIC in an investigation which must change the face of physiology.

In the mean while we throw out one curious circumstance for the reflection of the thoughtful. We have closely examined the boy again, as to the manner of his seeing the objects inclosed in the card-case and wrappers, whether or no it seemed as if he was looking through a transparent medium. His description deserves to be noted. He says that his eyes feel as if they were drawn up into his forehead; then a blue light comes before them; then he sees the box; then that disappears, and he sees the packet inclosed in it; then one fold of the paper vanishes, then another, and so on until the word or thing in the centre is perceived. The word does not come into his mind all at once, but letter by letter, and every fresh *surface* interposed between him and the object offers a fresh obstacle and increases the difficulty. He has so many more distinct visions and vanishings. The objects disappear as he fixes his attention upon them, precisely as when we fix the eye steadily upon several objects at a distance; the outer ones of the circle of sight first become luminous, then vanish, until nothing is visible but the single spot in the centre of the field of vision. The power comes and goes in flashes, each one lasting only for a minute or two.

We shall of course continue to lay before our readers the results of the careful experiments now being made into a subject as important as it is interesting.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Plymouth, July 21, 1845.

SIR,—It is a matter of great importance that the truth of clairvoyance should, if possible, be established beyond the possibility of a doubt, and I know of no means so likely to accomplish this as the publication of a series of cases, narrated just as they occurred, and well authenticated by names and dates. An accumulation of evidence of this description from various parts of the country, by parties wholly unknown to each other, must carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. The case which you have published in the last number of THE CRITIC is an admirable commencement of such a series, and will, I hope, be followed by equally clear and explicit narratives from many of your correspondents. I send you one which was perfectly convincing to myself, and which was open to none of the ordinary objections on the score of possible collusion and deception.

A lady residing in Plymouth has under her care a youth about thirteen years of age from Mexico. He was suffering severely from a complaint somewhat of the nature of erysipelas, and it was determined to try the effects of Mesmerism upon him. He proved a very susceptible subject, evinced many of the higher phenomena, and in a few weeks was entirely cured by mesmeric treatment. He soon gave indications that he possessed the power of clairvoyance, and many very satisfactory results were obtained. I resolved, however, to place the matter beyond the possibility of doubt; and for this purpose I took with me one evening a gentleman who had only just arrived in Plymouth, who was a stranger in the town, and wholly unknown, not only to the boy, but to every member of the family under whose care he resided. Tom was speedily put into the mesmeric state, and placed *en rapport* with my friend. The following scene occurred:—

"Do you know where I am staying in Plymouth?" "No." "I am lodging in Park-street. Do you know where that is?" "No." "It is in that direction (taking Tom's hand, and pointing it in the direction of the street). "Oh, yes, I see it—I'm there." "Now go with me to the house." "Yes, I'm there—I'm there." "Go in;—Are you in the passage?" "Yes." "On which side is the parlour-door?" "On the right." "Go into the parlour; whom do you see?" "A lady." "How many persons are there?" "Only one—a lady." "What is she doing?" "Sitting at a table reading." "Has she a dark or light complexion?" "Dark." What colour is her hair?" "Black—very black." (This was said with great emphasis.) "How many windows are there in the room?" "One." "Describe the furniture." This he did correctly, with one mistake only; he said the table was round, instead of square, but corrected himself almost instantly.

His answers were precisely correct, and given without any hesitation; a lady was sitting alone reading in the room, and her hair was of a jet black.

All possibility of doubt or deception in this case was absolutely destroyed, and it alone would have demonstrated to my own mind the certain existence of the faculty of clairvoyance.

On another occasion I took a sheet of writing-paper, and going to the farthest end of the room, I printed with a pencil the word LONDON in Roman capitals, about three-quarters of an inch high. I was careful not to press hard enough to leave any indentation by which the slightest clue could be obtained by touch. I turned the paper downwards, and brought it to the boy with the printed side underneath. I placed his finger on the spot, and asked him what I had *written* there. The moment his finger touched the spot, he exclaimed sharply, "It isn't written—it's printed." "Well," I said, "what is it?" "London," was the immediate reply. He was equally correct with the word "Tom."

He played at cards with the greatest ease and delight, and it made no difference whether his eyes were bandaged or not. He was frequently requested to name a card before it was turned up, and seldom failed. On one occasion his antagonist remarked that Tom must win, for that he held all the knaves. "No," said Tom, "you have one." His opponent maintained that he had lost them all. "I am sure," said the boy, "that you hold one, it is the third from the bottom in your hand." The gentleman examined his cards and found that the boy was perfectly correct.

As he regained his health and strength, his powers of clairvoyance gradually declined, and have now almost wholly disappeared.

Such is a narrative of one of those cases which demonstrate the existence of a faculty or power which has thus far baffled the researches of every inquirer; but there can be no question that inquiry and investigation have been greatly limited and cramped by the senseless clamour which has been directed against clairvoyance.

The determined scepticism of some, and the groundless fears of others, have driven from the field of inquiry many of the best physiologists of the day. Facts, however—those stubborn fellows—will tell their tales and exert their influence, and THE CRITIC will render good service to Mesmerism by bringing into one channel a variety of testimony confirming the *truth* of clairvoyance. Its *why and because* may be an after-consideration.

EDMUND FOY.

PHRENO-MESMERISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I feel certain that all your readers, whether believers or sceptics, would be ready, like myself, to express their gratification at the interesting collection of mesmeric phenomena which you are presenting from time to time in the columns of THE CRITIC, and to admit the general fairness and ability of your editorial comments thereon, as well as the cautiousness you recommend and practise in your experiments and deductions from them.

On one branch of the subject, however, I would respectfully suggest that you seem, like many others, to have jumped to a hasty conclusion; and that is in considering that the well-known phreno-mesmeric experiments have necessarily proved or corroborated the truth of phrenology. Having been myself for some years a firm believer in the general principles of that science, and also in many of the wonders of Mesmerism, I should be glad enough to arrive at the same conclusion; but it appears to me that the experiments necessary to decide the question must be conducted in a manner different from those hitherto exhibited. The reason for this view is simply this: that the experiments so far have been conducted by persons acquainted with phrenology, and as one of the theories of mesmeric clairvoyance supposes the patient sees into the mind of the operator (or person *en rapport*), it follows that the supposed manifestations of phrenological organs might be only, as it were, the echo of the intentions of the latter, and might not arise from any internal excitement of the particular portions of the patient's brain.

Now this is a point of great importance, and it seems to me a topic worthy of the consideration of your Society for the Investigation of Mesmerism, as an humble member of which I would suggest that the experiment in question should be tried with the necessary precautions, and the result announced in THE CRITIC.

Let both patient and operator be ignorant of phrenology, and let the latter excite such portions of the patient's brain as may be pointed out to him (by means of a plain bust) by a person acquainted with the position of the organs, who should not, of course, mention them. The result would, I have no doubt, be interesting to many of your readers, as well as

Your obedient servant,

Halifax, July 29, 1845. M. H. RANKIN.

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

There is some slight stir in the publishing world, and just as people are all hastening away to spread themselves over the face of the earth, our wise publishers begin to bring out new books. Many are noticed in this Critic, others are in the hands of our reviewers, who, being instructed to observe impartiality, give notice, and we transfer the warning to our readers, that they will not undertake to do justice to books committed to them if they are expected to peruse the pages and compose their criticisms within two or three days of their issue. But, perhaps, our readers may ask, how then do others contrive occasionally to give a notice of a book on the very day of its publication? The fact is, that the other literary journals are either the property or under the control of publishers. Proof-sheets of their works are sent to the editor while they are passing through the press; he or his contributor writes the notice as the sheets are put in type, so that as fast as the printer proceeds, the writer of the review keeps pace with him, and they both conclude their labours at the same moment. This system is, of course, entirely incompatible with faithful criticism. But that is a quality not looked for, nor would it be permitted. The object is to push the book into a sale whether it be good or bad. For the public, therefore, there is simply a choice between an honest guide pausing to survey the ground before he points the path, or a dishonest one, who affects to lead that he may pick your pocket.

In furtherance of the design of The Critic to present the English reader a Journal of Foreign as of Home Literature, arrangements have been made for adding to those which already appear in our columns a record of the current literatures of Italy, Spain, and Portugal.

OPINION OF THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I have been a subscriber to The Critic from the commencement. Heartily approving, as I do, of its principles, and as the best medium the bookseller and library-keeper ever had of gaining much useful knowledge with little trouble (no trifling desideratum with men otherwise actively employed), you may, I think, confidently rely upon their support *generally*; individually, at least, you shall have all that can be given by

Your well-wisher,

Sleaford, July 26, 1845. J. Smedley.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From July 26 to August 2.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at The CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* The Critic, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* The Critic. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Abercrombie's (John) Pathological and Practical Researches on Diseases of the Brain and the Spinal Cord, 4th edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simmons d'Ewes, Bart. edited by J. O. Halliwell, esq. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. cl.

Barbarie Predicate a Roma, nel Secolo Decimo-nono, scritto da Raffaele Ciocci, 12mo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Burgh's (Rev. W.) New Marginal Readings and References on the Four Gospels, fc. 8vo. 4s. cl.

Chalk's (Elizabeth) Peep into Architecture, with Illustrations, square, 4s. cl.—Cosin's (Bishop) Collection of Private Devotions, 13th edit. royal 32mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Credit, the Life of Commerce, by J. H. Elliott, 12mo. 4s. cl.

Days and Seasons, a new vol. of Church Poetry, 18mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Fortunes of Hector O'Halloran, by W. H. Maxwell, 8vo. 9s. cl.

Gertrude, by author of "Amy Herbert," edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D. 2 vols. fc. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Goldsmith on the Doctrine and Practice of Equity, 3rd edit. crown 8vo. 9s. bds.

Harrison's (Rev. B.) Historical Enquiry into the Interpretation of the Rubric, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—History of our own Times, by the Author of "Court and Times of Frederick the Great," Vol. II. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Kennaway's (Rev. E. C.) Sermons Preached at Brighton, fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.

Loudon's (Mrs.) First Book of Botany, with Illustrations, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. cl. swd.

Memoirs of the Life of John Constable, esq. R.A. by C. R. Leslie, R.A. with engravings, fc. 4to. 1*l.* 1s. cl.—Marco Visconti, by Grossi, 2 vols. in 1, 12mo. 5s. cl.—M'Farlan's (J. M.) Version of the Prophecies of Ezekiel, retaining the Order of the Hebrew Original, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Memoirs and Correspondence of George, Lord Lyttleton, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s. bds.—Minstrel Love, by Baron de la Motte Fouqué, nine original designs, 12mo. 7s. cl.—My Marine Memorandum Book, a Novel, by Hargrove Jennings, esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—Magic Goblet (The), by Emilie Carlen, Vol. II. imp. 32mo. 2s. swd. (Clarke).—Murray's Hand-Book for Spain, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 2 large maps, 1*l.* 10s. cl.

Nicholl's (Rev. B. E.) Practical Sermons, 12mo. 6d. cl.

Ocean-Work, by the author of "Breakfast-Table Science," 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Practical Manual of Photography, by a Practical Chemist and Photographist, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Pulpit (The), Vol. XLVII. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Prince of Orange (The), a Tale of the Dutch Protestant Revolution, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

Selectæ è Profanis Scriptoribus Historiæ, &c. new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Stevenson (Rev. John), Christ on the Cross, an Exposition of the XXII. Psalm, new edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Stevenson (Rev. John), The Lord, Our Shepherd, an Exposition of the XXIII. Psalm, post 8vo. 5s. cl.

Thiers' History of the Consulate and Empire, translated by D. F. Campbell, esq. Vol. IV. (Colburn's Edition), 8vo. 5s. cl.—Thoughts on the Holy Spirit and his Work, by the author of "Thought upon Thought," 1 vol. royal 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.

Walpole's (Horace) Memoirs of the Reign of George III. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. cl.—Willis's (N. P.) Dashes of Life with a Free Pencil, 3 vols. post 8vo 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—Wolski's (F. A.) New French Grammar, with Exercises, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Wood's (Helen) Conversations on English Grammar, 7th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Worsley's (W.) Six Discourses on the Principles of Unitarianism, 12mo. 3s. bds.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of The Critic, stating prices.

Farey on the Steam Engine.

The 4th number of the "Mathematical Associate and Enigmatical Entertainer," published about 1830-1, by Sherwood and Piper.

The Poet Campbell.—Sir Robert Peel has appointed Mr. Archibald Campbell, nephew of the poet, to an office in the Customs, as a token of his respect for the memory of Mr. Campbell.—*Standard.*

GLEANINGS.

Singular Instance of Canine Sagacity.—A singular instance of canine sagacity and affection was discovered the other night in an unfrequented part of the beautiful Den of Craighall. A bitch of a superior description, belonging to Mr. Walker, Cassindilly, has several times had young dogs, which were always drowned. On these occasions she evinced great uneasiness and distress; and on the present resolved, if possible, to secure her young and rear them in safety. For some time past she had been observed to leave the farm and return at regular intervals for her food; and so anxious did she appear to keep her retreat secret, that she was often known to go out to a high place near the farm and wait until she saw her road clear, when she would run off in some new direction, for she was never known to take the same road twice. Once or twice she was noticed about Craighall, and after search it was found that she was rearing her young family in a hole in one of the old quarries, at a distance of two or three miles from the place where she received her food! As a reward for her fidelity and attachment, her young have been taken under charge by Mr. Brown, the keeper of the Den, and food has been supplied to her, so that she continues to nurse the pups in the place where they were born. There have been many applications for the pups, which are dogs of a first-rate appearance.—*Fife Herald.*

THE CRITIC,

And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of procuring sound and refreshing Slumber at Will. By EDWARD BINNS, M.D. 8vo. Second Edition. London, 1845. John Churchill.

WHEN we reflect how large a portion of human life is passed in sleep, how important is its purpose, how necessary its recurrence to the animal and mental economy, both in health and disease, and how various and multiplied are the antagonistic influences opposed to it, in the shape of sickness, anxieties and troubles, we become sensible of the value of a judicious inquiry into its peculiar nature and properties, since from such only may we hope for a result which shall place within our power the means of commanding this refreshing agent when most needed, and at the same time a knowledge how to regulate the use of it so as best to serve the interests of the mind and body.

Many as have been the writers who have considered this subject, from GALEN down to BICHAT and MACNISH, little light has been thrown by them on this most curious and interesting and important inquiry; they have speculated and doubted, theorized and experimented enough, yet nothing determinate has followed—the true physiology of sleep, like the *elixir vitæ* of the alchemists, remains to be discovered.

The genius of MACNISH—no common one—though devoted with earnestness and zeal to the investigation, failed to penetrate, much less solve the mystery; he produced an entertaining rather than an instructive work, adding little to what was already known, and less that was of practical utility.

Nor can we compliment the author of the book before us upon having accomplished more than his predecessors, or furthered in a material degree our knowledge of the subject. The very title of his book is an unhappy one. "The Anatomy of Sleep," or the "Art of procuring Slumber," as though the latter sprung from and were a natural consequence of the former; with the same propriety might he have written a treatise on human anatomy, and styled it "the theory of life." But the aim of the writer, whether he have succeeded or not, must not be overlooked; it does honour to his heart. Considering sleep, as Lord BACON esteemed it, "the true balm of life, the *medicatrix naturæ* to whose *vigilance* (rather an awkward expression) we are indebted for that condition of mind and body which is termed *health*," Dr. BINNS has, in the work before us, communicated to the world the secret of procuring it in sickness and in health, at all times, in all places, and under any circumstances, at will.

This discovery, he candidly avows, is not his own; the honour of it belongs to the late Mr. GARDNER, the hypnologist,—a curious and clever invalid—from whom he purchased it for a pecuniary consideration, and now, contrary to the advice of his friends, he promulgates it for the benefit of the world. So far does our author's belief extend, that he says—"If it be possible to lengthen life by artificial means to an indefinite period—and with Lord Bacon, Darwin, Herder, Munro, and Richerand, we see nothing in the body itself which precludes this hope—it must be by the subjugation of the cerebral organs to the faculty of sleep; or, in other words, by acquiring the exercise of that property at will by which the vital powers are permitted to progress in nutrition and assimilation, unfettered and uninterrupted by the secretion of thought." Though we cannot agree with the author in his inference, that by sleep only can so desirable an end be obtained, nor, indeed, that with this frail body it can be achieved at all, there can be no doubt that the possessing of a means whereby sleep may be insured at pleasure, must materially diminish human suffering, and conduce, in a degree, to the preservation of health; and that therefore, to make such a discovery public is to confer a boon and benefit on the human family at large.

By far the greater portion of the volume before us is taken up by considerations and descriptions, which, though not altogether foreign to the expressed intention of the book, contribute so little to advance our knowledge of the main subject as to be, perhaps, better suited for separate publication—as where the author gives different recipes for the removal of tan and freckles from the face, a description of spectres, and of the four modes of death, &c.—than for a book of this nature.

The *arcanum*, to promulgate which is the avowed object of the author in undertaking this work, is contained in a few lines at its end. We do, however, no more than justice to the writer, when we say that he has pointed out very clearly in the early part of the book the distinction and connection which exists between animal and mental life; the former having its seat in the ganglionic system, the latter in the brain. For the information and benefit of our readers, and at the same time to further the benevolent purpose of Dr. BINNS, we transfer to our columns the plan he recommends

TO PROCURE SLEEP AT WILL.

Let him turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded too much, but a very full inspiration must be taken. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart, imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, thought ceases, the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty, and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes, but sleeps. For the instant the mind is brought to the contemplation of a single sensation, that instant the sensorium abdicates the throne, and the hypnotic faculty steeps it in oblivion.

It will happen sometimes that the patient does not succeed on the first attempt; but he must not be discouraged. Let him persevere, taking in full inspirations and expirations thirty or forty times, without attempting to count them; for if he does, the act of numeration will keep him awake; and even should he not succeed in inducing very sound sleep, he will, at least, fall into that state of pleasing delirium which is precursory of repose, and which is scarcely inferior to it. Many trials have satisfied us of this.

Sponging the body before retiring to rest, whether in winter or summer, and rubbing the surface afterwards with a coarse towel, are preliminary steps which conduce much to sound sleep.

If sleeplessness be the effect of severe pain, an anodyne, under the advice of the medical attendant, may be taken; but this, if possible, should be avoided. If from cold feet, a blanket at the foot of the bed, between the sheets, will give the necessary heat; or, what is as effective, sponge the feet with a coarse towel dipped in water, then dry them well, and put on a clean pair of worsted socks. This precaution should be taken by all persons who are liable to colds, coughs, and asthmas, and East and West Indians should never, till they have become acclimatized, sleep without them.

On no account should the bed be placed so that the rays of light from the window will fall upon the eyes, or be allowed to stream in upon them horizontally. In such cases, sound sleep is nearly impossible.

In a note we are informed that since the publication of the first edition of this work, several persons have declared they could not induce sleep by this method. To these and all such as fail in the attempt, the author offers an assurance that they do not give it a fair trial. As in Mesmerism, continued attempts are necessary; the patient who resists for a time, we are told, eventually succumbs to the influence of sleep in this manner produced. Among a number of gentlemen mentioned who have found the prescribed means effectual are the names of

Prince ALBERT, Sir F. BUXTON, Sir J. ANDERSON, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, and Drs. LITTLE, HURST, and BALBIRNIE. As nothing can be simpler than the plan recommended, our readers can test its value of themselves; if it succeed, that "honour due" will be awarded by all to the inventor, and to him who makes the discovery public, we are sure.

In the chapter devoted to the subject of dreaming we have looked in vain for a satisfactory explanation of this curious faculty: the author supplies us with a description of what we think, see, hear, and imagine, which, from personal experience, we all knew before, but not a word from himself can we find in explanation of this curious phenomenon. A number of interesting and remarkable cases are given of premonitory and other dreams, from which we extract the following:

DREAM OF SIR THOMAS WOTTON.

In the *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*, by Izaak Walton, we find a dream related of Sir Henry's father, Thomas Wotton:—A little before his death he dreamed that the University of Oxford was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars, and that the number was five; and being that day to write to his son Henry, at Oxford, he though it worth so much pains, as by a postscript to his letter, to make a slight inquiry of it. The letter was written from Kent, and came to his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed, for the dream was true, and the circumstances, though not in the exact time. And when the city and University were both in a perplexed inquest of the thieves, then did Sir Henry Wotton shew his father's letter. And, by it, such light was given to this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the University to so much trouble as the casting of a figure.

DISCOVERY OF A MURDERER.

There is a remarkable case recorded of a man who, on the the investigation of a late murder committed in the North of Scotland, voluntarily came forward, and swore that he had had a dream, in which was represented to him the spot where the pack of the murdered man, a pedlar, was to be found. On searching, it was discovered very near the spot, and the first impression was, that he had murdered the man; but on conviction of the real murderer, he was acquitted on his confession, and the manner in which his dream is explained seems satisfactory. He and the murderer had passed several days together subsequent to the murder in a constant state of intoxication, and it is supposed during that period the fact of the murder, and the place where the pack was hid, were communicated to him. This is a reasonable and sensible explanation. It did not suit, however, the views of many persons, who looked upon it as a direct interference of Providence, to discover the murderer; as if it would not have been better for Providence to have excited this dreamer in the first instance to prevent the murder, by which the life of an innocent man would have been spared, rather than permitting the murder to be perpetrated, merely that a guilty man might be punished!

It is the opinion of our author that dreaming and insanity are closely allied. He grounds this belief on the fact that maniacs and dreamers are, in common, inundated with a superabundance of ideas, have a concatenation of impressions which invert order, escape arrangement, and defy control—a conclusion unwarranted, we opine, by any thing more than these similarities. It will surprise some of our readers to learn that so clear and just a thinker as FRANKLIN was a believer in the efficacy of dreams. He asserted that he had been several times assisted in dreams on the issue of affairs in which he had been engaged during the day. LA FONTAINE made verses in his sleep. ROUSSEAU composed the beautiful air which is called his *Dream*, while lying asleep on the benches of the theatre at Venice; and TARTINI composed the *Devil's Sonata*, as he stated, in a dream. From the first volume of the *Causes Célébres* the author has taken the following story of two lovers who, prevented by an accident from marrying, after the supposed death of the lady, fled from France and lived together happily abroad.

Two men in trade, who lived in the Rue St. Honore at Paris, nearly equal in circumstances, both following the same business, and united in the closest bonds of amity, had each of them a child, much about the same age. These children were brought up together, and conceived a mutual attachment, which, ripening with years into a stronger and more lively sentiment, was approved by the parents on both sides. This young couple was on the point of being made happy, when a rich financier, conceiving a passion for the young maiden, unfortunately crossed their inclinations by demanding her in marriage. The allurements of a more brilliant fortune seduced her father and mother, notwithstanding their daughter's repugnance, to consent to the change. To their entreaties, however, she was obliged to yield, and sacrificed her affections by becoming the wife of the financier. Like a woman of virtue she forbade her earlier lover the house. A fit of melancholy, the consequence of this violence done to her inclinations, by entering into an engagement of interest, brought on a malady, which so far benumbed her faculties, that she was thought by all her friends to be dead, and was accordingly consigned to the grave. The former lover, conceiving and hoping that what he had heard of her death might only prove a syncope, or fit of lethargy, as she had been before subject to these complaints, bribed the grave-digger to convey the body to his house in the night time. He then used every means recommended for restoring suspended animation, and was at length overjoyed at finding his efforts prove effectual.

It is not easy to conceive the surprise of the young woman on her resuscitation, when she found herself in a strange house, and, as it were, in the arms of her lover, who informed her of what had taken place, and the risk he had run on her account. She then comprehended the extent of her obligation to her deliverer, and love, more pathetic than all his persuasions to unite their destinies, determined her, on her recovery, to escape with him into England, where they lived for some time in the closest union.

At the end of ten years they conceived the natural wish of revisiting their own country, and at length returned to Paris, where they took no precaution whatever of concealing themselves, being persuaded that no suspicion would attend their arrival. It happened, however, by chance, that the financier met his wife in one of the public walks. The sight of her made so strong an impression on him, that the persuasion of her death could not efface it. He contrived it so as to join her, and notwithstanding the language which she used to impose upon him, he left her with the conviction that he was not deceived.

The strangeness of this event gave more charms to the woman in the eyes of her former husband, than she had for him before. He acted with such address, that he discovered her abode, notwithstanding all her precautions, and reclaimed her with all the regular formalities of justice. It was in vain that the lover maintained the right which his cares for his mistress gave him to the possession of her—that he represented her inevitable death but for him—that he (the husband) ought even to be accused of homicide, for want of having taken proper precautions to assure himself of her death—and a thousand other ingenious reasonings, which love suggested to him, but without the desired effect. He found that the judicial ear was against him, and not thinking it expedient to await the result of a definite judgment, he fled with his mistress into a foreign country, where they passed the remainder of their days without further molestation.

We close our extracts from this chapter on France and premature interments with the singular case of Sir HUGH ACKLAND.

Sir Hugh Ackland, of Devonshire, having died, as was supposed, of fever, was laid out, and the nurse and two of the footmen appointed to sit up with the corpse. Lady Ackland, with a view to their comfort, sent them a bottle of brandy, when one of the servants saying to his companion that as his master dearly loved brandy, when alive, he was resolved to give him some now that he was dead, poured out a bumper, and emptied it down his throat. A gurgling immediately ensued, accompanied with spasmodic action of the throat and chest. The other footman and nurse, terrified at the noise, ran down stairs, while he who had exhibited the brandy attempting to follow, precipitated himself headlong after them. The noise of the fall, and the cries of the nurse and footman, awakening a young gentleman who slept in the house that night, he got up, and going into the room where the corpse lay, to his great surprise, saw Sir Hugh sitting upright. Having alarmed the servants, the baronet was removed into a warm bed, and the family apothecary and physician summoned. In a few weeks he was perfectly restored, and lived several years after, and when he really died, left a handsome annuity to the facetious footman who had saved his life.

We conclude our extracts with the following story of a somnambulist who was taken by the ship's company to which he belonged for a ghost, and who at last walked overboard and was drowned.

When on a voyage to New York, we had not been four days at sea, before an occurrence of a very singular nature broke our quiet. IT WAS A GHOST! One night, when all was still and dark, and the ship rolling at sea, before the wind, a man sprung suddenly on deck in his shirt, his hair erect, his eyes starting from their sockets, and loudly vociferating that he had seen a ghost. After his horror had a little subsided, we asked him what he had seen? He said he saw a figure of a woman dressed in white, with eyes of flaming fire; that she came to his ham-

mock and stared him in the face. This we treated as an idle dream, and sent the frantic fellow to his bed. The story became the subject of every one; and the succeeding night produced half-a-dozen more terrified men, to corroborate what had happened the first; and all agreed in the same story, that it was a woman. The rumour daily increasing, at length came to the ears of the captain and officers, who were all equally solicitous to discover the true cause of this terrific report. I placed myself night by night beneath the hammocks, to watch its appearance, but all in vain; yet still the appearance was nightly, as usual, and the horrors and fears of the people rather daily increased than diminished. A phantom of this sort rather amused than perplexed my mind; and when I had given over every idea of discovering the cause of this strange circumstance, and the thing began to wear away, I was surprised one very dark night, as seated under the boats, with a stately figure in white stalking along the decks! The singularity of the event struck my mind that this must be the very identical ghost which had of late so much disturbed the ship's company. I therefore instantly dropped down, from the place I was in, to the deck, on which it appeared, when it passed immediately very quickly, turned round, and marched directly forwards. I followed it closely, through the gallery, and out at the head-doors, when the figure instantly disappeared, which very much astonished me. I then leaped upon the forecastle, and asked of the people who were walking there if such a figure had passed them? They replied, No! with some emotion and pleasure, as I had ever ridiculed all their reports on this subject. However, this night's scene between me and the ghost became the theme of the ensuing day. Nothing particular transpired till twelve o'clock, when, as the people were pricking at the tub for their beef, it was discovered Jack Sutton was missing. The ship's company was directly mustered, and Jack was no where to be found. I then inquired of his messmates the character of the man; and, after a number of interrogatories, one of them said, that Jack Sutton used to tell them a number of comical jokes about his walking in his sleep. Now the mystery was unravelled; and this terrific ghost, which had so much alarmed all the sailors, now proved to be the unfortunate poor Jack Sutton, who had walked overboard in his dream.

The first fellow who spread this report, and who shewed such signs of horror, was found on inquiry to be a most flagitious villain, who had murdered a woman, who he believed always haunted him; and the appearance of this sleep-walker confirmed in his mind the ghost of the murdered fair one; for, in such cases, conscience is a busy monitor, and ever active to its own pain and disturbance.

Here we take our leave of a book which, though, as we have before stated, it contains little that is new, abounds in readable and interesting matter. To persons unacquainted with that most delightful of sciences—physiology—this volume will furthermore convey instruction, and that, too, in a most agreeable manner. We should add that the notes to this work, furnished by the Right Honourable Earl STANHOPE, display a vast extent of reading, and a familiar acquaintance with the various branches of science comprehended and alluded to in the text.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs and Correspondence of George, Lord Lyttelton, from 1734 *to* 1773. Compiled and edited by ROBERT PHILLIMORE, late Student of Christ Church. In 2 vols. London: Ridgway.

GEORGE, Lord LYTTELTON, is a remarkable proof of the instability of fame. Few men during their lives have filled a larger space in the eyes of their contemporaries. At once statesman, orator, philosopher, poet, historian, theologian, he mingled extensively in politics, was a leader of parties, and wrote books which were read and admired in their day. But his name is scarcely thought of now in connection with the history of his time, and his books are never opened save by those who deem that the value of a book lies in its antiquity. The reason of this must be that he was not really a great man; his position was fortuitous, the result rather of a happy combination of circumstances than of any transcendant merits of his own; and we think the conclusion of reason is substantiated by a review of his history.

But although the repute of Lord LYTTELTON among our generation is very far indeed below that which he enjoyed during his life, the memoirs of such a man are worth collecting, were it only for the sake of preserving traits of the distinguished persons of his age by whom he was surrounded. Mr. PHILLIMORE has enjoyed unusual advantages in this respect, for he has had access to the MSS. at Hagley, where he found a large mass of correspondence, from which he has taken such portions as were of the most general interest, or which seemed to throw light upon the character, habits, or modes of thought of the writers.

It is to these parts of the volumes on our table that we purpose to direct the attention of our readers. The politics we leave to historians and those who enjoy the intrigues of cabinets and the scandal of courts. Suffice it for us to observe here, that LYTTELTON's first appearance in public life was at the early age of twenty-five. For a long time he did nothing to distinguish himself, but he became a useful and active partisan, contributing severe articles to a popular publication entitled *Common Sense*, and by his *Letters from a Persian in England to a Friend in Ispahan.* He curried favour with the Prince of Wales by the basest arts, stimulating him in a course of opposition to the king. Hatred of WALPOLE, then minister, seems to have been his ruling motive, and when at length the premier was compelled to resign his long and not inglorious rule, LYTTELTON was not a little mortified that he, who had so greatly contributed to the victory, was not invited to share the spoils. He was excluded from the ministry that succeeded the downfal of Walpole. But his chagrin was not of long duration. Again there was a change, and in 1774 he obtained a place in the new administration as one of the Lords of the Treasury. It was a coalition government—gathered from all parties, without one principle of cohesion. Its duration was brief, and for some years afterwards LYTTELTON hovered between office and opposition, always a man of mark and influence, but not of sufficient power to be worth buying at his own price. Ten years afterwards, in 1755, his ambition was gratified by appointment to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. But for such a post he was entirely unfitted by the construction of his mind and the habits of his life. In a twelvemonth he discovered his incapacity, and retired under cover of a peerage. In the Lords he made a speech now and then, as if to remind the world that he was still in existence; but he took no active part in politics, and seemed to care very little for party.

During all this portion of his life he never abandoned the pursuit of literature, nor, amid the intrigues of party, did he for a moment cease to cultivate the acquaintance of the choicest spirits of his age. Himself an author of no small repute, he loved the society of authors, and, absent, he kept up a correspondence with them. The extent of this pleasant association is stated by Mr. PHILLIMORE in his preface.

His acquaintance with Pope began before his expedition to the continent, and from the period of his return to England to the death of that poet, in 1744, he appears to have been among the most welcome and most honoured guests who sought the classic bowers of Twickenham; and surely they were a brilliant company. Deeper and purer philosophy, alas! might well have been drunk at other fountains; but poetry, wit, learning, eloquence, and genius of many kinds, flowed here in no scanty streams. Here, too, high birth and great station aided by their wealth, and encouraged by their advice, the development of those gifts in others which largely adorned themselves. Here it was that Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Bathurst, Pulteney, Orrery, Horace Walpole, Wyndham, Marchmont, Murray, Queensbury, Cobham, and his kinsman, "young Lyttelton," mingled in all the gaiety and freedom of social intercourse with Pope, Gay, Thomson, Glover, Mallet, Hammond, Moore, and sometimes Swift—at an earlier period, with Kneller, the painter of his day—and foreigners of no mean note, Algarotti, Voltaire, then rising into celebrity as the author of the *Henriade*, and the illustrious Montesquieu. About this time, Lyttelton wrote his *Advice to Belinda, or to a Lady*, a poem, as appears to me, of great merit. "It contains," says Dr. Johnson, "much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed; and shews a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence."

It is from the correspondence of these and other personages of equal fame that we propose to glean our specimens of these memoirs.

LYTTELTON was a poet, as he deemed; that is, he wrote verses faultless in feet and rhyme, and thickly interspersed with the slang of poetry. They were, however, read and praised in their day, although it may be questionable how much of the eulogy was due to admiration of the verses or to flattery of the verse-maker. But if of questionable genius

himself, he has the still rarer merit of recognising it in others. He was an especial patron of THOMSON, procured for him a pension of 100*l.* a year, and subsequently an office worth 300*l.* a year. This readiness to acknowledge worth in others will compensate for many a weakness and affectation in himself.

In a letter to POPE, LYTTELTON gives the following curious sketch of

BATH IN 1739.

I am so vastly recovered by these waters, that I can now enjoy the kindness of my friends without fearing they should suffer by their concern for me. I can hardly think of being ever ill again, after drinking down health another month, and must desire you for the future to consider me as being, next to the royal family, the most incapable of sickness, pain, or any bodily infirmity, of all the men you ever knew, excepting only the immortal Dr. Cheyney, who desires his compliments to you, and bids me tell you that he shall live at least two centuries, by being a real and practical philosopher, while such gluttonous pretenders to philosophy as you, Dr. Smith, and my Lord Bolingbroke, die of eating and drinking at fourscore. The doctor is the greatest singularity, and the most delightful, I ever met with. I am not his patient, but am to be his disciple, and to see a manuscript of his which comprehends all that is necessary, salutary, or useful, either for the body or the soul! Lord Burlington has left Bath a great deal sooner than I had hoped, or he intended, for fear of my lady's catching the small-pox, which is very much here, and a bad sort. I refer you to him for all the news this place affords, which he will give you much more agreeably than I can, and must beg you to make my compliments to Lady Suffolk, Mr. Murray, and Mrs. Blount, the last of whom I am particularly obliged to, and would always have her see with your eyes, that she may not only be very partial to me, but perceive, notwithstanding all her modesty, that there is none of her sex upon whose friendship I set a greater, or perhaps equal, value. George Grenville is in a fair way of recovery; the waters agree with him, and he mends in all respects. Cheyney says he is a giant, a son of Anak, made like Gilbert, the late Lord Bishop of Sarum, and may therefore, if he pleases, live for ever; his present sickness being nothing but a fill-up, which Providence gave him for his good, to make him temperate, and put him under the care of Dr. Cheyney. When we tell the doctor that he always has been temperate, a water-drinker, and eater of white meats, he roars like a bull, and says we are all liars; for had he been so, he could not have had an inflammation, which he is ready to prove by all the rules of philosophy, mathematics, and religion. Lord Orkney may just keep life enough to be in pain a year or two longer: I am sorry for him with all my soul, for he is a man of great merit to the public, and who has been little rewarded in proportion to the services he has done. Adieu, my dear Mr. Pope; take care of yourself, that we may have some eminent men left among us, and to make a great part of the happiness of your most faithful and obliged humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON.

On LYTTELTON'S marriage he received many letters of congratulation, some of which are here preserved. Here is one from Lord CHESTERFIELD. It is an interesting specimen of the elegant epistolary style of the accomplished courtier.

Bath, June the 19th, 1742.

Dear Lyttelton—The newspapers inform me that you are married; but what shall I say to you upon that occasion? Is it necessary, or is it not rather superfluous, for me to tell you the wishes I form for you in this the most important period of your life, when you have so long known the sincere part I have taken in the most common occurrences of it? To wish you joy were frivolous—that is certain and present; but whenever that does decline, as from its nature it one day must, may all its sweetness turn to strength or as Thomson says, may it mellow into friendship; and may that serener and more lasting state so insensibly succeed your present tumultuous one that the transition may not be perceived. This will and must happen if Mrs. Lyttelton be (what for both your sakes I heartily wish her) like yourself. * * If she has a head to discern merit and a heart to value it, and if she brings but with her the truth, the tenderness, and all the other virtues she'll meet with, even my wishes for your mutual happiness can neither exceed or survive it. Pray make my compliments to her, though I have not yet the honour of being known to her. While you are not only not content with your own existence, * * * here am I, enjoying, if I may use that expression, my non-existence, not without some satisfaction; for when the quicker pleasures of the senses are at an end, the quiet ones, till then despised, become a comfortable resource.

LYTTELTON had earnestly advised his friend THOMSON to marry, as appears by the following reply received from the poet only a few months before his death.

Kew Lane, Decr. 14th, 1747.

Dear Sir, — I should have answered your kind and truly friendly letter some time ago. My not having answered it hitherto, proceeded from my giving it mature and deep consideration. I have considered it in all lights, and in all humours, by night and by day, even during these long evenings—that the result of my consideration is not such as you would wish. My judgment agrees with you, and you know I first impressed yours in her favour. She deserves a better than me, and has as many good and worthy qualities as any woman; nay, to others, and I hope too men of taste, she had charming and piquant ones. But every man has a singular and uncontrollable imagination of his own. Now, as I told you before, she does not pique mine. I wonder you should treat that objection so lightly as you seem to do in your last. To strike one's fancy is the same in love that charity is in religion. Though a woman has the form, and spoke like the angels; though all divine gifts and graces were hers, yet without striking the fancy, she does nothing. I am too much advanced in life to venture to marry, without feeling myself invigorated and made as it were young again, with a great flame of imagination. But we shall discuss this matter more fully when I have the happiness of seeing you at full leisure. What betwixt judgment and fancy, I shall run equal risque of never entering into the holy state. In the meantime I wish to see you once more happy in it. Forgive me if I say, it would be an ungrateful frowardness to refuse the bounty of Providence because you have been deprived of former enjoyments. If you cannot again love so exquisitely as you have done, so much the better; you do not then risque being so miserable. To say that one cannot love twice is utterly unphilosophical, and give me leave to say, contrary to my own experience. Can there not be more objects than one for the same passion? If so, why cannot the passion be renewed when I find a new object? The flame of any love was never so strong yet as to burn out the heart; so far from that, the powers of the mind rather grow by exercise. The truth is, it is not a former passion that prevents a second. It is on the hardening of the heart from years and harsh untender business. If you could get so much master of your just grief as to think of a second match, I may be tempted also to try to be happy with you. I wish you joy of the sun's now turning his all-enlivening and beautiful face towards us. May the genial spirit of the returning year animate and cheer you and yet again make you happy! Than which nothing can give greater pleasure to yours,

J. THOMSON.

As marriage is the theme, let us take a letter by a very great man addressed to LYTTELTON, in answer to an epistle of congratulation on his recent nuptials.

PITT ON MARRIAGE.

31st October, 1754.

My dear Sir George,—Your warm and kind assurances of the joy you receive from an approaching event, full of every happiness and honour to your friend and servant, is a circumstance of additional pleasure and satisfaction most sensibly felt. I am indeed a most happy man. You, who know what it is tenderly and passionately to love the object of your perfect esteem and entire confidence, will best be able to estimate this happiness truly. I can add, if I may without vanity, that I have the pride as well as joy to find every taste of my mind, and more serious purposes of my life, correspond to those of Lady Hester Grenville. Would I could add, that my nature was as free from defects and weaknesses. I write this from Marlborough, so much happier than when your letter reached me, as I am nearer to the source of every felicity. My obligations to Lady Hester are indeed infinite: for what, my dear Lyttelton, have I to lay at her feet, in return for the invaluable present her goodness makes me, but a fortune very far from tempting and a health shattered and declined? The manner in which you receive my warmest wishes for your brother William's fortune and figure is most obliging. Nothing could add to it but adopting so kindly the idea I ventured to intimate concerning Bewdley. Many, many cordial thanks to you for all your kind wishes for my welfare in general, which you do me the honour to express so largely. Accept in return of the warmest and sincerest wishes of my heart for all you wish to yourself of honour or of advantage. Give me leave to comprehend all Hagley in this letter of grateful thanks. I would do myself the honour to write to Lady Lyttelton separately, but that I know this will give her less trouble as well as more pleasure coming to her through you.

I am ever your affectionate and happy friend,

W. PITT.

If Miller is with you, my kindest remembrance to him.

The stately and somewhat inflated style of BOLINGBROKE is curiously shewn in the next letter, which was a reply to an inquiry touching his health. It shews that it was a natural manner with him, and not a mere affectation.

Battersea, August the 20th, 1747.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Lynn tells me that you desire to be informed of the state of my health, it is reasonable, therefore, that I should say something to you on a subject which I should have thought otherwise of too little importance to have troubled you about it. My pains and my lameness continue, but they are both diminished since the humour, whatever it be that causes y^m^, is removed from the reins, and fallen into the thigh and knee. I shall set out on Monday for the Bath, in a confidence the physicians give me that those waters will destroy the cause, if it be rheumatick; and that if it be gouty, they will drive it into an extream part, where it may spend itself more safely at least. If I am disappointed in this confidence, I must submit necessarily, and I will endeavour to submit chearfully. All the dispensations of Providence, whether general or particular, are imposed by infinite power, and directed by infinite wisdom. Resignation is as reasonable as necessary. If I am not disappointed, if physical evils can be removed or softened, I may hope to slide smoothly into my grave, forgetting or forgiving, and sure to be soon forgotten. The whole stock of moral evil which severity of government, inveteracy of party resentments, negligence or treachery of relations and friends, could bring upon me, seems to be at last exhausted. In this temper of mind I wait for my own dissolution, and wish I did not foresee another. Your friendship will be an honour to me when I am dead, as it is an advantage and pleasure to me whilst I live. I can say the same of only few besides you. I do not overvalue myself, for I value myself att a very low rate; but the truth is, y^t^ I do not value my contemporarys att an higher, and that I shall think myself going out of much bad company when I dye: from a generation of men among whom every principle and habit y^t^ stands in opposition to public and private morality, prevails. Whilst I live in the same country with y^m^ and continue proscribed by y^m^, I shall keep in mind a passage in one of Cicero's letters, *semi liberi saltem simus, quod assequemur et tacendo et latendo.* I hope you was so kind as to let Mr. Pelham know that I am his servant and much obliged to him for giving bread to a man from whom Wager took it away most unjustly. Make ye most of this vacation, amuse yourself, and lay in a new stock of spirits against ye time that you return to publick business: you will have occasion for them all. I am, most faithfully dear s^r^, your most humble and obedient servant,

H. St. J. Bolingbroke.

(*To be continued.*)

Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

Heinrich Zschokke, although still alive, and enjoying the honours won by a life devoted to the service of his fellow-men, belongs to a past generation, and his memoirs carry us back to times and events that have already become the property of history. To English ears the name will be unfamiliar; for, as yet, Englishmen have condescended to a very slight acquaintance with the literature and the literary men of their neighbours. But this indifference is happily passing away; and as familiarity with the productions of foreign genius extends at home, so will the name of Heinrich Zschokke become more and more known and honoured.

The publication of his autobiography will much help to spread his reputation, and attract attention to the other productions of his capacious intellect. It is in itself a work of extraordinary interest, abounding in curious and instructive matter. It is the candid revelation of a mind that can afford to be honest, and that tells with the simplicity of truth alike of its weaknesses and its virtues, its failings and its triumphs. It is rich in lessons of practical wisdom; it is invaluable as inciting, by example, to that self-denial without which there can be no gain, and for that self-reliance without which there can be no greatness. Such a mind resolutely struggling against the disadvantages of low birth and narrow fortune,—educating itself by force of its own industry and resolute will,—rising by degrees above the depression of circumstances,—mastering its own fate by its own stern resolves, and finally asserting for itself its superiority over all artificial distinctions, and having its claims recognised by the world, is a spectacle, the contemplation of which must be a wholesome and delightful occupation.

Heinrich Zschokke was born at Magdeburgh in 1771. Both his parents died before he was ten years old, and he was consigned to the care of persons who had no sympathy for his tastes, which exhibited themselves at a very early age. He was thoughtful, pensive, retiring, and almost shy. He loved to walk, and read, and write alone; and because he preferred the promptings of his own active mind to the tasks of the schoolmasters, he was pronounced idle and dull, and was even expelled from one of the schools, lest his example should infect the other scholars. He thus pictures the sufferings of his childhood:—

Whenever I mentioned strange fancies like these to those around me, I was harshly reproached, and my childish expressions were called mad or blasphemous; or, what wounded me more than the bitterest reproaches, I was unmercifully laughed at. I became timid and silent, but did not give up my theories, because I had no others offered me to supply their place. And when gradually my busy boyish brain spun new cobwebs and castles in the air, nobody knew or cared any more about it, for I never said any thing more on the subject. I was considered as a wrong-headed fellow, who would never come to any good; as an untaught, idle, untidy little vagabond, given to laughing and crying at improper times and places; now credulous even to silliness, now mistrustful, to my own detriment; sometimes obstinate, sometimes foolishly docile. In all this there was, doubtless, a good deal of truth; but I remained what I was, because nobody took the trouble to understand me. Whenever I wanted an explanation for any thing, I had to invent one for myself. What appeared important and serious to other people, often seemed insignificant and ludicrous to me. Forms of politeness, empty compliments, stiff ceremonies, and social forms, were particularly obnoxious to me, and I considered them all so many forms of gross deceit. I had seen plenty of hypocrisy and servility in the daily intercourse of grown-up people with one another, and this made me sceptical as to all their professions. I became all the more silent and reserved, because my honest simplicity was everywhere matter of derision and laughter.

He had a brother and a sister, both his elders, who did not love him, and yet his heart burned for an object to love; he could not accommodate himself readily to their coarse habits and commonplace talk, and they could not understand his yearnings after books, and pens, and solitary musings. If he would not share their sitting-room, they would not give him candle and fire in his bedroom; and even when he had stealthily carved a lamp out of a turnip, the windows betrayed the student, and the luxury was taken from him. All this threw him backward upon himself, and luckily served only to give him self-reliance, where a lesser mind would have been soured and depressed for ever. He complained of the unfriendly rule of his sister to his guardian, and, repulsed by him, he appealed to the government officer whose business it is to see that trustees do their duty. The appeal was successful; he was removed from the scene of his cares and sent to school. Here his mind speedily expanded under the influence of congenial minds. His master encouraged his tastes, and threw open his library to the unrestrained enjoyment of the youth.

My old rector, Emeritus Elias Caspar Reichard, with whom I lived, and who is well known in the literary world as the unwearied translator of Latin, English, and Danish works without end, granted me free access to his learned retreat. This was a large, gloomy, ill-lighted room, surrounded by well-filled bookshelves. In the midst of these sat the deaf old man, from morning till night, at a large table loaded with folios and octavos, and made himself amends for the loss of intercourse with the living by familiarity with the thoughts and languages of the dead. He was then employed at his continuation of Hauber's "Bibliotheca Magica, for the Destruction of Superstition." Yet the good man, as I soon found, was himself not quite free from the diseases he profesed to cure. It is not easy to dust any thing without becoming dusty. He occasionally used me as his journeyman while occupied over his learned works; sometimes I was to translate single passages for him; sometimes to compress the quintessence of some voluminous folio into a small compass. I readily did this, and was rewarded by free permission to range unchecked in the fertile wilderness of his library. With insatiable hunger I devoured whatever chance or curiosity threw in my way, without choice or discrimination; poetry, astronomy, philosophy, geography, history, theology, and fiction. I wrote out for myself many volumes full of extracts. The life of the rector appeared to me the most enviable on earth. I resolved that I too would become a learned man, and would earn for myself an enduring name in the world. In Reichard's works I saw with proud complacency much of my own work printed word for word. I read these passages over and over again, with a curious fervour of admiration: the very letters seemed to me more beautiful than those of other words.

A reading so miscellaneous as this has been often reprobated as worthless, if not actually pernicious. We are not of that opinion. There is a period in the life of the mind having literary tastes when indiscriminate reading is essential to its

healthfulness. It is the season when the emotions and the imagination are in bloom, and thought, more tardy of growth, is just budding. Each needs its own element. The stores of poetry and of fiction—the pomp of words—the harmony of numbers attract the one; the other, as it unfolds day by day, is enchanted by the long, dim, mystical vistas that open to it on every side, all of which it pants to explore. At this era of the mind's history, books and their contents are novelties; every new page is a new treasure, and there is neither weariness nor disappointment. It is only when we have devoured many books, that we begin to find how much of them are mere repetitions one of another; how largely poetry is made of a conventional language which has sound, but no substance; how much of formula there is—how little of originality. In that omnivorous reading-fit, the young mind stores away huge piles of information, which lie there unregarded and forgotten until accident demands its use, at some distant period, when out it comes fresh from its hiding-place, a prompt, vigorous, and invaluable ally. We never have seen or heard of an indiscriminate reader in his youth who did not turn out a mind of larger capacity and more practical usefulness than the most systematic student that ever lived. The one becomes, perhaps, a better scholar, which usually means a greater pedant, but the other is the greater MAN.

Moreover, like all who *both* read and think, ZSCHOKKE began by plunging into scepticism. This seems to be the inevitable road to the truths of religion with all who are not content to take a creed upon trust. First doubt, then unbelief, then larger views, a glimmering of light from the invisible world, a faith in things not seen, and finally heaven revealed. But from the beginning of this painful pilgrimage, ZSCHOKKE endured the struggle between feeling and principle, which all who have felt will admit to be the severest trial of the thoughtful mind. He wished to believe, but could not; he abhorred his unbelief, but it clung to him. The wisdom that reconciles faith and reason is slow in coming, and it had not yet thrown its light into the glooms of his troubled spirit.

Still he struggled onwards. His hopes were now centred in the University. But he was told that he was too young. He replied that Magdeburg was too small for him, and in the pride of his self-confidence he resolved to quit it, and throw himself upon the world. He wandered about the country gaining a precarious livelihood partly by teaching, partly as a strolling player and dramatic poet, not, however, relaxing his pursuit of learning, for even then he mastered the Hebrew language. At the end of two years he tired of a wandering life, and entered himself at the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

A remarkable fact is here disclosed by the candour of the autobiographer. He registered himself for the faculty of theology, although still retaining his scepticism. But his studies were as diversified as usual. He dived into philosophy, read jurisprudence, mastered many of the sciences. Nor was his pen idle. During his university life he wrote several works, among them poems and dramas, one of which was of the most popular plays of its time, and at the age of twenty-two he took degrees and honours.

The great object of his young ambition obtained, he paid a visit to Magdeburg, where he was received with much favour, and was so popular as a preacher, that he was tempted to remain there for some months. But his love of change was still upon him. He again returned to the University, and became a private tutor with great success. His account of himself when preaching, as at that period he did, a creed he disbelieved, is full of instruction, for the excuses he framed are the very same with which thousands who do likewise seek to quiet their own consciences.

THE SCEPTIC IN THE PULPIT: MAGDEBURG.

I may remark, that I never entered the pulpit but in the most solemn glow of emotion, with a fervent resolution to kindle into pious enthusiasm the hearts of my hearers. In the pulpit, doubt and terror vanished; I rejoiced in the sunshine of faith, like the most earnest Christian. I endeavoured to speak in that tone of respectful compassion and tender pity with which I fancied that Christ must have regarded his ignorant and benighted fellow-mortals. My only object was to awaken and improve my hearers. I was too much possessed by my feelings to become a dry teacher of morality, and too keenly alive to the absurdities of creeds to become a fruitless doctrinal orator. As the announcer of eternal truths and hopes, standing in perfect harmony with the laws of nature and reason, whose disciple I was, I thought it no sin to clothe these in biblical phrases and doctrines, which in my heart I disbelieved. My readers will probably wonder how I, with my doubts and more than doubts, could dare to enter a Christian pulpit—nay, could even pray with an appearance of fervour which won the sympathy of my congregation, and could address them boldly and zealously on religious topics. Yet I was no hypocrite. I said to myself that the grown man must bend to children before he can raise them to him. I remembered that Christ himself frequently used the language of Israelitish prejudice and custom; that Paul condescended to adopt the phrases of those whom he wished to convince; and that thousands of noble-minded men, to whom I could not venture to apply the name of hypocrites, are still in these enlightened days compelled to do the same.

After three years thus spent at the university, he felt a desire to see more of the world, and he set forth on a sort of tour through Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. At this time the French Revolution was stirring Europe to its centre. Like all the best spirits of the time, he was at first flushed with the expectation of a reign of human happiness under the protection of liberty and equality; like them, he was doomed to speedy disappointment. In Switzerland he found the people grovelling in superstition; in Paris, running riot in license.

Paris and Schlaberndorf destroyed my dreams of Republican felicity. In the old Swiss aristocracies I had seen mere withered formality held together only by the united selfishness of nobles, ecclesiastics, and civic dignitaries; in the French Republic, nothing but a caricature of freedom, formed by the juxta-position of anarchy and despotism. The huge superscriptions of the public buildings expressed the condition of the world-capital with bitter satire. "*Liberté, Egalité,*" was everywhere the word; but beside the desecrated names grinned out the mocking addition, "*ou la mort!*" through the thin veil of white paint recently drawn over it. Freedom and equality, guarded by cavalry and infantry, with loaded cannons and files of troops before the gates of the Directorial palace itself, was the most impious of lies.

On his way to Italy, he was stopped by an accident at Berne. To pass the time, he called on NESEMANN, the Principal of Reichenau. The institution was declining, and an offer was made to him to purchase it. He did so, and by his zeal and ability speedily restored its reputation and its pupils. But his attention was not limited to his own affairs. He exerted himself in the spread of education, and wrote some popular treatises on political affairs, for which he was formally admitted as a citizen of his adopted country. In the civil broils that followed he was involved, and was compelled to fly, and the opposite party gratified their vengeance by affixing his "name and picture" on a gallows as a significant hint how they would treat the original if they could catch him.

But the tide soon turned. He was elected Governor of Unterwalden soon after it had been desolated by the French, and his exertions to retrieve the miseries of the people were unwearied. A letter written at this period admirably exhibits the energetic character of the man.

The Duke of Chartres was schoolmaster at Reichenau before me, and now the simple schoolmaster has been made, not duke, indeed, but proconsul. Such is revolution! I am well contented with the tricks of fortune, and can testify, on my own experience, that the so-called grievous burden of greatness is not so very insupportable after all. Yet, I can assure you, my dignity is no sinecure. I sit all day either on horseback, at my writing-table, or in the council-chamber; I hear reports and pleadings, issue orders, review troops. More than one night I have only been able to lie down for an hour or two in my clothes. I believe that a man with pure intentions, and provided with a little general intelligence, firmness, and knowledge of the world, who is determined to see everything with his own eyes, and knows how to animate the activity of others by his own activity, may always do some good at the head of a state. The hands, feet, talents, and virtues of others, stand everywhere at his disposal. Like that of most statesmen, indeed, mine must be a very negative merit. I cannot create national happiness; I can only clear away a few hindrances here and there; the rest I must leave to the people themselves.

Would that you were here, dear friend! It is not the ashes and the graves of Unterwalden, it is not the curses and the tears of the destitute, that sometimes sink my hopes almost to despair. But when I have daily before my eyes the causes of these things; the naked brutality of passion, the law-sanctioned

stupidity and ignorance of the people, the ruthless Vandalism of the French, the irreligious fanaticism of all classes, and the universal trampling on all that is truly divine in humanity—oh, how can I be otherwise than cast down? I dare not express what I feel.

Yet, though I cannot often be very happy, you must not think me unhappy. A fresh youthful spirit, at peace with God and itself, is easily contented, and will quite as often smile as weep, at the mad doings and attempts of the world. And when I feel depressed, I am soon refreshed by conversation with Pastor Buesinger, and with Pestalozzi. I think I told you before, that the benevolent Pestalozzi has undertaken the charge and education of the orphans and poor children in the city of Stanz, being provided by Government with money for the purpose. Pity it is that the genuine nobility of this man's nature will not stoop a little more to the petty conventionalities by which men are judged by the world: will not wear a neat coat or smooth hair, for instance. Then he would be generally respected and admired, without being envied; for talents and virtues are not objects of envy. When I came here no one would visit Pestalozzi at all. He was considered as a mere poor devil, or good-natured imbecile. On that account, I often walk arm-in-arm with him in public promenades and conspicuous places, by way of defiance to civic ultra-gentility. I also frequently act as his valet, brushing the rough hat and coat, or correcting the obliquely buttoned waistcoat, before we appear in public.

This stirring public life continued till NAPOLEON chose to settle the government of Switzerland according to his own fashion. ZSCHOKKE shortly afterwards married, and retired into private life in Canton Argau, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He wrote histories of Switzerland and Bavaria, divers treatises on theology, having emerged from scepticism to religion; established a journal, and has lived to see his children's children, and to enjoy a sound mind in a sound body to his present age of seventy.

To us the most interesting part of his autobiography is the narrative of his early struggles; to the general reader, the most attractive will be that of his public life, which brought him in contact with so many of the most eminent personages of the time, of whom he has preserved some curious memorials, and many new anecdotes of the revolutionary war. Here is one:—

The Austrian general, Count Bey, endeavoured a few weeks later to enter Unterwalden by the mountain-passes. It was a rainy day. The enemy was soon driven back with the loss of eight hundred prisoners. Among these prisoners was General Bey himself. An adjutant of Loison's, Captain Badin, had been his victorious opponent. Loison was, meanwhile, playing trictrac with me at Stanz; when, on receiving news of the victory, he mounted on horseback and hastened after his troops. During his absence, some French officers led a man in Austrian uniform before me, who had an old peasant's hat on his head, was covered with mud from top to toe, and, half frozen with snow and rain, was shivering in every limb. It was General Bey himself. After I had provided for his present wants by furnishing him from my own wardrobe with linen, clothes, and refreshment, he related to me the somewhat ridiculous mischance through which he had lost the battle and been taken prisoner. In order better to overlook the movements of his troops, he had climbed a neighbouring hill; but on the wet slippery ground, he had lost his balance, and, rolling down the opposite side, he at length found himself at the feet of some French drummers and soldiers, who were leisurely conversing with one another. They raised him very civilly, quietly took away his sword and money, declining, however, the proffered watch, and then led him before Captain Badin. Such is the fortune of war! Loison reaped all the glory and profit of the day by merely playing trictrac at home; Captain Badin remained Captain Badin.

And another, illustrating the fearful consequences of familiarizing men with scenes of slaughter:—

MILITARY AMUSEMENT.

However fierce was the fury of General Loison on learning this atrocity [the murder of a soldier], it never hurt his conscience at all to shed innocent human blood, for no reason or use whatever, so long as the enemies of France alone were the sufferers. He was riding one day for amusement with me, near the village of Treil, on the shores of the Waldstätter Lake, where a French battery was stationed: in the village on the opposite side of the lake the Austrians were encamped. In order to amuse me by making the Austrian troops march out, he ordered grenades to be thrown into their camp. On both sides cannonading began; and I distinctly saw through the telescope two men fall in the ranks of the Austrians before I could persuade the laughing general to stop his murderous game. Another day, Lecourbe had despatched his general-adjutant, Porson, towards Schwyz, with troops from Lucerne, to destroy an Austrian battery and carry off its boats. I went across the lake with Loison to witness the encounter. The fight was already begun, and the enemy driven back into the village. Whilst Loison, tired out by the heat of the sun, enjoyed his noonday nap under the shade of a tree, I went on among wounded men and corpses to Insgebohl, in order to be nearer the place of action. The sole gain at last consisted of a couple of bad boats and a small field-piece. After the heroic deed was accomplished, I inquired somewhat bitterly of Loison, as we returned, "And is it for the sake of this paltry booty that so many lives have been sacrificed on both sides?" He stared at my ignorance, and replied, "Oh, no! Don't you know, it's all for Porson's sake, that he may get favourably noticed in the next army bulletin?" Thus, it was for the sake of one man's paltry ambition that so many had suffered and died. The consciences of pious barbarians are reconciled to every atrocity by a few superstitious ceremonies; those of *civilized* barbarians, by the thought of gold or *glory*.

With the following summary of his experience of a long life, divided between action and reflection, valuable as the conclusions of a man who has both seen much and thought deeply, we will conclude this imperfect notice of a work that deserves to be largely read, and which is peculiarly fitted for the book-club.

I have had, like every other mortal, my portion of the burden of human sorrow. The first weight of an affliction might shake or bear me down for a moment, as it might any man, but with increased elasticity of spirit I rose again, and bore my appointed burden without murmuring; I will say more, although ordinary people may shake their heads incredulously. An earthly sorrow was not even always unwelcome. It weaned me from too great trust on the transitory, and made known to me the degree of strength and self-reliance which I yet retained in the season of the passions.

There is—of this I am, and have long been thoroughly convinced—no evil in the world but sin! The consciousness of guilt alone spins the black threads that run through the many-coloured web of life even to the grave. Not God is the creator of our woes, but man himself, in his self-pampering, in his over-estimation of pompous nothingness, his fostering of selfish desires. He cries like a child who cannot have every thing its own way, and at seventy years of age is not yet a man. He weeps, and complains, and despairs, because God does not *obey him*. But every external misfortune is as worthy a gift of God as every external good. I too, like other men, have suffered from the most bare-faced ingratitude; but I suffered without repining, for I had not acted as I had done for the sake of their gratitude. Friends have deceived me; I felt no anger against them, I had deceived myself in them. I bore misconstruction and persecution calmly, because I knew how discordant were opinions, and how vehement their attendant passions. The hardships of poverty I have endured without a sigh; I had learned, from my own experience, that outward poverty brings inward wealth. I have known the loss of moderate, but hardly-earned wealth; such losses never embittered a single day; they only taught me to work and be economical. I have been the happy father of happy children; twelve sons and a daughter were mine, and I have sat with a bleeding heart by the death-bed of four of these sons. I felt in the last breath they drew, that "divine sorrow" which illumines the soul!

SCIENCE.

Photography made Easy. By a Practical Chemist, &c. London, 1845. Mackenzie.

A LITTLE treatise on the use of the daguerreotype, whose instructions are so clear that the merest tyro may comprehend them in a moment. It is so small, that it may be kept in the box with the apparatus, for use at any moment.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Tour through the Valley of the Meuse; with the Legends of the Walloon Country and the Ardennes. By DUDLEY COSTELLO. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

STEAM on the ocean and steam on the land will, in twenty-four hours, convey the smoke-dried inhabitant of the metropolis of the world to the fine old Flemish city of Liége. Having peeped into the Cathedral, visited the market at day-dawn, sauntered in the Boulevards, greeted the statue of GRETRY, and surveyed the museum, the traveller usually speeds to the train and whizzes away to Aix or to Cologne, anxious to find himself

among the scenery of the Rhine, so famous in song and story—beautiful, certainly, but by no means equal to its fame.

The summer tourist, seeking a track not trodden by everybody, will feel himself indebted to Mr. COSTELLO for having discovered a new one, easily accessible, abounding in beauty, uninfested with travellers, who pass it by in happy unconsciousness that they are leaving behind them a district as picturesque as any in Europe north of Switzerland. Instead of hurrying onward to the Rhine upon the railroad, Mr. COSTELLO advises that it be reached by another route which he has explored, and which is the theme of the very agreeable volume before us.

As he stands upon the bridge at Liége the visitor sees before him a valley extending between the hills that rise crowned with wood and dotted with villas on either hand. That is the commencement of the valley of the Meuse. From the neighbourhood of this bridge departs (daily we believe) a steamer for Namur. There is a choice between that and a highway on the banks, or he may change from one to the other as his mind inclines him. But whether he prefer steamer, carriage, or his own sturdy legs, the tourist must not omit to step aside from the main route to visit the caverns of Han-sur Lesse and the Abbey of St. Hubert, in the Ardennes. Having seen the wonders of the one and the beauties of the other, he returns again to the river, passes through Arlon and Luxembourg to the city of Treves, which has recently attracted the notice of Europe by the strange spectacle it has exhibited of a pilgrimage in the nineteenth century, undertaken by hundreds of thousands of persons to the shrine that boasts the possession of the Holy Coat. Treves lies on the banks of the Moselle, and having satiated curiosity there, the traveller will find another steamer ready to convey him down the Moselle to the Rhine, which he enters at Coblenz. Thus it appears that by the route described by Mr. COSTELLO, the tourist will explore three rivers, the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine, and pass through a continuous succession of the most picturesque and beautiful scenery in Europe, without sacrificing a single object of interest. He merely substitutes for the tame, flat, uninteresting beaten track to Cologne and up the Rhine, a fresh and charming path through an adjoining district, meeting the Rhine at the very point where its own beauties begin. The route is longer by some five or six days, but there can be no question as to its superior claims upon those who measure their enjoyment by other standards than the distances they traverse.

But Mr. COSTELLO could scarcely have made a respectable volume even out of such materials, if he had confined himself to descriptions of things seen and instructions to those who may be tempted to follow in his footsteps. His tour is amplified by devices familiar to book-makers. No small part of it is compilation. He stops to tell the history of every place of note, to collect the legends belonging to it, or to record anecdotes of personages whose names are accidentally associated with it. This manner of writing a tour adds more to its bulk than to its value; a guide-book, a gossiping guide, and some acquaintance with the literature of the land explored, are all that is needful for producing any number of pages the publisher may deem desirable. Mr. COSTELLO has used his privilege to the fullest extent, and if he escapes censure for too much borrowing, it will be only because he does it so agreeably. As instances of this, it may be stated that he pauses before Liége to give us its history from the earliest times to the present. Then he dedicates a chapter to the language and literature of the Walloons, illustrated by translations. The superstitions of the people occupy a third chapter, and biographies of famous personages, and legends attached to remarkable places, are introduced at every opportunity. We do not adduce this by way of censure, but simply to exhibit the true character of Mr. COSTELLO'S volume, and perhapsas proof how much and various is the information it contains.

Such a work cannot be analyzed, nor could we attempt to follow the author through his tour so as to preserve a connection between the extracts by which we purpose to shew the character of a publication which deserves an order for the book-club and a place in the circulating library.

A scene at Dinant will exhibit Mr. COSTELLO'S powers of lively description.

Besides the chances of war, the church has run several risks from fire, and on one occasion was almost buried beneath a mass of rock which fell from the heights under which it is built. This catastrophe befel when the church was full of people, during the funeral ceremony of one of the principal citizens.

A few days after our arrival, we found that the apprehension of a similar accident was entertained throughout Dinant; a deep crack having suddenly made its appearance on the surface of the rock impending over the church and neighbouring houses. To prevent the mass from falling unawares, it was resolved at once to dislodge the most suspicious-looking fragment; and the whole town was in commotion to witness the operation. The market-place, the bridge, and the opposite shore of the Meuse, were crowded with gazers, and eager heads were thrust from every window that could command a view of the spot. The inhabitants dwelling on the dangerous side of the church were obliged to evacuate their dwellings, and the result was looked forward to with the greatest anxiety. Many wise heads were shaken, and not a few of the alarmists predicted the entire destruction of the church and buildings adjacent. One old woman fell on her knees, and, with many tears and lamentations, put up prayers for the preservation of her abode; and one could not but sympathize with her solicitude, though some who professed themselves acquainted with the precise position of the rock declared that there was no real danger.

We had intended that day to visit the ruins of the castle of Montaigle, about six miles off, in the district Entre Sambre et Meuse, and stopped on the bridge to witness the engineering experiment. At the hour appointed, a workman was lowered by cords from the parapet of the citadel; and there, suspended over an abyss some three hundred feet deep, with apparently no resting-place for his foot as he swung from point to point, he plied both pick-axe and lever for about half an hour, till the threatening mass was sufficiently loosened for the *grand coup*. He gave it at last; and down it thundered an avalanche of stone, shivering in its descent into a thousand splinters as it encountered the unequal surface of the rock below, but falling perfectly harmless, the direction given to it having been well calculated. A cloud of dust rose as it fell; and when that had cleared away, the workman was seen standing on a narrow ledge at the foot of the walls of the citadel, busily engaged in smoothing the surface of the rock from whence the enormous fragment—which, it was supposed, weighed about forty thousand pounds—had been detached. The people shouted with exultation; the devotee clasped her hands and wiped her eyes; and we ascended the steep winding road that led to the heights opposite Dinant, but stopping frequently to gaze upon the rock, where the miner was still unconcernedly at work.

Tourists are men; they must eat and drink, and they are not averse to information what are the good things of the district through which they wander. Here then is an account of the

FARE AT DINANT.

The means of living at Dinant are worth a passing comment. Nothing can equal the richness of the milk, the bread and butter are both excellent, the water is delicious, and the eggs and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. The Meuse and the many streams that water the valleys produce abundance of fish,—trout, grayling, and perch; and, for those who are fond of them, the ditches yield crawfish of enormous size, the largest being sent to Brussels, and often sold in the market there for twenty francs apiece. Hares, partridges, pigeons, *grèves*, and *gelinottes* are abundant, and of exquisite flavour; the mutton of the Ardennes vies with its venison, and for the epicure there is one dish that is incomparable; this is the *jambon de Bastogne*, which we found so good that we begged the *chef* to give us his receipt for curing it, and here it is:—"The ham is cured in a brine of salt, saltpetre, and aromatic herbs, viz. a few bay-leaves, wild thyme, a handful of juniper berries, and a little garlic. It is steeped for about six weeks, and then dried in the smoke of the chimney, over a wood fire. When wanted for dressing, it is buried in the ground for twenty-four hours, and then boiled, with the addition of the same aromatic herbs in the water. After boiling, the bone is taken out, and the ham is pressed under a heavy weight." As a corollary to the dressing, it may be added, that it often happens that the ham, when produced at table, disappears at one sitting. As the late Lord Blayney did not think it beneath his military dignity to tell how hams were boiled in hock at Bayonne, this simple notice of the treatment of the ham of the Ardennes may be permitted here.

He pronounces the beer of the Low Countries to be execrable, and we heartily agree with him. That of Louvain is the only tolerable drink.

To the stay-at-home reader, the most attractive portion of the volume will be Mr. COSTELLO'S ample researches into the legends of the country, and the superstitious and strange customs of the people. For instance,

WALLOON SUPERSTITIONS.

Again: the superstitious opinions which are generally held by the Walloon people are common to all the Belgian peasantry, as they originally were to all the nations claiming a northern origin. They believe much in omens, among which several that are local may be enumerated. For instance, to meet a priest when on the way to accomplish any unusual undertaking, is held to be significant of its failure; and the experimentalist invariably turns back, looking upon his day as lost. Perhaps this superstition may arise from the supposition that the priest, as a spiritual director, is sent in opposition to the undertaking. The cries of owls, the howling of dogs, the crossing of forks, the spilling of salt, and the number of thirteen at a feast, are here, as everywhere in the north, received omens. There are few who like to throw reeds into the fire, because they look upon them as contributing towards the support of oxen, and an ox was present at the birth of our Saviour—a *sequitur* which might save many other objects from conflagration! They are very careful in placing the bed of a dying person, lest the rafters of the room should be in a contrary direction, for they think that if so, the agonies of death would inevitably be protracted. In washing linen they are careful not to say, the *lessive* "boils," but that it "plays," otherwise the linen would be destroyed. To take a wren threatens misfortune or death in the family of the captor. The value of a caul is universally recognised, and the child that is *né coëffé* is looked upon as "born to good luck." Precious stones are supposed to possess, beyond their value in the market, uncommon virtues—the turquoise preserves the wearer from falls and other accidents; the magnet possesses properties still more precious; and the aerite is considered invaluable in the detection of thieves. The mode employed to discover them is by grinding the metal to dust, and mixing it with bread, which is given to the suspected person, who, if he be "a true thief," is unable to swallow it. Diamonds, emeralds, and pearls—*precious* stones, indeed, among peasants—were formerly used to detect infidelity—a fact that might readily be supposed if the peasants' wives wore them. On Easter Sunday it was, in many places, the custom to breakfast on two eggs laid on Good Friday, in order to keep off fever. Perhaps if those who frequent the Kermese at Easter were to drink rather less, the result would be no less satisfactory. There are many persons who still abstain from eating meat after Lent, to ward off the tooth-ache: an equal abstinence from sweetmeats would doubtless be as effectual. On Christmas-eve the yule clog is burnt, and a fragment carefully kept and put under the bed, to act as a preservative against lightning, in the same way as the willow-branch, blest on Palm Sunday, is kept in a sacred corner. If the custom of affixing formularies against the incursions of rats and mice has vanished, and the prayer against the wolf has fallen into desuetude, we may easily believe that cats and mousetraps are more useful than heretofore, and wolves less frequent; but the peasants in some remote villages still smear the walls of their houses with chalk in the form of a cross, to guard them against fire. It may be presumed that those who adhere to this custom have no faith in the efficacy of fire insurances, or are unable to pay for their security. At the town of Fosses, in the province of Namur, a superstition exists which induces the women of the country round, at the period of the annual fair, to flock thither with osier-wands, with which they touch the image of St. Bridget—a saint highly venerated there. When they return home, they touch their cattle with the same wands, either to cure their ailments or preserve them from the murrain. Although the mountainous districts of all countries are the strongholds in which a belief in the intercourse with the world of spirits finds refuge, there is yet no want of this kind of faith in the lowlands. For instance, at Willsbeeck, Vyve St. Bavon, and other villages near Courtrai, a curious custom is observed which obtains in other parts of Belgium. When a person dies, the clergy of the parish come in procession to conduct the body to the place of interment. If on their way they come to a spot where four roads meet, the bearers of the coffin set down their load, kneel in silence, and utter a short prayer. Their reason for doing so arises from the belief that those who have quitted this world may yet return to it; but as there might be some difficulty in the dead man finding his way home again, his friends pray for him in the cross-roads, that he may hit upon his path the more readily, and not be misled by evil spirits—"Kwaedegeesten." But at Oostmallen, near Turnhout, a far more extraordinary custom exists, for which it would be difficult to assign a satisfactory reason. When the husband dies, his widow seats herself astride upon the bier, and in this demonstrative manner accompanies the corpse to the grave! The ceremony called the Court of the Cuckoo, which used to take place annually at Polleur, was, however, among the most singular observances of the whole country. Polleur is a very ancient village, near the famous castle of Franchimont, at the bottom of the valley watered by the Hægne, lying between Verviers and Spa. Here, on the first Sunday after the 15th of August, was celebrated this remarkable fête; and the concourse of people who came to it was immense. A mock court of justice was formed, with a regular president, and the members assembled, in the first instance, at the principal cabaret of the village, situated close to the bridge which joins the commune of Polleur to that of Sart. From the cabaret the court adjourned to the bridge itself; and here were summoned to appear before the tribunal all those husbands whom their wives had deceived or beaten, or who had proved too complaisant in exercising their marital authority, or to whom, in short, was attached any ridiculous mark of notoriety. The proceedings began with pleadings of the most burlesque description,—not very dissimilar, perhaps, to those called "judge and jury" clubs in London,—and the strangers who looked on were often appealed to, and absurd questions asked of them, not always of the most delicate nature, which provoked peals of laughter from the assembled crowds. The accused, who were of course always found guilty, were then condemned to pay a fine, the proceeds of which were expended at the cabaret; and now and then, to give variety to the scene, the delinquent was compelled to get into a cart, which was backed off the bridge till it reached a stagnant dung-pit, where it was tilted over, and the unhappy inmate was half smothered in a bed which was of any thing but roses. To close the proceedings out of doors, the last married man in the village was brought before the court, and the fact being clearly proved against him, he was very summarily thrown over the bridge into the waters of the Hægne; a process which, however, only insured him a good ducking. The remainder of the day was passed in the cabaret—*how* it is scarcely necessary to say. There was another curious feature in the ceremonies of the "Cour du Coucou:" this was the exhibition of a banner on which was painted the likeness of a monster called "La Bête de Staneux." It represented a kind of centaur, half woman and half horse, with the tail of a lion. The hair was long, and floated down the back, and the feminine conformation very fully developed. The figure held a bow in its left hand, and an arrow in its right. This picture was exposed to view in the cabarets of the village, and continued to be produced in public until 1789, when the fête of the "Cour du Coucou" was suppressed. From time immemorial it had been carefully preserved in the parish church; but it was only during the last sixty years that the curates had allowed it to be seen beyond its walls. At the same time there was also paraded a figure rudely carved in wood, which ordinarily stood in the porch of the church: this image was burnt. According to the most received opinions, the Bête de Staneux was supposed to represent the ancient goddess of the Ardennes, where Diana, under various forms, was worshipped. The people of Polleur have a tradition that the exhibition of the picture was made to commemorate the victory gained by their ancestors over a monster that formerly infested the forest of Staneux, hard by. There was, at one time, scarcely a house in the village of Polleur that did not possess a small framed picture of the Bête de Staneux.

Further particulars of these remnants of a past era lingering in the very heart of European civilization will not be unwelcome:—

The dwarfs are generally located in caverns and subterraneous places: they are called in Flemish *Halvermannekens* and *Kaboutermannekens*—names which sufficiently express their presumed appearance. The inhabitants of the village of Hasselt, in the Campine, say that a great number of these dwarfs came into that part of the country on the occasion of a great war; that they dwelt in holes dug in the ground in the middle of a wood; and that they sometimes came into the village to ask for one thing or the other, but never did harm to any one. When the wives of these dwarfs became old, their husbands, giving them a small fresh loaf, made them enter a hole in the ground, and carefully closed the aperture: the credulous peasants add, that the poor old she-dwarfs were quite content to die in this manner.

At the village of Gelrode, the country people shew a hill, called *Kabouterberg*, in which are excavated several caves, and gravely declare that these grottoes were the abodes of dwarfs, who served the miller who dwelt there; and that when the latter was desirous of wetting his grindstone, he had only to place it at the door of his mill, with a slice of bread and butter and a glass of beer, and in the night a dwarf came, who, for this trifling reward, performed the work, and the miller found the stone ready when he wanted it. The same assistance was given him when he wanted to have his linen washed. It is related also, that at a village near Mechlin, a miller—the favoured race, apparently—being engaged in sifting flour, and not having time to finish his task, put off the rest to the following day; and going home, accidentally left behind him a slice of bread and butter, which had formed a part of his supper. Next morning he was very much astonished to find that the flour was sifted, and the bread and butter gone. He resolved to repeat the experiment; and the same result ensued. On the third night, curious to know who the labourer could be who worked at

night for such slight payment, he hid himself behind some sacks of flour; and about midnight saw a little dwarf make his appearance, perfectly naked, who immediately set to work. The miller, a modest man (a rarity in Brabant), and moved with pity at the nakedness of the laborious dwarf, added, on the following night, a complete suit of clothes to the unsifted flour and bread and butter; after which, the good little spirit never shewed himself again without being dressed from head to foot.

With one other short extract we conclude.

BELGIAN SPORTSMEN.

It was on the 3rd of September that we arrived at Dinant—the first day of the shooting season in Belgium—and it was not without difficulty that we succeeded in getting an apartment, the house being full of sportsmen. If we had not been told that this was the case, we might have guessed it from the endless howling of the *chiens de chasse*, who, locked up in their masters' bedrooms, gave utterance to every description of canine melody, rendering sleep impossible till long after midnight, when the festivities of the chasseurs, no less riotous than their dogs, broke up. If there is one thing more than another that distinguishes a modern Belgian from his kind, it is his excessive fondness for making a noise. No time or place appears to have any influence in subduing his clamorous tendencies, as if to howl and shout like an *enragé* were the great aim and object of his existence. These sportsmen, who were chiefly from Brussels, gave us another taste of their quality as soon as day began to break, and if they exercised their lungs to the same extent when they got to the field, unless the birds were deaf, their sport must have proved a blank.

FICTION.

The Countess Faustina: a Novel. Translated from the German of the Countess Ida Von Hahn-Hahn, by A. E. I. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Ollivier.

The rapid spread of the taste for foreign literature, as evidenced by the increase of translations, which would not be attempted were they not found to be popular, is a matter for sincere congratulation, and gives hope that the attempt of The Critic to gratify and foster that taste is not based upon erroneous calculations of the direction of the public mind. But in the infancy of this taste, it is of very great importance indeed that it should be encouraged by introduction to the best productions of continental genius. Its ultimate utility will much depend upon the wholesomeness of its present food. Translators and publishers should use more than common vigilance to keep out of sight the mere dregs and dross which belong to the literature of all countries, but which a stranger may be apt to mistake for specimens of its purest ore. For this reason we consider that the translator of the *Countess Faustina* has been unfortunate in his choice. The Countess Hahn-Hahn is not among the most able, the most interesting, or the most commendable of the German school of novelists, and this is far from being the best of her novels. She has affectations of thought and expression that are especially distasteful to English habits. She not only attempts the philosophical and the mystical in season and out of season, but she does it clumsily; and it generally happens that she is really the most shallow when she thinks herself the most profound. Such a style is not suited to the taste of our countrymen; and we are told by Germans that she is not a favourite even with her own people.

The *Countess Faustina* is a wild and fanciful creation, altogether beyond the regions of reality; but neither conceived nor sustained with the power of genius which sometimes can make even monsters such as these appear natural, and give us a human interest in their fortunes. She is intended to represent the authoress's *beau ideal* of a genius—it may be, her imaginary notions of herself; for we suspect she sits, or thinks she sits, for her own picture. The countess prides herself on her independence, and sets opinion at defiance. But with genius she mingles a pretty considerable share of very human passions. She loves after what she thinks a spiritual fashion, which to our eye seems more like the ordinary fashion; and her capacious soul, being too big to be filled by a passion for one man, becomes shared by two: her affections are alternately given to the one present, and he seems to have the mastery until the other comes, and then this takes his turn; and when both are absent, she is again in a state of perplexing oscillation between the pair. Our suggestion for such a state of things would have been, that she should practise the independence she boasts so largely, set the laws against bigamy at defiance, and marry both of them. But Hahn-Hahn has not the courage thus to dispose of her heroine and followers. One goes away, and distance so turns the scale in favour of the other that she takes to him, well knowing that it will be the death of him who has departed, and whom she protests she adores with all her soul, though she coolly kills him by taking his rival. He dies as he threatened—in her presence; she is smitten with remorse, makes her favoured lover miserable too, then takes to a convent, and dies in her turn; and thus ends this very romantic and improbable story. The translator has done ample justice to his original, and it is much to be regretted that he should not have been more happy in his choice; we hope he will make a better one next time, for he has excellent capacities for the office.

As a specimen, and in proof of our comments, we take one passage.

A LOVE SCENE.

Faustina gazed speechlessly upon him, and then passed her hands over her eyes, as if to certify herself that she was awake. "Nothing! for you love me, and Andlau you love no longer. If you still loved him, your eyes would only have fallen upon me with the same kind but indifferent glance which you bestow on all—" "Ah! that were indeed impossible!" exclaimed she. "Now, Faustina, I love you: you know it, I have told you so, and you must be aware of it without words; but having told you so, never will I give you up! for nothing binds you to another from the moment your heart is unbound from him; and to be untrue to yourself, to retract, to talk of the necessity of self-sacrifice, is the proof of an exhausted love, that no longer feels within itself the energy to heave an old world from its axis, and poise for the beloved one a new world in its stead. He who has said to a woman, 'I love thee!' and is not prepared to follow her in any path, should it seem to lead even to hell,—joyfully prepared; because he feels confident of transforming that hell into a heaven of love,—he is a coward, Faustina; and a coward is not capable of love! I am no coward; I have the courage to reconcile you with every thing, with the past and the future, and with every tie that has hitherto wounded or oppressed you. You are my wife, Faustina." "Oh, but I were then so miserably false!" said she, gloomily. "And what would you be if you remained hesitating between two men, fascinating both, belonging partly to one, wholly to neither? and what would you be if you turned back with a divided heart to him whom you first loved, and said, 'I love another, but I will be true to thee?' You love the beautiful, the good, and the elevated, wherever you find it, Faustina: this makes you so worthy to be loved; and you are too much under the influence of the present to attach yourself permanently to any individuality, unless it have the power to overwhelm you irresistibly: this makes you weak. I will not defend this weakness, lest you should accuse me of sophistry, or suspect me of speaking for my own advantage; but believe me, if you were my sister, I should still say what I now reiterate: falseness is a divided, incomplete, vacillating existence; it is a discord in the soul; annihilate it by some sharp decision, some irrevocable step, and you have set yourself free, restored your balance, dismissed the disturbing element, and grasped that which is essential. Decide! decide, Faustina!" exclaimed Mario; and the calm equanimity with which he had hitherto spoke was suddenly changed into the most passionate agitation. "Decide now—instantly—on the spot! in half an hour I must leave this room, and it depends on you whether I ever enter it again or not. For since our confession of love has been uttered, things cannot now go on as they have done." "And why not?" interrupted Faustina; "you are so strong, Mengen, you can be all things." "All things human, Faustina; nothing superhuman. I love you, and love thirsts to be one with the beloved object. To be near you, to live under the fascination of your loveliness, and not to feed this wish greedily with every breath as with the air that surrounds me; for this I am not strong enough. But if you have the conviction that your ties to Andlau can still afford to you and to him their former satisfaction, I will now sever myself from you for ever; this, indeed, I can do. But my love for you will not therefore end: so long as my heart beats, it will beat for you; so long as my eyes can open, they will watch over you; so long as a drop of blood flows in my veins, it belongs to you; so long as I continue in the path which I selected in childhood, followed in youth, and with which I am as it were blended in manhood, I must follow you. You belong to my inmost being, Faustina; for it is through you that I have arrived at the comprehension of love; And shall you not love me enough to belong to me wholly? Oh, that I will never believe; and if you were to say 'No' in word, and 'No' in deed, still I would not believe you!" "There you are right, Mario!" exclaimed she. "Now you have decided, Faustina,

you will be mine! Angel, I thank thee, thou lovest me!" Mario's voice trembled, and his eyes were moist as he thus spoke; every trace of that self-possession had melted away which had made him appear so cold, so clad in steel, that it might have been thought his heart remained passive beneath his iron breastplate. Faustina gazed upon him; joy and sadness, bliss and sorrow, swelled in her bosom; she saw that his happiness was in her hands: that moment overpowered her, the present was triumphant; she forgot the past, and thought not of the future. She did not speak; but taking his two hands, she folded them together, and laid them on her neck as a yoke; then she said: "Do you understand me Mario?" But Mario answered not; and Faustina for the first time witnessed the outbreak of a passion, in comparison with which her own fervour seemed to her cold and colourless. "Can love, then, really make you blessed?" asked she. "Your love can, Faustina," answered Mario; "and yet I sue for one more proof of it." She raised her eyes and gazed upon him in astonishment, as he took her by the hand and led her into her room. There he released her hand as he placed her at a writing-table, and said imploringly, "Now write, Faustina." "O God!" said she, groaning as she sank into a chair, "I cannot write." "Then I must do so," said Mario, calmly, "Are you mad?" exclaimed she, distractedly. "No, no other hand than mine shall plunge the dagger into his heart; for that is what I am doing, and I know it." "Yes," said Mario, "into his or mine." Faustina's teeth smote convulsively together, and her hands were icy cold. Mario continued: "The half hour is almost expired, Faustina—write! You must decide. This torture will cease when decision is made. The irrevocable flows as soothingly over the pangs of hesitation as oil over the agitated waves. I do not wish to control your will; I only require you to express it. Write, Faustina!" She was completely mastered by him. The cool deliberation with which he fenced his passion, as a shield before a naked breast, abashed her, the waverer. "Yes," said she, "you are confident, because you are Godlike in your truth"

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

ANOTHER pile of these has accumulated upon our table, and, according to custom, we proceed briefly to notice the most remarkable features.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review is a new adventure—a monthly periodical devoted to the doctrines, religious and political, of Young England. It is edited with much judgment, and the contributors are men of great ability. The subjects selected for the opening number are such congenial themes as Mr. D'ISRAELI's *Sybil*, "European Diplomatists," and "The Condition of the Poor Question." In general literature there is a delightful article on "The Prospects of Poetry," and an elaborate notice of the works of the author of *Whitefriars*, which appear to us to be lauded much beyond their worth. This review deserves more support than it can hope to obtain. The market is overstocked with monthly magazines.

The Journal of the British Archæological Association, Nos. I. and II. afford the best evidence that the attacks of the *Athenæum* have entirely failed to extinguish the society whose records are here preserved. It would appear, indeed, to be more flourishing than ever, and if it do no more than give to the world such a periodical as that before us, it will deserve the support and thanks of the community. We cannot, of course, attempt to enumerate the vast variety of subjects here treated of; but besides the very interesting proceedings of the association, it contains articles on many recently-discovered antiquities, and researches into relics of old times, all profusely illustrated with engravings. The essay on *Medieval Architecture* is especially curious, for the facts are mainly taken from illuminated MSS.

The Builder is a periodical devoted to building, and the sciences and arts therewith connected. It is published in weekly numbers and monthly parts, at a very moderate price, and is illustrated with useful engravings. It contains every kind of information relative to its subject, and is conducted with great energy and ability.

Dolman's Magazine for July and August continues to exhibit steady improvement. It is, as our readers are aware, devoted to the learning, literature, and theology of the Roman Catholics, and highly creditable it is to those whom it represents. The romance, entitled *The Countess Clemence*, especially deserves praise for the power it exhibits. The lively commentary on passing events, under the title of "a Peep at all things and a few others," is an attractive feature of this magazine.

The Dublin University Magazine for August is particularly good. The reviews are fewer, the original articles more numerous, than usual. Among the latter are some more of the "Stray Leaflets from the German Oak;" a third number of the Poetical Remains of Mrs. JAMES GRAY; a paper full of curious learning, called "Miscellanea Mystica;" another, exhibiting a fine taste for poetry, on ARIOSTO, and a clever tale, entitled "The Treasure Box." The political article is a reply to that on Ireland in the last *Quarterly Review*. Dr. WHITLEY STOKES is the subject of "The Portrait Gallery," with a memoir. From the remains of Mrs. GRAY we take a little poem that has more substantial merit than will appear on a first perusal.

FRAGMENT.

We are bold hunters, hunted still,
  Straining and panting out of breath,
Chasing our own uncertain will,
  Chased by our certain death.
From the young child, who loves to chase
  A shadow on a green hill-side,
And the bold boy who loves the race
  Kept by a torrent's tide,
Marking his progress by the flowers
  He flings upon the eddying stream,
Unto the youth, in summer hours
  Chasing some fond love-dream—
All hunters are, each hunted flies,
  Following the rainbow-light of fame,
Or chasing joy 'neath April skies,
  Or honour's nobler game.
All fleeing from the thought of grief,
  Or from the phantoms of remorse,
Or from the truths that tell how brief
  Shall be their earthly course.
All every nerve and sinew strain
  Whilst the earth slides their steps beneath;
And all are chased, and all o'erta'en
  By the stern hunter, Death.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine for August continues the editor's clever novel, "St. Giles's and St. James's." Other articles appropriate to the design of this magazine are "Gardens for the Poor," "Unfashionable Movements," and "The Hedgehog Letters." "A History for Young England" is an admirable specimen of the manner in which a history that tells truth ought to be written.

The Art Union for August contains all kinds of information relating to art and artists, and is profusely adorned with engravings and woodcuts of great beauty. It is undoubtedly one of the best conducted periodicals of the time.

George Cruikshank's Table Book lives by virtue of the wonderfully fanciful engravings, of which one is contained in each number. That inimitable picture saves the work from the destruction which would certainly await its very inferior literary contents. The engraving in the August number is entitled "Social Ornithology—Annual Emigration of Birds," and pictures an infinite variety of the genus John Bull taking flight over the Channel. It is full of the richest humour.

The Connoisseur is a new monthly record of the fine arts, containing articles on art, music, a large engraving, and an original piece of music. The illustration in this number is a copy from MURILLO. The original papers are written by persons who understand what they are about.

Hogg's Weekly Instructor is one of the very few imitations we ever saw that at all approached the original. It is in shape, size, type, and general aspect, a fac-simile of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal;* and the articles are extremely well written and judiciously selected,—not quite so well as in its original, but still very much better than is found in any English periodical.

Mores Catholici, Part IX. proceeds in the same strain as its predecessors, earnest, pious, and full of the most extensive learning.

Dr. Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, Part VI. continues the subject of "The Nature of Light and Colours," thence it passes to the "History of Optics," the fixed stars, the solar system, the laws of gravitation, appearance of the celestial bodies, practical astronomy, the tides, &c. It is illustrated by many plates, and the typography is beautiful. This edition of so famous a work should be added to every library.

Knight's Political Dictionary, Part VII. opens with the word "Divorce," and proceeds to "Emigration." Each article is written with care and research, and, when completed, it will be a valuable contribution to the library of reference.

The O'Donoghue; a Tale of Ireland, No. VI. continues one of HARRY LORREQUER'S best novels, with two engravings, as clever as the work they illustrate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland. By O'GORMAN. In 2 vols. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

Two volumes about angling! The reader will wonder how this can be—by what art O'GORMAN has contrived to fill some 700 pages with instructions how to catch fish with a rod and line. The plan is simple enough. His teachings are in-

terwoven with his piscatory adventures, his adventures with anecdotes picked up by brook-side or at the dinner-tables of his friends. Sometimes he ventures upon a scrap of philosophy, now and then he peeps into history, and we catch him occasionally at the encyclopædia. He makes a fair start, and for awhile keeps to his subject; and it being one with which he is peculiarly conversant, all that he has to say about it is instructive to the angler, and will interest even the general reader. Thus, while he is narrating the results of his experience as to the best rods and how to use them—wheels, lines, hooks, flies, feathers and their colours—salmon-fishing, stroak-all-fishing, and trout-fishing—his discourse is edifying; but, with the volatile genius of his country, he speedily wanders away from his theme after any will-o'-the-wisp that dances before his fancy, and he discourses to us on the apathy of the gentry; moralizes on IZAAC WALTON; tells a story about a bet; describes a pilgrimage to Connemara and a journey to Glandelough; relates an anecdote of Mr. PHILLIPS; in the same chapter treats of such heterogeneous topics as the weather, his writing-master's opinions, Scripture and Joshua, intolerant notions, and his own opinions on the weather and changes of the moon. Thence he turns to Lord BYRON; volunteers advice on things in general; paints a tremendous festive catastrophe and its consequences; pays a visit to the battle-field of the Boyne; dedicates an entire chapter to philosophy and piety; recals the various good and promising anglers he has met with in his excursions; and although chapter the 48th is headed "Conclusion," such is O'GORMAN's propensity to talk, that he cannot conclude, but afterwards rambles on through five more chapters before he can persuade himself to lay down his pen.

It is fortunate for those whose duty it may be to wander through these pages, that O'GORMAN, though a very talkative, is a very pleasant companion. His heart and soul are in his craft; his experience is large, and he has a boundless fund of anecdote, the result of observation aided by a retentive memory. His manner is cheerful, his language always apt, and often forcible. The lover of angling, as he reads on, will not only glean much useful information, but will be delighted with pictures that bring back to him days of tranquil joy dreamed away in rich meadows, by river sides, amid buttercups and daisies, or of spirit-stirring rovings through wild mountain glens, seeking the adventurous trout in his remotest dwellings. Even such a frolic as this makes our pulse throb again in the joy of remembered mischief.

We had only just commenced, when a large flock of tame geese flew very swiftly over the river, and in a direct line with our cross-line. We most unfortunately raised our hands, and instantly had three of them firm. It is impossible to describe the scene—splashing, swimming, flying, running up and down the river for nearly an hour; and to complete our confusion, at my companion's side, a set of outrageous women, hearing the noise and outcry, came down, and if they could have got stones, would have annihilated him, charging him as the cause of the state their geese were in. At length (but not until the geese were nearly dead) I contrived to land the line, and with great difficulty extracted the flies.

Such a work as this can only be exhibited by extract, and the portions to be selected for the entertainment of the general reader are not those which relate to its proper object. We must resort to the extraneous matter; but be it known that we do so from no disrespect for O'GORMAN's instructions in angling, which are admirable, but simply because of the readers of THE CRITIC; to one who will be interested in the author's teachings, there will be twenty who will prefer his anecdotes.

THE WALLS OF TROY.

We were one evening on a hill which overlooked a circular plantation near the river. Mr. P——— asked me if I could tell what this was; I replied that I could not even guess; so away we went to explore it. It was surrounded by several walks, and a very deep narrow trench bounding each walk. there being four or five lines of walks and trenches. We walked round and round, and when we got near the river, where we expected to get out, there was no egress. It was getting late, and after some difficulty, having fortunately taken a pretty correct observation of the place of entrance, we made our way to the road. During our exploring, I had slipped once or twice, as if something had tripped me, but did not mind it.

Next day when Mr. Browne, the steward, was questioned as to the place, he raised up his head and eyes exclaiming, "O Lord; what brought ye into that place, it is called the Walls of Troy, and ye had great luck that we had not to draw ye forth by ropes, for all those narrow walks are undermined at every three or four yards! Several ladies, indulging in the curiosity so natural to their sex, have slipped into these traps; Mr. St. George himself slipped in, and we had to get long boards across the different drains, and ropes to lug him out." Then turning to me, "This was an invention of a countryman of yours of the name of Burke, a very ingenious but mischievous fellow, who formed this place when the Marquis of Sligo was in the habit of staying here, and it was Burke's greatest pleasure to send men and women into it, on some frivolous pretence, and they had regularly to be lugged out with ropes."

How we escaped I cannot say, but suppose the roots of the grass had attained a kind of consistency capable of sustaining a tolerable weight, nor did we make any further experimental trips to the labyrinth.

Many of our readers will be edified by

O'GORMAN'S WEATHER WISDOM.

When the wind changes from a good point, say south or west, to north or north-east, the angling is bad till it is fixed for some days, after which the fish rise freely, and will take small trolls, such as loaches, salmon fry, gravelin, roach, little eels, &c. I have been much surprised to see salmon rise in rather dead flats, with scarcely any wind, when north-east, and in a bright sun, and sometimes better than in cloudy weather.

When you can see far into the water, the fishing is invariably bad. When a great glut of rain impends after a drought, fish will not take when there is thunder in the air, trout or salmon will not take, but pike often will, though it is thought that lightning destroys them, as they are often found floating or dying after great thunderstorms. The weather at such times puts a complete end to trout and salmon fishing.

In rivers the best winds are those which blow against the currents, particularly if they run west or south, as the Shannon and Fergus for the most part; and the best days are those with rattling showers, and light, well-coloured clouds, that impart a healthy tinge to the waters—of this appearance every good angler is a judge.

In spring, salmon take finely at the tail of a hail shower, and so they will on a blowing hazy day. During the prevalence of rainbows I have ever found angling useless on lake or river, and so it is on a harsh dry day when it blows hard.

In February or March, salmon take in the heat of the day; when the sun gets warmer, from about eight to eleven in the morning, and from about three in the evening till nightfall; but in the peal season (June and July) you cannot be out too early, nor do they take so late as the larger fish; in the Shannon we were always out at four in the morning, and fished till eleven, then lay by till after two, after which we continued till sunset, I mean for the peal or small salmon. These observations will equally apply to lake fishing, but trout will rise much later than salmon, often all through the night.

At the changes of new and full moon, fishing is bad. On this point J——n H——n disagrees with me, he pretending to have had sport at those times, but I decidedly think he is wrong. When the moon shines visibly and unclouded during the day, the effect is bad. This occurs from the second quarter to full. The best time of the moon is after the full, and until it assumes the appearance I have described.

O'GORMAN informs us that the largest pike he ever killed weighed 32 lbs.; he had a trout of 4lbs entire in his maw. Another pike laid hold of a trout 6lbs. weight, which Sir M. O'LOGHLEN, late Master of the Rolls, had hooked; but this was nothing to an adventure of O'GORMAN's in Dromore.

A large pike was hooked, and nearly exhausted, when he was suddenly seized and carried to the bottom. Every effort was made for nearly half an hour to bring this enormous fish to some shore (where we might perhaps have induced him to *take a large roach*), but to no purpose; when, finding our efforts unavailing, we succeeded at last, by making a noise with the oars, and pulling at the line. In getting up the pike we had been playing, it was all torn as if by a large dog; and this pike actually weighed *seventeen pounds!* the fish which held him so long must have been a monster indeed!

Dr. JOHNSON's smart saying, "a fool at one end and a worm at the other," has called down upon him the vials of O'GORMAN's wrath. He is an "unmannerly literary brute," —"could any reasonable man living read his greatest work—*The Rambler*—for an hour together, without getting the headache?" Upon this, O'GORMAN launches into a dissertation on the philosophy of angling, and the moral training it affords. According to him, an angler

Must be a philosopher—must know something of astronomy—must have quickness of intellect, great perseverance, good temper, decision, and sharp sight; he ought to be a good rower, and swim well; for he may at times have occasion to exert his aquatic energies for self-preservation. How often is philosophy necessary! A hook gets beyond the barb into your hand, finger, or perhaps your nose or lip. You can't get it out; if you are alone, bad enough; if in company, you must get the tying carefully cut off, after which the hook must be turned out point foremost and the other way.

He needs also patience, perseverance, decision of character, "particularly if he angles for large fish, where weeds and rocks abound." "You must or ought to have good temper, particularly if you fish with bunglers or beginners." And here are some remarks on

ANGLERS AS MEN.

I will now conclude this long chapter by a cursory notice of anglers as men; and I do assert that I have almost invariably found them persons of good and charitable dispositions, possessing mild, though firm tempers, sharp and intellectual minds; incapable of committing base and ungenerous actions; much inclined to the heavenly passion of love; free from the debasing vice of avarice; lively and light-hearted; agreeable and intelligent. The very pursuit, while it demands the possession of intellect, must sharpen it. Were I to select the professions among the members of which I have met the best men, and the most skilful anglers, I would certainly name the army and the law; I mean the highest branch of the latter; as for the attorneys, with many honourable exceptions, they are an incorrigible race. Indeed I have rarely seen any of them who could angle at all, perhaps only one; and he was a sinister biped (left-handed). They are, for the most part, devoted to wordly gain; and as Giles Daxon used to say, will never give a direct answer to a question.

Few merchants are good anglers. I have met but two or three; one, a near relation of my own, who now, however, thinks such a practice beneath his crown and dignity. Let us charitably hope that is, because he has not time.

But the best of friends must part. Reluctantly we bid adieu to O'GORMAN, commending him to the regards of all who practise the art of angling.

Remember Me; a Token of Christian Affection. Third Edit. Darton and Clark.

A PRETTY little pocket volume of pieces, in verse and prose, entirely original, and many of them of great merit. It is so small, so beautifully printed and neatly bound, and its contents are so thoroughly *wholesome*, that it will be an admirable book for a present to the youthful reader.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

From Day to Day. By FREDERIC SOULIE. 2 vols.

IT is with sincere pleasure that we find ourselves enabled to notice a work by M. SOULIE in the pages of THE CRITIC. In the present tale there is not a single objectionable passage. The clever author has developed his talent brightly and purely, without any of those mephitic vapours of licentiousness and vice in which he ordinarily loves to indulge. As is usual with him, however, he commences the book by what assumes to be a letter to a friend, in which he attempts to justify his habitual style of writing and tone of morals; but his arguments, like all those which seek to uphold an unworthy cause, are full of false conclusions and hollow sophistry. Thus, in the introduction of a book so pure that no English female need object to read it, we find the plague-spot which denotes that the contagion is not yet conquered, in such fallible and paltry phrases as these:—

You ask me for a novel; I am grieved, but you take me absolutely unprovided. Nearly a year has elapsed since any one has related to me the least little scandalous and immoral story which would supply material for a novel, by the suppression of half its naughty details; for you well know—you in whose ear I have sometimes whispered the origin of those recitals, which revolt the honesty of rogues, the morality of worn-out libertines, and the virtue of women who have exhausted their vices—you well know that the *fruitful imagination* of the novelist generally limits all its endeavours to saying only half, and that the least hideous half, of what he knows; to calling things by their least startling names; and to giving an appearance of probability to the ugly virtue by which they are surrounded.

Is not this deplorable? Is not this hateful? When we look around upon the wondrous world which a beneficent GOD has given to his creatures—when we pause to gaze upon the soft and downy cheek of infancy, the fresh and joyous brow of childhood, the kindling eye and lip of generous and loving youth—when we see these before us, in all their glow and in all their glory, are we to turn away in gloomy horror, and to exclaim to our own hearts—"Faugh! the foul rottenness of the soul's canker lurks beneath all this apparent purity and brightness?" No, no!—we can better afford to weep over the one perverted spirit, which, reversing the splendid privilege of the prism, invests every object upon which it rests with the loathsomeness of its own associations. M. SOULIE must not deceive himself. The rakes and demireps to whom he makes such scornful allusion are the only readers at all likely to consult their proper tastes in the perusal of the loose books which he has poured forth so copiously. Those who yet care to remember that "none can touch pitch and not be defiled," seldom venture to open one of his works until they have ascertained that they may do so without danger; and such will be glad to hear that, in this instance, they can be offended only by the introductory letter whence we have drawn our extract, and which is in about as good keeping with the tale itself as a gilt clasp to a string of oriental pearls.

Having premised thus much, we will now proceed to notice the volumes to which it is appended. The design is novel enough. The writer is supposed to give an account of passing events in a particular circle as they arise; and thence his title of *From Day to Day*. His heroine is a spoiled beauty, whose really noble nature is obscured by self-will. She is the orphan of a plebeian, who has amassed an enormous fortune by frauds of all descriptions; and when the story opens, she is, at 16, the ward of a celebrated lawyer, who, as well as his amiable wife, loves her with paternal tenderness. The gold-dust which, as an heiress, she is enabled to throw into the eyes of the other sex, has surrounded her, despite the infamy of her father's memory, with a crowd of suitors, and, among others, the Marquis de Bellestar is a constant visitor at the house of her guardian, M. Simon. Here is a portrait of the noble suitor:—

A FRENCH MARQUIS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Marquis Alexander de Bellestar was a handsome man of about twenty-seven years of age; very well poised upon two muscular legs; displaying, beneath a waistcoat of orientally gilded velvet, a broad and deep chest; and disguising very imperfectly under a pair of tight gloves the development of a herculean hand. * * * He availed himself of the approach of the new year, and the many obligations which it imposes upon a young, wealthy, and popular bachelor, to offer his homage to his friends in the shape of New Year's gifts,—to parade the most extensive acquaintance with all the varied and elegant trifles which at such a period must necessarily occupy the attention of a lady. New carriages, old china, Buhl furniture, ancient and modern hangings, the rich crystals of Bohemia, the new crystals of Montcenis, cachemires, laces, jewels of Marle—he had seen all, judged all, and if he had not purchased all, it was only because he was at a loss for some one whom he might surround with all the splendour of these marvels.

The heart of Sabina Durand does not, however, declare itself a captive to this elaborated eloquence of the purse; and she is as little moved by the visions of magnificence which he evokes, as by his fortune of twelve millions. The poor marquis becomes her butt. In the office of M. Simon toils a young man, a certain M. de Prosny, whose father has been utterly ruined by the villainous parent of the pampered heiress. Sallow, melancholy, and reserved; patient externally, under his trials, but inwardly embittered by a life of hopeless and obscure labour, Sylvester de Prosny is, nevertheless, the hero of the tale; and his original hatred of, and subsequent passion for, the beautiful and high-spirited Sabina—his love for the daughter, and his contemptuous and proud shrinking from the name of the man by whom his high-born family were beggared, and his noble father compelled to die upon a miserable pallet—form the mainspring of the tale. We will not enter into any detail of its plot; but rather present to our readers one or two extracts which will enable them to appreciate the vigorous and flowing style of M. SOULIE.

RICH AND POOR.

Look—in yonder dim alcove, where a soft and shaded light is

burning—upon that young girl, fairer than the lawn which covers her; beautiful with that beauty for which no man has a name; her head resting on her hand; her elbow buried in the pillow; her eyes widely opened, and fixed unconsciously upon some object before her; her whole frame at once motionless and full of agitated feeling. The hangings of violet-coloured velvet which inclose her room have the effect of a frame, designed to display with greater effect the ethereal whiteness of the floating muslin which undulates in numerous folds around her couch.

In the midst of this chamber is a table covered with a rich cloth, fringed with gold, and upon it are scattered various books, magnificently bound, with their clasps enriched with precious stones. On the mantel are some costly bronzes. Opposite stands an antique cabinet, filled with the delicious fancies of yesterday's fashion; here and there you see a low chair, silky, pliant, and made to roll noiselessly over a luxurious carpet. From the ceiling hangs, by its gilded chain, the lamp which illumines this small and sumptuous nook.

Of what can she dream, that pure young girl, who lies wakeful there, absorbed in a long and wordless reverie?

Look to a distance—yonder, at the end of that court-yard—into the large room paved with square tiles. Curtains of white calico hang before the windows, which are formed in the front of the sloping roof. Opposite to the stone chimney, where a mere handful of cinders are slowly mouldering away, is a deal table, upon which a young man leans his arm. At the upper end of the chamber is an uncurtained bedstead of walnut-wood, bare and chilly to the eye; four or five rush-bottomed chairs, miserable, despite their cleanliness; a faded paper, half detached from the wall, which undulates with every breath of wind that enters through the crevices of the ill-fitting-door and windows; and tell me of what that motionless young man is dreaming, with his eyes fixed and dilated thus. The space spread before the dreamer's vision is divested of every object which is really present, and is filled, as his imagination dictates, with a thousand charming or hideous images; with consolation and despair alike. Of what, then, can he dream, that poor young man, in this miserable dwelling?

He is dreaming of the pure young girl on whom you lately looked; she is dreaming of the poor young man whom you now see.

To increase his wretchedness, De Prosny is the support and home-companion of a vixen aunt, the sister of his father, whose fortune was absorbed in the wreck of the family. The character is admirably drawn, although ultimately somewhat overcharged. We will introduce her to our readers. She has just attended mass at the church of St. Vincent-de-Paule, attended by her nephew, where her devotions, if the pattering of prayers in which her lips only are engaged may be so called, have been disturbed by the arrival of a young and beautiful girl, accompanied by an elderly female domestic, to whom De Prosny resigns his seat, and whom he recognizes as the ward of his employer; the service is concluded, and the disinherited heir is preparing to conduct his irritable charge to their squalid home.

A HARPY.

"Pray," asked Mdlle. De Prosney, as she took the arm of her nephew, "who was the tall gawky you placed beside me in your chair?"

At such a question, uttered in that hateful tone, which conveys more bitterness than the very words of which it is the vehicle, Sylvester saw the necessity of caution. He knew, that the name of Durand would at once draw down an avalanche of abuse and recriminations which he was morbidly anxious to avoid. Besides, he wished to be at liberty to think a thousand bitter things of Sabina; he was quite willing himself to accuse her of all the wrongs which her father had bequeathed to her; but he could not support their utterance by his aunt. He consequently hesitated, and replied uneasily:—

"She was a young lady whom I have seen in the house of M. Simon."

"Ah!" said his aunt, fixing her eyes full upon his face.

"She is the daughter of one of his clients."

"Who comes to church without her mother?"

"I believe that she has lost her."

"And her father allows her to walk about alone?"

"I have heard that she is an orphan," said Sylvester, anxious to escape the questions of his aunt.

"And what is the name of this orphan?" asked Mdlle. de Prosny.

Sylvester hastily pushed away an old woman, who was near him, exclaiming, as he did so: "Do look where you are going; you have crushed my foot." The poor old crone had not touched him.

"Where did you learn to speak in such a tone to women?" demanded Mdlle. de Prosny; "is it because she is old, you are unpolite? Had she been a minx like the other, you would have asked her pardon for having trodden on you."

This was said as they left the church, and the temper of Sylvester was now scarcely under his control. He hoped that by some happy accident the attention of his aunt might be directed to another subject, when he had the mortification of seeing Mdlle. Durand standing upon the pavement, waiting for her carriage. A footman had gone to seek it, and the paupers, who soon collected about the church, had surrounded her with all the eagerness of hope.

Sabina was emptying her purse when her chariot arrived, making its way through the midst of the foot passengers who were thronging round the doors. She sprung hastily into the vehicle, and in turning towards her servant to give him her directions, she perceived Sylvester. A deep blush spread over her forehead. Sylvester bowed unconsciously, and the young lady returned gravely his salutation.

Sylvester looked towards his aunt, and saw in her ungracious eye the lightning which precedes the tempest.

"Humph!" said the old maid; "an orphan who keeps her carriage, and who comes to church with an elderly woman, who is not her mother, what is such an orphan generally called?"

Sylvester affected not to hear; but his aunt had nails in her tongue, and she continued to flay her nephew in order to make him cry for mercy.

"So things occur now-a-days. Is it not shameful that such—"

"Aunt!" exclaimed Sylvester, indignantly, "how dare you insinuate any thing against that young lady? It is dreadful."

"Nevertheless, it is strange to see a single woman alone at church—but, however, as you answer for her—and pray what is the name of this embodied virtue?"

This was the most startling question.

"She is called—I really do not recollect."

"Oh! you do not know the names of the women to whom you resign your place beside me. You do not know the names of the women who blush when you bow to them. You do not know the names of the clients of your office—of the orphans who drive their own carriages? Very well, very well."

"Why, aunt —"

"You understand, Sylvester," said the old woman, "that there are certain things I will not know—"

"Aunt—"

"And if your intrigues do not interfere with your profession—"

"Really aunt—"

"Only, another time, arrange your rendezvous in such a way that I may not be made a cloak to them."

Here was enough to exasperate a more patient man than Sylvester. He abruptly released the arm of his aunt, and advanced a pace or two. Anger rendered Mdlle. de Prosny motionless. Sylvester conquered himself and returned.

"Aunt," said he, in an altered voice, "I beg of you not to indulge in any ungenerous suspicion of the young lady whom you have just seen; she is guiltless of all that you have inferred against her, and it would be infamous to repeat such observations."

The accent of Sylvester was so determined and so calm that it arrested a flow of invectives which were boiling on the lips of Mdlle. de Prosny; but she would not yield, and replied, "All the better for her if she comes of a good family."

Sylvester shivered; for, by one of those instincts with which malevolence is so admirably gifted, Mdlle. de Prosny had at last discovered the point where the unknown lady was vulnerable. She had felt the shiver of her young kinsman, and continued ironically, "All the better for you, my lad. It is not without precedent for a lawyer's clerk to find a good dowry with which he may purchase a business; and when the girl who brings it is pretty, why, it is better still."

These words awoke a world in the mind of Sylvester. They presented to him the idea of his own name associated with that of the unworthy Durand.

"Leave the lady in peace, I beseech of you!" he exclaimed with violence; "you cannot guess how much you annoy me by talking in such a strain as this."

This dialogue had brought de Prosny and his aunt to their own door.

"I must go to the office," said Sylvester; "good morning, aunt, good morning."

Mdlle. de Prosny was conscious that she could not retain her nephew, but she was quite aware that she had succeeded in touching on a subject in which he was deeply interested.

"I thought," said she, tartly, "that Christmas-day was a day of rest; but I do not wish to interfere with any one's arrangements."

Sylvester made no reply, and his aunt added sneeringly, "I am talking of business arrangements, of course."

Prosny walked away, and the old woman stood for a moment on the door-step looking after him, and then she muttered,

"I shall know what it is all about!—I shall know!"

Our space warns us to conclude, which we will do by a couple of extracts, taken almost at random, which appear to us to be highly illustrative of M. SOULIE's mode of thinking. They are a specimen of those discursive paragraphs, upon which we have already remarked, as so distinctive a feature in the French novelists; and we shall then take our leave of M. SOULIE, happy to have been enabled to follow up one of his fictions from end to end without encountering cause for condemning the work as inadmissible in all moral or refined society.

MORAL MECHANISM.

Sylvester was at this moment like certain theoretical mechanics, who dream of an immense result—who foresee it—who amuse themselves by admiring it beforehand, and who, enamoured of their own genius, neglect an ugly little wheel which does not fit well, but of which they disdain to take notice. "It is the business of the workmen," say they; and when the hour is come for the realization of their magnificent projects, all is lost in consequence of the despised obstacle, which might have been so easily overcome.

Is not this also the history of a great many of our political notabilities, who have marvellous ideas in favour of their fellow-creatures? Great men who, were they to suffer no interference, would, say they, render, by one stroke of the wand, the people free and docile, moral and energetic, laborious, economical—every thing you could wish. Put into their hands the mechanism of government, and all these sublime theories of humanity fall before the most insignificant, bad passion which tends to oppose the success of their project.

TRUE SYMPATHY.

How many of you who read me feel sincere pity for those sorrows which only affect the life through the heart? It is true that when you hear of the ruin of a man who is exiled from his family, or from his country—of one who has lost all he loved by death—of such, in short, as are smitten by tangible misfortunes, you pity them; you would be ashamed to refuse them your pity. But he who suffers only in his mind; he who has created within himself an anguish in which no fellow-man has part; he who has nursed hopes only to lose them; who raises a cry of treason where he has never had the guarantee of an oath; he who willingly accepted yesterday the position which to-day appears odious to him, without the operation of any visible change;—such a man is considered mad, sometimes ridiculous, almost always unreasonable; and yet it is with him that you should weep and groan.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

From our Correspondent.

Nothing of any moment has occurred in our literary circles, if I except the failure of the *Tour de Babel*, at the Français. Never was any more complete; yet, nevertheless, the name of the *pièce de chère* is kept afloat by the resolute determination of the play-going public to learn the name of the author, who modestly shrinks from such universal notice. From several quarters letters have reached the editors of the different journals, in which the various writers disclaim the paternity of this modern "confusion of tongues," while the real *Simon Pure* preserves an absolute silence. In England you would not seek to disturb his *incognito*; you would have been satisfied to judge the man by his works, and to consider yourselves well rid of all acquaintance with a monstrously dull personage; but here it is quite the contrary. It is difficult to decide upon what principle they have adopted such a creed, but it is nevertheless certain that the Parisians consider themselves *entitled* to ascertain the identity of every individual who ventures to become a denizen of the *monde artiste*. No "great unknown" is suffered to walk masked in the promenades of Paris, and the consequence of this somewhat tyrannical exaction of the gossip-loving idlers is, as in the present instance, the dragging to light an unlucky victim who has already been sufficiently hissed and hooted in effigy. It is really laughable to see how gravely the journals assert that the coyness of the unhappy play-wright can ultimately avail him nothing, for that "sooner or later the secret must be known, and the author abide his fate!"

A philanthropist has just addressed to the Government a very remarkable report on the subject of premature burials. There is assuredly nothing in the climate of this part of France which can excuse the indecent haste with which human creatures are cast into the grave; and we were, therefore, less surprised than shocked at the numerous and *well-authenticated* instances cited by the writer of the report, of individuals preserved from the most frightful of all deaths at the moment when busy hands were adjusting the shroud, or, still more frightful! as the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave. And these are the record of the *saved!* Human nature shudders and revolts from contemplating the possible number of the *lost!* A most fearful example of the latter contingency is related in a French journal. "Last winter," says the *Observateur Français*, "a young and beautiful *artiste* died almost suddenly, under the violence of a painful and dangerous malady. A young man, who was deeply afflicted by her death, was describing her last moments to a physician, who told him that in similar cases he had frequently seen lethargy assume the appearance of death. These words overwhelmed his auditor with mingled hope and terror. The lady had been interred on the previous evening, and before the tomb could be opened, it was necessary to go through certain tedious formalities, and to obtain an authorization conceded with difficulty. Half-wild and heart-broken, calculating with agony every moment as it passed by, the unhappy young man at length received the desired permission, and flew to wrench open the coffin which contained the body of the object of his affections. He was accompanied by his friend the physician. The poor girl was indeed dead, but she was yet warm! She had been buried two days—she had been dead less than two hours!"

Truly it was time that some lover of his species should loudly and boldly protest against the useless and inhuman haste with which the Parisians bury their dead; and we sincerely trust that the exposure of this barbarous system will induce its reformation. There is no consistency at present between the heartless hurry in which they huddle the remains of those who have been nearest and dearest to them into the earth, and the hyper-sentiment which wreathes the tumulus raised above the departed with bouquets of roses and garlands of *immortelles*. It is sickening to reflect upon what a grave of horror some of these mourners *may* have scattered their flowers and shed their tears!

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

(From our Correspondent.)

No work of great historical interest has of late made its appearance in the world of German literature. Several volumes, biographical and statistical, we may name as bearing indirectly on history, but nothing which has excited much interest or attention. *Lebens-bilder aus dem Befreiungskriege*, edited by Herr VON HORMAYR, is now completed by a third volume, which is said not to equal either of the others in the value of its information. The work may really be divided self into two distinct parts, and those by no means of equal importance. The first, which in fact gives the volumes their name and credit, consists of letters, &c. from the most celebrated characters of that period—STEIN, GNEISENAU, GRUNER, NUGENT, MUNSTER, and others. This part is inestimable among publications of this nature; and for the editing of these documents HORMAYR deserves the gratitude of all students, whether he was actuated thereto by mere motives of personal interest, or by a love of imparting truths so important to history. The other half of the work is, on the contrary, the production of HORMAYR'S pen alone, that is to say, with the exception of some few papers which had previously been published; it is wholly wanting in those characteristic letters which give so much interest to the preceding volumes; and the remarks and reflections with which it is filled are written in a spirit so trite and commonplace as almost to ruin the effect of the entire work; it would have been infinitely better had they been omitted altogether. Some journals had attacked HORMAYR with the statement that the papers obtained from MUNSTER were only intrusted to him under a promise of their not appearing before the world at large; but this, though at one time the case, was afterwards overruled, and the consent of MUNSTER himself gained to their publication. Dr. FABER was, we believe, the chief accuser of HORMAYR in this affair. HORMAYR is unquestionably a man who entertains an amazing opinion of himself. His talents, in some respects, are great; he took an active part in the war of the Tyrol freedom, but he is in error when he conceives himself to have been the soul of the enterprise—the grand centre of action at that exciting period. His attempts in the year 1813 to re-act the same part, the Austrian government compelled him to expiate by a long imprisonment. Some time later he entered the Bavarian service, and has become so incorporated with this nation, that in these three volumes, filled to overflowing with abuse of the French policy at that time adopted by the princes of Germany, not even the slightest syllable of condemnation is to be met with regarding the conduct of Bavaria. But this circumstance was not wanting to convince the world that calm judgment was not Herr VON HORMAYR'S *forte*.

Briefe aus und nach Kurland während der Regierungsjahre des Herzogs Jacobs, von OTTO V. MIRBACH. To give the history of a small and unimportant district in such a style as shall secure the interest of the reading public, as well as be worthy the attention of the learned, is no easy task. MIRBACH has selected the form of letters, with the idea that they would only be

read by his friends in Kurland; but the result has proved that his book has gained a more enlarged circulation than he expected. The letters are not confined to the subject of Kurland alone; some are from Poland, France, Holland, and Russia; containing, with historical notices, observations on the customs and manners of these several people, forming altogether a work of much interest.

The writer has commenced his letters with the year 1672, a period when Kurland bore a closer relation to the western powers of Europe than it has since done. Holland was then threatened with war by the united monarchs of France and England, Louis XIV. and Charles II., with whom the king of Sweden afterwards combined. In her need, Holland applied, through the Prince of BRANDENBURG, to the Duke of COURLAND, with whose permission some regiments were despatched to aid the distressed country, under the command of the hereditary prince, afterwards Duke FREDERICK CASIMIR. There was not much to be said concerning the military exploits of the Courlanders at this period. The editor perhaps selected it, as forming a connecting link between the country and other matters of interest. The nobles spent their days in hunting and carousing, the peasants in hard labour and endurance. One point, however, was remarkable, the extreme ease with which animosity was extinguished in the case of duels which had terminated in blood. "One nobleman was killed by another in a duel; the survivor walked before, attired in long black garments, between two friends of the deceased, with his arms extended, and the naked sword in his hand; the corpse was borne before into the church, where it was set down. The priest performed the burial service; the survivor stood still between the two friends, who now held their swords crossed before him. Over them the brother of the dead man and his murderer gave each other the hand, took their evening meal together, and remained good friends as they had been before. The business was henceforth completely settled and done away with.

"Even now the peasantry of the country are in any thing but an enviable condition; but formerly the tyranny and oppression under which they laboured were severe in the extreme. The nobles had power of life and death over them. One noble would assemble a small council of two or three others, and the body passed judgment upon all such offences as had been made against them. Sentence, either of cutting off a hand or the head, or hanging up the delinquent on the nearest tree, was always executed on the spot."

The historical parts of this book are well worthy of attention. Herr VON MIRBACH has made ample use of the best resources with regard to Courland's former connection with Sweden and Poland, and the life and character of Duke JAKOB.

THEODORE MUNDT has, some time since, published a work which, if it did nothing else, secured him most lengthy reviews in all the foreign journals; but it certainly did one thing more, it proved the wonderful versatility of his genius, even though it be not the best specimen of talent which he has given to the world. The title is *Geschichte der Gesellschaft in ihnen neuern Entwickelungen und Problemen*—(The History of Society in its new Problems and Developments). MUNDT is a writer of astonishingly varied capabilities; from the first poetical direction taken by his young mind, from the novels and romantic tales in which it found vent, years have gradually turned it to the tendencies which are now so evident in all he writes, and which were indeed foreshadowed in his very earliest efforts. From criticism and polemics he passed into the field of didactics, when he published his *Die Kunst der Deutschen Prosa*. His mind strengthened by this labour, he applied more readily to the task of acquiring useful knowledge, that here, too, he might have the reputation of one who had not toiled in vain. It has often been questioned where the real form of this strange Proteus is to be discovered; whether in poetry, politics, philosophy, criticism, socialism, or in what; for in all these, and many more varied pursuits, he has given evidences of no contemptible power; in all these, too, one hears the same voice, now raised to a higher tone, now lowered, alike in his first as in his latest works. But taking and comparing his numerous labours, which subject at length will prove to be the object of his life, the study where his head and heart will find themselves really at home, it is difficult to say. In his last work, the many collateral subjects to which a history of society necessarily leads are all treated in his own peculiar style. To those who are acquainted with his writings, the impetuosity of his decisions, the one-sidedness of his views, will be familiar at a glance. With regard to historical facts, he is said to have been, once or twice, singularly at fault; nevertheless, with the highest genius, no man can be infallible. The spirit of polemics, of late so prevalent in Berlin, is manifest throughout the entire work, which indeed bears strong marks in form and colour of its native soil; the very turns of rhetoric are alone sufficient to indicate this. If nothing of originality can be found within it, one cannot peruse it without being both instructed and amused. It might, perhaps, be more in adaptation to his powers, great though they be, were he to withdraw from these social and political discussions, and, leaving them to others, return to the fields where he has already won so many laurels.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

The Hand-Book to Paris. 9th edition. London, 1845. Strange.

THIS useful little volume contains within a small compass a complete Guide to Paris, with full instructions to the traveller what he must do, where go, and what pay, from the moment of starting from London to his return thither, after a visit of three or four weeks. The utility of this volume mainly consists in its convenient size, which permits of its being carried about without the burden to hand or pocket of the larger and more costly Hand-Books. Its accuracy may be presumed from its popularity.

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN THE TYROL.

Being a reader of THE CRITIC, I lately observed a request from "An Inquirer," supported by a similar request from the editor, for some such reader to furnish him with a sketch of the most picturesque route from Vienna, across the Tyrol, to Switzerland, naming places, distances, time, and conveyances. Now as I travelled, during the summer of 1842, through, I believe, nearly all the finest scenery of the Tyrol, setting out from Vienna and quitting the Tyrol on the side of Switzerland, I feel bound to comply, as well as I am able, with the request. I shall therefore endeavour to sketch a tour, by making which the most picturesque scenery in the Tyrol may be seen, and which, if fully completed, would occupy about two months. Though it may be longer than every tourist may wish to make, he may curtail it; or, if it should not be long enough, he may extend it so as to suit his own time and inclinations. It cannot, however, be performed by any but the pedestrian, with his knapsack (and the lighter this is the better), and by one who is able and willing to undergo occasionally a pretty hard day's work in walking, for which, however, he will always be amply repaid. It is impossible for any other kind of tourist to see in perfection the scenery of the Tyrol, which almost rivals Switzerland in grandeur and sublimity, and excels it in richness and picturesque beauty. He ought also to be able to speak a little German. I shall add such short notices of the places and objects to be seen on the route as may give the tourist some little idea of what he may expect to see, and partly guide him as to what he should inquire for; I refer him for further details to *Murray's Hand Book of Southern Germany*, which is indispensable to the tourist in the Tyrol, and which should be well studied. He may in general depend upon the references there given to the inns. The tour I am about to sketch is what my fellow-traveller and myself accomplished in the time I have mentioned. It is, therefore practicable for other pedestrians. He will find the Austrian notes for five florins each the most convenient money.

Commencing, then, at Vienna, I shall proceed as well as I can. I shall presume that the tourist has descended the Danube from Linz to Vienna; he may, therefore, return by the eilwagen. By this conveyance my companion and myself left Vienna on the 16th August, 1842 (quite late enough in the season), at one o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Linz at eleven in the forenoon of the following day, having travelled all night, except one hour allowed for supper at St. Pölten. We passed through the towns of Mölk and Ems (in the former of which the splendid monastery of that name is situate, and which deserves a visit from any one that has time to stop here—we did not visit it), and crossed the river Traun, at Ebersberg. The tourist should ascend the hill behind the town of Linz, and near Jagermeyer's Garden, to enjoy the view thence of the town, the winding of the Danube, and the Salzburg and Styrian Alps; should visit one of the 32 towers erected by Prince Maximilian—the one usually shewn to strangers is about a mile and a half from the town—and he should observe the peculiar head-dress of the women here, which is like a golden helmet. From Linz, by far the most picturesque route to the Tyrol is through the Salzkammergut, which contains some very fine scenery. For the purpose of seeing this, we left Linz at one o'clock in the afternoon, by a railway train drawn by horses, and passed Wells and Lambach; the road is uninteresting till we approached the falls of the Traun, when we left the train with a party, who there agreed for a carriage to take us forward. The tourist who wishes to see the falls should endeavour to do the like, as the train does not stop here. We walked through a wood to the falls (forty-two feet high), of which the effect is grand;

beautiful clear green water rushing and foaming over the ledge of rock. The scenery around is very picturesque. There is a remarkable canal here, by which the boats pass to avoid the falls; it is formed of wood, and the water shoots along it with almost the swiftness of an arrow.

We arrived at Gmunden at nine o'clock in the evening. The Traunstein is a very fine, bold object on approaching the town, which is very prettily situate at the foot of the Lake of Gmunden. The manners of the inhabitants here are rather primitive. The tourist may expect the Kelnerinn to kiss his hand when he pays his bill, and he will here see glass applied to a purpose to which I dare say he never saw it applied before.

At eleven o'clock next morning we went on board a steam-boat, and proceeded up the lake; the Traunstein being on our left, rising precipitously from the water. The scenery of the lake is beautiful and picturesque. We arrived at Ebenzee, at the head of the lake, at twelve o'clock, got into an omnibus, and, having been driven along the banks of the Traun, which runs here through a beautiful valley, we arrived at the town of Ischl at two o'clock. This is a much frequented watering-place, and very fashionable. We saw here the Queen of Saxony and the Archduchess Sophia of Austria. It is beautifully situate, and surrounded by lofty mountains. Many excursions may conveniently be made from this place. We made one on foot to St. Wolfgang, by way of Wirer's Waterfall, the Schwartzen See, and Wirers Shrub, and were much pleased. We walked up the beautiful valley of Ischl, with its fresh green meadows, nearly to the Brannkweinhaus, when we ascended the mountains by a steep path to Wirer's Waterfall, which, in the state we saw it, scarcely deserved the name of a waterfall; and having ascended further, we reached the Schwartzen See, a very secluded, romantic lake of dark-looking water; then turning to the left, by a path leading through a magnificent chasm in the mountain, we descended to St. Wolfgang, seeing the cascade called the Wirer's Shrub, near which the scenery is very grand; on both sides precipitous rocks of great height, covered with firs wherever it was possible for them to grow, and in front fine mountain peaks. A good dinner may be had at the village of St. Wolfgang, which is prettily situate by the side of the lake of the same name, and of beautiful green water. The church should be visited, where are to be seen the shrine of St. Wolfgang, also a curious old carved altar-piece, and a chapel built on a rock protruding into the church through the pavement. On the outside of the church we saw a small vaulted chapel, containing a great number of skulls and other human bones; three or four of the skulls in glass-cases, some decorated with flowers, others with the names of their former owners and dates of their deaths. We ascended to the chapel on the hill, passing a great many shrines, and had there a fine view over the lake, the scenery around which is very beautiful. We arrived again in Ischl about seven o'clock in the evening, after a beautiful walk of twenty-one miles.

The tourist, before leaving Ischl, should forward his heavy luggage by post to Salzburg to await his arrival there. He may then proceed in the morning on foot up the beautiful valley of the Traun, and at the end of nine miles he will arrive at Steg, having passed through the villages of Lauffen and Goisern. He may here hire a boat, and be rowed up the very fine lake of Halstadt, the head of which is very grand; the mountains rise precipitously from the water's edge, and those that bound the south end rise to the height of perpetual snow. He will land at the village of Halstadt, the houses of which are built on the side of the hill like swallows' nests, one above another, and are approached by steps. There is no carriage-road to the village, and only difficult foot-paths. He must visit the old church consecrated in 1320, which contains a singular altar-piece, in style like the one at St. Wolfgang.

In a vault under a chapel here we saw some hundreds of human skulls, piled in a heap; one of them a burgomaster's, some scoured white and flowers painted on them, and the name of the deceased marked; the nearest relatives of whom, we were told, dig up their remains after having laid a certain time in the churchyard, scour and place their skulls in the vault, together with the crosses that were over their graves.

He may return down the lake as far as Gosauzwang, and there part with the boat. Gosauzwang is an aqueduct, 130 feet high in the centre. He may then walk through the magnificent pass into the beautiful and secluded valley of Gosau, where on the left will be seen the Donnerkögel, a mountain 6,000 feet high, with a very picturesque serrated summit. He will arrive in the evening at the village of Gosau, seven miles from Gosauzwang.

He should not omit next morning to make a short excursion to the Vordersee. He may obtain a char at the inn, from which the very civil landlord will drive him for half an hour up the valley. He must then walk three miles through a forest to the lake, ascending considerably. He will here have presented to him a sight that will much astonish him. The view of the lake and the surrounding mountains, with the very beautiful glacier hanging on the side of the mountain at the head of the lake, is magnificent. This excursion will only occupy about three hours. After making it, the tourist may set out again from Gosau for Abtenau, distant twelve miles. He will cross over the pass of Geschütt, covered with pines, and through the village of Russback. In the evening, if he have time, he may loiter into the churchyard at Abtenau, where he will see that all the crosses over the graves have a small pan-like vessel hanging from them, and will probably observe women filling some of these vessels with holy water, and sprinklig it over the graves of their departed friends.

Leaving Abtenau early in the morning, he will walk through a pass into the very beautiful and picturesque valley of the Lammer; and on arriving near Golling, he should turn off to the left into the valley of the Salza, to see the Oefen, where the river Salza rushes through amongst rocks, wearing them into singular cavities, and to a great depth. It is altogether a scene of great wildness and grandeur.

Near here is seen the entrance to the pass Lueg, and the fort that guards it. It is a fine pass, having the Hohe Göhl on one side and the Tannen Geberge on the other, both high mountains. He may then return into the road to Golling, where he will soon arrive, having walked from Abtenau, about sixteen miles. Here he may dine. And I may remark, that the Germans dine very early, about twelve or one o'clock, and I think the pedestrian will experience the advantage of dining when he rests during the middle of the day, and that he will find himself better by abstaining from drinking any spirituous liquor whilst he is walking. I never found any bad effects from refreshing my mouth with a little cold water, and immediately continuing my walk; it should, however, be drunk sparingly. In the evening he will be able to reach Hallein, nine miles further, the valley of the Salza having opened considerably, shewing beautiful green meadows. Before he leaves Hallein, the tourist should on no account omit to visit the salt mines there, as they are considered the best specimen for a visit of the many salt mines in this district. He will obtain permission and a guide by applying at the post. He must ascend the hill behind the town for three-quarters of an hour, when he will reach the Durnberger Einfährt, where he must put on, over his own dress, the costume that will be found for him there, consisting of a pair of white linen overalls, a white jacket, a stiff cap, a short leather apron to be turned behind, and thick leather gloves. Then with a torch in his hand he and his guides will enter one of the galleries, like a tunnel, and after proceeding about 1,000 yards into the mountain will come to the first descent or shaft, about 350 feet, and will slide down sitting upon two poles, which are laid about a foot apart from each other, and from the top to the bottom of the shaft, holding by the right hand (on which he must take care to have his leather glove) a rope as a support, and to check his too speedy descent. He will then proceed along three other galleries, and down as many shafts, when he will come to a chamber, which he will find illuminated all round the sides with candles lighted expressly for him, and sparkling with the crystals of salt, and nearly filled to the roof with water, quite salt. He will here find a boat and boatman ready for him, that will remind him of old father Charon and the passage of the Styx. In this boat he will be drawn by means of a rope across the chamber. He will pass along another gallery and down another shaft. Some of the shafts, being perpendicular, are descended on ladders. He will then have to mount upon a wooden horse, which will be drawn forwards by one man in front, and pushed on by another behind, through a very narrow passage, at such a pace as will not a little astonish him, particularly if he be possessed of weak nerves; he must sit very steadily, and take care of his head. He will thus ride, perhaps, about a mile and a half to the exit from the mine a little above the town. He should then descend to the town, and visit the boiling-house, where the water is separated from the salt by evaporation in large pans, the salt having been previously dissolved from the sides of the chambers of the mine by filling them with water, and the liquid drawn off in wooden pipes.

(To be continued.)

ART.

Mr. Herbert, we may announce, has received a commission for the Hall of Poets, in the new parliamentary buildings.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT STATUES AND BAS-RELIEFS.—In the month of June, as we learn by a letter from Rome of the 18th ult, some workmen, in making a cutting for the railroad now in the course of execution near Ostia, discovered three statues, with several bassi-relievi. One of these statues, which is of Greek marble, is considered a *chef d'œuvre*. It represents a female, whose form is evident, through the most delicately sculptured drapery. The other two, although very fine, have not the same perfection of art. Some days afterwards several

cinerary urns were found near the same spot. Two of them are ornamented with bassi-relievi of the finest workmanship; the figures, though very small, are so exquisitely finished, that the veins, muscles, nerves, and all the minutest details are exhibited. Besides these, there have been taken up several pieces of green and yellow marbles, and also a stone on which is engraved—"*Minutius C. C. triginta in agro et vigintiquinque in fronte possit*," the interpretation of which we take to be, that Minutius placed thirty of these statues in the grounds of his villa, and twenty-five in front of the building itself.

Baron Bosiof, the eminent sculptor, was on Tuesday morning found dead in his bed, to which he had retired the previous night in good health. He was in his 77th year. The deceased was officer of the Legion of Honour, Knight of St. Michael, and Member of the Institute.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—TAGLIONI'S benefit attracted of course a full attendance; the pit more especially was crowded to inconvenience. The entertainments selected were varied and excellent: in addition to the ever delightful *Barbiere*, there were selections from *Anna Bolena*, and from *Linda di Chamouni*, while the dancing was on a scale of the greatest liberality. CERITO and LUCILE GRAHN executed several of their most popular feats, and the heroine of the evening gave us, among other famous cherographic displays, the celebrated *pas* from the *Sylphide*, the *Mazurka*, the *Pas Tyrolien*, the *Pas de la Chasse de Diane*, and as much as was feasible of the *Pas de Quatre*. On Saturday TAGLIONI appeared for the last time in England; a sad announcement to make, and the more so that in no respect does she exhibit the least falling off in her wondrous powers. For all that appears, she might dance on for the next ten years to come, without affording less gratification to her spectators, or more to her rivals. But she is the best judge on this delicate point; none but the wearer knows where the shoe pinches; and none but TAGLIONI herself can understand why she should retire. For, reasons of policy apart, surely six months in the year, say, to herself, for some time to come, would afford ample space for the *dolce far niente*, rendered still *più dolce* by the triumphs of the other six. However, if the Lago di Como should really turn out to have more charms for her than the capitals of Europe and their acclamations, we have still the Graces Three, CERITO, CARLOTTA GRISI, and LUCILE GRAHN, who may console us, not poorly, for the absence even of TAGLIONI; to whom, in her retirement, whether temporary or permanent, be all happiness. *Vivat et valeat!*

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Another version, and we are inclined to think the best, of the *Caudle Lectures*, has been produced at this theatre, with decided success, BUCKSTONE and Mrs. CLIFFORD being the hero and heroine of the piece, or rather, Mrs. W. CLIFFORD being the heroine and BUCKSTONE her unhappy victim. How well the lady fills her part may readily be appreciated by all playgoers, acquainted, as they must be, with the awful presence she can assume when "'tis her cue to fight." She really acts the "woman of spirit" with a truth to nature, nay more, with a gusto, which at times create in our mind a painful feeling of sympathy with *her* Mr. Caudle; and yet again, when she has got quite her own way, she has an exceedingly good-natured twinkle of the eye, and a heartiness of laugh, which restore our equanimity, by giving us reason to hope that by a little management and judicious yielding the said *Caudle* may get on pretty well. Mr. HUDSON has appeared in the character of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* with much applause, fully merited. There were, of course, among the audience many who had seen poor POWER'S masterly delineation of the same part; but even these, we must think, could not have been otherwise than pleased with Mr. HUDSON'S performance; while to those who never saw the fine actor whom the fierce Atlantic so prematurely tore from us, Mr. HUDSON will be more than satisfactory. This gentleman's versatility is really quite surprising, and he has, at the same time, the excellent judgment to attempt no part to which he does not feel himself competent. We do not go the length of saying of him *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, for he has been called upon to fill parts his predecessors in which have left no room for improvement; but we can fairly say that we have seen him succeed to no *rôle* his impersonation of which has suggested comparisons which need be "odious" to him. If the man of sense we take him to be, he will be nowise annnoyed at being told that he is not equal to POWER; the man of commendable ambition he evidently is, he may well be gratified at the assurance which, in common with, we believe, all our brother critics, we give him,—that, as the representative of Irish characters, he is, of the actors of our present time, the next best to POWER; and yet Mr. COLLINS is exceedingly good in this line. Almost every stage Hibernian we have seen has been a dead failure, an absurd exaggeration; a mere botheration of bombast and bad brogue. Mr. HUDSON'S Irishman would be recognised across the Channel. Another attraction at the Haymarket has been the celebrated pianist LEOPOLD DE MEYER, whose reception has been such as to call for an extension of his engagement. JOHN PARRY commences a series of his entertainments on Monday.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The season at this elegant and well-managed place of entertainment has all but terminated; after one or two more evenings, the doors close until reopened for the winter campaign. Meanwhile we have to notice that Mr. COLLINS made his appearance on Tuesday, as *Sir Patrick O'Plenipo*, in KENNY'S comedietta of *The Irish Ambassador*, and was well received in the part. It is one which POWER created, and which no one we have since seen has been able to approach him in; but still Mr. COLLINS'S impersonation of the blundering diplomatist is a meritorious and amusing affair. Mr. COLLINS'S conception of Irish characters partakes of the merit we have above assigned to Mr. HUDSON, in a freedom to a great extent from the absurd exaggeration and noise which the majority of stage Hibernians conceive to be the *beau ideal* of a son of "The Gem." The *Syren* has been pursuing the successful tenor of her way; *Mrs. Caudle*, on Tuesday, gave her *Lecture* for the thirty-third time, and *The Court Ball* was danced for its forty-fourth night. These, in conjunction with the fact of a good house, were favourable indications; and we hope that Mr. MADDOX has as much reason to be pleased with the public, as the public with him. Mr. H. RUSSELL gave his entertainments on Wednesday, in addition to *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, *A Court Ball*, *Catherine and Petruchio*, and *Mrs. Caudle*, a liberal programme in all conscience.

ADELPHI.—Miss WOOLGAR took her benefit on Wednesday, on which occasion Mr. WEBSTER gave his efficient aid. The entertainments selected were *Sweethearts and Wives*, *the Pretty Girls of Stilberg*, &c. Miss WOOLGAR'S merits were recognized by a very good house.

SADLERS' WELLS.—The *Gamester* is being played here with, of course, Mrs. WARNER and PHELPS in the principal characters, ably supported by Mr. BENNETT and Miss COOPER. After the tragedy, we were presented with *Simpson and Co.* and *The Married Bachelor*, amusing farces, very amusingly performed.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Dr. RYAN has been lecturing at the Polytechnic Institution on the spheroidal state of bodies, and its application to steam-boilers, and on the freezing of water in red-hot vessels. The above experiments were exhibited at Cambridge a short time since by M. BOUTIGNY. The Doctor first proceeded to show that a drop of water projected upon a red-hot plate does not touch it, but that a repulsive action is exerted between the plate and the fluid, which keeps the latter in a state of rapid vibration. At a white heat this repulsion acts with the greatest energy, whilst it ceases and the ordinary process of evaporation takes place at a brown-red heat. The temperature of the water whilst in the spheroidal state is found to be only 96 deg. and this temperature is maintained so long as the heat of the plate is kept up. To bring this water to the boiling point (212 deg.) it is therefore necessary to cool the plate. Several experiments were made in proof of this necessary cooling to produce ebullition. The red-hot plate with its spheroidal drop was removed from the spirit-lamp, and after a minute or two the water began to boil, and was rapidly dissipated in steam. The application of the principles involved in these phenomena to the tempering of metals was then explained. If a metal to be tempered is in a highly incandescent state, the necessary hardening will not take place on plunging it into water. It is therefore necessary that a certain temperature should be observed. Experiments were made to show that the repulsive power of the spheroidal fluid existed not merely between it and the hot plate, but between it and other fluids. The bursting of steam-boilers came next under consideration, and it was shown that many serious explosions may be referred to the phenomena under consideration, and also many cases of explosions have occurred during the cooling of boilers and withdrawal of fire. These experiments, the learned lecturer informed his auditors, were not new, as they had been exhibited many years ago in Paris, London, and America. The concluding experiment, however, he said was really new, which he performed in the following manner:—A deep platina capsule was brought to a glowing red-heat, and at the same time liquid sulphurous acid, which had been preserved in the liquid state by a freezing mixture and some water, were poured into the vessel. The rapid evaporation of the volatile sulphurous acid which enters into ebullition at the freezing-point produced such an intense degree of cold that a large lump of ice was immediately formed in the red-hot vessel. In repeating these experiments, Dr. RYAN used an apparatus much larger than has been before employed, and was thus enabled to freeze masses of ice, sufficiently large to be seen by his large audience.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

THE CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

IT is the purpose of this department of THE CRITIC fairly and truly to record all experiments into the phenomena of mesmerism, whether they succeed or fail—whether they prove to be genuine or counterfeit. The truth and the fact are all we seek.

The experiments into the case of alleged clairvoyance described in the two last numbers of THE CRITIC have been continued, but we are bound in honesty to say with results by no means so satisfactory as those which had been previously elicited. The boy has been detected in practising a deception in one case. It will be unnecessary to detail the very ingenious contrivances adopted for the discovery of this; they were perfectly conclusive, and, indeed, the fact was confessed by the boy himself. The result of that experiment was, that the boy had opened the box for the purpose of reading the contents, removing and restoring the string by which it was fastened.

This discovery, however, must be taken at its true value. It proves this, and nothing more than this, that he will play a trick sometimes. It does *not* prove, as was too hastily concluded by the gentlemen who assisted in the experiments, that all the previous investigations were invalidated also. It may be that the faculty is possessed, and yet that when it does not operate the boy might play a trick rather than appear to fail. If there be any truth at all in mesmerism, certain it is that no feature of the mental condition of the patient is more universally witnessed than the development of self-esteem, and consequent excessive anxiety to do or appear to do what is required of him. Hence, in the ordinary phenomena, the tendency to guess answers when the patient has not the *knowledge* of the object sought.

On close examination of the boy after this discovery he made a clear breast of it. He frankly admitted that on this and on *some* other occasions, when the faculty was not readily excited, or he could evade the intense mental effort requisite for its exercise, and it appeared easy to open the box, he had been tempted to do so to learn the contents. But he makes the most solemn asseverations that he has done this only occasionally, and in such circumstances alone; and that the greater portion of the trials made with him, and all of those we had previously recorded, were fair and honest, and he calls upon us to test him again and again by every device ingenuity can suggest, and imposing any conditions we please that may render imposition impossible. He says that he cannot always be sure that he is in the state to possess the faculty, but he promises that in future when he cannot see he will say so at once.

This request is so reasonable that it would be unjust to him and unjust to science not to accede to it. Before a final judgment is passed upon the case, a series of experiments will be carefully tried and accurately noted, which must place beyond further question the true character of this case. The results, whatever they may be, shall be fully submitted to our readers. In the meanwhile they must suspend their judgments as to the whole case, for, of course, the discovery of a deceit so far affects previous observations, that they are only of negative value. It is necessary to start afresh, with tests prepared with the full knowledge that deceit has been practised, and therefore may be again resorted to, and with resolve to guard against it by rendering it physically impossible, as by boxes nailed or locked, or by packets sealed or tied. If these be read, the fact will be proved beyond a doubt, even though, where there was an opening for stratagem, it was resorted to. Nor shall it be determined by one or two trials only, but by many; nor by the success or failure of a single day. But the reader must remember that, in a case of this nature, it is the positive, and not the negative, evidence that is of value; one clear case of reading a word inclosed in a box that could not have been opened will establish the fact of the existence of the disputed faculty as conclusively as if it were done five hundred times, while no number of failures, no number of detected impostures, prove that it does not exist; they serve only to diminish its probability and to call for the stricter investigation.

However, as we said before, the readers of THE CRITIC shall have the details of the entire series of experiments about to be instituted under the new conditions required by the discovery we have narrated; and, until then, we suspend commentary, waiting more satisfactory materials.

Since the above was in type, and just as THE CRITIC was going to press, some more experiments were tried. They were, as it will be seen, successful, and establish the fact that there are powers of perception either more exalted or different in kind from those exhibited in the ordinary state.

The following are the experiments:—

Thursday, August 7.

EXPERIMENT THE FIRST.—G. G. was mesmerised; three gentleman present. The word "solicitor" was cut from a printed paper. The eyes of the boy were then held firmly closed by the hands of one of the experimentalists, over whose hands those of another of the gentlemen was placed. The word was placed upon the boy's knee, under his open hand, and upon that hand was set the hand of one of the party. At first he said he thought the word was "gazette," but in about three minutes he named the word "solicitor."

EXPERIMENT THE SECOND.—His eyes were closed and covered in like manner, and the words "the Sixth," cut from a printed handbill, were presented to him. After some effort, he said the words were "the Strand," or something like it. Being asked to name the letters he perceived, he said he saw T, H, E, S, I; the rest looked like N D, but he could not quite see them.

EXPERIMENT THE THIRD.—While another test was being prepared, the boy went to the mantel-piece. Upon the edge of it was a small piece of paper, which had been fastened to it accidentally by some wet wafers, and in removing the sheet the paper so fastened by the wafers had been torn off. It had remained there for many months. The boy said he saw some letters on the paper under the wafers. The three gentlemen looked at it with great care, but neither of them, with the utmost attention, could discern any thing save the wafers. Presently the boy said, "there are the letters N, E, W." On carefully damping and lifting the paper, it was found to be as he had said. The paper was again inspected, and even when held to the light, instead of being, as before, fastened by two wafers to an opaque painted mantelpiece, the letters could not be seen. The boy then tried, without success, to read a small word held at the other end of the room, and invisible to the rest. Being much exhausted, he was wakened.

It is worth noting, that at the beginning of the experiments the operator, by some half-dozen passes over the ears, entirely deprived the boy of the power of hearing any voice but his own. Throughout the experiments this was curiously shewn. No exclamations or surprises of the others produced the slightest effect, but the lowest whisper of the operator was instantly heard. The boy went out to speak to his fellow-clerks, but he complained vehemently that none of them would answer him, and asked how it was that they had lost their voices. The sense was fully restored by breathing upon the ears.

Another delicate phrenological test was tried. The boy was sent with a message into another room. He repeated the message, and went to perform it. As he was going, eventuality and language were gently breathed upon. He went out, and both the substance and the words of the message were entirely forgotten. While he was looking perplexed and anxious, and making all sorts of guesses, the finger was silently passed over, but so as not to touch, eventuality and memory. Immediately their powers returned, and the message was delivered with perfect accuracy.

This boy says that the power of clairvoyance comes and goes with him periodically. Will our readers direct their observations to this, with a view to ascertain if such be the case generally? We much suspect that in this particular it partakes of the nature of epilepsy. If so it be, the frequent failures of clairvoyants, without any apparent cause, will be accounted for.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—The world will owe you much for the manner in which you have brought forward the subject of clairvoyance. Mesmerists, and especially those who, like myself, have been contending for

what they knew to be facts, through good and evil report, must rejoice to see the advances making, through your means, to the fair investigation of the subject. If you will allow me space for the publication of the following cases and brief remarks, it may forward the elucidation of truth, which is evidently all you seek; and some of them particularly bear upon the view you have hinted in your last paper, and which is in accordance with much that is known, and with what reason must infer. Mesmerism cannot *create;* it may call into action or increase the faculty, but the faculty and its organ or instrument must have previously existed.

CASE 1.—A sealed package was prepared, in March last, by a medical gentleman, utterly impervious to ordinary vision, with any amount of light, even chemical, behind it. One of my somnambules, about half an hour after having been mesmerised, at a *séance* during which he had been lucid—being in his natural state, waiting to sit down to dinner—said he could see into a box if given him. The package was put into his hand—there appeared a violent mental effort; he then described the number of covers, their colour; said a card was in the last, and wrote down the name, describing the peculiarity in the shape of one letter; it was opened by Mr. Vandenhoff, in the presence of twenty persons, and found to be correct.

CASE 2.—Another patient has frequently—that is, six or seven times—succeeded in telling, *while awake*, what letter was placed in her own hand, and once or twice when it was in the hand of another person.

CASE 3.—A word was inclosed in a box by a nobleman, and given to a somnambule in the mesmeric state, at my house, there being several other noblemen present. No one, except the person who had written the word, had any knowledge of what was in the box; the letters were told, one by one, without any word being spoken, to lead (if such a thing were possible) to successful guessing. Similar results have followed upwards of thirty experiments. I shall be happy to shew the words, and give the names of the parties who have made the experiments; but not being authorized, I feel that it would not be right to publish them.

CASE 4.—On Friday last, Aug. 1, at the house of a gentleman of fortune, I mesmerised a somnambule. A gentleman present was placed *en rapport;* I had never seen him, nor had the patient, before; he did not believe in Mesmerism; he mentally conducted the somnambule to his house, asked her to describe the appearance of it; she did so, and said there was a brass plate on the door. I thought this rather unlikely from the style of the person. She said there were three words. I asked her to try and read them. *He* said if one was read it would satisfy him; she then said the first was the shortest, and in about two minutes made out the letters *Sir*. The gentleman making the experiment was a well-known baronet; his own name and title were on the plate.

These facts, Sir, although important to prove the faculty, do not of themselves lead to practical utility; but if they are admitted as possible, who will suppose it more difficult to look through the pores of a human body, and observe the condition of any of the internal parts than to see letters through opaque coverings, &c.; and thus the experiments will lead to the application of this power to the highest conceivable end—the relief of the sufferings of the afflicted; and ere long medical men will *refer* and *defer*, as the men they strive to emulate, Galen, Hippocrates, Celsus, &c. did, to somnambulic prescriptions and diagnosis in the treatment of disease. In conclusion, will you allow me to say that I believe the majority of phreno-mesmeric experiments prove much more the magnetic power than the truth of phrenology. There is, however, an intimate connection between the two sciences; in fact, the power of mesmerising and the faculty of lucidity must depend upon phrenological conditions, and therefore we must only hope to arrive at any thing like certainty or exactness in the practice of Mesmerism when we study it in connection with phrenology. The two sciences may be regarded as the physiology and psychology of the brain. I should be happy to learn if you, Sir, or any of your correspondents, have made any observations with regard to the organization of powerful Mesmerisers and lucid somnambulists. I have paid much attention to this subject, and as my opportunities of observation have been extensive, have collected many facts bearing on this point, and if you think it likely to be useful in advancing knowledge, I shall be most happy to communicate them to you.

I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

27, Duke-st. Manchester-sq. W. J. VERNON.

P.S. I forgot to mention that the most lucid cases which I have had the opportunity of questioning appear to penetrate at once through all the coverings, but the letters or things tremble or dance before them. One of the most intelligent describes it as though the letters were on a piece of ivory in a basin of water, which is much agitated. This leads to mistaking letters, and putting parts of different letters together, and striving to find out what they most resemble. When they stand still, as they do sometimes for an instant, the whole word is pronounced rapidly, and then they are always right.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Allow me to mention that at page 232 of the *Seeress of Prevorst* will be found a correct account of the Ghost Story you have extracted from Shelley's works, as it was copied from the journal of the minister who saw the apparition; together with the names of the parties concerned, and an attestation of the authority from which the story is derived.

The opinions published in his new work called *The Anastacis*, by the Rev. Mr. Bushe, of New York, wherein (being an eminent Hebrew scholar) he maintains, on the authority of the scriptures, that when the fleshly body falls off, the spiritual one survives and takes on its form, seem to be a first step towards an explanation of the numerous stories of apparitions which we find rife in all countries and all ages; some of which rest on authorities, which it is surely very difficult to set aside; and on confirmatory evidence, which we should not so hastily reject, if the thing to be proved were less discordant with received opinions. These phenomena have been hitherto *all* classed under the head of spectral illusions; and it is difficult to *produce* the evidence necessary to show that this classification would admit of revision, because everybody is afraid of exposing themselves to the ridicule of that wise part of the world which decides so easily on questions they do not understand and have never investigated.

But if I am not mistaken, the time is fast approaching, when the apparitions described in *The Seeress of Prevorst*, and other similar histories, will be shewn to belong to some class of phenomena, of the theory of which we are yet utterly ignorant.

I remain, Sir, your constant reader,

Aug. 5, 1845. CATHERINE CROWE.

We have received a letter from Mr. SPENCER HALL in reply to Mr. BRAID, wherein he explains very fully some of Mr. BRAID'S allegations, and denies others; but as a correspondence of this nature neither forwards our knowledge of Mesmerism, nor can be amusing to our readers, we have been compelled to decline inserting it.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

No topic of special importance to the bookseller has occurred during the week. The Literary Intelligence and Reviews will convey all the information interesting to them.

THE PRICE OF BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—From the commencement of THE CRITIC till now, I have been a constant reader and great admirer of it; and, with one exception, there is none of the varied periodicals which I receive to which I give a more cordial welcome than your own.

I have long felt it to be a most annoying thing, when, on seeing a work noticed, of which I should like very much to have a copy, I was perfectly in the dark as to the probable *cost* of it. I am well aware that, as the law is constructed, it would be deemed illegal were you or others to append or prefix the price of books to your reviews; because all literary notices, which at the same time furnished *prices*, would be looked upon and charged as *advertisements*. I believe that, generally, proprietors of literary journals have no desire for a change in the existing system, *because*, were they legally privileged to give the price of the volumes which they reviewed, they would, in consequence, lose no slight number of advertisements in the course of a year—many publishers merely sending a presentation volume to a favourite editor for review, without accompanying it with instructions to announce the new publication in his advertising columns. Honestly, I consider the system of reviewing to be at a somewhat low ebb in Britain, and the services of an impartial critic to be invaluable,—especially in these days when books are teeming as plentifully from the press as money from the Mint, and the difficulty of being able to detect the genuine metal from the counterfeit is consequently augmented. It certainly, therefore, seems that the least acknowledgment which a publisher can make to an impartial journalist is to instruct him to *advertise* those books which he wishes him to review. I am perfectly aware, however, that there is a good deal of *jobbing* connected with our present systems of advertising and reviewing, the consequence of which is, that favours are generally retained for those who can be relied on to give favours in return,—no matter whether merited or not. A journal, such as your own, whose independence elevates it beyond the influence alike of publisher and author, need not place much reliance on either of

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Washington. By M. GUIZOT. Translated by PAUL PARNELL, Esq. E. Painter.

ONE of the most interesting spectacles which can engage the thoughts of social man is that of nations or collective bodies emerging, like the ancient Romans, from comparative obscurity and weakness to distinction and greatness, and as such exerting a vast moral influence over the interests of other states and the destinies of the world. We have here what M. GUIZOT would style one of the grand *facts* of history combined with all the pleasing adventure of the novel. Next to this, and akin to it, is the rise to glory and immortality of the distinguished patriot, whose character and career appear, and actually are, coeval and co-existent with those of the land honoured by being the scene of his nativity. Biography thus becomes the most striking and the most entertaining part of history, as well as that most easily understood. The comparison is at once pleasing and useful, and in the present instance necessary.

The progress of the United States, like that of most colonies, is closely identified with the history of the mother country. It has been remarked by many distinguished Americans, as well as Englishmen, both at the time of the civil war and subsequently, that America owes her freedom to the favourable opinion entertained of her claims at home both in and out of Parliament. This contributed alike to form, regulate, and propel the enthusiasm of her population for a cause in which, to use the words of M. GUIZOT, they believed "resistance founded upon historical right and upon facts,—upon the right of reason and upon philosophy." In accordance with this is the whole past history of the mother country and her dependencies, and therefore M. GUIZOT justly observes, in the paragraph after that last quoted:—

> It is the honour of England to have deposited in the cradle of her colonies the germ of their liberty. Nearly all, at their foundation, or soon after, received charters which conferred on the colonists the franchises of the mother country.
>
> And these charters were no vain snare, no dead letter, for they established or admitted powerful institutions, which provoked the colonists to defend their liberties, and to control power whilst they partook of it: the voting of the subsidies, the election of the great public councils, trial by jury, the right of assembling and acquainting themselves with the affairs of the commonwealth.
>
> Thus the history of these colonies was but the practical and laborious development of the spirit of liberty, growing strong under the colours of the law and the traditions of the country. We may call it the history of England herself.

M. GUIZOT does not, however, at the commencement of his work allude, as he should, to the distinctive character of the emigrants, the majority of whom were Whigs and Puritans. CROMWELL himself, as it is well known, had fully prepared for a voyage across the Atlantic, in the days, if any such were numbered in his history, of his sincerity and enthusiasm. Had the other party been more, or this less numerous, the revolution might have been nothing but an unsuccessful insurrection. It was thus that their religious creed, and the firmness of their faith, and the fire of their religious emotions, proved an invaluable assistance to the success of their arms, and ultimately insured them victory. The novels of FENIMORE COOPER will illustrate and prove the truth of our position. It is necessary to distinguish between the influence exerted by the mother country and the progress of society in the colonies themselves. M. GUIZOT evidently does not make sufficient allowances for the latter. According to ROBERTSON, whose history of America, as it is one of the most interesting, is also one of the most correct, the colonies were, during a long period and at different intervals, left much to themselves, whilst at others the government at home seemed more careful and jealous of their own powers, and more willing to meddle or to interfere with the colonies, and such was most certainly the character of the British government prior to the commencement of hostilities.

In page 12 M. GUIZOT evidently contradicts what he had already advanced as to the mutual influence and feeling reciprocated between the mother country and her dependencies, when he observes:—

> Besides this, it was no longer with the crown alone, but with the crown and the mother country united, that the colonies had now to do. Their real sovereign was no longer the king, but the king and the people of Great Britain, represented and confounded in the Parliament; and the Parliament regarded nearly all the colonies with the same eye, and held towards them the same language, that the kings which it had conquered had held not long ago towards themselves.

Speaking of the origin and moral character of the dispute, M. GUIZOT observes,—

> In reality, it was a question of right and of honour, not of property and material interest. The taxes were light, and imposed on the colonists no suffering. But the colonists were men to whom the sufferings of the soul are the most bitter, and who only taste repose in the bosom of satisfied honour. "Of what are we treating, and of what are we disputing? Is it of the payment of a tax of threepence per pound on tea, as too heavy? No: it is the right only which we dispute." Such was, at the commencement of the quarrel, the language of Washington himself, and the public feeling—a feeling, in truth, as politic as it was moral, and which evinces as much wisdom as virtue. The numerous public unions which were formed at this period in the colonies afford a spectacle useful to contemplate; unions local or general, accidental or permanent; chambers of burgesses or of representatives; conventions, congresses, and committees. Men of the most different dispositions there met together; some, full of respect and attachment to the mother country—others, passionately prejudiced in favour of that American country which was being born under their own eyes, and by means of their own hands; the one party afflicted and disquieted, the other ardent and confident; but all governed and united by one and the same sentiment of dignity, one and the same resolution of resistance; allowing freely the variety of their ideas and impressions to clash, without producing any disagreement, deep-seated or durable; but, on the contrary, feeling for each other a mutual respect in their reciprocal liberties, and canvassing together the great business of the country with those conscientious regards, that spirit of management and justice, which insure success, and make it to be least dearly purchased. In June 1775, the first Congress assembled at Philadelphia, resolved to publish a solemn declaration to justify the assumption of arms. Two deputies, one from Virginia, the other from Pennsylvania, Jefferson and Dickenson, formed part of the committee instructed to compose it. "I prepared (says Jefferson himself) a declaratory resolution. Mr. Dickenson thought it too violent; he preserved the hope of reconciliation with the mother country, and was unwilling to hurt it by offensive words. He was a man so honest and so talented, that even those who did not partake in his scruples had a great respect for him. We begged him to take the resolution and to remodel it in such a manner as he could approve of. He prepared a completely *new* edition, preserving only the four last paragraphs, and half of the one preceding. We approved it, and reported it to the Congress, which adopted it; thus giving a signal mark of its esteem for Mr. Dickenson, and its extreme desire not to proceed too quickly for any respectable portion of the assembly. The submissiveness of the resolution was generally displeasing, and the pleasure that Mr. Dickenson felt at seeing it adopted gained him a good many voices. After the vote, although all remark was out of order, he could not refrain from rising and expressing his satisfaction, by concluding with these words: 'There is in this paper, Mr. President, but one word of which I disapprove; that word is *Congress*.' Upon which Benjamin Harrison rose and said, 'For my part, Mr. President, there is in this paper but one word of which I approve; that word is *Congress*.'"

The time was one most fortunate for the insurrectionists. Lord NORTH was at the head of the administration, Great Britain had attained her zenith of glory, and was thus an object of envy on the Continent, and political science and liberal opinions had been diffused both at home and abroad, engen-

dering a proudly ambitious spirit that could not endure to submit to mere hereditary rule and precedent. Nothing was wanted but an unrelenting and unyielding courage at home, and gradual steps of courageous progress, with patience, energy, and activity in the scene of the war. And these were richly manifested by the Crown and the colonies; the former being as rash and precipitate as the latter were prudent, united, and steadfast. But one thing more was requisite, without which, probably, all would have failed, and that was a leader combining talent, and courage, and principle, and unyielding perseverance. A number of great men they had, both civil and military, already honoured by their fellow-citizens; but these were not sufficient. Amongst the chiefs there must still be a chief, and such was found in WASHINGTON.

He was young, still very young, and already great hopes were entertained of him. Employed as officer of militia, in some expeditions on the western frontier of Virginia, against the French and the savages, he had amazed equally his superiors and his companions—the English governors and the American population. The first wrote to London, to recommend him to the favour of the king; the others assembled in the temples, to invoke the divine protection on their arms, and heard with pride Samuel Davies, an eloquent preacher, exclaim, whilst he was extolling the courage of the inhabitants of Virginia, "I must mention to you one glorious example: that heroical young man, Colonel Washington, whom Providence has preserved in so signal a manner, doubtless, for some important service that he is called to render to his country."

WASHINGTON has superior claims to esteem over any of his contemporaries or descendants in fame. Equal and superior in the sterner, though perhaps deficient in the more brilliant powers, he far excels in the moral, in which he stands alone in his glory, the only modern adorning public life with all the moral splendour of young Greece and Rome. Let us compare him with NELSON, NAPOLEON, or BYRON, and he grows more riveted in our esteem and admiration at every step. NELSON had, indeed, a transparency of intention and straightforwardness of purpose; but this only served to bring out and testify to his restless and aspiring spirit. NELSON had the most implicit faith in himself, and greater daring, with sleepless vigour. Impossibilities were to him but difficulties, and difficulties lost their monster aspect to his sanguine view. He believed it with Hotspur to be—

"an easy thing
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon."

War seemed to be his chief craving and reward. Not but that there was some real patriotism, as his letter to Mr. SUCKING, after the siege of Bastia, proves, wherein he says, "Every man who had any considerable share in the reduction got something; I only am without reward, and my money I find not repaid me; nothing but my anxious interest to serve my country makes me bear up against it; but I am sometimes ready to give all up." But these words were contradicted by others; such as—"I am now but a post-captain, but shall soon be on the top of the tree." "I shall shortly have a Gazette of my own." "Pity! I shall soon be envied."

Of Lord BYRON, his friend and encomiast MOORE says,—"That sort of vanity which is almost inseparable from genius, and which consists in an extreme sensitiveness on the subject of self, Lord BYRON, I need not say, possessed in no ordinary degree." We need not refer to the character of NAPOLEON. How different, how superior, and how isolated in this respect is the character of WASHINGTON, of whom M. GUIZOT says—

He did nothing which he did not believe to have reason and right to rely upon; so that those of his actions which had not a systematic character humiliating to his adversaries, had, nevertheless, a moral character which commanded respect.

There prevailed, moreover, the most profound conviction of his perfect disinterestedness. To this great intellectual luminary men willingly confided; this mighty force, which attracted all souls, and insured at the same time their interests, that they should never be given up as a sacrifice, or as instruments to personal and ambitious views.

Like other eminent men, however, he was not to be exempt from suspicion and slander. M. GUIZOT says, speaking of the latter part of his presidentship, "even his integrity was infamously attacked," and then notices the American press, which has ever been distinguished for its scurrility.

As regarded the attacks of the press, he adopted this language: "I did not believe—I could not imagine until lately—that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious representations of them be made, and that, too, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, to a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket. But enough of this. I have already gone further in the expression of my feelings than I intended."

M. GUIZOT throughout the work takes the part of the colonists against England, though he is careful to conceal any direct feeling of hostility towards our country, for which he has professed such a warm predilection. Like his other works, we have here extensive knowledge combined with powers of accurate generalization, but no indication of genius. His political like his historical knowledge, is the result, no doubt, of close and careful study; but his political principles, so far as they can be gathered, appear to be traditional rather than philosophical or moral, derived from that motley school which sprung up in France after the Restoration. M. GUIZOT has given almost equal attention to the claims of the biography and the history, the latter of which we have not space to analyse. It is pleasing to see ministers of state and public men directing their energies to a sound and healthy literature, especially connected, as it is in the present instance, with their own experience, guidance, and improvement. They may here learn in the closing words of our author:—

One weighty fact belonging to the character of a free democratical society we cannot fail to notice: the aversion of the most eminent men, even of the best among them, to any interference with public business. Washington, Jefferson, and Madison longed ardently for retirement; as if in this state of society the task of government was too hard for men capable of measuring its extent and desirous of acquitting themselves worthily.

To these alone, however, this task is suited, and ought to be confided. Government, in all times and in all places, will be the grandest employment of the human faculties, and consequently that which requires the loftiest souls to undertake it. It is thus to the honour as well as the advantage of society, that they should be drawn out and yoked to the administration of affairs. There are no institutions, no guarantees which can supply their place.

And as for them, let them remember that with all men worthy of this destiny, every feeling of fatigue or sadness, legitimate though it may be, is still a weakness. Their mission is to labour; their recompense is the success of their work, and this is only to be attained by toil. Often is it their lot to die, pressed down by the weight of their task, long before they can receive its recompense. Washington did receive it. He deserved, and he tasted success and repose. Of all the great men that have ever existed, he was at once the most virtuous and the most happy. The Almighty has no higher favours to grant in this transitory world.

We have only to add that Mr. PARNELL has performed his office with fidelity and elegance, and this is the highest praise that can be awarded to a translator.

SCIENCE.

Plain Directions for obtaining Photographic Pictures, &c. &c. By JOHN H. CROUCHER. London: Sherwood and Co.

THIS is the first of a series of scientific manuals announced by Messrs. WILLATTS, the opticians. It contains full instructions for the employment of all the apparatus connected with the Daguerreotype, and the large family of scientific instruments that owe their births to it.

The Philosophy of the Water-Cure. By JOHN BALBERNIE, M.A. M.D. &c. Bath: Burns and Goodwin; London: Simpkin and Co.

THE practice rather than the philosophy of the water-cure. The author has given a very minute account of the modes of treatment adapted to different diseases, and, like all votaries, he deems his nostrum a panacea. There can be no doubt that, in many cases, cold water, drank in quantities, and accompanied by abstinence from other sources of intemperance, may be

servicable. But it is doubtful whether the cure is to be attributed to the water or the abstinence. We should be inclined to infer the latter. But this is a matter for experiment and experience, and such books as that before us, though not to be implicitly relied upon, are useful as contributions to the store of facts, and as suggestive of further inquiries.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara in the years 1843—1845, *to ascertain the Fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.* By the Rev. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D. LL.D. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Parker.

THE history of the brave mission of the Rev. J. WOLFF, its origin, its progress, its results, are already so familiar to the public through the medium of the newspapers, by which they were from time to time recorded, that it will be a waste of words to repeat them in the columns of THE CRITIC. The complete narrative is now given to the world by the missionary himself, the outline filled up with the minuter details, shades of character thrown in to give it colour, and inferior personages, only named in the brief descriptions previously published, introduced more intimately to the reader.

The form of a diary has been adopted, but whether with advantage we have some doubt. The relative conveniences and defects of this mode of travel-writing have been already more than once indicated in THE CRITIC, and these volumes amply prove and illustrate the argument. The journal conduces to accuracy, but it has the stiff and formal aspect of the catalogue; it accumulates facts, but it does not impress those facts on the reader's mind. So with Dr. WOLFF's narrative. It is too matter-of-fact; it wants buoyancy and grace of language, and a certain glow of imagination necessary to paint the impression of one mind upon another. We trace the man upon his generous mission day by day, and almost footstep by footstep, our interest sustained by the noble object he is pursuing, and, even although we already know the disappointment that attended it, we cannot help going on with beating heart, and bidding him God-speed. But in this lies the principal charm of the publication. As a mere book of travels, it is dull and unattractive; it wants the elements that give an interest to a tour; the descriptions of places and persons are deficient in graphic skill; they are hard and dry, and convey no distinct and life-like images to the reader's mind. Nevertheless, it would be impossible for a narrative of a mission in countries so little known and among people so strange to be otherwise than a curious and acceptable addition to the library of travel. We say only that it has not answered our expectations—that it is not, as a whole, what it should and might have been.

This premised, we turn to the details of the narrative. Dr. WOLFF commences with a brief memoir of himself, and a sketch of his previous wanderings in the East. As is well known, he was educated in the Jewish persuasion, but very early in life he was instructed in the truths of Christianity by by F. LEOPOLD, Count of Stolberg, the poet. He was afterwards introduced to Pope PIUS VII. and entered the Collegio Romano, and subsequently the Propaganda at Rome. But his conscience revolted against some of the practices he witnessed, and having protested against them, his banishment from Rome was decreed. He fled to the convent of Val Saint in Switzerland, and there his objections gathered strength, until the year 1819, when he formally separated himself from the church of Rome. Repairing to England, he went to Cambridge, and under Professor LEE studied Persian and Arabic, while by the Rev. C. SIMEON he was induced to join the Church of England.

In the year 1821 he began, and accomplished in 1826, a mission among the dispersed Jews in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Krimea, Georgia, and the Ottoman Empire. From 1826 to 1830 he laboured in the same good work among the Jews in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean. In 1830 he proceeded to Turkey, Persia, Turkistaun, Bokhara, Affghanistan, Cashmere, Hindostan, and the Red Sea. His opinion of the prospects of Mahometanism and Buddhism is worth noting.

The Hindoos will be converted, but Muhammedans destroyed. We find hundreds of Hindoos already converted by the zeal of Roman Catholic and Anglo-Catholic missionaries, but we do not find six Muhammedans, especially among the Turks. I can only trace two Persians and one Arab. Buchanan was misinformed wholly by the infamous apostate Sabat.

It was during this last excursion that he first met with Lieutenant Conolly at Cawnpore; and India is also indebted to him for having first laid before the British public the history of the Thug system, and so producing the vigorous measures which have succeeded in its almost entire extirpation.

In 1835 the Doctor returned to England, where he spent some months, and then departed on another missionary tour through Malta, Egypt, Abyssinia, whence he sailed for Bombay, and thence to the United States of America. His large experience gives weight and worth to a remark which he throws out in the course of his sketch of these earlier portions of his busy life.

It is a remarkable fact, that among all nations where religion is enforced by the civil law, sects will arise, who, if I may so express myself, have two religions, one outwardly observed to avoid exclusion from civil privileges, and the other the religion of the heart, and which they in secret practise. Thus, for instance, the very Beni Hobab, of whom we have spoken, confirm this; the Shamseea (Worshippers of the Sun), in Mesopotamia, outwardly profess Muhammedanism, and in secret are worshippers of the sun. The Daouddee, or the believers in the divinity of King David, among the Bakhtyaree in Persia, the Georgians in Bokhara, though for centuries resident there, inwardly are Christians, outwardly Muhammedans. Full sixty thousand Jews in Spain are outwardly Roman Catholics, but regularly meet in secret, and exclaim, "Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord:" which expression forms their password with each other; and I was struck with amazement to find even in the United States of North America that many of the Indians, especially among the Cherokees, have adopted outwardly the Protestant religion, in order, as they hope, to prevent Congress from sending them further into the interior.

Returning to England in January 1838, he was received with many marks of public respect, and wearied and enfeebled by eighteen years of wanderings and privations, he resolved to take orders, and spend the rest of his days in the calm retirement of an English clergyman. He was nominated incumbent of Lenthwaite, near Huddersfield, with an income of 24*l.* per annum, collected by pew rents.

When the reported imprisonment of STODDART and CONOLLY excited public interest, and anxiety had been elicited for an inquiry into their fate, and their release if still alive, Dr. WOLFF offered his services to the committee; and his knowledge of the country, the people, and the language, together with his character of clergyman, at once marked him as the man for the enterprize. It will be unnecessary to detail the various difficulties that impeded the final arrangements—these will be found set forth with much minuteness in the narrative; enough that they were finally overcome, and the Rev. JOSEPH WOLFF, on the 14th of October, 1843, quitted the shores of England upon his dangerous and doubtful mission.

The results of his labours are well known. He found that STODDART and CONOLLY had indeed been murdered, and, after narrowly escaping a like fate, he returned to England with the information he had gathered, and the two volumes on our table narrate his adventures and observations in the course of this visit to the Bokhara.

We will not attempt to track him step by step through his journey; the sketch we have given of it will be a sufficient introduction to the most curious and novel of the passages which we had scored for extract, and which we shall collect indiscriminately, inasmuch as each has an independent interest.

He met with a cordial reception from the Bedouins. Of the Sheikh HASSAN, he relates that he introduced to him his wife, who was barren, that he might bless her. "He told me he had married four wives, and divorced three from the same cause, but this one he sincerely loved; she, however, often threatens him that she will tear out his beard if he takes another wife."

In Abyssinia he was taken for a prophet.

To my utter astonishment, one day while I was conversing with Hyloo and the priests and the people about religion, they all shouted out, "He is our Aboon in disguise." They fell down at my feet, kissed them, and implored my blessing, and desired me to spit at and upon them. I was compelled to perform such an extraordinary sputation, that my throat was completely dry. They compelled me to submit to have my feet

washed, and for them to drink the water of ablution. Protestations were useless; but as it is a crime for an Aboona to smoke, I ordered my pipe and smoked, but even this would not convince them; they said it was a feint to deceive them. Hundreds of cows were brought to me as a present, and corn, milk, &c.; and so matters went on until we reached Adwah. The people actually carried me on their shoulders.

At Tabreez he found the *Times*, *Herald*, *Post*, and *Chronicle*.

Arrived at Bokhara, he was immediately surrounded by open enemies and treacherous friends. One of them has received his special reproach.

AMEER SAROG.

I was both amused and annoyed by that fool and knave, Ameer Sarog—so named because he was born on the same day as the former Ameer of Bokhara. That silly fellow, though above sixty years of age, was daily weeping and lamenting his disappointment in love. He said, "I have three wives, and I wish to have a fourth, and I could have succeeded in marrying her if my other wives had not intrigued, and if the parents of that beautiful woman had not demanded such a sum for her. I at last shall be obliged to hang myself." This horrid fellow murdered a merchant in his house, and robbed him of all his property. Dil Assa Khan, and the villains that accompanied him, took from me by force the tea and sugar and provisions which I had taken with me from Meshed, and sold them to the people of the caravan. They compelled me to give them money for purchasing sheep and other victuals, which they pocketed.

As a companion picture, take the interview with Dil Assa Khan:—

My villain escort, Dil Assa Khan, then came up to me and said, "You ought to enter Bokhara dressed as a poor man." I replied, "Villain, liar, and man-seller (for strong terms alone are effective in the East), leave me. The Assaff-ool-Dowla will assuredly put you to death when we reach Meshed." Dil Assa Khan turned deadly pale. Shouts of "Selaam Aleikoom" from thousands rang upon my ear. It was a most astonishing sight. People from the roofs of the houses, the Nogay Tatars of Russia, the Cassacks and Girghese from the deserts, the Tatar from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchant of Cashmeer, the Serkerdeha or Grandees of the King on horseback, the Affghauns, the numerous water-carriers, stopped still and looked at me; Jews with their little caps, the distinguishing badge of the Jews of Bokhara; the inhabitants of Khokand, politely smiling at me; and the mullahs from Chekarpoor and Sinde looking at me, and saying, "Inglese Saheb;" veiled women screaming to each other, "Englees Eljee, English Ambassador;" others coming by them and saying, "He is not an Eljee, but the Grand Derveesh, Derveesh Kelaun, of Englistaun."

But he found his way to the presence of the king, and this is the account of

THE RECEPTION.

Previous to our entrance, one of his Majesty's Makhrams appeared before me, and said, "His Majesty condescends to ask whether you would be ready to submit to the mode of Selaam," (for Stoddart Saheb refused, and drew his sword). I asked, "In what does the Selaam consist?" He replied, "You are placed before his Majesty, who will sit upon the Bala Hanah (from whence Balkan is derived), and the Shekawl (Minister of Foreign affairs) will take hold of your shoulders, and you must stroke your beard three times, and three times bow, saying at each time 'Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar,'—'God is the greatest, God is the greatest, God is the greatest;' 'Salaamat Padishah,'—'Peace to the King.'" On being asked if I would do so three times, I said, "Thirty times, if necessary." Entering the gate, we were desired to sit down upon a stone seat, and after a few minutes' delay were ordered to send up our letters.

The letters were sent up, and then they were commanded to follow.

His Majesty was seated in the balcony of his palace, looking down upon us: thousands of people in the distance. All eyes were bent on me, to see if I would submit to the etiquette. When the Shekawl took hold of my shoulders, I not only submitted to his doing so to me three times, but I bowed repeatedly, and exclaimed unceasingly, "Peace to the King," until his Majesty burst into a fit of laughter, and of course all the rest standing around us. His Majesty said "Enough, enough, enough." We were then ordered to retire. The Shekawl, an officer who answers to our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, then assured me that his Majesty had smiled upon me, and exclaimed, "What an extraordinary man this Englishman is, in his eyes, and his dress, and the book in his hand."

His Majesty is about five feet six inches high, rather stout, black eyes and small, of dark complexion, with a convulsive twitching of the muscles of his face; his voice not remarkably powerful, but rapid in intonation; his smile appears forced. He has the whole appearance of a *bon-vivant*. His clothes are quite those of a common mullah, without any pomp or decoration. He has deprived the mullahs of all their power, and taken the executive into his own hands. On his accession to the throne he killed five of his brothers: two of them, it is reported, were murdered in the territory of foreign powers, viz. one of them at Khokand, and the other at Orenbourg, in Russia. After the death of his father, Turah Zadeh was the eldest, and had actually taken possession of Bokhara; however, Nasir Ullah, the present king, retired to the fortress of Karshi, and his friend, who was the Hakim Beyk, remained at Bokhara, and gained over the people of Bokhara by his learning, talent, integrity and wealth, in favour of Nasir Ullah. After he had thus gained the inhabitants, he sent word to Nasir Ullah to come with troops to the gates of Bokhara. As soon as he appeared the gates were opened, and Turah Zadeh murdered, and Nasir Ullah ascended the throne. The second brother was murdered in the arms of his mother. Omar Khan, a third brother, had the good fortune to escape, and he wandered about in the whole of Turkistaun, spent some time among the derveeshes of Mowlana and Jelala Adeen, in the Turkish empire, performed, under the garb of a derveesh, his pilgrimage to the Kaaba at Mecca, to the grave of Muhammed at Medina; returned again to the Khunkaar (Sultan) of Stambool; and when I, in 1832, was in the desert of Mowr, seated in the tent of a Jew, a derveesh entered the tent of my Jewish host, and soon after an usbeck came in, and stared at the derveesh, and exclaimed suddenly, kissing his feet, "God preserve Omar Khan, my padishah of Bokharah, son of Ameer Hyder Behadur." Omar Khan said, "Betray me not;" and thus Omar Khan, wandered about in the desert of Mowr, and made an alliance with the King of Khiva; and I heard after this that he was slain in battle against his brother the present king. It is also said that the present king poisoned his own father.

This agreeable gentleman was evidently a practical joker. He submitted a number of questions to his visitor, evidently by way of ridicule, among which were—"Are you able to awake the dead?" "When will the day of resurrection take place?" But the good Doctor answers all as gravely as if they were put in an earnest desire for information.

This was the account given to him of

THE MURDER OF STODDART AND CONOLLY.

At last from fear, Stoddart said he would become a Mussulman, and according to the Muhammedan religion, if a person says he will turn Mussulman, he must either do so or die. He became a Mussulman, and a short time after openly avowed again the Christian religion. At last it was agreed that he should write to England to be acknowledged as the accredited agent of Great Britain at the court of Bokhara, and that the King of Bokhara should be the acknowledged sovereign of Turkistaun, &c.; and Colonel Stoddart promised that in four months an answer should arrive from the Government of England. Though at his (Stoddart's) request Japar Khanas (post-houses) were established from Bokhara to Sarakhs, which did not exist either at Bokhara or in the land of Turkistaun from the time of Afrasiab, *fourteen months* elapsed, and no answer arrived. During the time that Colonel Stoddart was at Bokhara, Captain Conolly went from Organtsh (Khiva) to Khokand, where he stopped a considerable time, exciting both countries to wage war against the Ameer of Bokhara. He at last arrived at Bokhara, announcing himself as a British agent, without having any letters from the British Government; and whatever Colonel Stoddart had agreed to he upset, announcing to the King of Bokhara that the British Government would never interfere with the affairs of Turkistaun, and all that Colonel Stoddart had agreed to went for nothing. Thus it was clear that Colonel Stoddart was a liar. During the stay of Conolly and Stoddart they took every opportunity of despatching, in the most stealthy manner, letters to Cabul; and on this account his Majesty became displeased, and both Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart were brought, with their hands tied, behind the Ark (palace of the King), in presence of Makhram Saadat, when Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly kissed each other, and Colonel Stoddart said to Saadat, "Tell the Ameer that I die a disbeliever in Muhammed, but a believer in Jesus—that I am a Christian, and a Christian I die." And Conolly said, "Stoddart, we shall see each other in Paradise (Behesht), near Jesus." Then Saadat gave the order to cut off, first the head of Stoddart, which was done; and in the same manner the head of Conolly was cut off.

The most atrocious attempts were made to extort money from his fears. Very Eastern is this scene:—

Dil Assa Khan entered my room with eight Mervee, and he began thus, saying, "What an Englishman are you! How stingy! Todd Saheb, at Heraut, gave to the Hazarah, near Heraut, two thousand five hundred tillahs (ducats) for one horse. Pottinger Saheb gave every year thirty thousand tillahs to Yar Muhammed Khan, and do you think that I shall be satisfied with two hundred tillahs? Two hundred tillahs are good for nothing. It is for that reason that I have played the traitor, which I never would have done, if you had given me three thousand tillahs!"

Then his people began: "And what have you done for us? You ought to have given two hundred tillahs to every one of us, and thus you would have exalted the Queen of England, and made her name immortal. Instead of this, you gave us only a few tengas (pence) to pay for our bath. Do you think that the Ameer will let you go from here without our interceding for you? Far from it. Abdul Samut Khan himself tells us that you ought to make us comfortable."

Abdullah, my servant, entered then my room and said, "The whole town of Bokhara speak with certainty that the Ameer will put you to death, for it is the wish of Abdul Samut Khan, and all the Serkerdeha (grandees); and the King of Persia, being a Sheah, has no influence at Bokhara; but if you satisfy our demands, we will save your life." I turned them all out of the room.

Then a tailor of Abdul Samut Khan entered, saying, "Abdul Samut Khan has given to-day one hundred tillahs to the Shekhawl; he does every thing for you, but you must spend your money; if not, he will fail in his trouble." I turned him out of my room.

Then Ameer Sarog, and Kaher Kouli, who had behaved exceedingly well for a while, so that I gave them a testimonial for their good conduct, said, "Mullah Youssuf Wolff, tillahs (ducats) are sweet; we dream of tillahs day and night, and we dreamt last night that you, on your return to England, sate near your monarch, and all the grandees of your country kissed the hem of your garment. The most beautiful women crowded around you, and desired to be your wives, and you took the daughter of the Queen as your lawful wife. * * * * You will live in the finest palace, except the Queen's, and be fanned by dancing girls; and if you shall say to her, 'Oh, my Queen, cut off the head of this or that person,' she will immediately follow your advice. Both of us, Kaher Kouli and I, Ameer Sarog, dreamt this at one and the same time, and therefore it will become true."

Then the guards entered, and told me that they would admit any one in case that I gave them money. This I was forced to do.

Dr. WOLFF conversed much with intelligent Affghauns, and he learned from them the true cause of our treatment by that brave people. They

Ascribed the disaster of the British army, and the indignation of the people of Affghaun against the army, to the conduct of several British officers, whose names I forbear mentioning, and who shocked the feelings of the natives by their introducing into the country the "vices of Europeans," and by the liberties they took with Affghaun women.

And it must be admitted that there is truth and justice in the language of the indignant Affghaun who figures in the following anecdote.

An Affghaun in open daylight put to death an Englishman at Candahar; he was brought bound before Major Rawlinson. The Major addressed him, "Why have you murdered that Saheb?" The Affghaun answered, "I would kill you if my hands were not bound." The Major, "Why so?" The Affghaun replied sternly, "What business have you infidels to enter our home? You infidels have no business in our home. Affghanistaun belongs to us, and it belonged to our ancestors. What business have you in our home?" An Affghaun present turned to Major Rawlinson, and in order to save the criminal said to him, "Major, he is mad." The murderer heard him, and said, "I am not mad; I am full of understanding: these infidels have no business in our home." Upon which the Affghaun paid the penalty of his crime by death.

Here is another trait of Eastern manners.

Muhammed Taki, the astrologer from Heraut, who came with Abbas Kouli Khan from Persia, for the purpose of getting, by the Shah's influence with the Ameer, his wife, who had been made a slave of by the Türkomauns, both recovered her, and, besides this, received one hundred ducats from the Ameer. When he came to the garden of Jesman-Doo, to our surprise, without his wife, Abbas Kouli Khan asked him, "Where is your wife?" He replied, "I have looked in the stars for two or three nights successively, and seen one star with a black tail, from which I perceived that misery is *entailed* upon her, and therefore I have resold her for forty ducats and a beautiful high-bosomed slave girl, only seventeen." I never saw in my life a man so incensed as Abbas Kouli Khan. He rose from the ground, cast away his galyoon with such violence that it broke to pieces, and said, "God burn you and your stars. You rascal, you did not look on the stars, but on the money and the beauty of the young girl. I spit in your beard." The astrologer went out quite mortified.

A note on a peculiar faculty of the Türcomauns is curious.

An extraordinary power of smelling in a Türkomaun, Khan Saat, from Sarakhs, was indicated to me here. He said, drawing up his nostrils, "I smell a caravan of Usbecks;" and a few hours a caravan from Organtsh arrived full of them. It is remarkable how the Türkomauns know, by the footsteps in the desert, the person who has been there, nay, the very tribe of Türkomauns that has passed. When Türkomauns or Calmucks saw people talking from a distance, I frequently heard them say, "Let us draw our ears." They then lie down on the ground, and hear from a distance what even two persons whisper together, and relate the exact conversation.

It will be seen from these passages that there is a great deal of interesting matter in this work, which may be commended to the book-club.

FICTION.

The Whiteboy; a Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

THIS, the second of Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL'S series of novels intended to innovate upon the *established* form of three volumes, and the *established* price of a guinea and a-half, is a worthy successor to *Mount Sorel*, with which the enterprise was begun. The entire success of the experiment is proved by the communications of the various booksellers, who from time to time have recorded their experiences, in our columns. It is now proved that a first-rate novel may be printed in two volumes instead of three, and sold at twelve shillings instead of thirty shillings, with advantage to author and publisher, as well as to the public; and we believe that the lowest remunerating point has not yet been reached.

The Whiteboy is one of Mrs. HALL'S best works, and it has a value beyond its mere merits as a novel. It is written with a purpose—a generous, a patriotic purpose—to probe, or rather to exhibit, the sources of the ills of Ireland and to suggest remedies. Her knowledge of her country and countrymen enables her to contribute largely to the one, while the mental character of her sex, limiting the range of thought to the circle of the perceptions, disables her from much advancing the other.

Whether the design, which adds thus to the value, will increase the popularity, of *The Whiteboy*, is another question. Experience, we believe, has proved that didactic novels are not generally so successful as others. There is an aversion on the part of those who read for amusement to be entrapped into instruction, and they who seek knowledge look upon it with suspicion when mingled with a fiction. But if any writer can conquer this prejudice, Mrs. HALL will do it. Her didactic design is conveyed so unobtrusively, insinuated rather than declared, that the reader scarcely notices it, and she contrives always to frame so attractive a plot, and to excite such an interest in the personages by whom it is conducted, that the attention is absorbed by these, and the lessons intended to be taught by the tale are not perceived until the whole is imprinted upon the memory, when the tendencies of the entire machinery become distinctly visible.

Mrs. HALL asserts that at the bottom of Irish discontents, the true cause of the disappointments that have attended all attempts at conciliation, the source of the ceaseless agitation and the fuel that feeds the cry for repeal—which to an Englishman sounds so much like madness—lies a traditionary belief that the soil was taken from the Irish people by robbery and confiscation, and that there can be no justice for Ireland which does not include the restoration of the lands to the descendants of their original owners. Such an idea is very likely to sway a people so imaginative as the Irish; it is an intelligible, practical proposition, and believing that repeal will accomplish it, they cling to repeal with an enthusiasm difficult to be understood by those unacquainted with that power of the emotions and deficiency of the reasoning faculties which distinguish the Irish character.

The remedies she suggests do not exhibit the same sagacity. The best of English landlords, were he to create a Paradise upon his estates, so far as respects the substantial welfare and real happiness of his tenants, would fail to remove the hostility of the Milesian to the Saxon, simply because the former begins by assuming that the latter is in wrongful possession of his property, and the greater the vigilance and exertion of the landlord, the more would the tenant be reminded of his ideal loss, and his imaginary wrong rankles in his mind, colouring all his views, and distorting the fairest deeds of the man whom he deems his spoiler and supplanter.

Such are the views which the novel of the *Whiteboy* is intended to illustrate. The materials for the story are very like those which make up the greater portion of Irish fictions, or rather, we should say, of the fictions about Ireland and the Irish. There is a kind landlord, a demon in the shape of a middle-man, a sharp attorney, a personage to do the mystery and bring things about that can be made practicable by no ordinary means, officers of the army, officers of excise, officers of justice, and a sort of chorus or crowd of peasantry in the background. This staple of an Irish novel Mrs. HALL has been unable to throw aside, probably because without them the tale would not be Irish; but they are used with great dexterity and skill, and she throws in touches of her own, sketches from nature under new aspects, traits of the heart as it is in the world rather than as painted in books, which give to ordinary materials a new aspect and an added value which imparts even to commonplaces the air of originalities.

The Whiteboy is one Lawrence Macarthy, boasting royal descent, but proud as he is poor; a man who is ashamed to beg, unwilling to work, reckless of confusion, in which he could lose nothing, and might gain. With the too common impulse of such men to avenge upon society the consequences of their own follies, he joins the Whiteboys, and associates with him a retired officer, who is tempted mainly by a passion for Macarthy's sister. We will not mar the reader's pleasure by anticipating the plot. But of the characters who figure in it we must name two or three as drawn with masterly skill. Foremost of these is the Whiteboy himself. Macarthy is an admirable life-like portraiture of the class from which he is sketched. His faults are, as in nature, mingled with virtues, which flash out at moments when they are least exhibited, and then the mind relapses into its habitual recklessness and disregard of moral obligation.

Of an opposite hue is the character of the young English squire, Edward Spencer, who dares to think that property has its duties as well as its rights, and visits his estates to see those duties done. He contrasts strongly with the resident landlords, who are painted with a stern pencil, but not in quite such dark colours as they have been represented by other Irish novelists.

Another admirably conceived and powerfully sustained character is the middle-man, Abel Richards, a very personification of cunning, selfishness, meanness, and grovelling hypocrisy.

After such remarks, it is almost unnecessary formally to recommend the *Whiteboy* to all book-clubs and circulating libraries; and that our readers may have a glimpse of the style and tone of the composition, we subjoin two or three striking passages in illustration of our remarks.

The feelings that once prevailed among the ascendancy party, though now happily extinct, are well shewn in this description of

A MAGISTRATES' MEETING.

Before the entire party—who, after various messengers had been despatched for them, came dropping in by twos and threes—were assembled, he took occasion to tell his host the outrage he had witnessed on the road.

"My dear Sir," exclaimed one who was amusing himself by tossing fragments of oaten bread into a dog's mouth, "the fact is, you are new to the country, and do not understand our ways."

Edward turned so abruptly round on the speaker, while his deep intelligent eye inquired more eloquently than words could have done the meaning of what he had said, that the Dean laid his hand on his arm.

"The fellow, depend upon it, deserved what he got, or he would not have got it it," added the speaker.

"But his life has been taken, Sir," replied Edward; "and surely the military are not suffered to rough-ride through a country and butcher whom they please."

"Really, Sir," said a blustering, burly, jovial-looking 'squire in top-boots, a blue coat, and buff waistcoat, "Really, Sir, where we have so much to investigate that is important, I cannot see the use of occupying time about what is not—bothering and confusing one thing with another."

"Easy, easy, my good friend," interrupted as jovial and good-tempered "a spark of the Emerald" as any in the hall. "Easy, I say. From the notes Mr. Spencer made on the spot, which our reverend friend the Dean has just shewn me, I'm thinking its one of my tenants that's shot, and one that never was a gale behind; and I must have it seen into immediately."

"But, Sir," observed Edward, "what does it matter whose tenant he was? he was a man and a subject."

"A Papist rebel, I'll go bail," interrupted a voice.

"Well, Sir, said Edward, "and if he was, he had as good a right to the protection afforded by the laws of his country as either you or I—he had a right to a fair trial."

"Bathershin!" exclaimed the same rough and thundering voice.

"I do not understand what the gentleman means," observed Edward, with a look of inquiry to the Dean, who only smiled.

"What do you mean by calling a tenant of mine, a 'Papist rebel?'" said the gentleman who was, with Dean Graves, looking over Mr. Spencer's notes.

"What I say," replied the county colossus, as, striding forward from amid a group who indulged in the bad habit of standing round the fire or the fire-place, he marched across the room, and looked the querist full in the face. "A Papist rebel, I'll go bail," he repeated; "and as to such a fellow having a right to a fair trial, or a trial of any kind, I deny it *in toto*. A trial! Cock a Papist up with a fair trial, indeed! If I had my own will and way, I'd soon quiet the country: I'd shoot 'em like so many rats!"

"I dare say you would," observed the person he addressed, and who seemed rather to shrink from coming in contact with one who appeared to Edward half giant, half savage; "but you would'nt like a good paying tenant of your own to be shot, Mr. O'Driscoll."

"It shall certainly be investigated," repeated Edward: and his quiet, calm, determined tone had a peculiar clear and impressive sound, following, as it did, the rolling thunder of the giant's brogue, and the sharp clamour of the eager speaking of the past minute. "I ask not concerning any man's faith—"

"Don't ye, though?" interrupted the giant. "Bedad, my boy, you've a great deal to learn, then."

The feelings of the peasantry, on the other hand, are exhibited in this sketch of

A WHITEBOY MEETING.

There was a breathless silence while the huge "Munster man" heaved himself forward; and though he stood upon no elevation, he was taller than Lawrence, who kept his position on the tomb; his enormous proportions made the more slender figures of the two leaders appear like those of boys. Byrne took off, first his hat, then his wig, which he must have worn because his father did so before him, for his hair was abundant, though somewhat frosted by time; he then looked round with a sheepish look, throwing a sidling glance over the crowd, which now appeared distinctly; for several, following Murtogh's example, had kindled torches of bogwood, that, as the wind lulled, burnt steadily enough. He spoke in English, and "Doyle of the Cars" translated his words into Irish, for the benefit of those who did not, as Master Mat would have said, understand "the Vulgate." He spoke slowly, as if resolved to curb his natural impetuosity.

"Boys," he said, "boys! I am no great hand at speech-making, though I believe it's pretty well known that I'm a good hand at the fist. Boys, what I have done is well understood by yez all. The blue wathers of my own lake could have informed (only they'd scorn it), ten years agone, where the process-server slept—who darkened my door a living man, and left it a dead one. He had his pistols and his *cutlash*, and above all, he was armed with the law at his back. I—I had *this*," and he held forth his clenched hand, that could have felled a Goliah; "these bones aginst his pistols, his cutlash, and his law. I never saw tithe-gatherer, taxman, or soldier, that would force me to turn my back."

"We belive all that," interrupted Lawrence, knowing, that if he got upon his feats of strength, there would be no termination to his harangue; "we know that, good Byrne; but the night is passing, and our friends have far to go."

"Young blood wants patience," answered the man. "Hours will pass, and friends will wait. But there's enough said; all know me, and all know Saint Columbkill's and Pasthorinis' propheeies, which are working round, glory be to the Lord! plain as the sun at noon-day. There's only a little management needful, to trap every one of our persecutors and their myrmidons. Why, look, boys, it's asy, and natural, and it shews how small a

light may kindle a great fire. Look now, all the men in Munster and Leinster couldn't have saved our strange captain's life last week, an' he lying wounded in Labbig Owen's bed over there in Glen Flesk, but for the wisdom of Macarthy, and the 'cuteness of Murtogh, the Macarthy's foster-brother. Murtogh's a jewel, so he is!" said Byrne, pressing his hand down upon Murtogh's head with the fondness of a father for a child, though Murtogh staggered beneath the affectionate pressure. "Murtogh's a jewel! There was more than ye know of, wishful that the captain should be left to lie asy; and one who, maybe, afther all, will turn out nothing but a bird of two weathers, would have given his breath to save him. But nothing could turn the devil's pack from the devil's hunt; and what did Murtogh, wild as he looks—faix it's proud I'd be of ye, if ye war my boy, Murtogh dear—but I've no boy now."

"No, poor man, God help you, you have not," exclaimed a sympathising voice, for the strong man remembered when he had two sons, who had been "sacrificed" to the offended laws of their country.

"Oh, to see the nature of him, and he such a giant!" exclaimed another.

"Mr. Byrne, Sir," said a third, "keep a good heart; for every drop of blood that was in their bodies we'll have a life yet."

"Thank yez all for yer mercy, God bless yez, ye'r the right sort any way," he replied; "only the wakeness comes over me mighty strong, so it does, when I think of them; sometimes, I see 'm as plain as light—the rosy twins, sleeping on the white bosom of the mother who died, as ye all know, under the—"

His emotions prevented his utterance, his huge features became convulsed, he struggled to speak; one of his friends handed him a noggin of whiskey, he drank it off, and then, apparently relieved, returned to the subject which the remembrance of his own sorrow had drawn him from.

"Well, my friends (for friends yez are to every heart in trouble), well, what did he do, but he took the 'Natural' on himself,—the 'cutest lad in all Cork took the 'Natural' on himself,—and tumbled on before them just as a partridge or a lark (poor innocent birdeen) would do before a hound, just to 'tice it from its nest. Well, boys, he was the finest fool ye ever saw, and bore all the little innocent divarshin, such as prodding him with bagnetts and the like to make him jump and twist faces for their divarshin—most wonderful!"

"They'd have spitted me in earnest to make me spin like a cockchafer once," put in Murtogh, "but for Mr. Spencer, God reward him, who has a heart to the poor, though he didn't know me from Adam." * * * *

Byrne recommenced his explanation, which the few words of Lawrence had interrupted.

"Now, boys, attend to me, draw round—that's it. We all know the character that the lakes of Inchageela and these mountains have got; well, dears! you know the pass of Keim-an-eigh; you know how the rocks stand up each side of the mountains, and how the stones grew big as they grew old; you know its twists and turns, and how the ancient holly and yew-trees stand about, and the ivy makes hiding-places; you know, that when you get in you don't see ten yards afore ye the way to get out. Now, boys, this is it; the morning after next, I've reason to know, the cut-throat soldiers mean to scour the country, and here's a list of the gentlemen (and Black Aby among them) that's to meet 'em at the end of the pass."

There was a rush forward, every face was turned towards Byrne; countenances deeply marked by strong and vehement passions, throbbing with anxiety, were all upturned towards him.

"I'll read my list in a minute, boys, as soon as ye'll hand me over one of them bog-lights, for the sight isn't what it was in my ould eyes; but before I begin that, or go any farther, so as to spread my plan before yez—how we'll belay them—tempt them—and set 'em and finish 'em, nor let one escape—give the ravens their prey, and thicken the mountain-streams with the blood of our tyrants—I'd be just glad to know on yer faith an' yer hope of salvation, if ye'r all book-sworn, in the face of God, man, and yer country? the true, free oath, which if every man present doesn't subscribe to, we know how to make him. I ask ye again, as yez shall answer before the Almighty at the last day, are yez all sworn, boys?"

But though Byrne spoke at the top of his voice, he was answered by one less powerful, but more clear and more distinct, than his own—"No!"

In conclusion, we take a scene in which Mrs. HALL has availed herself with powerful effect of the popular superstition of

THE BANSHEE.

Lawrence, to whom every foot of the coast from Cork Harbour to Cape Clear was perfectly known, remembered how deep the water was at either side of the narrow peninsula they must pass to reach the shore, and which jutted from the base of the proud headland, a natural and most picturesque pier: the coast-guard had rendered the almost perpendicular ascent from this "pier," to the cliff-head, more secure, by cutting steps, fixing posts at convenient distances, and connecting them by a rope: the pier itself was tolerably broad—broad enough, at least, for two persons to walk abreast; and though washed over at high-water, it was by no means as "slippy" as might have been expected. No boat could have approached beneath the promontory, but for this freak of nature—casting her rocks into the heaving ocean, which, in the calmest times, rolled with a mighty swell beneath. As they drew near, the boat was lifted silently upon the crest of the intermediate wave, called emphatically "the death wave," and then descended so rapidly into the trough of the sea, that Ellen raised her eyes to the solid-looking mass of leaden-coloured water with an hitherto unknown feeling of terror: the sensation was quite new to her—as it must be to all who for the first time mount and sink upon this awful swell. * * * * Abel Richards had frequently partaken of and distributed what was deemed in those days necessary to "keep up the spirits," or to "stimulate exertion." Its effects became gradually more and more visible; it had for some time swelled his exultation into insolence, and while it thickened his articulation rendered him more lavish of his words: disgusting, at all times, the drink rendered him even more so than usual, as with breath heated with liquid poison he uttered prayers and imprecations at the same moment. Ellen raised her eyes to Heaven, and then fixed them on the beacon-light and the irregularities of the cliffs: she fancied that her wearied body and over-wrought mind conjured a vapour into a vision, but as the boat heaved, she saw gliding from the pier—gliding smoothly and without effort over the pointed crags—the same figure with hooded head and outstretched arms, the very figure which years long past she had seen crossing the river on the memorable night when her aunt and Madame Macarthy breathed their last. She watched the apparition gliding through mid-air, its cloak floating behind it, the arms raised; up—up—and then—that was no freak of her imagination, for it roused the attention of her companions on the water—a shrill piercing scream; another, that made Lawrence start; his eyes glared and his cheek flushed; and Murtogh shuddered, uttered a suppressed groan, and hid his face; while Abel Richards instinctively crossed himself upon breast and brow—the habit of his early days reviving with all its ancient force during the brief moment of terror.

Again the shriek was heard; but fainter, and from a distance.

"Lawrence!—my brother—Lawrence!" exclaimed Ellen, in a tone of anguish. And she cast herself on her knees by his side.

"It will be soon over with me after *that*, Ellen," he murmured in reply: "but it makes me sure of one thing; the Banshee never cried for a base-born Macarthy."

Murtogh roused himself—sat up—and said, "Thank God for it."

"There's the first gray of morning," observed the sergeant, after a pause; "and the lull came over the waters with the scream of them sea-birds. Row, boys, row—three minutes will do it now—steady."

"The sae-birds!" stammered Abel Richards, with a thickened utterance and a triumphant chuckle, determined to do away with the impression his involuntary action might have created. "It's not s—s—sae-birds." He lifted his hat with half-drunken gravity, swinging from one side to the other. "Gentlemen—as I was going to observe—it's a case of de—ci—ded blasphemy to call it the voice of sae-birds!—Cock sae-birds up, with such (as the poor benighted sinners call it) an *ullagawn* as that!—Not it, indeed! Brethren!—I am of a meek and merciful disposition; and though it may be a sin, it's the wakeness of my nature to be merciful—*that* sae-birds!" He clasped his hands together. "No—it's the screeches of Papists, howling in h—!"

But before he completed a sentence so fearfully in accordance with the brutalizing theory of his latter days, the boat reeled violently: it could hardly be said there was a struggle, but two men rolled rapidly and heavily into the dark deep waters, that swelled and fretted and splashed; and the waves closed above them as the boat shivered and then regained its position. A low cry of mingled horror and astonishment burst from some of the men, while others seemed as though struck by lightning. Lawrence, with natural bravery, made an attempt to spring in after them; but he was unable to accomplish his purpose, his guards at either side preventing it.

Undine; a new Translation, with Illustrations, London: Burns.

THIS popular and delightful romance will be ever welcome in any form or dress. But more especially acceptable will it be translated with a quaintness that identifies it with the original German, and evidently by one who has caught the spirit of its father-land, and writes as if he were author instead of trans-

lator. It is beyond comparison the most faithful and literal rendering of the original into English which has yet appeared; it is exquisitely printed, neatly bound, and illustrated with many spirited engravings. It is just the book for a present.

The Jew; a Romance of the early part of the Fifteenth Century. By C. SPINDLER. London, 1845. Bruce and Wyld.

THIS is one of that excellent, widely-circulated, and very cheap series of fictions published under the name of *The Novel Newspaper*. The reputation of *The Jew* has already gone over Europe, and the translation of it, admirably executed, will be a welcome introduction of the author to English readers. As its price places it within the reach of the poorest, it will be unnecessary to do more than commend it to notice as one of the most powerful fictions of modern times.

POETRY.

Pride, or the Heir of Craven; a Poem. By HENRY COOK, Author of "Adrian," the "Star of Destiny," &c. London. Parker.

This work, we presume, is intended to represent the folly and wickedness of pride in general, by the influence it has over an individual. We confess that any time we would rather see humility taught by examples of humility, than pride subdued by instances of pride rebuked. We hold it the better plan to induce men to love the light by tempting them by its splendour, rather than by shewing the horrors of darkness. The plan of Mr. COOK's poem is, for this reason, not such as we approve, and that we regret the more, for its author seems to be gifted with many of the qualifications of a poet.

The Earl Craven is the *proud* man of the story, and it is nothing in his praise to say that he bears a family likeness to BYRON's eastern tyrants. We refer to the character, and not to any resemblance in Mr. COOK's writing to that of BYRON. Mr. COOK has power enough to rely on himself. Doubtless the Earl Craven will be looked upon as a very naughty man by some young ladies, because, forsooth, he is one of those stern fathers, who knit their brows, and control their daughters' affections.

In the poem of *Pride* we trace considerable artistic effect. The grouping and situations of the characters are often striking, which is as we should have expected from Mr. COOK, who is an artist. We read the character of the painter in the performance of the poet. The colouring of the poem is soft and full. It has more of quiet grace than of bold and dashing thought. It is difficult to select an extract, from a book containing but one lengthy poem, which would do justice to the author. Still we give one which shows that Mr. COOK can write well, and even elegantly.

> It was a sweet, a heavenly thing to see
> That gentle girl in deep humility,
> Bending her suppliant knee before the throne
> Of mighty heaven, sorrowful, and lone,
> Praying in mercy that her sire might feel
> A softer influence o'er his spirit steal.—
> That sweet religion 'ere too late might shed
> Its healing balm on his devoted head.
> She was a being blessed indeed with all
> The heaven-born gifts, which yet survive our fall;
> Bright—pure—devoted in that gentle breast
> Each sunny thought of virtue loved to rest;
> Soft as the wind which fans the summer rose,
> Then dies away in beautiful repose;
> Pure as a tear which from the rolls of Heaven
> Blots out the errors of a soul forgiven.
> Above her father's bed, she softly leant,
> Like some fair thing in pitying mercy sent
> From the high regions of ethereal air,
> To win his sinking spirit from despair,

Mr. COOK is not the first artist who has dropped the pencil, and seized the pen to paint his conceptions in measured words. The poet and the painter have been nurtured in one cradle, and, like Castor and Pollux, they walk hand in hand through life. They share an immortality gathered from the least to the most lovely forms of nature, and from the minutest to the most important human action. The similitude of poetry and painting is in their general design, and not in their detailed characteristics. The object of each is to ennoble, and to lead the imagination to a further and a higher range. So far the objects are similar, but the ability of poetry to do this oftentimes surpasses the capabilities of painting. The painter must localize to the eye the spot on which an action transpires. When the painter embodies an Orpheus surrounded by majestic mountains, in his necessity for creating images for the eye, he sacrifices the ideal power which the poet uses. Looking on their still and mimic resemblance in the canvas, it is hard to imagine that the steadfast mountains could dance, and therefore the *fable*—which is a relative *truth* as it regards the power of music—is incomplete.

Again the painter requires a series of paintings to express a progressive action. The poet takes a shorter route and does by a hint what the painter does by labour. This hint is enough for the imagination, which takes up the subject and the intended result is produced. It is not enough that the painter represents Narcissus leaning over a clear stream, his face reflected in the mirror beneath him. There is a *physical action* to follow, a gradual wasting and pining away of the body, which the imagination can the better supply when the eye has not seen the classic representation of that body. We say nothing derogatory of painting. In many cases it is more pointed, and conveys a more vivid, and rapid impression to the mind than poetry. We have been tempted to say so much because Mr. COOK can seize on the double advantage of poetry and painting. He must be aware of the truth of our remarks, and therefore will be strongly convinced of his superior position. What poetry cannot so well accomplish painting can, and *vice versâ*.

Sin; a Poem. Edinburgh, Tait. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS poem is an exposure of many of the hypocritical frauds of the world. The writer has exhibited them less in the caustic spirit of POPE than in the milder criticism of COWPER. He holds a rod in his hand to chastise the follies of men, but smiles while he uses it. The object of poetry is to unveil the beautiful, but not less is its object to expose deformity. These seemingly separate designs are in reality but one design, for by flinging aside the cloak of deformity a beauty becomes revealed. In this manner do miners throw by the rubbish of a shaft to arrive at the rich ore beneath. Poetry, in the strength of its purity, can afford to come in contact with evils. From such contacts, and from witnessing the Joseph Surfaces of the world, our author nobly exclaims,—

> How dare the hypocrite disgrace his pew,
> Say prayers, sing psalms, as dogs bark, or cats mew?
> Upon his drowsy ear the preacher's art
> Is spent in vain, it reaches not the heart.
> Cast off thy lying cloak, thou man of words,
> Behold the worship of the artless birds;
> They praise their Maker from each waving bough,
> Thou 'neath the aspiring temple deign'st to bow;
> They worship God beneath his own blue skies,
> Thou where the lofty swelling domes arise.
> Nature's bless'd children from each breezy spray,
> From dewy sun-dawn to declining day,
> Long as the breezes blow, the waters fall,
> May your sweet worship earnest prayers recall!
> Far in the swarthy night shall notes be heard
> Divinely warbled, angel is't, or bird?
> Lo! of great Nature, 'tis the priestess voice,
> Offering to Heaven her evening sacrifice.

This is a fair sample of the style of the poet, and it will be seen that the poem before us is not the *first* he has written. Throughout the whole work there is a tone of liberality which adds another evidence to the fact that poetry is an illimitable good, and like light, is all a universality. The mechanical construction of "Sin" is very correct. It is always smooth, and oftentimes highly meritorous, and we dismiss it with the hope that this very little book may produce a large amount of public benefit.

EDUCATION.

The Pharmaceutical Latin Grammar. By ARNOLD J. COOLEY, &c. London, 1845. Groombridge.

THE object of this Grammar is two-fold: 1st, to teach Latin; and 2nd, at the same time and by the same process, to fami-

liarize the ear and mind to the words and phrases particularly employed in pharmacy. This idea is an excellent one, and is ably embodied by Mr. COOLEY. Every illustration of a rule is in words found in medical works or in physicians' prescriptions. We should not hesitate to place it in the hands of a youth intended for the sciences of chemistry or medicine, in preference to the ordinary grammars. It will not only teach him all they teach, but a considerable portion of the alphabet of his profession.

A new French Grammar, with Exercises. By T. A. WOLSKY. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

MR. WOLSKY modestly observes in his preface, that "he does not pretend to offer a *new* or *easier* method of acquiring a knowledge of French." We like this candid admission; it augurs well for any work coming from a man who can appreciate the difficulties of his task. All that he pretends to do is to collect more apt and copious illustrations of established rules. In this he has been entirely successful. It is the most useful French Grammar we have seen, and we commend it to all schools and private families.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

LAST week we lightened considerably the pile that had accumulated upon our table; we now proceed to make a clearance.

For the first time have we to introduce a youthful quarterly periodical, now only in its third number, entitled the *Prospective Review*. It combines theology with the higher branches of philosophy; its leanings are decidedly towards the rationalism of Germany. Profound thinkers and eloquent writers are evidently engaged upon it, and all its articles are remarkable for a largeness of grasp seldom found in modern British literature. The number before us opens with an interesting article on "Müller's Introduction to a Scientific System of Mythology," which should be read by all who desire to understand the spirit as well as the language of the ancient world. This is followed by an "Essay on the Life and Writings of BENJAMIN CONSTANT," of whose opinions a useful outline is given. "Christian Fellowship" is the next theme; then there is a "Notice of the Miscellaneous Works of Dr. ARNOLD;" a powerfully written review of Miss BARRETT'S poems; and a "Memoir of BLANCO WHITE." This periodical is full of promise.

Mr. WELLS has presented the first number of a magazine to be devoted to the science of ærostation. It is appropriately called *The Balloon*, and contains every kind of information on the topic it has chosen.

In a new and handsome cover we did not at first recognize again our old acquaintance, *Wade's London Review*. The August number exhibits steady improvement. The contents are various in style and subject, but all well selected. Although miscalled a review, it is in fact a magazine, and a very clever one, most of the articles being original essays, tales, poetry, &c. The first number of a series of fictions, to be called "Leaves Torn from the Records of Life," is a composition of great power. The books are also very ably reviewed, and we think impartially.

The *Travellers' Magazine*, No. III., for August, is an adoption by a monthly magazine of the plan of the department of THE CRITIC entitled "The Tourist." It contains accounts of travels interspersed with tales and notices of new books. "My First Pilgrimage and Last Tour," by the editor, is a pleasant, lively, graphic sketch; and Mr. JOHNSTON'S narrative of his voyage along the eastern coast of Arabia is very interesting. Whether a magazine wholly dedicated to one theme will prove to be popular we have some doubt, but certainly it ought to succeed.

The seventh part of the *Lectures chiefly Addressed to the Working Classes*, by W. J. FOX, contains discourses on cant—political, social and religious—a boundless theme for laughter or tears, according to the mood of the philosopher; on the "Living Poets," Mrs. JOANNA BAILLIE being the subject of this lecture; on the "Punishment of Death for Murder," which is denounced with unanswerable argument and forcible eloquence; and a fine reflective and truthful treatise on the last report of the registrar-general of births, marriages, and deaths. Mr. FOX wisely avoids the introduction of sectarian differences into the treatment of these topics, but views them upon principles in which all creeds and parties may concur with him. Hence their wide popularity and their utility.

Dr. Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts are now fast being completed. This seventh part treats of the "History of Astronomy," the "Essential Properties of Matter," "Cohesion," the "Sources and Effects of Heat," "The Measures and the Nature of Heat," on "Electricity," on "Equilibrium," and on "Motion," and these are illustrated by many beautiful steel engravings. It is a work that ought to be widely circulated, and to form a part of all popular libraries.

Knight's Political Dictionary. Part VII. completes the first volume of a publication unique in its design, and invaluable to all who take an interest in politics. The articles are written with great ability. This number goes to the close of the letter E, and includes the subjects of "Equity," "Established Church," "Bill of Exchange," "Excise," &c. &c.

The August number of *Simmonds's Colonial Magazine* contains a vast mass of information relating to our colonies, and must be very acceptable both to colonists abroad and their friends at home.

Some weeks have elapsed since last we noticed the progress of that most daring, but, we believe, most successful enterprise of our time, *Knight's Weekly Volumes*. The later volumes have been remarkable for the very high class of literature thus spread before the people, and the great names who have contributed to the work by permitting the use of their valuable copyrights in this cheap form. The fiftieth volume completes Mr. CRAIK'S *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*. The fifty-first is the second of Mr. KITTO'S curious series, entitled *The Lost Senses*—blindness being the theme of the present volume. We have next two volumes of a reprint of Lord BROUGHAM'S famous *Historical Sketches of the Statesmen who flourished in the time of George the Third*. Such a book for two shillings! Next to this comes two volumes of a *Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies*. The writer's name is not given, but they are delightful biographies. It is, we believe, intended to be a work of considerable extent, and to embrace a complete series of the great minds this country has produced. As such it will be an acceptable addition to our national literature. Each volume contains six biographies, and six beautiful steel engravings—and all for one shilling. That delightful writer upon art, Mrs. JAMESON, next introduces us to two charming volumes of *Memoirs of the Early Italian Poets*, a work which she is undoubtedly more competent to undertake than any other author living. Another lady, Madame BLAIZE BURY, contributes a volume on *Racine and the French Classical Drama*, which contains an interesting biography of the poet and a criticism of his writings. The fifty-eighth volume is a new translation, by Mr. G. LONG, of the *Select Lives of Plutarch*. We briefly notice in this place the various subjects of the series. The original works will probably be formally reviewed in their proper departments in THE CRITIC.

Besides these, we have volumes III. to VIII. of *Knight's Cabinet History of England*, a reprint of the text of the *Pictorial History of England*, offered at the same trifling price as the weekly volumes, and which, when completed, will supply every book-shelf with a history of England the most readable and instructive that has ever been written, at the cost of a few shillings only.

Before we close, we must notice one more periodical just received. *The Phrenological Journal and Magazine of Moral Science* is a quarterly publication, devoted to the collection and diffusion of information on the subject of the *Science of Mind*. Its contents are of great and general interest. The number before us has articles on Language, on the Moral Treatment of Criminals, on Intellectual Freedom, on the Variations of Weight in the Human Brain, &c. &c. The contributors are thoughtful and observant men, and the work is one which must greatly advance knowledge upon the subject on which the world generally, but the English in particular, are most ignorant.

RELIGION.

Scriptural Communion with God; or, the Holy Bible arranged in Historical and Chronological order, &c. &c. By the Rev. GEO. TOWNSEND, M.A. Canon of Durham. Vol. I. London, 1845. Rivingtons.

INGENUITY would seem to have been exhausted long ago in devising new forms wherein to present the Holy Scriptures to the regards of the Christian public. The text has been arranged in a boundless variety of combinations; notes of every conceivable kind have been introduced for its illustration, and commentaries without number have been appended by learning, or piety, or eloquence. *Primâ facie* it would have been pronounced impossible to produce the Bible in a new shape.

But to Mr. TOWNSEND belongs the merit of having accomplished this apparent impossibility. He has succeeded in devising a plan by which the Holy Scriptures are presented to the Christian reader in a form more instructive, more useful, more practical, than any edition we have ever seen.

His plan is after this manner. Hitherto the custom with commentators has been to blend in the same notes their devotional, explanatory, or critical remarks; or, omitting some of

the classes of exposition, to confine their attention exclusively to others. But Mr. TOWNSEND proposes to combine, and yet to separate, all these modes of illustrating the Holy Scriptures. The text itself is re-arranged (not altered in words) into a chronological and historical order. This is the basis of his design, and in working out the scheme he divides it into sections, each section consisting of five parts, to wit,—a title, an introduction, the portion of Scripture selected, a prayer founded on that Scripture, and notes for the student or inquirer, to be read at leisure, and not in the family.

The *Introduction* is a plain abstract of the information contained in the notes; an interpretation or paraphrase of the passage of Scripture which follows, and contains also the result of the various criticisms or discussions which have arisen upon that portion of the Scripture.

The *third* part of the section consists of the portions of the Scripture to be read in the family. These average about twenty verses; so that the whole Bible will thus be completed in three years. Passages unfitted for family reading are printed in a smaller type.

The fifth part is the *notes*, and these are addressed chiefly to the student and inquiring. They relate chiefly to the differences between the ancient theology, which is founded on a literal interpretation of the text, and the system of sceptical objections which have taken the name of philosophy.

Such is the admirable plan of this laborious and ingenious work. The excellent author has executed it with a diligence, ability, and learning, that make it one of the most valuable contributions of our time to the cause of Christianity. It is admirably fitted for its professed purpose—family reading and devotion; it will be a prize in any household; and heartily do we commend it as beyond measure the best family Bible we have ever seen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hints to a Soldier on Service. By W. H. MAXWELL, Esq. Author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Newby.

MR. MAXWELL is one of your dashing, spiritedly careless writers, who throw off whatever comes uppermost in the mind, with little regard for the conventionalities of authorship, and in utter defiance of the canons of criticism. His *Wild Sports in the West* was one of the most agreeable books we ever read; his *Stories of Waterloo* were better than nine-tenths of our fictions. The only work not worthy of him was his *Highland Tour*, of which we spoke somewhat slightingly at the time of its appearance; but justly, as he will himself admit.

His *Hints to a Soldier on Service* are in the form of letters from a retired officer to his son just commissioned. They are narrative as well as didactic recollections of army life many years since, and anecdotes of the Peninsular war are mingled with excellent advice as to qualifications which a good officer should endeavour to obtain, and the conduct he should adopt in the various positions of difficulty into which he may be thrown. The facts and anecdotes illustrate the teachings. But the science of strategy is a prominent feature of the *Hints*, and for the exhibition of the principles laid down, resort is had to most of the memorable engagements and military events of modern times.

This is an extensive, an interesting, and a novel field, which Mr. MAXWELL has not made the most of. Here are the foundations, and many of the materials, for a work that become very popular, and take a permanent place in the library as a portion of our standard literature. Mr. MAXWELL would do well to think of this, and seize the first opportunity that offers to recast and enlarge it, arranging its subjects with deliberation, extending his researches, and, in fact, producing that which does not now exist, a popular treatise on the art of war. So far as it goes, these hints may be commended to all interested in their theme. A few specimens will shew the author's manner.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

"My attention," says Colonel Jones, who led the column to assault the breach at St. Sebastian, and was left there wounded on its repulse, "was a short time afterwards aroused by an exclamation from the soldier lying next to me—'Oh, they are murdering us all!' Upon looking up, I perceived a number of French grenadiers, under a heavy fire of grape, sword in hand, stepping over the dead and stabbing the wounded. My companion was treated in the same manner; the sword withdrawn from his body, and, reeking with his blood, was raised to give me the *coup de grace*, when, fortunately, the uplifted arm was arrested by a smart little man, a Sergeant, who cried out, '*Oh, mon Colonel, êtes-vous blessé?*' and immediately ordered some of his men to remove me into the town. They raised me in their arms, and carried me without the slightest difficulty up the breach, on to the ramparts of the right flanking tower: here we were stopped by a captain of the Grenadiers; who asked some questions, then kissed me, and desired the party to proceed to the hospital. On passing the embrasures of the high curtain, we were exposed to a very sharp musketry fire from the trenches; and here it was that we met the Governor and his Staff, in full-dress uniforms, hurrying to the breach. He asked me if I was badly wounded, and directed that proper care should be taken of me."

A fortunate mistake thus saved the subaltern; and a blue uniform and gold bullion epaulette indirectly became the means of his preservation.

Incidentally is noticed a singular

EFFECT OF SHOT WOUNDS.

Showers of grape-shot fell without intermission round the spot, causing an incessant whizzing and rattling among the stones, and appeared at the moment to be carrying destruction through the ranks; but, except the necessity of instantly carrying off the wounded, on account of their sufferings, it caused little interruption to the workmen. It was remarked here, as it had been on former occasions, that a wound from a grape-shot is less quietly borne than a wound from a round-shot or musketry. The latter is seldom known in the night, except from the falling of the individual, whereas the former not unfrequently draws forth loud lamentations.

A SIEGE.

In war, circumstances go far in effecting success and in producing disaster. Burgos proved invulnerable: two years before, Almeida, with every preparation for determined resistance, fell on the second day after Massena's fire was opened upon it. By a fortunate shell, the grand magazine was exploded; and a place abundantly stored, well-garrisoned, and capable of holding out two months, in twenty-four hours was in the hands of the besiegers.

A still stranger occurrence in the history of this fortress succeeded. When, in turn, Massena's tide of fortune ebbed, and he retired from Portugal, Almeida was known to be unprovisioned, and of course its fall was considered to be a certainty.

In no one instance throughout the Peninsular campaign was a French governor of a place of arms tried and found wanting; and with means, and sometimes without means, the spirit and the resources of these able soldiers appears inexhaustible. Brennier, who commanded at Almeida, had been blockaded; but still Massena, "the spoiled child of victory," was in the field, and he expected to be relieved. Strong as that confidence was, he left nothing to uncertainty. He carefully mined the works, and made every preparation by which he might, if necessary, ruin the defences of the place. The heavy firing at Fuentes told him that a severe action had been fought. A day passed—no succour came; and during the night a French private reached the fortress, having with wonderful sagacity eluded the sentries and piquets who were on duty. Tillet confirmed Brennier's suspicions that Massena had been repulsed, and that Almeida must consequently be abandoned.

A stupid general, who requested and unfortunately obtained the direction of the investment of Almeida, permitted Brennier to escape. * * * * * * For two days Brennier continued his work of destruction; and it was effected with so much cleverness, that frequent explosions attracted no particular notice from the blockaders.

He ruined all the principal bastions, and kept up a constant fire of the artillery in a singular manner: for always he fired several guns at one moment, with very heavy charges, placing one across the muzzle of another; so that while some shots flew towards the besiegers, and a loud explosion was heard, others destroyed pieces without attracting notice.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May, the French governor blew up his mines, and boldly issued from Almeida. The way was opened with the bayonet. The garrison fired but little, and they appear to have marched between the bodies of troops posted to support the picquets; and, in particular, could not have passed far from the right of the Queen's Regiment.

Upon the first alarm, Brigadier-General Pack, who was at Malpartida, joined the picquets, and continued to follow and to fire upon the enemy, as a guide for the march of the other troops employed in the blockade; and Major-General Campbell marched from Malpartida with a part of the first battalion of the 36th regiment. But the enemy continued their march in a solid, com-

pact body, without firing; and were well guided between the positions occupied by our troops.

Here is an

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL FOY.

Among the generals whose oppressive conduct and tyrannical exactions had rendered them detestable to the Portuguese during Junot's occupation of Lisbon, Loison was the most feared and hated. From the loss of an arm, he had acquired the sobriquet of "the maneta;" and by that name the very children were taught to dread and curse him. During a popular outbreak at Oporto, Foy fell into the hands of the infuriated populace; and the mob, mistaking him for Loison, called out "to murder *the maneta!*" With amazing promptness, Foy threw both arms above his head; and the rabble, who a moment before had devoted the hated one to destruction, permitted the general to escapeunharmed, when a moment's want of promptness would have consigned him to instant destruction.

Peter Parley's Annual and Christmas and New Year's Present. London: Darton and Clark.

THE very name of Peter Parley carries with it a recommendation to the entire generation of children who have been lucky enough to be young when he was labouring for their enjoyment. An annual by this venerated personage, stuffed with matter that will attract the dullest, gathering the cream of all his works, mingling travels, and tales, and natural history, and poetry, and all of them profusely illustrated with excellent engravings, will be a prize indeed—a more grateful present from papas and friends than the most costly toy that can be procured. In truth, this is such a book as in our young days would have rivetted our eyes to its pages until all had been read and re-read a dozen times at least. We ask those who purpose a present for children just to look at this volume before they buy, and sure we are that then their choice will not be doubtful.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Links of a Chain. By the Viscount D'ARLINCOURT. 2 vols.

UNLIKE our own, the French public gives a hearty welcome to works of fiction condensed into tales, when they are the offspring of a clever mind and the produce of a skilful hand. Among English booksellers there is a rooted prejudice against the *nouvelletes*, which form so pleasing a feature in the literature of other European countries. No clever tale-writer would have a chance of appreciation among us, were it not for the Magazines; and we need scarcely point the attention of our readers to many of those which have from time to time appeared, and are still at no infrequent intervals appearing (among others), in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*. Had DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE been an Englishman, and had he offered his delicious *Undine* to Mr. A—— or Mr. F——, he would have been politely counselled either to burn it or to re-model and elaborate it into a 3-vol.'d work. Where would FREDERIKA BREMER, with her unequally-sized fictions, have found grace and welcome in the Row? How would the German writers—those kings and emperors of story-telling—have discovered a patron among our *soi-disant* bibliographers? We answer boldly, Nowhere and in no way! A certain convention, a species of unholy alliance among the magnates of *the trade*, has, unhappily for the literary reputation of the country, decided upon testing the merits of every work according to its size. They mentally apply a foot-rule to every MS. which is offered to them. No matter how fully the tale may have been told in 300 pages, and the *nerve* of the author exhausted upon the particular subject handled in his work, the number of square inches is not attained. Two-thirds of the labour remain to be accomplished. The publisher must have three volumes, neither more nor less; it is a mystic numeral, upon which the fortunes of his warehouse depend. The book in its present state may be a good book—very likely—but in such a shape he declines to "touch it." Should the writer be weak enough or *necessitous* enough to act upon this prompting, he will, in all probability, bring back his sprightly fancy, which was originally as slight, and fresh, and joyous a sylph as ever was born of summer twilight and a dreamer's brain, expanded into a dull, drowsy, obese specimen of brain-torturing and hair-splitting stupidity. Never mind. The honest critic will, of course, when he handles the book, complain of the wire-drawn discursiveness, of the literary dishonesty, and of the false promise, of the more laboured performance; but what cares *M. le Bibliopole?* He has "done business" through his subscription, and the poor author, whose "first intention" has been lost, while *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, in obedience to his commercial guide, will have to support alike the blame and the loss which *must* ultimately result from so despicable and erroneous a system.

We write strongly upon this point, because we have had *very lately* an example (one among thousands!) under our eyes, in which an unambitious writer, who assumed only to possess materials of a peculiar nature, which would supply a series of attractive magazine articles, to be subsequently collected into a volume, suffered himself to be thus misled by his publisher, brought out his tiny bark in the shape of a fleet of three, and has run the gauntlet through the whole of the independent portion of the press in consequence. What is the meaning—where is the sense of such a system as this? Are writers, like felons, to be timed and distanced upon their tread-wheel, even when conscious that their labour produces no result beyond the wearing away of their own muscles, and of the support on which they lean?

And all this, irrelevant as it may seem, is *apropos* of the volumes of M. D'ARLINCOURT.

The Links of a Chain are a series of very cleverly told stories; either of which, by the adoption of our popular method of bladder-like inflation, might have been readily spun into a very dull novel. M. D'ARLINCOURT and his bookseller, however, knew better than to try the thankless experiment; and the consequence has been, a couple of volumes full of interesting, graphic, and varied matter. Every land has been taxed for its legend, and each is characteristic. There is but one "link" in this pleasant "chain" which we could wish displaced; but that one, although it professes to be the mere record of an old-world event in Normandy, of which a tomb, still in existence, remains to testify the truth, would have been more fitly omitted. Of all the collection, we prefer the opening tale, which is entitled "The Iron Ring." The whole gist of the story may be detected in the opening chapter, which we will give in a condensed form, in order that our readers may be enabled to judge of the noble author's style.

THE TALISMAN.

The celebrated Denon, the Director of Museums under the Empire, the most amiable and the most gracious of the learned of his time, delighted to exhibit to all those who requested the favour of him, the inappreciable curiosities of his cabinet. There might be seen collected, as in a magic palace, the rarest antiquities and the most extraordinary works of art. There, inconceivable wonders, obtained from the four corners of the world, presented one marvellous whole. In short, nothing was wanting to give to the cabinet of the illustrious old man all the appearance of an enchanted dwelling, save diabolical invocations and fairy apparitions.

Madame de Nareuil one day entered the museum of the Egyptian explorer, accompanied by her daughter Stéphanie. She was still a very pretty woman, although her daughter was marriageable, and that she had herself passed through many misfortunes. It is true that she was only thirty-six years old, but the burthen of her sufferings might well have aged her face. She was a widow, and poor.

She passed with considerable indifference before the precious objects which were pointed out to her, until she suddenly paused, and remained fixedly gazing, as if under the influence of some occult attraction, upon a long and open chest, in which lay an embalmed body, enrolled in narrow fillets. The mummy wore upon its brow a species of crown in gilt metal. The case in which it was enclosed was covered with hieroglyphics, and the numerous fillets were of different colours.

Stéphanie, attracted by gayer objects, had left her mother's side. Madame de Nareuil, motionless, remained rivetted before the mummy.

"That was an illustrious princess," said M. Denon, with one of those cunning smiles which gave so much grace and expression to his physiognomy; "she was the daughter of the King of Memphis several centuries ago. Assuredly the high and mighty lady never guessed, upon her death-bed, that her august mummy, withdrawn from the sepulchre of the Pharaohs, would one day leave the shores of the Nile to delight the banks of the Seine. So goes the world; all things change perpetually. Isis could not keep her child: Napoleon dug it up in Africa. Who shall say where Napoleon himself will be buried." * * *

"What does this mummy wear upon her finger?" resumed

Madame de Nareuil, captivated by the Egyptian corse, and unable either to move from it, or to take an interest in any other object.

"It is an *iron ring*, madam; a sort of talisman."

"A talisman!"

"Bestowing happiness. That ring was placed upon the finger of the princess at her death hour, according to the custom of the time, by the magicians of Egypt. It was intended to preserve her remains from all impious profanation. * * * I pray you to remark that the ring has indeed brought happiness to the illustrious African; for three or four thousand years after her death she is admired in Paris; our fair ladies look upon her, and even you feel an interest in her fate. What a signal honour! —what a triumph!"

Madame de Nareuil smiled.

"Would you believe it," continued Denon, "it is asserted that whosoever, down to this day, shall wear that iron ring upon their finger will see the accomplishment of all their wishes, may command every thing, fortune and happiness alike."

"And why then, Sir, do you not wear this ring?"

"In the first place, it is too small to admit my finger; and, secondly, I have it there close to my hand, which is much the same thing as though I wore it. To be its owner suffices."

"Thus, Sir, all prospers with you; your life is one of satisfaction."

"Do you attribute that fact to the ring?"

"I confess that I should like to believe it so."

Madame de Nareuil, as she made this reply, felt almost suffocated. She smothered a rising sigh. How deeply was she, a poor and widowed mother, in want of some good talisman! She had neither property nor protectors. Her daughter, the charming Stéphanie, then seventeen years of age, although eminently favoured by nature, attracted little notice. No proposal of marriage had yet been made for her. Madame de Nareuil, who had once been wealthy, and who had lost at once her husband and her fortune, could not habituate herself to her deprivations; and as her necessities gradually increased, she spent her days in tears.

M. Denon had left her. A thought certainly culpable, a thought perhaps fatal, but inspired by despair, arose suddenly in her soul. At first she shrank from it in horror; alas, ere long it recurred.

"If," said the mother of Stéphanie to herself, "this ring should really be a talisman of happiness—no one is near me—I am alone—If I could secure it—."

And, a few minutes afterwards, full of the idea that in sacrificing her own honour and conscience to the future welfare of her child, she could not be guilty of an unpardonable crime in the eyes of Providence, the poor mother, silently, and in the shade, had stolen the *iron ring*.

"It is nevertheless an evil action which I have committed," murmured Madame de Nareuil, as she entered her own house, accompanied by her daughter; "I have taken the property of another; I have committed—*a theft!* It is true that a link of *iron*, an old rusted ring, is a mere trifle—almost nothing; for, after all, I do not quite believe in the marvellous virtues of this talisman; the days of the fairies are over; nevertheless, I cannot conceal from myself that I have done very wrong, I am highly culpable. My fault, fortunately, will never be known; M. Denon is not likely to discover his loss; he is so surrounded by things of value; and this morsel of old iron, to which he does not seem to attach any importance, and of which he only spoke with a sneer, is intrinsically without any natural value. Besides, he puts no faith, I am convinced, in such superstitious ideas—nor indeed do I;—and yet—I have committed A THEFT."

Madame de Nareuil gives the ring to her daughter, who, on her next appearance in public, captivates the young and wealthy Marquis de Lauvil, who asks, and obtains from the widow, a promise of her hand. The union takes place, urged on by the impatience of the enamoured bridegroom; and immediately after the auspicious event, Madame de Nareuil learns the death of Denon, after a brief indisposition. The honey-moon has not terminated, when the widow receives a letter from an old maiden aunt in Rio Janeiro, requesting her to proceed forthwith to that colony to close her eyes, and to secure an inheritance of 800,000f. to herself and daughter. She of course complies with so pleasant an invitation, and, accompanied by an attached and confidential female attendant, embarks. The young bride, half heart-broken by the separation, insists on transferring the iron ring to the finger of the fair traveller, at least until her safe return. On board the good ship *Argos* Madame de Nareuil is preserved by the talisman from storm and tempest, and even from that scourge of locomotive humanity, sea-nausea. But, alas! in an unguarded moment, Martha, her maid, betrays to the captain of the vessel the important fact that the safety and comfort of her mistress are secured through the medium of the talisman which she wears upon her hand. M. d'Urbinsse, whose moral tactics are not quite so remarkable as his nautical abilities, seizes an opportunity, when his passenger chances to have dropped asleep upon a sofa in the great cabin, to draw the ring from her finger, and to secure it. Thenceforward the commander of the *Argos* appears to control the winds and the waves. The storms sweep by him upon their errands of death, but never linger above his masts; the sea runs rippling past, like some vast lake, lucid as a mirror, and bright as a bride's smile; while poor Madame de Nareuil, half-frantic at her loss, lands in Rio Janeiro only to find her aunt a corse, and to be met by a will, bequeathing her whole fortune to her agent, who has already taken possession of the estate. On her passage out she has, however, attracted the attention, and been much indebted to the courtesies of a certain M. de Malarin, who, strangely enough, although they had never previously met, appears to be fully aware of the real cause of the value which she attaches to her lost ring, and which, we need scarcely remark, she fails to recover. In vain does she question him upon the subject; he is all mystery; and that mystery is to her fearfully deepened, by his frequent mention of the name of Denon, with whom he nevertheless declares himself to have been entirely unacquainted. On landing they part, but not before she has urged him never to forget his promise of using his best efforts to regain her vanished treasure; to which he replies by ambiguously assuring her that he will spare no pains in order to restore it to "its rightful owner."

On discovering the fraud which has been committed by her aunt's agent, and having no further cause to linger at Rio Janeiro, in six or eight months after her arrival she takes her homeward passage on board the Alcyon, when, to her astonishment, the first person whom she encounters on the deck of the vessel is M. de Malarin. To her exclamation of pleased surprise, he frankly admits that the circumstance is by no means accidental; he had heard of her projected return to France, and was anxious to bear her company. M. d'Urbinsse, meanwhile, the thief of the theft, has, by some unaccountable means, become the possessor of millions—millions in six months. He must have been overtaken by a shower of golden rain. Madame de Nareuil compares the period in which his sudden prosperity commenced with that of her own loss; they tally to an hour. The delinquent is in Sweden, and doubtlessly the talisman still bears him company. What is to be done? And upon what, after all, can Madame de Nareuil found her own claim to the treasure-giving ring? Her certainty of the identity of her spoiler is, however, fixed by the confession of the unlucky Martha, who, in a paroxysm of remorse, avows her indiscretion.

Before she leaves the colony, the widow has received one solitary letter from her daughter, in which the fair Marchioness, in a strain of frightful despondency, darkly hints at certain causes of unhappiness, which had evidently been detailed in her previous correspondence, and which had failed to reach the disappointed exile. On her homeward voyage, she communicates this new anxiety to her friend De Malarin, who, as usual, appears to be perfectly cognisant of the whole affair, but who declines entering upon the subject, merely assuring her that although she must prepare herself for a heavy misfortune, it is nevertheless not without its concomitant consolation. M. de Malarin, *en preux chevalier*, escorts the fair traveller to the very door of the Hotel de Lanvil, and she ultimately learns, some five minutes previously to her arrival there, from her almost omniscient companion, that she has no longer a son-in-law.

A MEETING.

Informed of the arrival of her mother, the Marchioness ran to meet her. The two widows fell into each other's arms, their tears were mingled, and they were not all bitter ones. The first emotions over, Madame de Nareuil examined the appearance of her daughter with a scrutiny from which nothing could be hidden. Great was her astonishment. Stéphanie, fairer, more joyous, and more beautiful than ever, bore in her blooming face no trace of suffering. Her elegant and somewhat coquettish half-mourning dress contrasted admirably with the fairness of her skin. Serenity sat upon her brow, a smile played about her lips, and the brightness of her fine eyes had been dimmed by no very profound affliction. In short, the Marchioness was resplendent in health and happiness. * * * Madame de Nareuil, established in the delicious boudoir of her daughter, looked around her with considerable curiosity. There, nothing

was austere, nothing was depressing. The air was embalmed with flowers; the hangings were of a sort of slight mourning grey, tending towards pink. The piano was open; some one had recently been singing a ballad, which was yet upon the music-stand. All was gay and smiling on every side. * *

"You never loved him!" said Madame de Nareuil abruptly; "he did not make you happy!"

Stéphanie replied languidly, and in her elaborate refinement of language endeavoured to conceal her embarrassment: "Where death has spread its pall," she said, "we must approach only with respect. Let no man's ashes be reproached." Then, calling to her maid, "Agatha," pursued the Marchioness, "tell the porter that I cannot receive any visitor to-day. I wish to be alone with my mother."

The words had scarcely left her lips, when a servant threw open the door, and announced very audibly,

"The Count Armand d'Urbinsse."

A fine young man entered. By the grace of his manner, and the elegance of his address, it was easy to recognise in him the hero of gilded saloons, and the favourite of fashion. Nothing could be more eloquent than his language, nothing more exquisite than his costume. His coat was of an irreproachable cut; his gloves had emanated from the warehouse of an *artiste*, whose fee was double payment. These, however, were not his only advantages; nature had also conceded to him, as a sort of supplement, an upright character and a noble heart. * *

The Marchioness de Lanvil was evidently embarrassed by his advent. She stammered out a few unmeaning words, but she could not recover her composure. Madame de Nareuil had guessed all at a glance, nor had the name of her daughter's new suitor escaped her. She entered courteously into conversation with the handsome stranger, and inquired his degree of consanguinity to the commander of the *Argos*. The Count Armand was at once his nephew and his heir.

"I am delighted, Count," said Madame de Nareuil, in an unsteady voice, and with a strange smile, "to have met in my daughter's house the nephew of Captain d'Urbinsse." And, as a token of pleasant memories, she extended her hand to the young man. He took it eagerly, and raised it with gallantry to his lips. But, under the white glove of the fashionable Count, Madame de Nareuil was seeking to realize some wild fancy. All at once she uttered a faint shriek—"Stéphanie! I feel faint—very faint." She fell back upon her chair. The Marchioness hurriedly pulled the bell, and the Count Armand withdrew.

"Mother! what ails you? speak!" exclaimed the frightened Marchioness.

"My dear child, send away the servants." The attendants left the room.

"Stéphanie!" cried her mother, wildly, "tell me the truth—you love him?"

"Love who?"

"That fine young man, M. d'Urbinsse."

"Love him! My mother, what a question!"

"You do not deny it, and that suffices. I now know all, my child. And he, without doubt, adores you in his turn."

"He has never ventured to declare it."

"But you have understood him marvellously well. Moreover, if the Count has a passion for you, you cannot help yourself—you must love him. My child, you are under the spell."

"I cannot understand you——"

"He must succeed in every undertaking."

"He *must* succeed! and wherefore?"

"Stéphanie—he has the *iron ring!*"

We will no further follow out the plot than to state that the talisman ultimately falls, by a somewhat questionable proceeding, into the hands of M. de Malarin, who declares that he has restored it to the "rightful owner." Against this assertion, Madame de Nareuil, her daughter, and the Count d'Urbinsse alike protest; each believing that it must have been restored to the other.

"Has he indeed given it back to you, Madame?" inquired the astonished Count, of the mother of Stéphanie. "Is it possible that your ring——"

"My ring!" murmured Madame de Nareuil. "Alas! Sir, this trying moment is indeed one of general expiation. The whole truth must be told. In this case, I perceive, that each of us in turn has taken that which belonged to another. As for me, I will at once humbly confess my error before you all. The first *theft*——was mine. I stole the *iron ring*. It belonged to M. Denon."

"I beg your pardon," said M. de Malarin, with a mischievous smile. "Neither did it belong to Denon. This so-much-coveted talisman was——*stolen* by Denon in Egypt from the sepulchre of the Pharoahs."

"Then whose property can the ring be really considered?" demanded D'Urbinsse, impatiently.

"Whose? Ladies, see."

M. de Malarin moved slowly towards an antique press, covered with carving of the *moyen age*. He threw back the folding doors, and the Egyptian princess, the mummy of M. Denon, with her gilded crown, her coloured fillets, and her chest with its hieroglyphics, stood revealed—upon her hand she wore the iron ring.

"It is indeed herself!" exclaimed Madame de Nareuil. "I recognise her. M. de Malarin is right. *The ring is in the possession of its true mistress.* He has restored it to *the rightful owner*."

"And that ring! and its true mistress," replied the mysterious traveller as he bent tenderly before Madame de Nareuil, "are both your own. Will you accept them? Forgive me all my stratagems," he pursued vehemently; "a secret voice seemed to warn me that I should never really gain your heart unless I became myself the possessor of the precious talisman. Love is always superstitious. Moreover, I had concealed from you the fact that I was the owner of M. Denon's mummy when I first met you on board the *Argos*; and that a note in the autograph of the celebrated *savant* was attached to the mummy, which contained these words, '*She wore an iron ring; but the ring was stolen from me.*' You lost your's; and Martha betrayed your secret. Thence my mysterious words. I appeared to you as a quasi-necromancer, while I became attached to you for life—and now decide my fate. * * * Madame, henceforth, believe me; cast away every idea of illusion; sooner or later *the true* governs all. Earthly happiness and misery frequently depend upon the imagination. We are apt to attribute to worldly circumstances the dispensations of heaven. We think of every thing save of GOD. I have carefully studied the past in your fortunate and adverse days; it was certainly not the magic of the talisman which produced the events that occurred to you; they were simply accidental circumstances that produced the magic of the talisman. But this matters not: magical or not—the ring and the mummy are your own."

"I accept both with gratitude," replied Madame de Nareuil; "but only upon one condition; which is—that the ring and the mummy shall be the property of all the four, and make us happy together."

"*Of all the four! and make us happy together?*" echoed Malarin delightfully. "Know you, that by this arrangement you accept my heart and my vows, and promise a double marriage?"

"Am I not, like yourself, *under the spell of the talisman?*"

"And you!" cried the Count d'Urbinsse, addressing the Marchioness, and ready to fall at her feet; "do you hear this?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And do you ratify the pledge?"

"Am I not, like my mother, *under the spell of the talisman?*"

"Must we still fight?" asked M. de Malarin, approaching the Count with extended hand. "What say you? I am at your orders."

"Sir," answered d'Urbinsse, "am I not, like all the rest, *under the spell of the talisman?*"

And is not this, and such as this, we ask in our turn, playful, rational, and unlaboured as it is, worth a waggon-load of those ponderous triune-stupidities which cumber so expensively the shelves of half our circulating libraries.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Journal of an African Cruizer. By an Officer of the U. S. Navy. Edited by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

THE coast of Africa has not been quite as often described as most of the shores which exercise the descriptive powers of modern tourists. The interest which it possesses has not lost its novelty, and probably an interest would be felt in any thing that was to be told about this singular continent long after its novelty had subsided. The realm to which ancient mystery looked, the home of gigantic marvels, the region around which obscurity and fable in all ages have woven an almost impenetrable veil, it seems to repel, by its noisome pestilence and fever, and by its wild tribes of unreclaimed savages, the inquiry and investigation which its strange position among the nations of the world necessarily invites. We have still, however, the means of learning something of the sea-coast of Africa; of the interior of the greater part of that immense tract of country almost nothing is known. Enthusiastic travellers have explored the countries which Moorish splendour or Egyptian learning and art have rendered conspicuous, and classical students have recalled upon the spot, hallowed by

poetry and history, the scene of DIDO's funeral or MARIUS's solemn and scornful seat. A line of frequent though interrupted settlements are witnesses to the commercial enterprize of more civilized man, and year after year they receive and send back some to tell us a little of themselves, and a little of the territory which immediately surrounds them. But of the heart of Africa we know and we hear nothing. It is fenced off from our observation by lines which may not rashly be invaded, and the land of the negro seems to visit upon the white man who approaches it the long years of oppression and degradation which his race have inflicted upon her children.

The journal now before us extends over a period of more than a year, during which the author cruized off the north-western coast of Africa. One main object of the author's visit, if not the only object, appears to have been to observe the condition and prospects of the black colonies planted upon that coast by the persons who, in America, are termed colonizationists. As might have been anticipated, the author's sympathies and opinions are strongly in favour of the young colony; and throughout the small volume, wherever there is the slightest opening for it, the organ of national self-esteem, for which all Americans are remarkable, displays itself. Apart from this, the journal is amusing; deficient, perhaps, in powers of description, but atoning for that fault by great variety of topic and incident.

Early in the volume we meet with the journal of a fortnight spent on and near the island of St. Antonio. Upon one occasion the party had left the ship in a sloop-rigged boat, which, after tossing about for thirty-six hours, arrived at Genella, a small port in the island, where, under the direction of a mulatto pilot, they landed at nine o'clock in the evening. After eating such a feast as a negro could supply, they sallied out to reconnoitre the village.

Meanwhile, the pilot had not been idle. Though a married man, and the father of six children, he was a gay Lothario, and a great favourite with the sex; he could sing, dance, and touch the guitar with infinite spirit and tolerable skill. Being well known in the village, it is not surprising that the arrival of so accomplished a personage should have disturbed the slumbers of the inhabitants. At ten o'clock, a dance was arranged before the door of one of the huts. The dark-skinned maidens, requiring but little time to put on their ball costume, came dropping in, until, before midnight, there were thirty or forty dancers on foot. The figures were compounded of the contra-dance and reel, with some remarkable touches of the Mandingo balance. The music proceeded from one or two guitars, which, however, were drowned a great part of the time, by the singing of the girls and the clapping of each individual pair of hands in the whole party. A calibash of sour wine, munificently bestowed by a spectator, increased the fun, and it continued to wax higher and more furious, as the night wore away. Our little pilot was, throughout, the leader of the frolic, and acquitted himself admirably. His nether garments having received serious detriment in the voyage, he borrowed a large heavy pea-jacket to conceal the rents, and in this garb danced for hours with the best in a sultry night. Long before the festivity was over, my companions and myself stretched ourselves on a wide bag of straw, and fell asleep, lulled by the screaming of the dancers.

The account of the village, and of the island of St. Antonio itself, differs very slightly from that which is given of several other parts of the continent or neighbouring islands which it fell to the author to explore, and a few extracts may not be unacceptable to our readers.

The people are all negroes and mulattoes. Male and female, they are very expert swimmers, and are often in the habit of swimming out to sea, with a basket or notched stick to hold their fish; and thus they angle for hours, resting motionless on the waves, unless attacked by a shark. In this latter predicament, they turn upon their backs, and kick and splash until the sea-monster is frightened away. They appear to be a genial and pleasant-tempered race. As we walked through the village, they saluted us with "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Whether this expression (a customary courtesy of the islanders) were mere breath, or proceeded out of the depths of the heart, is not for us to judge; but, at all events, heard in so wild and romantic a place, it made a forcible impression on my mind. When we were ready to depart, all the villagers came to the beach, with whatever commodities they were disposed to offer for sale; a man carrying a squealing pig on his shoulders; women with fruits and fowls; girls with heavy bunches of bananas or bundles of cassada on their heads; and boys, with perhaps a single egg. Each had something, and all lingered on the shore until our boat was fairly off.

Five or six miles further, we landed at Paolo, where reside several families who regard themselves as the aristocracy of St. Antonio, on the score of being connected with Senor Martinez, the great man of these islands. Their houses are neatly built, and the fields and gardens well cultivated. They received us hospitably, principally because one of our party was a connection of the family. I was delighted with an exhibition of feeling on the part of an old negro servant-woman. She came into the parlour, sat down at the feet of our companion, embraced his knees, and looked up in his face with a countenance full of joy, mingled with respect and confidence. We saw but two ladies at this settlement. One was a matron with nine children; the other a dark brunette, very graceful and pleasing, with the blackest eyes and whitest teeth in the world. She wore a shawl over the right shoulder and under the left arm, arranged in a truly fascinating manner. * * * After a good night's rest, another officer and myself left Paolo early for a mountain ride. The little pilot led the way on a donkey; my friend followed on a mule, and I brought up the rear on horseback. We began to ascend, winding along the rocky path, one by one, there being no room to ride two abreast. The road had been cut with much labour, and, in some places, was hollowed out of the side of the cliff, thus forming a gallery of barely such height and width as to admit the passage of a single horseman, and with a low wall of loose stones between the path and the precipice. At other points, causeways of small stones and earth had been built up, perhaps twenty feet high, along the top of which ran the path. On looking at these places from some projecting point, it made us shudder to think that we had just passed where the loosening of a single one of those small stones might have carried us down hundreds of feet to certain destruction. The whole of the way was rude and barren. Here and there a few shrubs grew in the crevices of the rocks, or wild flowers, of an aspect strange to our eyes, wasted their beauty in solitude; and the small orchilla weed spread itself moss-like over the face of the cliff. At one remarkable point the path ran along the side of the precipice, about midway of its height. Above, the rock rose frowningly at least five hundred feet over our heads. Below, it fell perpendicularly down to the beach. The roar of the sea did not reach us at our dizzy height, and the heavy surf-waves, in which no boat could live, seemed to kiss the shore as gently as the ripple of a summer lake. This was the most elevated point of the road, which thence began to descend; but the downward track was as steep, and far more dangerous. At times, the animals actually slid down upon their haunches. In other places they stepped from stone to stone down steep descents, where the riders were obliged to lie backwards flat upon their cruppers.

Into any political questions connected with the colony of Liberia, or its prospects, we of course decline to enter; that it is a bold experiment, no one can deny. To entrust a race only just reclaimed from slavery with the social government of themselves as an established and recognized community, is an instance of faith in the characters and abilities of the leading black colonists beyond any thing that Europe was prepared for. When we hear, as in the course of the *Journal* we do hear, that it is in agitation, both in America and Liberia, to sever the connection between the young colony and the Colonization Society, and that many on both sides are eager for such a separation, we confess we do feel that there is reason to doubt the judgment of the parties concerned, and ground for a suspicion that the benevolent attempt to raise the moral position of the negro must in this instance prove a total failure. The strongest guarantee for the success of the colony seems to be in the very superior capabilities of its governor, Mr. ROBERTS. Those, however, who are inclined to laugh at the progress of the black republic will find ample material in the absurd name of Liberia which it has assumed, and still more in the mock American dignity which the black settlers have either been compelled or have thought fit to assume. Instances appear in what follows:—

Leaving the ship in one of our boats, pulled by Kroomen, we crossed the bar at the mouth of the Mesurado, and in ten minutes afterwards were alongside of the colonial wharf. Half-a-dozen young natives and colonists issued from a small house to watch our landing; but their curiosity was less intrusive and annoying than would have been that of the same number of New York boys at the landing of a foreign man-of-war's boat. On our part, we looked around us with the interest which even common-place objects possess for those, whose daily spectacle is nothing more varied than the sea and sky. Even the most ordinary shore-scenery becomes captivating, after a week or two on shipboard. Two colonists were sawing plank in the shade of

the large stone store house of the colony. Ascending the hill, we passed the printing-office of the *Liberia Herald*, where two workmen were printing the colonial laws. The publication of the newspaper had been suspended for nearly three months, to enable them to accomplish work of a more pressing importance. Proceeding onward, we came to the governor's house, and were received with that gentleman's usual courtesy. The house is well furnished, and arranged for a hot climate; it is situated near the highest point of the principal street, and commands from its piazza a view of most of the edifices in Monrovia town.

The fort is on the highest ground in the village, one hundred feet above the sea; it is of stone, triangular in shape, and has a good deal the appearance of an American pound for cattle, but is substantial, and adequate for its intended purposes. From this point, the street descends in both directions. About fifty houses are in view. First, the government house, opposite to which stand the neat dwellings of Judge Benedict and Doctor Day. Further on, you perceive the largest house in the village, erected by the Rev. Mr. Williams, of the Methodist mission. On the right is a one-story brick house, and two or three wooden ones. A large stone edifice, intended for a court-house and legislative hall, has recently been completed. The street itself is wide enough for a spacious pasture, and affords abundance of luxuriant grass, through which run two or three well-trodden foot-paths. Apart from the village, on the Cape, we discerned the light-house, the base of which is about two hundred feet above the sea.

We dined to-day at the New Hotel. The dinner was ill-cooked (an unpardonable fault at Monrovia, where good cooks, formerly in the service of our southern planters, might be supposed to abound), and not served up in proper style. But there was abundance to eat and drink. Though the keeper of the house is a clergyman and a temperance man, ale, porter, wine, and cherry brandy are to be had at fair prices. Three years ago a tavern was kept here in Monrovia by a Mr. Cooper, whose handbill set forth, that "nothing was more repugnant to his feelings than to sell ardent spirits,"—but added—"if gentlemen *will* have them, the following is the price." Of course, after such a salvo, Mr. Cooper pocketed the profits of his liquor trade with a quiet conscience. He used to tell me that a little brandy was good for the "suggestion;" but I fear that he made, in his own person, too large a demand upon its suggestive properties; for his house is now untenanted and ruinous, and he himself has carried his tender conscience to another settlement.

While in the village, I visited the Court House, to hear the trial of a cause involving an amount of eight hundred dollars. Governor Roberts acted as judge, and displayed a great deal of dignity in presiding, and much wisdom and good sense in his decision. This is the highest court of the colony. There are no regularly educated lawyers in Liberia, devoting themselves exclusively to the profession; but the pleading seems to be done principally by the medical faculty. Two doctors were of counsel in the case alluded to, and talked of Coke, Blackstone, and Kent as learnedly as if it had been the business of their lives to unravel legal mysteries. The pleadings were simple, and the arguments brief, for the judge kept them strictly to the point. An action for slander was afterwards tried, in which the damages were laid at one hundred dollars. One of the medico-jurisconsults opened the cause with an appeal to the feelings, and wrought his own sensibilities to such a pitch as to declare that, though his client asked only for one hundred dollars, he considered the jury bound in conscience to give him two. The doctor afterwards told me that he had walked eighty miles to act as counsel in this court. A tailor argued stoutly for the defendant, but with little success; his client was fined twenty dollars.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN THE TYROL.

(*Continued from page* 305.)

SALZBURG is distant nine miles from Hallein, and in order to arrive at it, the tourist must proceed down the beautiful valley of the Salza, with its green meadows and a few corn-fields. Passports will be asked for on entering Salzburg. The castle at this town should be visited; it was formerly the residence of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and in it will be seen the room in which the Archbishop Wolf Dietrich was imprisoned for having married; also the torture-chamber in a tower, which chamber contains the rack. A rope being fastened to each arm of the prisoner, he was drawn up to the ceiling by two windlasses, with a stone of great weight (about 200 lbs.) attached to his feet. He was then allowed to fall headlong to the ground, together with the stone. Near the window is the place where the prisoners were thrown after decapitation. In the same room is the fatal *oubliette* or trap-door, leading into a dark and deep dungeon. Here also was the Eisen Jungfrau (Iron Maiden). In another apartment are preserved lances and shields, formerly used for tilting; the wooden cannon used by the peasants in the rebellion of 1520-5, and the saddle, &c. of the leader, placed on a wooden horse, and the morning star and other instruments of war taken from them; also a curious organ, 300 years old. The castle is now converted into barracks. The views from it and the Mönksberg, a continuation of the hill on which the castle is built, are magnificent. St. Rupert's cell, in the cemetery at the back of St. Peter's church; the cathedral; and the splendid fountain in the square adjoining it; the cavalry stable; the house in the third story of which Mozart was born; the one where Paracelsus lived and died, with his portrait on the wall; his tombstone in the churchyard of St. Sebastian should also be seen. A fine view may be obtained from the convent terrace on the other side of the river. In ascending to it a great many station shrines are passed, where the tourist will observe some of those bloody representations of the sufferings of his Saviour which in many places during his peregrinations he will have presented to his sight, and which appear so unpleasing and even disgusting to his feelings as a Protestant, whose religion consists rather in the purification of his heart and humble reliance for salvation on the merits and sufferings of his Redeemer, than in the constant contemplation of such horrid and brutalizing objects. When he has seen all that he wishes to see in Salzburg, he may forward his luggage to Innsbruck, and then enjoy a pleasant walk of fifteen miles to Berchtesgaden, in Bavaria. He will have to pass through a narrow defile between the Untersberg (6,200 feet high) and the Hohe Göhl (8,000 feet).

The situation and appearance of Berchtesgaden, in approaching it on a fine morning, with its light elegant church spire, and the hills rising one above another, the lower ones well clothed with pines, and the whole backed by the forked snow-capped Watzman (8,250 feet high), are strikingly beautiful and picturesque, accompanied with grandeur. The Leutehaus here we found to be a very dear inn, it had therefore better be avoided. Berchtesgaden is a favourite sporting residence of the king of Bavaria. There had been a great fête here on the day we arrived, in consequence of the presence of him and his queen. It will be necessary to take a guide from this place to Saalfelden, and set out early in the morning, if it be intended to reach the latter place on the same day, which may be done, although it is rather a long, hard walk. We set out at half-past five in the morning, with the design of completing the journey that day, but were prevented, as I shall shortly mention. At a quarter before seven we reached the foot of the Königssee, where we took a boat, and were rowed up to the head of the lake, which occupied an hour and a half. The scenery of this lake is very grand, wild, and solitary; it is hemmed in by high mountains, rising precipitously from the water, which is beautifully green, distinguishing with pretty effect the deep from the shallow parts by the darkness or lightness of the tint. We parted with the boat at the head of the lake, ascended a very steep path, and walked over rough rocks, through very wild and magnificent scenery; we climbed up a steep ridge of the mountain, and reached the chalets at Fundensee at a quarter before one o'clock, where we were regaled with bread, butter, and milk, and also cold fowl, which last we brought with us from Berchtesgaden. All tourists had better do the like. At a quarter past two we pursued our journey, ascending still over ground yet more rocky and pathless. We heard the marmots whistling among the rocks, and saw a ptarmigan, but no chamois. About three o'clock we were overtaken by a thunder-storm, which compelled us to push forward to reach a chalet for shelter, which we soon afterwards succeeded in doing, having walked about seventeen miles. It is situated on the Steinernesmeer, or Stony Ocean, and is inhabited by two men for three months in summer, for sake of the very scanty pasture for their sheep among the rocks. The thunder-storm continuing, with almost incessant flashes of lightning and constant rolling of thunder, we were compelled to spend the night here with not very comfortable accommodations, but with a hearty welcome from the two simple shepherds who inhabited the chalet, and who kissed our hands with a blessing on presenting them with a small sum of money for our lodgings, and entertainment on goat's milk and bread.

We set out again at half-past six in the morning, and, after a very steep and rough ascent over a sea of barren limestone rocks, with scarcely any vegetation upon them, we reached the top of the mountain at a quarter before eight o'clock. It is well named the Stony Ocean, for it is like a sea of rocks tossed by a tempest. It is almost impossible to conceive any place wilder, or more barren or desolate. We then descended on the other side, which for a long way down is nearly perpendicular,

over a very rough and and dangerous path. At a quarter before nine we reached another chalet, and rested there half an hour, and had some bread, butter, and milk offered to us by some wild-looking, yet hospitable, cowherds. We then continued the descent, obtaining some fine views over the rich green vale of Saalfelden. At a quarter before twelve we arrived at the village of Saalfelden, and here we parted with our guide. At three o'clock, having hired an *einspänniger Wagen*, or one-horse vehicle, we rode about nine miles, and then proceeded on foot over a rough road, impassable for a carriage, and at seven o'clock arrived at Dienten, a small village in the Diententhal, having walked this day about twenty miles. The inn is poor, but with beds, each of them sufficient to hold four or five persons. The tourist may here take an *einspännig* for Lendt, an hour and a half's drive, and may either hire another at Lendt, or proceed on foot (as we did) up a steep ascent, and enter the narrow defile of the Ache, a very fine pass, through which an excellent road has lately been made at a great expense: in some parts it is, as it were, supported on a shelf. It is called the Pass of the Klamme, and is a cleft in the mountain. A fine torrent, the Ache, runs through it. The ruins of an ancient gateway across the road are seen at the head of the pass. The valley of Gastein is then entered—a fine open valley, with snow-clad mountains at its head. At the distance of fourteen miles from Lendt he will reach the village of Hof-Gastein, probably in time for the *table-d'hôte*, about twelve o'clock, where a large and respectable company is usually met with, and girls as waiters in very picturesque costumes. After he has been well refreshed here, he may walk quietly to Bad-Gastein, only five miles further. He will enjoy a fine view of the mountains with eternal snow upon their summits.

Bad or Wilbad-Gastein is very romantically situated at the head of the valley, 3,000 feet above the sea. It is a small but much-frequented watering-place, with a splendid waterfall in the middle of the village. There is a fine view down the valley to Hof-Gastein, which appears nearer than it actually is. The tourist, setting out early in the morning on foot, may next proceed (if he be able to inquire his way, and to carry his knapsack without a guide) up the valley of the Ache, by Bockstein, and pass through the defile of Wilde Graben. The Ache here makes two fine cascades. He will also see an extremely beautiful waterfall, called the Schleir Fall, from its resemblance to a veil. It is very like floss silk spread over the rock. It falls from a height of 300 feet into the Ache, and expands about 100 feet broad near the foot of it, where it contracts again. When we saw it, the rainbow upon it was beautiful. One of the falls of the Ache is seen in the same view with this, a little higher up the river. A monument is placed at the junction of these two streams, in commemoration of the marriage of the Archduke John. After passing these falls, the elevated Alpine valley of Nassfeld will soon be entered, where there are several chalets and glaciers on the mountains above them. Having walked to the head of this valley, he must commence the ascent of the pass of Mallnitz. It is a hard climb of two hours to the top. A little below the summit of the pass, he will find the *Tauernhaus*, where he must rest for an hour or so and refresh himself with the eatables that he must have provided at Bad-Gastein, and with a bottle of the light white Styrian wine he will procure at the *Tauernhaus*, and which will warm and cheer him, as he will find it at that elevation (8,000 feet) very cold. He will probably meet with here a cold raw thick mist; but if it should be clear, he will enjoy a fine view. A man lives alone here the greater part of the year. When he has rested sufficiently, he may commence the descent towards Mallnitz. He will descend with great alacrity after his heavy climb and his refreshment, crossing the Manhard Alp, and passing through a fine forest of pines, larch, &c. and a beautiful valley, and the village of Mallnitz; he will arrive early in the evening at the village of Ober Villach, situate in the Möhlthal, one of the finest valleys in Carinthia, and will have walked this day about thirty-two miles, and will feel himself quite fresh after it. An *einspänning* may be taken here in the morning, to ride up the valley of the Möhl, and in two hours it will reach Stall. Much Indian corn, with fringes of yellow pumpkins, and fine crops of millet, with pretty pink blossoms, will be seen in this valley.

(*To be continued.*)

GUIDE TO THE LAKES.

"I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right Striden edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
And to Cathedicam its left verge was descending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer* had died.

"Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill fox and the raven away."

The following brief guide to the Lakes will be found of great service to parties travelling through that interesting district, because so much valuable information, in such a small compass, cannot be obtained in the guide-books.

To parties of pleasure, wishing to spend a few days or a fortnight in the enjoyment of pure air, excellent water, and picturesque and mountain scenery, there is no part of England which presents so great a variety as the lake district. Fisher's and other well-executed Views of the Lakes induce a person to anticipate enchanting scenery; but the district must be visited before he can duly appreciate the delightful scenes which are constantly presenting themselves to the enraptured visitant, if he possess any taste for picturesque scenery. The pen and the pencil cannot do justice to the works of "Nature's God." Parties from Liverpool, Manchester, &c. may go by railway to Fleetwood, from whence a steamer plies at high water to Ulverstone, or go by railway to Lancaster, and thence by coach to Ambleside; if the former, the tourists may remain a day at Ulverstone, and perambulate that interesting neighbourhood, take a view of Morecambe bay from the hill above the church, stroll round the tastefully laid out grounds and hermitage at Conishead Priory, the seat of Col. Braddyl, and visit the ruins of Furness Abbey, before proceeding to Ambleside, either by Coniston Lake or Newby Bridge, and thence up the lake of Windermere by the steam-boat, stopping either at the Ferry Hotel, Bowness, Low Wood Inn, or on to Ambleside. If Ambleside be the head-quarters, visit Stock Gill Force, behind the Salutation Inn,—make excursions to Bowness, the Station at the Ferry, Curwen's Island, Esthwaite, Coniston, Rydal Lake and waterfalls, Grasmere Lake, Keswick, &c. If bent on an extension of the tour, take a conveyance, or walk from Ambleside, cross by the way of Kirkstone. On ascending the hill you obtain a delightful view of Windermere on the right,—pass Broaderwater to Patterdale, here listen to the echo from the report of a small cannon fired from above the inn; then view Ullswater lake and the waterfall of Airey Force, at Gowbarrow Park; from thence either go along the banks of the lake and on to Penrith, and thence to Keswick, or cross from Gowbarrow Park to Keswick, though it is rather a rough cross-road. At Keswick, climb Skiddaw, and visit the waterfall at Lodore. Do not fail taking a walk to Castle-hill, the view from which cannot be excelled in Switzerland. Then go on through Lorton to Chummock and Buttermere lakes; visit Scale Force from Buttermere,—a waterfall of sixty yards, which is well worth seeing, particularly if there has been a recent fall of rain. Return by the road leading to the church, a little distance from which there is a fine view of Buttermere and Crummock lakes; then ascend the hill, and pass through the Vale of Newlands to Keswick—thence to Ambleside through Whyburn, passing the mountain of lofty Helvellyn on the left, and Whyburn water, the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal on the right. The visitor should not fail, on leaving Keswick, to take a few views from the hill, which commands a most extensive and enchanting prospect of Derwentwater, Keswick, Bassenthwaite Lake, and the majestic mountain of Skiddaw on the right, and Withope wood and hills on the left. This view is equalled by few, if excelled by any, and is alone worth a tour to the Lakes.

The tourist may return from Ambleside through Hawkshead, where he will get a view of Esthwaite Lake, and along the Lake of Coniston, or by Windermere Lake, to Ulverstone, or through Kendal and Lancaster. The route pointed out has the advantage of not traversing the same road twice, and may be travelled by ladies in a gig or open vehicle.

The route may be varied according to the time and distance the parties wish to travel. Supposing a party to arrive at Ambleside in preference to Ulverstone, a conveyance may be taken for a view of Blelham Tarn, Hawkshead, Esthwaite and Coniston Lakes, and afterwards proceed by Rydal, Grasmere, and Whyburn Lakes, instead of by Kirkstone to Keswick. From the latter town the other lakes may be visited, and then proceed to the Lake of Ullswater, and on to Penrith, visiting Lowther Castle, and return to Kendal; or from Ullswater to Ambleside, and along the Lake of Coniston to Ulverstone, and here go to

* In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman (Mr. Charles Gough) perished by losing his way on the mountain of Helvellyn. He had inquired at Patterdale for a guide to Wythburn, but no person could be procured to direct him. It snowed, too, on that day. He was, therefore, advised to remain at Patterdale till the day following; but, unhappily, he did not comply with this advice. The remains of this unfortunate gentleman were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful female terrier, his constant attendant during his rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. This affecting incident gave rise to the poem by Sir Walter Scott, which comprises five verses, two of which we have given above.

Furness Abbey, and afterwards return by steamer to Fleetwood, and visit Blackpool, which is perhaps the finest bathing-place in the kingdom. The close carriage is not an eligible mode of conveyance through this romantic and interesting country, because the beauties of the surrounding scenery cannot be seen to advantage from it.

Parties wishing to see one of the most romantic districts in the north may go from Keswick through the Vale of Newlands to Buttermere, and return by Honister Crag and Borrowdale (although it is a rugged road, and little known or travelled by tourists), taking care to inquire at this place the road to Keswick, which is on the left, and leads to Bowder Stone, from Borrowdale, to Keswick. *Dix's Map of the Lakes, Otley's Guide, Handbook to the Lakes*, and *Tattersall's Lakes of England*, illustrated with plates, will be very useful companions to tourists. By attending to these brief directions, much time and trouble will be saved.

We have pointed out the most interesting parts of the district from whence the beauties of the northern scenery can be viewed, leaving the tourists to regulate the places they visit by the time they have to spend; but a most delightful district may be seen in a week, or less, by rising early, and taking a fresh horse at Keswick, if two travel in a gig. There are comfortable accommodations and conveyances at the inns in the route. Ladies may ascend Skiddaw, from Keswick, where a guide (and ponies, if needful) may be obtained. Probably they would find the ascent of Helvellyn too fatiguing; a guide, however, may be obtained at the inn, near the chapel, in Whyburn. Perhaps the ascent may be found easier from Patterdale, if the lower route be taken, as it is rather dangerous to go over Striden Edge, which is narrow and slippery in some parts. Red Tarn is at the foot of this ridge. Parties should start early, and provide themselves with something to eat, and a little brandy-and-water, also with an umbrella, which will serve as a protection from the sun or the cold blast. The weather, of course, must be fine; and though the climb to the top of these mountains, or fells, is laborious, yet the adventurer will be sufficiently compensated by the prospects they command. The writer of these hints has perhaps seen more of the lake and mountain scenery, in one day, than any other individual, with the exception of his companion. The distance traversed comprised about forty miles, and was accomplished from Lampleugh Cross to a little past the slate quarries at Buttermere, on horseback, and from thence across Borrowdale mountains to Whyburn and Hawkshead, on foot; and as the feat is an extraordinary one, it may probably be worth while to enumerate the objects seen, namely, Lowes Water, Crummock and Buttermere Lakes, Watendlath Tarn, Derwent and Bassenthwaite Lakes, Whyburn Water (which is called Thirlmere), Grasmere and Rydal Lakes, Elterwater, Blelham Tarn, and Windermere and Esthwaite Lakes (which are all the lakes of importance, except Ullswater and Coniston), the mountains of Buttermere, Borrowdale, Langdale, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Rydall Head, Coniston, and many mountains of minor height.—*From the Liverpool Mercury.*

ART.

ROMAN REMAINS IN LINCOLN.—During the excavations on the premises of Messrs. Norton, in High-street, several Roman remains have been disinterred; amongst the rest are several bases of pillars, now in the possession of Mr. Nicholson, architect; and two beautiful coins, in the possession of Mr. Krystaller—one of the Emperor Antonius Pius, who died A.D. 161, and the other of Domitian, who was slain A.D. 96. On Wednesday afternoon the workmen discovered some huge worked stones, at about four yards from the present surface; these have evidently been plinths to some pillars supporting a Roman building; on one is an inscription, which, as well as it could be traced, consists of the following letters:—VIC. HRVPO MERCVRES IVM. Most probably this is incomplete, as in all likelihood it was continued along the fellow plinth. All the earth above the level at which the stones were discovered is made ground.—*Stamford Mercury.*

MUSIC.

New Publications.

I never said that I had Loved. A Ballad. Words by G. J. H. JEWELL; music by G. S. CORLEY. Lawson.

THERE is music in this ballad. The air is simple, and breathes the sentiment of the words. Mr. CORLEY has good stuff in him, which, well cultivated, may raise him to eminence in his art.

I have struggled through Life's busy scenes. Written and composed by T. W. SAUNDERS.

A PRETTY little air that must please everybody, and is adapted for any capacity.

The Village Maid. A Ballad. Composed by S. D. SAUNDERS. Duncombe.

THIS song betrays the hand of a scientific musician. It is beautifully harmonized, and will please by its very correctness. But it has higher merits. The air is very much above the average of drawing-room music. It can be safely recommended to the portfolio.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—*La Gazza Ladra*, repeated on Thursday for the benefit of FORNASARI, went off with undiminished effect, and the attendance was in a very high degree flattering to the accomplished *bénéficiere*, though not more so than his great talents merited. The part he filled in the opera, that of *Fernando Villabella*, was maintained most admirably. GRISI, of course, was the heroine of the piece, supported with unusual animation by MARIO, and with their wonted power by BRAMBELLA and LABLACHE. The opera was followed by a selection from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, mainly supported by the charming CASTELLAN; though we must, in fairness, add that CORELLI'S execution of the beautiful air "Una furtiva lagrime" was not the least attractive feature in the selection. LUCILE GRAHN danced in *La Bacchante*; and CERITO delighted the eyes of the groundlings, more especially in that well-nigh best of ballets, *Alma*. On Saturday *La Somnambula* was repeated. On Tuesday next the season terminates. Under this head we may most appropriately mention that Miss BIRCH, our fair countrywoman, who has been finishing herself under the direction of Signor JUNETTI, and who last year appeared with decided success at the Grand Theatre at Trieste, has been engaged for La Scala, at Milan, a tribute to her talents, in which we rejoice, both on her account and as a testimony in favour of English musical capability. It seems, by the way, a very curious thing that while we are paying foreigners abroad sums to sing in the Haymarket, English vocalists are *fêted* by the most accomplished of all European audiences, those of Italy. It is not at all impossible, that in a year or two hence John and Mrs. Bull will be in a state of breathless impatience to hear "La Signora Birani, *prima donna* at La Scala," who has been induced, by a vast sum, to overcome her reluctance to patronize our foggy island. Should this possibility become fact, however, the certainty will follow, that as soon as the said Signora Birani shall turn out to be English Miss Birch, she will be utterly snubbed by John and Mrs. Bull, and after a season be no more seen. PERSIANI, it seems, is at Florence. Another operatic fact, from the *Recoglitore*, affords us some little consolation, as shewing that England is not the only country where singers and dancers are paid preposterously. "Madame GUISSEPPE RONZI," says the journal in question, "after giving fifteen nights' performance at Bucharest, at 80*l.* a night, has left for Constantinople, on her way to Naples." We may live in hopes, then, of realizing this illustrious personage, in due course, at the small charge of 160*l.* a night, for it would be a material reflection upon us not to give twice as much as the trumpery Bucharestians gave. The sisters MILANOLLO, too, have been making some 30,000 florins in Holland and Belgium, *à ce qu'on dit*.

HAYMARKET.—We recommend our readers by all means to see *She Stoops to Conquer*, whenever it shall next be presented here. They will find GOLDSMITH'S capital play capitally played. Indeed, with FARREN as *Mr. Hardcastle*, Mrs. GLOVER as his doting wife, H. HOLL as *Young Marlow*, JULIA BENNET as *Miss Hardcastle*, and BUCKSTONE as *Tony Lumpkin*, the comedy could hardly be otherwise than agreeably given. Mr. BUCKSTONE greatly exceeded our expectations. Under the admirable discipline which has of late years procured for this theatre so sterling a character, this actor has been shewing more and more, in each part assigned to him in the high class comedies successively produced or revived here, the good stuff that had been previously so long buried in him beneath a heap of careless mannerisms, content with raising a passing laugh. We gladly hail in Mr. BUCKSTONE this new decided progress in the right road. JULIA BENNETT'S performance, as to which, also, we had been somewhat apprehensive, was highly satisfactory. It is well for this young lady that she is impressed with the fact, that in acting, as well as in morals, it sufficeth not to be pretty, but you must be good too. Mr. HOLL dressed, looked, and acted *Young Marlow* excellently. His transitions from bashfulness to brass were managed with true artistic skill. Of Mr. FARREN and Mrs. GLOVER it is superfluous to speak. Several of the minor characters were per-

fectly sustained; it was evident that the lecture which *Mr. Hardcastle* gives his awkward squad in the evening, had been given by Mr. FARREN in the morning before, and with infinitely better success. Mr. H. WIDDICOMB'S *Diggory*, in particular, was capital, and so was Mr. ENNISS'S *Giles;* the look and gestures of the latter, as he imitates his master's action in asking for wine, instead of supplying the demand, was the sublime of self-complacent imbecility. LEOPOLD DE MEYER, on the evening we were present, Tuesday, repeated his most extraordinary performances on the piano, and Mr. JOHN PARRY sang his new song of *Young England*, which was *encored*, knowing that by way of *encore* he would give us something else, which he did in the shape of *Matrimony*. The comedy of *Born to Good Luck* concluded the entertainments, in which Mr. HUDSON appeared for the first time as *Paudeen O'Rafferty*, dancing the "Fox-Hunter's Jig" with Miss P. HORTON, and singing LOVER'S song of *Widow Machree*, as though he were a born Irishman.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The regular season at this theatre terminated on Wednesday; but so attractive have been the performances, and so great it seems the demand which still continued for the *Court Ball in* 1740, and other popular pieces, that a further series of representations was without interruption entered upon, commencing on the Thursday with *The Brigand*, in which WALLACK, of course, sustained the part, so emphatically his own, of *Alessandro Massaroni*. The other entertainments were, *The Swiss Cottage*, *A Court Ball in* 1740, *The Nervous Man*, and *Mrs. Caudle*.

VAUXHALL.—The Fancy Fair and Carnival al Fresco, in aid of the funds of the Licensed Victuallers' School, Kennington, was repeated at these gardens on Tuesday. In addition to the other entertainments, Mr. and Mrs. GREEN ascended in the Albion Balloon, amid the plaudits of some 5,000 or 6,000 spectators. They ascended from the Waterloo Ground, and the sky being clear, the balloon was visible for a considerable period. It descended safe and sound at Eden-park, Beckenham, the seat of Mr. Edward Lawford, by whom the adventurous æronauts were hospitably received. The machine during its progress had, according to Mr. GREEN'S statement, never attained a greater altitude than 2,800 feet. The thermometer, added the veteran skylark, never much below 61 degrees, and from the observations he made, he was of opinion that a favourable change in the weather is likely soon to take place. (This meteorological matter is not altogether in our department, but such good news is welcome from any quarter.) Meantime, the royal property had become fuller and fuller, so much so, that at last it was estimated that not fewer than 10,000 persons were present. The stalls were well attended, and the goods went off very satisfactorily. There were besides a poem written by Mr. SMALLEY, the Secretary to the Institution, and recited by the senior boy; a vocal and instrumental concert, a new ballet, tight rope feats, tumbling, real gipsies, Musard's band, ably conducted by Mr. WILLY, illuminations, fire-works, &c. &c. Mr. GREEN made another night ascent on Wednesday.

SURREY THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. C. MATHEWS have entered upon an engagement at this theatre. During the past week they have been playing in *The Swiss Cottage*, *Patter* v. *Clatter*, *Used Up*, *Brother Ben*, and *The Loan of a Lover*. We trust that the spirited enterprise of Mrs. DAVIDGE, in securing the services of these eminent artists, at doubtless a very high remuneration—for Mr. MATHEWS and his wife set no slight value upon their services—may meet with its due reward. As to whether it was necessary to enter upon this large additional expense, is matter of question, which the lessee is best judge of; but it certainly seemed to us, whenever we have visited the theatre, that matters were going on very well as they were. The local public of the better class, however, are decidedly gainers by the arrangement; and perhaps, as a necessary consequence, their suiting their convenience must be beneficial to the establishment, though the prices of admission have not been raised.

SADLER'S WELLS.—*Richelieu*, followed by a couple of amusing farces, has been attracting good houses here. On Monday, *Macbeth* will be produced, and on Thursday, MASSINGER'S *Fatal Dowry*, both of which performances we counsel our readers to see.

ASTLEY'S.—The last new novelty here has for its style and title *The Conquest of Scinde; or, the Heroine of the Indus, and the Siege of Hyderabad*, founded, of course, "on the heroic achievements of the British army in Northern India;" and with tremendous effect, with terrific *vraisemblance*, are those achievements represented at the Royal Amphitheatre. Not with more determined resolution, not with fiercer fury, fought the soldiers of SALE, under the influence of future *batta*, than fights "each bold Ajax" of Astley's, under the influence of present BATTY. We have never seen a real battle, and have not the slighest desire to make personal acquaintance with "the iron face of war;" but its likeness, as here exhibited to public view, is decidedly inspiring. The whole thing, in fact, is decidedly Homeric. The armies are on a scale of fearful expenditure, and their marchings and countermarchings, their stratagems and wiles, the splendid charge of the British horse and foot, were followed forthwith by the panic-struck flight of the Beloochee villians, and were truly military. If Field-Marshal the Duke of WELLINGTON could only be induced to witness them, as sure as a gun he would send Mr. BATTY his compliments the very next morning. The conduct of general commanding-in-chief DANNAVILLE, and of general commanding-in-particular, WIDDICOMB, is throughout beyond our feeble praise. Late Governor-General ELLENBOROUGH alone could find adequate language wherein to thank these gallant men; but we would not desire to lacerate his feelings by thus bringing before him this vivid representation of the scene of his triumphs, whence he was so unthinkingly hurried; and Lord BROUGHAM is unhappily out of town *pour le moment*. By all means, let our readers go and see *The Conquest of Scinde*. As a spectacle such

> As Pallas' self might view with fixed delight;
> Or, would the god of war incline his eyes,
> The god of war would own a just surprise.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Scarcely a week passes but we have to record some new invention making its appearance at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. This week we find exhibited an invention for impelling locomotive engines up inclines. It is the invention of a gentleman named COLEMAN, who has just brought it from America. It appears perfectly competent to do all that is required of it, and prevents the necessity for cuttings and tunnelling on railways. The gradient, up which this little engine draws very heavy weights, is on the scale of 800 feet in the mile, or nearly one foot in seven rise. It is provided with an Archimedian screw, between the axles of the carriage, which, on coming in contact with a series of friction rollers placed exactly in the centre of the line between the rails, is made to pull the carriage and train up the incline, without stoppage to attach apparatus of any other kind; a desideratum of the utmost importance, where the country to be traversed is undulating. The inventor believes it to be applicable to the atmospheric railway, to which it would probably make an adjunct of great power and utility.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET XL.—PETRARCH.

WHERE birds lament, and where the verdant leaves
Whisper their plaints to the soft summer wind;
Where the white wave in hoarser murmur grieves,
Leaving on some green shore its sigh behind;

There as I sit with thoughts on love intent,
She whom Heaven gave us, and whom earth denies,
Still to my eye, my ear, my mind is sent,
Still, as though living, to my grief replies.

Alas! she asks, why thus consume thy days,
Why pour thy tears in such a tide of woe?
Weep not for me (compassionate she prays),
Weep not for me, whose years once short and slow,
Death made eternal, with eternal rays
Lighting these eyes, which seemed to close below!

C.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE PRESERVATION OF LIFE FROM FIRES AND SHIPWRECKS.—In *George Cruikshank's Table-Book* for last month there is a valuable article, containing practical suggestions for escape from the horrors of conflagration. The first is that proposed a short time since by the *Examiner*:—

"The simplest and surest escape is a continuous balcony erected in front of the upper windows of every house. This is so obvious, that it is unnecessary to advance one word in favour of the plan. We shall confine ourselves simply to the objections that may be urged against it. 1st, The facility that balconies are said to give to robbery. To us nothing can be more futile than this objection. Stronger fastenings to the windows would as effectually secure the second or third floor windows as locks and bolts do the street-door. Even were this objection tenable,

we consider that less is to be apprehended from the burglar who filches the contents of a jewel-case or a drawer, than from that fierce assailant that devours a man's substance and suffocates him with reekings of the feast."

To remedy the objection, as originally stated, the following plan, illustrated by a sketch, is proposed:—

"The sketch represents a balcony extending in the front of the upper windows of a house, and having two moveable ends, secured by a latch, and attached to a spring which communicates with a bell. In the case of fire, one end being unfastened, falls to the edge of the adjoining balcony, and at the same time rings a bell. The other end being released, falls inwards, and thus opens a communication with the adjoining house. The bell would prevent any improper use being made of the balcony, and, if so constructed, serve as an alarum. 2nd. The formation of a continuous balcony would be impracticable where houses were of different altitudes. In such case we would propose the erection of 'Fire Galleries,' made in the form of a balcony, but having iron shutters between each window, in order that persons seeking refuge might be protected from danger, should any flames issue from the adjoining windows. Ten or twelve persons might remain uninjured for a length of time in one of these fire galleries, or until such time as the fire ladders could be brought to their rescue. A ladder of iron placed in the front of the house, and so constructed that a person might descend between it and the wall, would also afford a safe mode of escape. We repeat that we do not put forward these plans as pre-eminently advisable, but the legislature that compels the formation of party-walls and sewers ought to make the erection of some such simple and effective escape compulsory upon the landlord of every house in the metropolis."

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE incident recorded in our last, although calculated for the moment to disturb our confidence in the results of the experiments that had been previously made, with such apparent success, to ascertain whether the faculty of clairvoyance was or was not a truth in nature—we say, this seeming *contretemps* has already proved to be a most fortunate occurrence, for it has served only the more certainly to establish the fact that has been so long the subject of doubt and controversy. Previously to the discovery of the opening of the card-case, when, after long trial, the faculty did not exhibit itself, it was very probable that all the safeguards necessary to make imposition a physical impossibility were not always used; some reliance was placed upon a confidence that, if he could not see, the patient would say so, and wait a more lucid season. Such, indeed, had been his invariable practice until the occasion in question, when we had unfortunately taken pains to impress upon him the importance of success (as the visitors were gentlemen of eminence, whom to convince would be a vast step gained), and in his anxiety not to appear to fail before them, he was tempted by the ease of an apparently unfastened card-case, and, the faculty failing, was induced to peep rather than send them away unsatisfied. This is the plain fact, and that his assertion is true, subsequent events have sufficiently shewn.

But the discovery has been of essential service in more ways than one. Conscious that he possesses the faculty, heartily regretting that his desire to gratify should have tempted him to a trick, the boy has been ever since most anxious that his conduct should be beyond possibility of question. He has desired that the experiments should be made with articles which *could* not be opened; he has performed the operation in positions where the box or packet was never out of sight of the company—standing at a desk or at a table; as soon as the contents have been seen and read, he has handed the article to the owner, that he might assure himself that no seal had been broken or mark altered. We, on the other hand, and the other gentlemen who have aided us, have conducted the experiments in the knowledge that attempts might be made to peep, if that were practicable, and they have been so contrived as to preclude even the bare possibility of imposture.

The result has been to establish beyond the shadow of a shade of doubt in the minds of those who have made these experiments the existence of the faculty called clairvoyance, as a fact in nature as certain as that the sun shines and the tides flow.

The *fact* established, the great object of inquirers will now be by a long and accurate series of experiments to endeavour to discover its physiology; and already we think we have seen some slight glimmerings of light amid the darkness that surrounds a subject so strange and curious.

Nor can we better contribute to this, the really important object of philosophical investigation, than by continuing to record minutely the experiments conducted with the case which accident has brought so immediately under our inspection.

Friday, August 8.

G. G. mesmerised—slightly convulsed—two persons present. A printed word had been inclosed in five folds of thick brown paper by a gentleman not present, by him sealed firmly to the mantel-piece by three seals, stamped with his seal ring. In about three minutes he said, "Come and press my eyes." His eyes were accordingly closed by one of the gentlemen present, and pressed inwards and upwards with great force. He said, "Press a little harder." More pressure was applied. "Now," he said, "I see the blue light—its coming—I see the letter U. I have it; let go my eyes. I'll write it down, that there shall be no mistake." He rushed to the desk, and wrote the word "FULL." "That's the word," he said, "and its in blue letters." The spectators immediately inspected the packet. It was still sealed to the mantel-piece, and the seals were unbroken. It was then cut off with a knife (neither of the persons present knowing the contents) and unrolled. Within the five folds was found the word "Full," printed in blue ink as he had said. In reply to queries, he said that the objects come and go in his mind like a flash of lightning; he only sees them for an instant. He also stated that it hurts him to read more than one thing at each sitting—it excites him too much. His face and head are always greatly heated and flushed by the effort.

Saturday, August 9.

G. G. mesmerised. A singular phenomenon occurred. About a quarter of an hour previously he had drunk somewhat less than half a pint of ale. He was perfectly collected and sober when he sat down. Immediately on being mesmerised he became perfectly tipsy, staggered, and fell flat upon the ground, and was unable to articulate. He was wakened forthwith, and then the intoxication vanished, and he was perfectly sober. He was mesmerised again about half an hour after, but his head was confused, and no lucidity could be elicited.

N. B.—There was a violent thunder-storm during the experiment.

Monday, August 11.

G. G. mesmerised. Much convulsed. Four gentlemen present. A pocket-book was produced, and he was asked to read any of the contents. In about four minutes he said he saw the words "Cabinet Makers," and "a bill like," with 9s. on it. On opening the pocket-book, which was a very thick one, there was found almost in its centre, in a sealed envelope, a bill sent to the owner from Messrs. ——, "Cabinet Makers," with a charge of 9s. for work done, the words "Cabinet Makers" being printed in black letters. It is to be observed, that the enclosure had not been opened by the owner of the pocket-book, who was not himself aware of the contents of the envelope.

Subsequently he tried to read the contents of a wooden box that had been sent by an eminent professor as a test. He said he saw the letters "IMPEL," but he could not see the rest of them. He tried another box, but complained of pain in the eyes and head, and was wakened. We had used great presssure upon the eye throughout the experiments.

Tuesday, August 12.

G. G. mesmerised again. Had been ill in the morning, and taken a dose of medicine. Was mesmerised at his own request in the afternoon. Said that he could see very clearly. A card-case, tied and sealed, containing a word inclosed in six folds of thick brown paper, sealed at each end and in the middle by a gentleman not present, but left by him as a test, was put into his hands. In less than a minute he said he saw it, and immediately wrote the word "TICKELS," and returned the case, still tied and sealed. The contents were not known to the persons present, and the sealed packet was preserved, to be examined and opened by the gentleman who had sealed it, that absolute assurance may be had that it had not been previously opened. On the following morning the packet was taken by him accord-

ingly, the seals examined and tried with the seal that impressed them; the paper was found so firmly fastened, that it was obliged to be much torn in order to unrol it. In the centre was found the word TICKETS.

Wednesday, August 13.

G. G. mesmerised before dinner. Very much convulsed. (N.B. Observed that he was always more or less clairvoyant according to the convulsion that attends the passing into the coma.) Said he could see any thing to-day, he was so clear. Tried his faculty by reading distinct objects, and moving his fingers backwards and forwards before his eyes. Went to the desk and scribbled something. Asked for sealing-wax. Laid his head on the desk, a high one, with many drawers. Said, "No difference, I see some. There it is in the third drawer, in a little box." Drawer opened; in a small box, under a pile of paper, was some wax, as he had said.

After dinner, the boy was again mesmerised, at his own request, to remove a head-ache. Was asked to read the title-page of a closed book that was presented to him. Three persons present. In about two minutes read one line of the title-page, and said there was a picture of a house on it. And so there was, a small vignette of some public building.

In reply to some correspondents, it should be stated that G. G. has not the slightest recollection, in his waking state, of any thing that occurs in his somnambulist state. In this latter state he is much more lively, intelligent, and active than in his natural state. It was in this that he confessed to having looked into the card-case; when wakened, he had not, nor has, the most distant knowledge of the occurrence. He always comes to ask if he has done any thing, and what, in his sleep. In the two conditions he is as entirely different in character as if he were two distinct beings.

BATH.—SINGULAR EFFECTS OF GOLD.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A few days since, my brother and myself tried some experiments with gold on Master Thomas Smith, of Union-passage, in this city, whose case I have before mentioned in your columns, and as the results are of a highly interesting nature, I beg to forward them for your perusal. This lad, who is, I believe, about fourteen years of age, goes into the mesmeric trance by a single look of a few seconds' duration only. Having, for the gratification of some friends then present, gone through a series of the mesmeric phenomena, we applied gold (a sovereign) to him, with the following results. We found that, on its being placed in contact with him, it produced a violent pricking sensation in the part, his own exclamation being usually, "Don't do that, you're pricking me," or words to that purport. The effect was entirely local, and affected the part alone to which it was applied, as the right hand or the right foot, and this as readily through his clothing as when applied to his naked person. The same results followed when the gold was placed in contact with another article, the latter being in contact with himself; thus if placed under one of the feet of the chair upon which he was sitting, he instantly jumped up, as though suddenly pricked. To make certain of the genuineness of these experiments, we made him sit in succession upon a great number of chairs, which he did very quietly upon all except the one under which the sovereign was placed; further to test this experiment we substituted a shilling, whereupon no effect whatever followed, and I may here remark that every experiment with the gold was accompanied with one with a shilling, each coin being kept from his sight, and no directions or observation being given or made in his hearing, and the results were uniform, the gold immediately and acutely affecting him, and the silver being inoperative. These experiments being in the parlour, I went into the kitchen beneath, and having made an accurate calculation of the exact spot upon which he was standing, I applied noiselessly the sovereign to the ceiling of the kitchen, when, as I was informed by those above, he immediately ran away from the spot, declaring and appearing as though "his feet were being pricked." After this I took an opportunity, whilst he was leaning against the parlour wall, to go outside of the house, and apply the sovereign to the other side, when he immediately twisted himself about, and ran away in the same manner as before, except that he appeared to feel the pain in the back (the part near to that of the application). Eight of us then took hold of the hands of each other in a line, the one at the end holding Master Smith by the hand; the person at the other end was then touched with a sovereign, and Master Smith almost immediately withdrew his hand as though in pain, declaring that we were pricking him. Each of these experiments was tested by a similar application of a shilling, with no perceptible results. It is worthy of remark, that a gentleman present endeavoured to produce similar effects by the application of his gold spectacles, but they were perfectly powerless; but on a lady's wedding-ring being made use of, the same results followed as when the sovereign was applied, from which it may fairly be assumed that the spectacles in question were any thing but pure; indeed they were not hall-marked. The effect thus produced by pure gold is highly interesting, and opens a wide field for investigation. The boy, on being awakened, declared that he knew nothing of what had been done, of which we were all satisfied; indeed he has never been mesmerised by any one but my brother and myself, and by us he has been sent into the mesmeric sleep at least fifty times, independently of which the precautions taken were such as to render it impossible that he could have been aware of our experiments.

Bath, Aug. 9, 1845. T. W. SAUNDERS.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THIS is the dullest season of the whole year. All English people are intent on pleasure, and business in every department stands still for five weeks. Even editors take their holiday and brace their nerves for another year of toil and thought. We must snatch a brief respite in common with others, and during the interval pray permission to intermit some of the usual editorial comments. Ample provision has been made for keeping up a supply of reviews and notices, so that neither amusement nor instruction shall flag in the absence of the usual superintendent, and the conduct is committed to good hands.

May we ask our bookseller friends to make a point of introducing to their connections the very popular and useful department lately added to THE CRITIC, under the title of *The Tourist*, and also the great attention paid to *Foreign Literature*. In both of these particulars THE CRITIC is *unique*. No other British Journal contains similar information.

OPINION ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I feel great pleasure in informing you that your excellent journal gains in this neighbourhood more and more on public favour continually.

Of the necessity there existed for a journal which should give fair and honest criticisms, and separate the good from the bad fearlessly and boldly, I, in common with most booksellers and librarians, had long been convinced; we have now such a journal, and it is our duty, and, indeed, our interest, to support it.

With best wishes, I am, Sir, &c.

Oakenshaw, near Accrington. JNO. BROADLEY.

August 9, 1845,

CAUTION TO ADVERTISERS.—A novel species of fraud has lately been discovered in connection with advertisements, which only requires mention to put the public on their guard against the system of victimization, which, as far as it has at present gone, appears to have produced an ample revenue for the gang of vagabonds concerned in the affair. The most successful part of this plan has been in obtaining payment for advertisements supposed to be inserted in small weekly and monthly periodicals, but which periodicals have really no existence, the names of substantial booksellers being given as the publishers, to prevent suspicion or inquiry. Of course, persons advertising under such circumstances have only themselves to blame for not exercising proper caution in seeing that their advertisements do appear before they pay the money, and a little experience may, perhaps, teach them wisdom. But the system extends further than this. The same parties have expressed their willingness to relieve their friends, who have honoured them with orders, of the trouble and inconvenience of taking their regular advertisements to the daily journals, stating that they are allowed a commission of 2½ per cent. (a statement in reference to the *Times* wholly without foundation), which, if the advertiser were to go himself, he would not get. It does not seem that they have done much in this way at present, though the default has not arisen from their want of inclination, but from want of patronage. In cases where they have obtained such orders, the advertisements have never appeared, though they have charged and received the money for them. The receipts we have seen for sums paid on this system of advertising bear the signatures of two or three individuals evidently in disguised hands, and the bills are generally made out for amounts of between 2*l.* and 3*l.*

FRENCH SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—The gun-brig Boulonnaise has arrived at Brest, after an absence of above three years, during which period she has made a hydrographic survey of immense extent within the tropics, including more than 250 leagues of the river Amazon and its principal tributaries.

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The History of the Conspiracy of Catiline, and of the Jugurthine War. By CAIUS CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS. Translated by EDWARD PEACOCK, M.A. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

MR. PEACOCK appears to have entertained some reasonable doubts whether a new translation of SALLUST was demanded by any lack of faithfulness or force in those we already possess. In such doubts we fully sympathise with him. We fear that his writing was a superfluous labour, and that his printing will prove a bad speculation; not that Mr. PEACOCK has in any manner failed in the performance of the task he had undertaken, but simply because he has been anticipated, and the market is already supplied. Of his translation it may be observed, that it adheres strictly to the original, and that he has succeeded in preserving a great deal of the style as well as the thoughts of SALLUST. To those who may not already possess a translation of the great historian of Rome, we would commend this one as equal, at least, if not superior, to either of its predecessors.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs and Correspondence of George, Lord Lyttelton.
[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

After THOMSON'S premature death, which was deeply felt by his friend and patron, LYTTELTON undertook the editing of his works, and he ventured upon a multitude of alterations, which he considered emendations, a few of which, as noted by Mr. PHILLIMORE, we will extract.

Some time after his death, Lyttelton prepared for the press a new edition of his *Seasons*, the alterations, additions, and omissions, which this edition would have contained, have never been printed; they are written in Lyttelton's handwriting on the blank leaves of an interleaved copy of the *Seasons*, now in the library at Hagley, to which it was presented by the late Lord Spencer, to whom it was a gift from "Mathew Montague, who found it among the books of Mrs. Montague;" the date which it originally bears, MDCC.LII., is altered, by a few strokes, into MDCC.LVIII. I have not been able to find any satisfactory reason why it was never published. In one of the blank sheets before the poem, Lyttelton has written as follows:—

"*Preface to the Seasons.*—In this edition, *conformably to the* justly *intention and will of the author*, which have A been thought ~~by good judges~~ too harsh or obscure, or not strictly grammatical, have been corrected, some lines transposed, and a few others left out. The hymn which was printed at the end of the 'Seasons,' in some of the last editions, is likewise omitted, because it appears to good judges that all the matter and thoughts in that hymn much are A better expressed in the 'Seasons' themselves."

The alterations of single words are numerous, and generally are manifest improvements: *e. g.* lines 621, 2, 3, in "Winter," Thomson writes,—

> While well attested and as well believed,
> *Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,*
> *Till* superstitious horror creeps o'er all.

Lyttelton corrects—

> While well attested and as well believed,
> *The goblin tale goes round: till solemn fear*
> *And* superstitious horror, &c. &c.

887, 8, the lines are—

> . . . . . with these at eve,
> They *cheerful loaded* to their tents repair.

"I wish this line altered," Lyttelton writes; "'cheerful loaded' is not English:

> They cheerful to their shady tents repair.

would be better." In a few instances whole passages are altered.

Whether others interfered, or idleness deterred, happily for his friend's fame the editorial duties were never completed, and the works of the poet of the *Seasons* are transmitted to us undeformed by the projected *improvements!*

More congratulations on marriage, but the name of the writer gives special interest to the letter. It is that of FIELDING, and the occasion was LYTTELTON'S taking to himself a second wife about two years after the composition of the monody on the death of his first wife, which Dr. JOHNSON so satirically alludes to.

Bow-street, Aug. 29th, 1749.

Sir,—Permit me to bring up the rear of your friends in paying my compliments of congratulation on your late happy nuptials. There may, perhaps, be seasons when the rear may be as honourable a post in friendship as in war; and if so, such certainly must be every time of joy and felicity. Your present situation must be full of bliss; and so will be, I am confident, your future life, from the same fountain. Nothing can equal the excellent character your lady bears among those of her own sex, and I never yet knew them speak well of a woman who did not deserve their good words. How admirable is your fortune in the matrimonial lottery! I will venture to say, there is no man alive who exults more in this, or in any other happiness that can attend you, than myself; and you ought to believe me from the same reason that fully persuades me of the satisfaction you receive from any happiness of mine; this reason is that you must be sensible how much of it I owe to your goodness; and there is a great pleasure in gratitude, tho' it is second, I believe, to that of benevolence, for of all the delights upon earth, none can equal the raptures which a good mind feels in conferring happiness on those whom we think worthy of it. This is the sweetest ingredient in power, and I solemnly protest I never wished for power more, than a few days ago, for the sake of a man whom I love, and that more perhaps from the esteem I know he bears you, than from any other reason. This man is in love with a young creature of the most apparent worth, who returns his affections. Nothing is wanting to make two very miserable people extremely blessed, but a moderate portion of the greatest of human evils, so philosophers call it, and so it is called by divines, whose word is the rather to be taken, as they are, many of them, more conversant with this evil than ever the philosophers were. The name of this man is Moore, to whom you kindly destined that laurel, which, tho' it hath long been withered, may not probably soon drop from the brow of its present possessor; but there is another place of much the same value now vacant—it is that of Deputy Licensor to the stage. Be not offended at this hint; for tho' I will own it impudent enough in one who hath so many obligations of his own to you, to recommend another man to your favour, yet impudence itself may possibly be a virtue when exerted on the behalf of a friend; at least, I am the less ashamed of it, as I have known men remarkable for the opposite modesty, possess it without the mixture of any other good quality. In this fault then you must indulge me—for should I ever see you as high in power as I wish, and as it is perhaps more my interest than your own that you should be, I shall be guilty of the like as often as I find a man in whom I can, after much intimacy, discover no want but that of the evil above mentioned. I beg you will do me the honour of making my compliments to your unknown Lady, and believe me to be with the highest esteem, respect, and gratitude, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Perhaps the greatest curiosity in the work is the letter addressed to LYTTELTON by VOLTAIRE, which is printed *verbatim et literatim.*

à Paris, 17 May, 1750, n. st.

You was beneficent to Mr. thomson when he liv'd, and you is so to me, in favouring me with his works. j was acquainted with the Author when j stayed in England. j discovered in him a great genius and a great simplicity. j lik'd in him the poet and the true philosopher, j mean the lover of mankind. I think that without a good stock of such a philosofy, a poet is just above a fidler, who amuses our ears and cannot go to our soul. I am not surpriz'd y^r nation has done more justice to Mr. thomson's Seasons than to his dramatic performances, there is one kind of poetry of which the judicious readers and the men of taste are the proper judges, there is an other that depends upon the vulgar; great or small, tragedy and comedy are of these last species, they must be suited to the turn of mind and to the ability of the multitude and proportion'd to their taste, yr nation two hundred years since is us'd to a wild scene, to a croud of tumultuous

events, to an emphatical poetry mix'd with lose and comical expressions, to murtherss, to a lively representation of bloody deeds, to a kind of horrour which seems often barbarous and childish, all faults which never sully'd the greak, the roman, or the french Stage; and give me leave to say that the taste of yr politest countrymen in point of tragedy differs not much in point of tragedy from the taste of a mob at Bear-garden, 'tis true we have too much of words, if you have too much of action, and perhaps the perfection of the Art should consist in a due mixture of the french taste and english energy. Mr. Adisson who would have reach'd to that pitch of perfection had he succeeded in the amourous part of his tragedy as well as in the part of cato, warn'd often yr nation against the corrupted state of the stage —and since he could not reform the genius of the country, j am affraid the contagious distemper is past curing. Mr. thompson's tragedies seems to me wisely intricated, and elegantly writ, they want perhaps some fire, and it may be that his heroes are neither moving nor busy enough, but taking him all in all, methinks he has the highest claim to the gteatest esteem. Yr friendship, Sir, is a good vouchsafer for his merit. I know what reputation you have acquired, if I am not mistaken, you have writ for yr own sport many a thing that would rouse a great fame to one who had in view that vain reward call'd Glory. I have by me some verses that pass under yr name, and which you are suppos'd to have writ in a journey to paris, they reflect very justly on our nation, and they run thus—

a nation here j pity and admire,
whom noblest sentiments of Glory fire,
yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
to serve with pride, and boast the yoke they wear;
in courts a mean, in camps a generous band,
from priests and tax-jobbers content receive,
those laws their dreaded arms to Europe give,
whose people vain in war, in bondage blaze,
tho' plundered guai, industrious tho' oppressed, &c.

These verses deserve a good translator, and they should be learn'd by every frenchman. Give me leave to send you a little performance of mine, 'tis but a pebble I do offer you for yr pretious stones, I am, with the highest respect, Sir, yr most humble, obed. servant,

VOLTAIRE.

Another specimen of the correspondence with POPE, and we have done. The poet dates from Bath on the 3rd of November, 1741.

Dear Sir,—I have lately received a letter in which are these words—"Suffer not Mr. Lyttelton to forget me." It made me reflect I am as unwilling to be forgotten by you, though I do not deserve so well to be remembered on any account but that of an early, a well-grounded, and (let me add) a well-judged, esteem of you. I do not ask what you are doing; I am sure it is all the good you can do. I do not ask any thing but to know that you are well. I see no use to be drawn from the knowledge of any public events: I see most honest men melancholy, and that's enough to make me inquire no more: when I can do any thing either to assist, or, not assisting, to comfort them, I will. But I fear I live in vain, that is, must live only to myself. Yet I feel every day what the Puritans called outgoings of my soul, in the concern I take for some of you, which, upon my word, is a warmer sensation than any I feel in my own and for my own being. Why are you a courtier? Why is Murray a lawyer? It may be well for other people, but what is that to your own enjoyment, to mine? I would have you both pass as happy and as satisfied a life as I have done. You will both laugh at this, but I would have you know had I been tempted by nature and providence, with the same talents that he and you have, I would have done as you do. But if either of you ever become tired or stupid, God send you my quiet and my resignation. I think I've nothing more to say, but to add with how full a heart I am, dear Sir, ever yours,

A. POPE.

Pray let Mr. West know I am alive, and while I am alive, warmly his.

To the Hon. George Lyttelton, esq. Pall-mall, London.

Lyttelton answered—

November 7, 1741.

Dear Sir,—I received your obliging letter with that pleasure and pride I always feel in every mark of your friendship. As much a courtier as I am, I have no higher ambition than to deserve your esteem, and that of a few honest men more, among whom I desire you to tell Mr. Allen I reckon him, though he is so little in my way that I cannot cultivate his friendship as I wish to do. I envy you the quiet and happiness you enjoy at his house, where you are escaped from the vice, the folly, and the noise of the world, almost as much as if you were dead, and in the region of pure and happy spirits. What a different scene am I forced to sit in! But I won't recal even your thoughts to it, I will only tell you that I am well, and that I have lately heard from Mr. Warburton, who desires me to acquaint you that he has dropt his dispute with Doctor Middleton as you advised him to do; though he has convinced me he could well have maintained it, if he had not loved peace and friendship better than victory, which is a temper of mind so becoming in a divine, and so rare in an author, that I think you should express your approbation of it the first time you write to him. If the person who bid you not suffer me to forget him was Lord Bolingbroke, I beg you would say in your answer that I gave a letter two months ago to Mr. Brinsden to be conveyed to him, which by those words to you I should apprehend he has not reeceived: if you add, that I always remember his lordship with the highest veneration and kindest regards, you will do me but justice. I wish he was in England upon many accounts, but for nothing more than to exhort and animate you not to bury your excellent talents in a philosophical indolence, but to employ them, as you have often done, in the service of virtue. The corruption and hardness of the present age is no excuse; for your writings will last to ages to come, and do good a thousand years hence, if they can't now; but I believe they would be of great present benefit: some sparks of public virtue are yet alive, which such a spirit as yours might blow into a flame, among the young men especially; and even granting an impossibility of reforming the public, your writings may be of use to private society. The moral song may steal into our hearts, and teach us to be as good sons, as good friends, as beneficent, as charitable, as Mr. Pope, and sure that would be serving your country, though you can't raise her up such ministers or such senators as you desire. In short, my dear friend, though I am far from supposing that if you don't write you live in vain, though the influence of your virtues is felt among all your friends and acquaintance, and the whole circle of society within which you live, yet as your writings will have a still more extensive and permanent influence, as they will be an honour to your country, at a time when it has hardly any thing else to be proud of, and may do good to mankind in better ages and countries, if not in this, I would have you write till a decay of your parts, or at least weakness of health, shall oblige and authorize you to lay down your pen. But though in my zeal for your glory I tell you this, I shall love and esteem you just as well, whether you mind it or not: I have long since forgot the author in the companion and friend, and though I shall read whatever you write with a great deal of pleasure, and feel a sort of pride for you in hearing it praised, I had rather you should tell me, as you do in your last letter, that you are happy and satisfied, than be told you had written the finest thing in the world. I was last night at West's, he and his wife are much yours. I wish I could write to you longer: I feel those same outgoings of the soul, which you speak of, very strong in me now, and should like to prate to you through a page or two more, but here are people breaking in upon me, so I can only assure you I am most sincerely, dear sir, your very affectionate, humble servant,

G. LYTTELTON.

POPE's answer was:—

Bath, Dec. 12th, 1739.

Dear Sir,—I write to you so soon, because I know it will please you so hear I am not ill, nor ill at ease; either my lord Cornbury mistook my letter, or you him. I think that ever since I was a poet, nay, ever since I have ceased to be one, I have not experienced so much quiet as at this place. Though I left the world alone, from my very entrance into it I found as much envy and opposition as if my ambition had designed me to overturn it; and since I chanced to succeed in my own low walk, as much solicitation and vile flattery, as if I had places and preferments to bestow; I never deserved or desired either. If I deserve any thing, it is from a constancy to my first philosophical principles, a general benevolence, and fixed friendships, wherever I have had the luck to know any honest or meritorious men. I am yours by every tie; few have, or ought to have, so great a share of me, if I say two or three more, I should correct myself, and say rather one or two. Were it not for a hankering ('tis a good, expressive English word) after these, I could live with honest Mr. Allen all my life. Though I enjoy deep quiet, I can't say I have much pleasure, or even any object that obliges me to smile, except Dr. Cheyney, who is yet so very a child in true simplicity of heart, that I love him as he loves Don Quixote, for the most moral and reasoning madman in the world. For I maintain, and I know it, that one may smile at those one loves, nay, esteems, and with no more malice or contempt than one bears to an amiable schoolboy. He is, in Scripture language, an "Israelite in whom there is no guile," or in Shakspeare's, "as foolish a good kind of Christian creature as one shall meet with."

Mr. PHILLIMORE's brief summary of the character of LYTTELTON must not be omitted. On the whole, it is sufficiently just.

His natural abilities were good; and though not of the highest order, were continually strengthened by careful and unremitting cultivation. His ambition of improvement, springing from a

deep sense of the obligations which wealth and station impose upon their possessor, was constant to the hour of his death—to press forward in the pursuit of knowledge, not diverted from the chase by early success and extravagant admiration of moderate efforts; "to scorn delights, and live laborious days," had been the occupation of his life. Its fruits were visible in the variety of his accomplishments, and the fullness of his information upon the subjects to which he had devoted himself. During the course of his life he had maintained an oral or epistolatory intercourse with the most celebrated persons of his day, both in England and Europe. Making ample allowance for the language of cotemporaneous flattery, it is impossible to ascribe to that alone the very general estimation in which his opinions were held by all who had any pretensions to almost any kind of literature. Nor indeed is the verdict of posterity greatly at variance with the judgment of his own time. Of how few can it be said, that they have left behind them works in History, Poetry, and Divinity, which, after the lapse of nearly a century, maintain an honourable place in the literature of their country? And of how very few, that they combined with success in these pursuits, a laborious and distinguished share in the duties of public life?

Nothing more now remains for us than to remark that the Editor has performed his task with industry and judgment. If somewhat too partial to his hero, too blind to faults, too anxious to make excuses for those he is obliged to notice, the error is one that leans to virtue's side, and will be excused by the tolerant reader. It is a work well adapted for the book clubs and for the largest of the libraries.

SCIENCE.

A Peep into Architecture, with Illustrations. By ELIZA CHALK. London: George Bell, Fleet-street.

ALTHOUGH no branch of the Arts has come under such frequent notice as Architecture, it being daily before the public in a ruder or more refined form, less, perhaps, is popularly known of it than of either of the sister Arts. Why this is we may not here stop to explain. The labours of the Cambridge Camden Society, in the restoration and embellishment of our churches, have, however, of late years, more than any other circumstance, directed attention, and stimulated the public curiosity, towards this the most immediately useful of the Fine Arts. It is, nevertheless, surprising how much ignorance yet prevails on this subject, even among the educated classes.

The publication of a few books adapted by cheapness and an untechnical style for circulation among general readers, like the one before us, will effect more than any other means to dispel this ignorance; will give the eye a new interest in what it beholds, laying open to it, in the ruins and ancient structures spared by time, a curious book, written century after century, as it were, in a different language, and must eventually elevate the art to an excellence perhaps superior to any that has yet existed. This book does credit to its author. Were we disposed to fault-finding, we should object to her over-modesty in calling it "a peep into architecture," when it gives as clear and comprehensive a view of it as is necessary for any one who does not sit down, square, compass, and scale in hand, to the deliberate study of the art for practical purposes. This name, then, really conveys an erroneous idea of the book—one too, that certainly will not add to its circulation, if it does not the reverse. In a condensed, but perspicuous and agreeable manner, we are presented with the history of architecture, its various characteristic forms at different periods, from the Egyptian down to the Perpendicular Gothic and Tudor styles; with the names and forms of the component ornaments of each; and to render the whole the more intelligible, very superior and highly-finished illustrations in wood are scattered throughout the book. The letter-press and general getting up of the work are also superior.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Journal of a Voyage round the World. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A. F.R.S. Part II. Demy 8vo. London. John Murray.

THE second part of this instructive and entertaining book has just been published; and surpasses the first in the interest it contains for the reader. It carries forward the narrative of the movements of the expedition from its entrance on Patagonia, thence to the Falkland Islands, Tierra del Fuego, and Chile, embracing excursions to the foot of the Andes, and across the Cordilleras to Valparaiso.

It may well be supposed that these countries would yield a rich harvest to an observer so close and painstaking as Mr. DARWIN, and so they have. As if to favour his purpose of investigation, there occurred, whilst he was in Valdivia, one of the most terrible earthquakes that had been known in South America (which is so greatly plagued with them), for many years. He has thus described the effects of this severe visitation.

While the ship was beating up to the anchorage, I landed on the island of Quiriquina. The mayor-domo of the estate quickly rode down to tell me the terrible news of the great earthquake of the 20th:—"That not a house in Concepcion or Talcahuano (the port) was standing; that seventy villages were destroyed; and that a great wave had almost washed away the ruins of Talcahuano." Of this latter statement I soon saw abundant proofs—the whole coast being strewed over with timber and furniture as if a thousand ships had been wrecked. Besides chairs, tables, bookshelves, &c. in great numbers, there were several roofs of cottages, which had been transported almost whole. The storehouses at Talcahuano had been burst open, and great bags of cotton, yerba, and other valuable merchandise were scattered on the shore. During my walk round the island, I observed that numerous fragments of rock, which, from the marine productions adhering to them, must recently have been lying in deep water, had been cast up on the high beach; one of these was six feet long, three broad, and two thick.

The island itself as plainly showed the overwhelming power of the earthquake, as the beach did that of the consequent great wave. The ground in many parts was fissured in north and south lines, perhaps caused by the yielding of the parallel and steep sides of this narrow island. Some of the fissures near the cliffs were a yard wide. Many enormous masses had already fallen on the beach; and the inhabitants thought that when the rains commenced far greater slips would happen. The effect of the vibration on the hard primary slate, which composes the foundation of the island, was still more curious: the superficial parts of some narrow ridges were as completely shivered as if they had been blasted by gunpowder. This effect, which was rendered conspicuous by the fresh fractures and displaced soil, must be confined to near the surface, for otherwise there would not exist a block of solid rock throughout Chile; nor is this improbable, as it is known that the surface of a vibrating body is affected differently from the central part. It is, perhaps, owing to this same reason, that earthquakes do not cause quite such terrific havoc within deep mines as would be expected. I believe this convulsion has been more effectual in lessening the size of the island of Quiriquina, than the ordinary wear-and-tear of the sea and weather during the course of a whole century.

The next day I landed at Talcahuano, and afterwards rode to Concepcion. Both towns presented the most awful yet interesting spectacle I ever beheld. To a person who had formerly known them, it possibly might have been still more impressive; for the ruins were so mingled together, and the whole scene possessed so little the air of a habitable place, that it was scarcely possible to imagine its former condition. The earthquake commenced at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. If it had happened in the middle of the night, the greater number of the inhabitants (which in this one province amount to many thousands) must have perished, instead of less than a hundred: as it was, the invariable practice of running out of doors at the first trembling of the ground, alone saved them. In Concepcion each house, or row of houses, stood by itself, a heap or line of ruins; but in Talcahuano, owing to the great wave, little more than one layer of bricks, tiles, and timber, with here and there part of a wall, left standing, could be distinguished. From this circumstance Concepcion, although not so completely desolated, was a more terrible, and, if I may so call it, picturesque sight. The first shock was very sudden. The mayor-domo at Quiriquina told me, that the first notice he received of it, was finding both the horse he rode and himself rolling together on the ground. Rising up, he was again thrown down. He also told me that some cows which were standing on the steep side of the island were rolled into the sea. The great wave caused the destruction of many cattle; on one low island, near the head of the bay, seventy animals were washed off and drowned. It is generally thought that this has been the worst earthquake ever recorded in Chile; but as the very severe ones occur only after long intervals, this cannot easily be known; nor indeed would a much worse shock have made any great difference, for the ruin was now complete. Innumerable small tremblings followed the great earthquake, and within the first twelve days no less than three hundred were counted.

The most remarkable effect of this great earthquake was the permanent upraising of the land no less than three feet. The island of Juan Fernandez—memorable as the solitary residence for years of Alexander Selkirk, a shipwrecked sailor—was so violently affected, though distant from Concepcion 360 miles to the north-east, that the trees smote against each other, and there burst forth a volcano under water close to the shore. In the Cordilleras, also, two volcanoes opened at the same moment into violent action, which probably relieved the earth of the upheaving forces that disturbed her. According to our author, the space from beneath which volcanic matter was erupted is in one line 720 miles, and in another, at right angles to the first, 400 miles in extent; from this, Mr. DARWIN infers that there is here stretched out a subterraneous lake of lava of nearly double the area of the Black Sea.

The author's picture of that inhospitable and imperfectly known region, Tierra del Fuego, its products and wild inhabitants, is interesting in a high degree. It is a mountainous land, partly submerged in the sea, so that deep inlets and bays occupy the place where valleys should exist. Trees reach up the mountain-sides, to an elevation of 1,200 feet, and the line of perpetual snow descends as low as 3,000 feet. There is no level ground, and the surface is everywhere covered with a thick bed of swampy peat.

There is (says the author) a degree of mysterious grandeur in mountain behind mountain, with the deep intervening valleys, all covered by one thick, dusky mass of forest. The atmosphere, likewise, in this climate, where gale succeeds gale, with rain, hail and sleet, seems blacker than anywhere else. In the Strait of Magellan, looking due southward from Port Famine, the distant channels between the mountains appeared from their gloominess to lead beyond the confines of this world.

The Fuegians, according to our author, are very little superior in the scale of intelligence to the higher class of brutes. Inhabiting an inclement climate, their ingenuity, unlike that of the stunted natives of the arctic circle, does not even extend to the simple arts of preserving warmth, by sheltering themselves effectually from the weather. They are cannibals, appear to have no idea of a future life, though they shew traces of superstition in a dread of superior invisible powers, each tribe having a conjuring doctor, though his duties, Mr. DARWIN could never clearly ascertain. The remarks, however, which he made on these barbarians will come with greater authority from his own pen, therefore we extract the subjoined description of

THE FUEGIANS.

While going one day on shore near Wollaston Island, we pulled alongside a canoe with six Fuegians. These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast the natives, as we have seen, have guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. But these Fuegians in the canoe were quite naked, and even one full-grown woman was absolutely so. It was raining heavily, and the fresh water, together with the spray, trickled down her body. In another harbour not far distant, a woman, who was suckling a recently-born child, came one day alongside the vessel, and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby! These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. It is a common subject of conjecture what pleasure in life some of the lower animals can enjoy: how much more reasonably the same question may be asked with respect to these barbarians! At night, five or six human beings, naked, and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks; and the women either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid whale discovered, it is a feast; and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi.

They often suffer from famine; I heard Mr. Low, a sealing-master, intimately acquainted with the natives of this country, give a curious account of the state of a party of one hundred and fifty natives on the west coast, who were very thin and in great distress. A succession of gales prevented the women from getting shell-fish on the rocks, and they could not go out in their canoes to catch seal. A small party of these men one morning set out, and the other Indians explained to him, that they were going a four days' journey for food: on their return, Low went to meet them, and he found them excessively tired, each man carrying a great square piece of putrid whales-blubber with a hole in the middle, through which they put their heads, as the Gauchos do through their ponchos or cloaks. As soon as the blubber was brought into a wigwam, an old man cut off thin slices, and muttering over them, broiled them for a minute, and distributed them to the famished party, who during this time preserved a profound silence. Mr. Low believes that whenever a whale is cast on shore, the natives bury large pieces of it in the sand as a resource in time of famine; and a native boy, whom he had on board, once found a stock thus buried. The different tribes when at war are cannibals. From the concurrent, but quite independent evidence of the boy taken by Mr. Low, and of Jemmy Button, it is certainly true that when pressed in winter by hunger, they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs: the boy, being asked by Mr. Low why they did this, answered, "Doggies catch otters, old women no." This boy described the manner in which they are killed by being held over smoke and thus choked; he imitated their screams as a joke, and described the parts of their bodies which are considered best to eat. Horrid as such a death by the hands of their friends and relatives must be, the fears of the old women, when hunger begins to press, are more painful to think of; we were told that they often run away into the mountains, but that they are pursued by the men and brought back to the slaughter-house at their own firesides.

The different tribes have no government or chief; yet each is surrounded by other hostile tribes, speaking different dialects, and separated from each other only by a deserted border or neutral territory; the cause of their warfare appears to be the means of subsistence. Their country is a broken mass of wild rocks, lofty hills, and useless forests; and these are viewed through mists and endless storms. The habitable land is reduced to the stones on the beach. In search of food they are compelled unceasingly to wander from spot to spot, and so steep is the coast, that they can only move about in their wretched canoes. They cannot know the feeling of having a home, and still less that of domestic affection; for the husband is to the wife a brutal master to a laborious slave. Was a more horrid deed ever perpetrated than that witnessed on the west coast by Byron, who saw a wretched mother pick up her bleeding, dying infant-boy, whom her husband had mercilessly dashed on the stones for dropping a basket of sea-eggs. How little can the higher powers of the mind be brought into play; what is there for imagination to picture, for reason to compare, for judgment to decide upon? to knock a limpet from the rock does not require even cunning, that lowest power of the mind. Their skill in some respects may be compared to the instinct of animals; for it is not improved by experience; the canoe, their most ingenious work, poor as it is, has remained the same, as we know from Drake, for the last two hundred and fifty years.

Notwithstanding the low estimate Mr. DARWIN formed of these savages, and which the foregoing account of them, by shewing the stunted, abject condition both of their bodies and minds, fully justifies, he is inclined to place them in the scale of intelligence above the Australians. Taking his description of the Fuegians as it stands, we see sufficient reason for dissent from this opinion. The Australians, when discovered, it should be remembered, had a number of domestic implements, built comfortable huts, though inhabiting a superior climate to that of the Fuegians; had their weapons of offence and defence, their spears, their clubs, their throwing-sticks, and one at least quite new and peculiar to themselves, the boomerang; and, lastly, they had a kind of rude government, and some curious ceremonies at the period of manhood and on the occasions of marriage and sepulture. Nor can we agree with him in opinion that *if* the *Australian* be superior to the Fuegian in acquirements, it does not follow that he is his superior in mental capacity; for surely the one implies the other as clearly as the greater contains the less. In proportion as the powers of the mind are cultivated and extended must the arts of civilized life progress; therefore, if the acquirements of the Australian be superior to those of the Fuegian, his mental capacity must be superior also.

Quitting, not unwillingly, the shores of Tierra del Fuego, the *Beagle* reached Valparaiso late at night on the 13th July. We extract Mr. DARWIN's description of the chief sea-port of Chile:—

VALPARAISO.

When morning came, every thing appeared delightful. After Tierra del Fuego, the climate felt quite delicious—the atmosphere so dry, and the heavens so clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly, that all nature seemed sparkling with life. The view from the anchorage is very pretty. The town is built at the very foot of a range of hills about 1,600 feet high, and rather steep. From its position, it consists of one long, straggling street, which runs parallel to the beach, and wherever a ravine comes down, the houses are piled up on each side of it. The rounded hills, being only partially protected by a very scanty vegetation, are worn into numberless little gullies, which expose a singularly bright red soil. From this cause, and from the low whitewashed houses with tile roofs, the view reminded me of St. Cruz in Teneriffe. In a north-easterly direction there are some fine glimpses of the Andes; but these mountains appear much grander when viewed from the neighbouring hills; the great distance at which they are situated can then more readily be perceived. The volcano of Aconcagua is particularly magnificent. This huge and irregularly conical mass has an elevation greater than that of Chimborazo; for, from measurements made by the officers in the *Beagle*, its height is no less than 23,000 feet. The Cordilleras, however, viewed from this point, owe the greater part of their beauty to the atmosphere through which they are seen. When the sun was setting in the Pacific, it was admirable to watch how clearly their rugged outlines could be distinguished, yet how varied and how delicate were the shades of their colour.

The immediate neighbourhood of Valparaiso is not very productive to the naturalist. During the long summer the wind blows steadily from the southward, and a little off shore, so that rain never falls; during the three winter months, however, it is sufficiently abundant. The vegetation in consequence is very scanty; except in some deep valleys, there are no trees, and only a little grass and a few low bushes are scattered over the less steep part of the hills. When we reflect, that at the distance of 350 miles to the south, this side of the Andes is completely hidden by one impenetrable forest, the contrast is very remarkable. I took several long walks while collecting objects of natural history. The country is pleasant for exercise. There are many very beautiful flowers, and, as in most other dry climates, the plants and shrubs possess strong and peculiar odours—even one's clothes by brushing through them became scented. I did not cease from wonder at finding each succeeding day as fine as the foregoing. What a difference does climate make in the enjoyment of life! How opposite are the sensations when viewing black mountains half-enveloped in clouds, and seeing another range through the light blue haze of a fine day! The one for a time may be very sublime; the other is all gaiety and happy life.

There is the colouring of nature in the following picturesque description of a troop of mules, and the prospect from the ridge of Peuquenes, one of the Cordilleras:—

When about halfway up we met a large party with seventy loaded mules. It was interesting to hear the wild cries of the muleteers, and to watch the long descending string of the animals; they appeared so diminutive, there being nothing but the bleak mountains with which they could be compared. When near the summit, the wind, as generally happens, was impetuous and extremely cold. On each side of the ridge we had to pass over broad bands of perpetual snow, which were now soon to be covered by a fresh layer. When we reached the crest and looked backwards, a glorious view was presented. The atmosphere resplendently clear; the sky an intense blue; the profound valleys; the wild broken forms; the heap of ruins, piled up during the lapse of ages; the bright-coloured rocks, contrasted with the quiet mountains of snow; all these together produced a scene no one could have imagined. Neither plant nor bird, excepting a few condors wheeling around the higher pinnacles, distracted my attention from the inanimate mass. I felt glad that I was alone: it was like watching a thunderstorm, or hearing in full orchestra a chorus of the Messiah.

At the island of Lemuy the ship's crew found the natives hospitable, and willing to sell provisions at prices that will amuse Europeans.

The people here live chiefly on shell-fish and potatoes. At certain seasons they catch also, in "corrales," or hedges under water, many fish which are left on the mud-banks as the tide falls. They occasionally possess fowls, sheep, goats, pigs, horses, and cattle; the order in which they are here mentioned, expressing their respective numbers. I never saw any thing more obliging and humble than the manners of these people. They generally began with stating, that they were poor natives of the place, and not Spaniards, and that they were in sad want of tobacco and other comforts. At Caylen, the most southern island, the sailors bought with a stick of tobacco, of the value of three-halfpence, two fowls, one of which, the Indian stated, had skin between its toes, and turned out to be a fine duck; and with some cotton handkerchiefs, worth three shillings, three sheep and a large bunch of onions were procured. The yawl at this place was anchored some way from the shore, and we had fears for her safety from robbers during the night. Our pilot, Mr. Douglas, accordingly told the constable of the district that we always placed sentinels with loaded arms, and not understanding Spanish, if we saw any person in the dark, we should assuredly shoot him. The constable, with much humility, agreed to the perfect propriety of this arrangement, and promised us that no one should stir out of his house during that night.

A curious sight to an European must have been one which Mr. DARWIN witnessed in the Pampas in the shape of

A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS.

After our two days' tedious journey, it was refreshing to see in the distance the rows of poplar and willows growing round the village and river of Luxan. Shortly before we arrived at this place, we observed to the south a ragged cloud of a dark reddish-brown colour. At first we thought that it was smoke from some great fire on the plains; but we soon found that it was a swarm of locusts. They were flying northward; and with the aid of a light breeze, they overtook us at the rate of ten or fifteen miles an hour. The main body filled the air from a height of twenty feet, to that, as it appeared, of two or three thousand above the ground; "and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle:" or rather, I should say, like a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship. The sky, seen through the advanced guard, appeared like a mezzotinto engraving, but the main body was impervious to sight; they were not, however, so thick together but that they could escape a stick waved backwards and forwards. When they alighted, they were more numerous than the leaves in the field, and the surface became reddish instead of being green: the swarm having once alighted, the individuals flew from side to side in all directions. Locusts are not an uncommon pest in this country: already during this season, several smaller swarms had come up from the south, where, as apparently in all other parts of the world, they are bred in the deserts. The poor cottagers in vain attempted by lighting fires, by shouts, and by waving branches to avert the attack. This species of locust closely resembles, and perhaps is identical with the famous *gryllus migratorious* of the East.

We have already transgressed the limits we can conveniently spare to this book; its interesting nature, and the information with which every page is rife, have led us on despite ourselves. We conclude by recommending Mr. DARWIN's journal to the perusal of all the readers of THE CRITIC.

FICTION.

Whitehall; or, the Days of Charles the First; an Historical Romance. By the author of "Whitefriars."

THE name of this novel indicates the time and place of the action; it will also suggest the leading incidents. The latter days of CHARLES offer a fine field for the genius of the novelist, but it needs a master-hand to do justice to the theme—powers such as the father of historical romance could alone have brought to the task. To say of the author of *Whitehall* that he has not entirely succeeded in his ambitious aim, is to say of him only that he is not the greatest writer of his age; and we frankly admit that it would be unfair to try him by an extraordinary standard. Compared with his contemporaries, he is not inferior to any of them in some of the qualities requisite for this class of literature; he is equal to most of them in the accomplishments necessary for the production of fiction of any kind. His descriptive powers are great; he has read up well for the occasion; he has keen perceptions of the nicer shades of character, and his soul is in his work, so that he writes with the flow of a full mind, and carries the reader onward by force of a certain energy which is felt, although incapable of definition. But these excellences are mingled with manifest faults. His composition is often careless and ungraceful; his plot is wanting in artistic skill; he resorts too much to the tricks of the novelist; relies for his effects upon the unnatural or supernatural, mistakes the wonderful for the grand, and the melodramatic for the dramatic. He is copious of contrivances for any difficulty; but they are so far-fetched, so thoroughly beyond the bounds of probability, that they offend the reader's sense of propriety, and often produce a smile where a striking surprise was intended. This tendency of the

writer to exaggeration—this convulsive straining after effect, was apparent in his previous novel; but it has grown with his growth, and is still more obvious and more repulsive here. Another fault he has fallen into in common with many of his predecessors. He has been over-anxious to press into his pages all the great personages of the time, and to bring this about he has resorted to contrivances so *outré*, so wild, so out of the natural order of things, that the design is made palpable to the reader, whose interest in the affair departs the moment he is compelled to feel that all these good people have been brought together to shew off the writer, and not to advance the story.

It is in the strictly historical portions of the romance that the author excels. He is skilful in dramatizing actual events, bringing them before us, not as mere dry details of facts, but with their accessories of men and manners, and dialogues that paint them upon the fancy, invested with a human interest, and more like things we have seen than such as we have only read of.

The story begins with the battle of Newbury, and ends with the death of CHARLES. The hero is one Ingulph, an illegitimate son of the Marquis of MONTACUTE, a youth of brilliant talent, favoured of the queen. His brother, born in wedlock, is betrothed to Marie, one of the daughters of the Earl of STRAFFORD, but she is loved by and loves our hero, Ingulph. The jealousies and rivalries of these brothers are the staple of the plot. De la Pole (the legitimate's name) is the villain of the story. He practises all sorts of rascalities against his brother, and, by false charges, has him sent to prison. He escapes thence, is taken prisoner by Prince RUPERT, goes to London, and meets MILTON, WALLER, and other famous personages, and is invited to join the plot of the latter. Failing in this, De la Pole accuses him of crimes of which *he* was the real author, and almost succeeds, when CROMWELL comes in time to save him, takes him into his service, patronizes, and promotes him; this takes him into the battle of Naseby; he is intrusted with the custody of the King; is appointed on the commission; discovers that he is the King's natural son, plots his escape; is detected; and witnesses his execution.

Nevertheless, with all its improbabilities and faults, *Whitehall* is a better novel than the generality of those that are issued to amuse the dull leisure of sea-side loungers. It may be safely added to the library, and safely placed upon the list of books to be borrowed by the romance-loving reader. As a specimen of the style, we take one passage descriptive of

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

As he spoke, the door flew open, and Axtel rushed abruptly in.

"All is well!" he exclaimed: "he is on the scaffold, and not a breath is heard against it!"

"Our prayer is answered!" exclaimed Cromwell, leaping up.

"They cannot, they dare not, they shall not!" shouted Ingulph desperately: but as he rushed forward, Axtel, Harrison, and the sentinels at the door darted against him, and seized him in an overpowering grasp. After a vain but furious struggle of some moments, he suddenly yielded.

"I submit—all is lost: but let me see him ere he dies—let me but obtain his forgiveness, or my soul is lost for ever!" he exclaimed distractedly, turning to Cromwell, who gazed at him for a moment in silence.

"Swear to me that you will attempt no disturbance!—for I tell you, the guard around the scaffold have orders to sweep it with their musketry on the least symptom of resistance,—and Ireton commands!" said he.

"I swear—I swear!" repeated the agonized victim.

"Give me your pistols." He surrendered them.

"Cock yours, Axtel; your sword!" He unsheathed and threw it away.

"Now, Axtel, walk beside him. On the least return of this madness, use your pistol," said the lieutenant, sternly. "And now go! For me, I will seek the Lord's will only in prayer." And covering his face with his hands, he resumed his kneeling posture, while Ingulph, closely guarded by Axtel, left the chamber, or rather burst out of it.

Aware that all further resistance was sheer madness, in the serenity of utter despair Ingulph hastened to the Banqueting Hall. All the windows were stemmed with gazers, many of them women in vizards; it was crowded with soldiers, whose partisans kept a clear way to the fatal window. Ingulph even afterwards remembered that he looked vacantly up and noticed the ceiling glowing with all the splendours of the pencil of Rubens, and representing the apotheosis of James I.

But the tragedy was not yet consummated—the coffin was still there untenanted. Ingulph hurried on: he reached the scaffold, and stood for a moment in a state of dreamy stupefaction.

The king was on the point of concluding the long and calm harangue with which he vindicated his conduct on the scaffold, appealing thence to posterity.

"I have delivered my conscience," he said. "I pray God that you do take those courses that are best for the good of the kingdom and your own salvation."

Juxon then spoke. "Though it be very well known what your Majesty's affections are to the Protestant religion," he said, "yet it may be expected that you should say something for the world's satisfaction in that particular?"

"I thank you very heartily, my Lord, for that; I had almost forgotten it," replied Charles, with a slight smile; and, turning to the people, he said, in a raised voice—"In troth, Sirs, my conscience in religion I think is very well known to all the world; and therefore I declare before you all, that I die a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man I think will witness it."

He turned again to the officers in attendance, and his eye fell on Ingulph with an expression of extreme pity and surprise.

"Sirs, excuse me for this same; I have a good cause, and I have a gracious God: I will say no more," he continued to Hacker. "Take care they do not put me to pain. And, Sir," beckoning to Ingulph, "this, an it please you."

He advanced like a statue in motion, until he was close beside the block.

"Take heed of the axe—it may hurt you!" he said kindly. "I owe this gentleman many kindnesses; I must bid him farewell." He then added, in a whisper inaudible to all but Ingulph—"Farewell, *my son!* I know all your efforts in my behalf—I acquit you of all share in my destruction. Keep this ring for my sake and your own; I have sufficiently recommended the bearer to all who love me." And he restored Stonehenge's ring to Ingulph, who knelt bare-headed, and could only ejaculate—

"Mercy!—forgive your murderer, father!"

"Not so, not so; but promise me, never again to serve him that truly is—Cromwell," returned the unfortunate monarch, in a low tone. But, observing that Ingulph was speechless, he stooped, embraced him warmly, and with a gesture recommended him to the care of Axtel, while he himself returned calmly to the executioner.

"I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands"—

The masked executioner nodded, with a deep sigh.

The Bishop now handed the King a white satin nightcap; but feeling his long grey hair, he inquired of the executioner if it would be in his way. The man made no reply, but laid down his axe, and assisted the Bishop in adjusting it under the cap.

"I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side!" he said to Juxon, smilingly, when this fearful preparation was completed.

"There is but one stage more," replied Juxon; "which, though turbulent and troublesome, yet it is a very short one; you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way—it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find, to your great joy, the prize you hasten to—a crown of glory!"

"I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world," said Charles, mournfully, as if retracing in his mind the turbulent events of his career.

"You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown—a good exchange!" replied the Bishop.

"Is my hair well?" said Charles, turning to the executioner. He nodded.

Taking off his collar and insignia of the Garter, the king then handed it to Juxon, saying the remarkable and ominous word which has ever since puzzled posterity—

"Remember!"

Charles glanced at the block, and the loose staples.

"You must set it fast," he observed.

"It is fast, Sir," replied the executioner. Charles looked at him for a moment, but the impenetrable mask baffled his scrutiny.

"Knight of De la Pole!" he then said in a low tone, "it might have been a little higher."

"It can be no higher, Sir," said the assistant executioner, observing that his master made no reply.

By this time Axtel, surprised at Dethewarre's making no effort to rise from his kneeling position, shook him violently, and startled him from a kind of insensibility rather of mind than body. He arose, and, mechanically obeying the gestures of Axtel, followed him off the scaffold. But as they entered the Banqueting Hall, a low deep universal sigh was heard gradually rising among the mob; he glanced back—an axe arose gleaming in a wintry sunbeam, which shone out for an instant, and fell with the same vast and universal sigh accompanying its fall.

The object of so many loves and hates, a moment before instinct with wrongs, and woes, and passions, evil and good, lay there, senseless, thoughtless, silent, bleeding, dead!

Minstrel Love: a Romance. From the German of Fouqué. A New Translation. With Nine Original Designs. London, 1845. J. Burns.

Another of Mr. Burns's delightful series of translations from the German. Any thing from the pen of the author of *Undine* will be read with eagerness, and *Minstrel Love* is, next to that, one of the most charming of his works. It is rendered into English with a most successful endeavour to preserve the quaint simplicity of the original, and were it for nothing more than as a specimen of pure English, ought this volume to be read and enjoyed.

But it has higher merits; it appeals to the highest and noblest of our emotions; it breathes the spirit of religion, the loftiest tone of morals. The tale is in itself of absorbing interest. The book is exquisitely printed, and lavishly adorned with excellent engravings. It will be a right welcome addition to the fireside library.

The Fortunes of Frank Fairfield. By M. H. Barker, Esq. the "Old Sailor." London, 1845. Orr and Co.

A charming tale for young people. It combines, with an interesting narrative, graphic descriptions of places and persons abroad, and a vivid picture of nautical life. It is profusely illustrated with excellent engravings, neatly bound, and will be a right welcome holiday present to deserving youth.

POETRY.

Legends of the Isles and other Poems. By Charles Mackay. Edinburgh and London, 1845. Blackwood and Sons.

We presume that there are none of our readers who are unacquainted with the name and poetry of Mr. Mackay. Mr. Mackay has written so many choice bits of verse which have been copied from paper to paper—for beauty will always multiply itself—that not to know him is inexcusable. We value men whose object is to send such select thoughts into the world as may make it the better and the wiser, and one of this class is Mr. Mackay. He never thinks that, in presenting his readers with a handful of summer flowers, he ought to mix them with any quantity of darnel. He is not among that throng of peevish poets who exclaim, "Behold, here is a whole forest of briers and weeds," and, unprofitable preachers as they are, never hunt for more lovely and consoling prospects. This cheerfulness in Mr. Mackay is shewn in a brief but excellent poem, in which the repeated music of the verse is an echo to its philosophy.

LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

When at the social board you sit,
  And pass around the wine,
Remember, though abuse is vile,
  That use may be divine:
That heaven, in kindness, gave the grape
  To cheer both great and small—
That little fools will drink too much,
  But great ones not at all.

And when in youth's too fleeting hours
  You roam the earth alone,
And have not sought some loving heart
  That you may make your own:—
Remember woman's priceless worth,
  And think, when pleasures pall—
That little fools will love too much,
  But great ones not at all.

And if a friend deceived you once,
  Absolve poor human kind,
Nor rail against your fellow man
  With malice in your mind;
But in your daily intercourse,
  Remember, lest you fall—
That little fools confide too much,
  But great ones not at all.

In weal or woe be trustful still;
  And in the deepest care
Be bold and resolute, and shun
  The coward foe Despair.

Let work and hope go hand in hand;
  And know, whate'er befal—
That little fools may hope too much,
  But great ones not at all.

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
  Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasure pure,
  Your love a steady flame;
Your drink not maddening, but to cheer;
  So shall your bliss not pall—
For little fools enjoy too much,
  But great ones not at all.

The volume before us is made up from a collection of poems which have appeared in the magazines, but they are not the less valuable on this account. There is nothing more deceptive than poetry. Many writers have acquired fame by the popularity of a periodical in which their fugitive pieces have appeared, but who have sunk to a degree of insignificance when such pieces have been collected in a volume. It is easy to account for this. Periodicals are as much the vehicles of amusement as instruction. Readers have a locomotive way of reading them. They outstrip the slowly-creeping editors, and are ready for the next monthly or weekly issues in the space of six hours. The most stupid reader has more critical acumen to detect the want of merit in an author when he stands alone in a volume than he has when the same author is among a crowd of magazine contributors. It may be that, among compound efforts, he has not sufficient strength and singleness of mind to review individual effort; but from whatever cause, it is certain that compositions which charmed in a magazine have afterwards been universally pronounced "flat and unprofitable."

It is from the very contrary result that we hold Mr. Mackay to be a genuine poet. His poems gain by reperusal. What we imagined a fine, vigorous thought does not, as we become more acquainted with it, appear to change, like Banquo's ghost, into a marrowless skeleton. Mr. Mackay is always himself, and when least distinct and marked, we see him still as the talented author of the *Salamandrine*.

The *Legends of the Isles* are bounding and powerful. They are full of bustle and energy; finely described as the "Invasion of the Norsemen," "The Counting of the Isles," "Kelpie of Corryvreckan;" and indeed throughout the entire string of them there is the same vigour.

In the workshop of the artisan Mr. Mackay is not so well known as Ebenezer Elliot, but he has not failed to make himself heard amidst the whirl and the war of labour, as a man of active sensibilities. His "Cry of the People" will bear comparison with the best of those tales of misery with which, alas! we are too conversant. Sorrow needs no pompous words, nor has Mr. Mackay used them. There is no noisy expression in this poem, but, like a deep and sombre river, it flows on, and we feel the whole power of its melancholy.

THE CRY OF THE PEOPLE.

Our backs are bow'd with the exceeding weight
  Of toil and sorrow, and our pallid faces
Shrivel before their time. Early and late
  We labour in our old accustom'd places,
Beside our close and melancholy looms,
  Or wither in the coal-seams dark and dreary,
Or breathe sick vapours in o'ercrowded rooms,
  Or in the healthier fields dig till we weary,
And grow old men ere we have reach'd our prime,
With scarce a wish but death to ask of Time.

For it is hard to labour night and day
  With sleep-defrauded eyes and temples aching,
To earn the scanty crust, which fails to stay
  The hunger of our little ones, that waking
Weep for their daily bread. 'Tis hard to see
  The flow'rets of our household fade in sadness,
In the dank shadow of our misery.
  'Tis hard to have no thought of human gladness,
But one engrossing agony for bread,
To haunt us at our toil, and in our bed.

And many of us worn with age and pain—
  Old wither'd leaves of men, who, fading, cumber,
Long for that pleasant fosse, six feet by twain,
  Impervious to all grief, where we may slumber.
And others of us, more unhappy still,
  Youthful, warm-blooded, with a life to cherish,

Offer in vain our sinews and our skill
For starving recompense, and yet must perish
In our young days, and on a fruitful soil,
Because our food is dearer than our toil.

Oh, it is bitter-hard to roam the earth,
Aliens to joy, with sad thoughts overflowing,
To hear the young birds carol in their mirth,
To feel the sunshine and the warm winds blowing,
To see the beauty in the fields and floods,
The plenty of the meadows, green or golden,
The fair full orchards, redolent of buds,
And know that we, by a hard fate withholden,
Must keep our appetites aloof, nor dare
To taste the stores which happier birds may share.

'Tis hard to know that the increase of wealth
Makes us no richer, gives us no reliance;
And that while ease, and luxury, and health
Follow the footsteps of advancing science,
They shower no benefits on us, cast out
From the fair highways of the world, to wander
In dark paths darkly, groping still about,
And at each turn condemned to rest, and ponder
If living be the only aim of life—
Mere living, purchased by perpetual strife.

We rise in grief, in grief lie down again;
And whither to turn for aid in our deep anguish
We know not—yet we feel that we are men,
Born to live out our days—and not to languish
As if we had no souls; as if, stone-blind,
We knew not spring was fair; and that the summer
Ripen'd the fruits of earth with influence kind;
That harvest ought to be a welcome comer
To us and ours; and that in Nature's face,
Were smiles of joy for all the human race.

We ask not much. We have no dread of toil;—
Too happy we, if labour could provide us,
Even though we doubled all our sweat and moil,
Raiment and food—and shelt'ring roofs to hide us
From the damp air, and from the winter's cold;—
If we could see our wives contented round us,
And to our arms our little children fold,
Nor fear that next day's hunger should confound us.
With joys like these, and one sweet day of rest,
We would complain no more, but labour, bless'd.

But these we sigh for all our days in vain,
And find no remedy where'er we seek it;—
Some of us, reckless, and grown mad with pain
And hungry vengeance, have broke loose to wreak it:—
Have made huge bonfires of the hoarded corn,
And died despairing. Some to foreign regions,
Hopeless of this, have sail'd away forlorn,
To find new homes and swear a new allegiance.
But we that stay'd behind had no relief,
No added corn, and no diminished grief.

And rich men kindly urge us to endure,
And they will send us clergymen to bless us;
And lords who play at cricket with the poor,
Think they have cured all evils that oppress us.
And then we think endurance is a crime;
That those who wait for justice never gain it;
And that the multitudes are most sublime
When, rising arm'd, they combat to obtain it,
And dabbling in thick gore, as if 'twere dew,
Seek not alone their rights, but vengeance too.

But these are evil thoughts; for well we know,
From the sad history of all times and places,
That fire, and blood, and social overthrow,
Lead but to harder grinding of our faces
When all is over: so, from strife withdrawn,
We wait in patience through the night of sorrow,
And watch the far-off glimpses of the dawn
That shall assure us of a brighter morrow.
And meanwhile, from the overburdened sod,
Our cry of anguish rises up to God.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATION.

The First Book of Botany; being a plain and brief Introduction to that Science for Schools and Young Persons. By Mrs. LOUDON. London: George Bell, Fleet-street.

THE purpose of this neat little book is so clearly set forth in its title, that it only remains for us to give the plan on which it has been constructed, and a brief notice of its character. The fair authoress has divided her subject into three chapters. The first treats "Of the Parts into which Plants are separated by Botanists;" as the root, the trunk, the leaves, the flower, and the fruit. The second shews "The Natural Division of Plants," into ligneous, herbaceous, evergreens, deciduous and succulent plants, parasites, hardy and tender plants. The third and last gives "The Botanical Division of Plants," including classification, and the respective systems of LINNÆUS, JUSSIEU, and DECANDOLLE. The work is illustrated with wood-cuts wherever they are necessary, and has appended to it a useful and succinct glossarial index. The letter-press is divested of technicalities, terse, and therefore well fitted for being committed to memory. We can therefore conscientiously commend this book to all, whether young or old, who desire to learn the rudiments of that most delightful and refreshing of studies—Botany.

A Grammar of the Irish Language, published for the Use o the Senior Classes in the College of St. Columba. By JOHN O'DONOVAN, Member of the Archæological Society. Dublin, 1845. Hodges and Smith.

WE cannot pretend to pass a critical judgment upon this portly volume, for we must confess ourselves entirely ignorant upon its subject-matter. But the learned author informs us in his preface, that it has been a work of great research and labour. Begun in the year 1828, he has in the interval visited every county in Ireland, and acquainted himself with the provincial dialects as now spoken. He has introduced copious examples from the remains of the ancient language still preserved in manuscript, and he has received the ready aid of the most eminent antiquarians in his interesting inquiries. An elaborate introduction traces the history of the Irish language from the first Milesian colony; but the subject has not sufficient general attraction to justify our following him in his inquiries. We can only say that to students of Irish literature this volume must be a welcome assistant.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Emigrant's Guide; or Ten Years' Practical Experience in Australia. By the Rev. DAVID MACKENZIE, M.A. London, 1845. Orr and Co.

AMID the multitude of books that have issued from the press descriptive of our Australian colonies, it is difficult to find one on which the emigrant may confidently rely for truthful information. So many books are written with interested motives, that it is dangerous to trust to any asseverations of the authors. Besides this, there is a propensity to colour objects according to the aspect in which they were viewed by the observer. If he have flourished in his speculations, all is *couleur de rose*; if he have failed, all is gloom and discontent. In the one case, the colony is a paradise; in the other, a hell. A sound-thinking man, who has looked at affairs there without prejudice from personal feelings, is a rare and valuable friend, and will be heartily welcomed by those who seek the very truth as to the prospects of emigration and the preparations to be made for it. Such a guide is the Rev. D. MACKENZIE; and ten years' residence has peculiarly fitted him to give practical advice on all the topics most interesting to emigrants. The volume, though small in size, abounds in useful facts. There is no attempt at fine writing; the author states succinctly the information he desires to convey. He describes the geographical position, climate, soil, agriculture, and appearance of Australia; its population, revenue, government, and that which will sound strange to British ears—

THE LITERATURE OF BOTANY BAY.

There is something funny in the very name. I may perhaps be rewarded for my trouble with a smile of contempt, if I tell you that here, in Sydney, the capital of Botany Bay, there are many who have already enrolled their names among the fraternity of authors—that we have our historians, our poets, our novel-writers; and our writers on theology, on law, astronomy; our reviewers, our naturalists, our public lecturers; also, our museums, public libraries, colleges, schools, mechanics' school of arts, debating societies, commercial reading-rooms, several booksellers' shops, and last, though not least, our editors and daily newspapers.

Some of these papers, such as the *Herald*, *Atlas*, and one or two others, are ably conducted, and occasionally contain leading articles which would not disgrace any of your London prints. It must, however, be admitted that there are a few of our colonial publications which greatly stand in need of pruning. About these there is one very amusing peculiarity. If you happen to advance any opinion, or endeavour to establish any doctrine unpalatable to the editor, instead of attempting to refute or disprove by argument your statements, he immediately falls foul of *yourself*, abuses you personally, and if there is any thing objectionable in all your past history, he rakes it up, and places it against your statements,—to prove, of course, that they are incorrect.

It will be interesting to parents who intend emigrating to New South Wales, to be informed that there is scarcely a town of any note in the colony that cannot boast of its academy or school; and in Sydney there are several highly respectable seminaries, conducted by men of superior talents. There are also several ladies' boarding-schools, where day-scholars are received. With the exception of law, physic, and divinity, there is not a branch of a liberal education but may be studied as successfully in Sydney as in any one of your British institutions. Many important situations are now very creditably filled by native youths, who never left the colony; and I believe that there is not a government office, or bank in Sydney, in which there is not now employed one or more of those young gentlemen who attended my own class when I taught in the Australian College. The Episcopalian Bishop has ordained some young men who received the whole of their education in this colony. Such a step as this has not yet, in any instance, been taken by the Presbyterians, although they have, many years ago, organised and established—chiefly through the exertions of our great lion, Dr. Lang—a system of education in the Australian College, far more comprehensive, and in every respect more calculated to prepare for the duties of the Christian ministry, than any system hitherto introduced under the auspices of our Episcopalians.

There is one great obstacle here to the progress of literature. Money is so easily earned in this colony, that parents, instead of educating their sons for the learned professions, or allowing them to remain at school until they have received a liberal education, send them to the bush with a few flocks of sheep, which is a surer and much shorter way of arriving at colonial eminence and independence. This conduct on the part of parents has always been, and still continues to be, a source of great annoyance to every zealous teacher in New South Wales. It is much to be regretted that colonial youths should not receive the benefits of a classical and philosophical education, and thus have the chance of eventually distinguishing themselves as literary characters. From my having, during the space of seven years, taught mathematics and natural philosophy to a public class of them here, I may be allowed to express my opinion that, in point of natural abilities and general aptitude to learn, they are not one whit behind youths of the same age in England.

You will, no doubt, be greatly surprised when I inform you that there is a general thirst for reading throughout Australia. I took some pains to inquire into this fact; and the result of my inquiries has been that there is an immense number of books of a certain class read throughout the colony. Everybody reads. But I am sorry to add that the reading chiefly in vogue is of a light and frivolous character. There is not a bookseller or librarian here but will tell you that, while celebrated works on divinity, history, and science are allowed to mould on their shelves, the demand for works of imagination is greater than the supply. The Sydney Mechanics' School of Arts, however, has already done much, and promises to do a great deal more, in checking this love of fiction, and creating a desire after more rational and intellectual enjoyment. This valuable institution numbered, some time ago, no fewer than 800 among its members. Its library contains by far the largest and most valuable collection of books in the colony. The annual subscription is only 12s. a year, which entitles the subscriber to attend all the lectures, and borrow from the library any book which it may contain. The lectures hitherto delivered in the institution have been gratuitous and voluntary, no *paid* lecturer having been yet engaged by the committee of management, who have repeatedly expressed their gratification at finding their wants in this respect abundantly supplied by free-will offerings. Men of all classes, of all religions, and of every shade of politics, are equally zealous in patronising the Mechanics' School of Arts. In short, it is the only really public institution in Sydney. We number among our lecturers several of the most influential and talented men in the colony; such as their Honours Justice A'Beckett and Justice Therry; Dr. Nicholson, M.C.; Dr. Wallace; R. Windeyer, barrister and M.C.; Professor Rennie; the Rev. Henry Carmichael, A.M. (author of an interesting work on New South Wales); T. W. Cape, esq., for many years head-master of Sydney College; and several other literary gentlemen of eminence and respectability. The course of lectures is very comprehensive, including, with the exception of politics and controversial divinity, every subject on which it could benefit the mechanic to be informed. That much interest is felt in these lectures, not only by the mechanics for whose benefit they are chiefly provided, but by the public in general, may be inferred from the large attendance of the members, and the fact of reporters from the press being regularly sent there, and a large portion of the newspapers' columns being frequently allotted to the publication of such reports; and this happened even when the subject of lectures was not much calculated to amuse or interest a popular audience. I had occasion more than once to make this remark during a course of lectures, delivered there by myself, on experimental philosophy, though they were not remarkable in any way, either for their novelty or their application to the mechanical arts. I would recommend every emigrant who intends remaining in Sydney or its vicinity to become a member of this institution. The expense is a mere trifle, and the benefit is invaluable. The facility with which money may be accumulated in this colony, and the numerous avenues which are here open for the profitable investment of capital, have an obvious tendency to divert the public attention from scientific pursuits to the sordid and debasing ideas of pounds, shillings, and pence; and I feel assured that to any man of cultivated mind, newly arrived from England, the existence of a flourishing Mechanics' School of Arts in Botany Bay, numerously attended by all grades of society, from the governor down to the chimney-sweep, must appear like an oasis in the wilderness—a solitary green spot, with its refreshing streams, on which the eyes of the weary traveller rest with delight.

The churches and clergymen, morals and society, land regulations, live stock, bush amusements, exports and shipping, travelling, the blacks, are subsequently described in like manner; and some excellent advice to emigrants completes a volume which contains more practical information in a small space than any book we have lighted upon for a twelvemonth.

Tourists' Guide to St. Andrews, with Historical and descriptive letter-press. St. Andrews, 1845. Melville Fletcher.

This is a very complete guide-book—one written in a far superior manner to most works of this nature. It is lavishly illustrated with steel engravings, which are very creditably executed, and the typography and getting up of the volume are tasteful in a high degree.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The mania of locomotion appears to have spread in Paris among the *artistes*. The tears shed for the departure of Mademoiselle Plessy are scarcely wiped away, when we learn the flight of M. Théophile Gautier and his friend M. Noel Parfait, for Algiers. Nor is this all; they having, it appears, resolved, for a time, at least, to exchange the pen for the sword, and joined the expedition of General Bugeaud as volunteers. The general is about to lead a force against the two principal chiefs of Abd-el-Kader, Ben Salim and Ben Kassim. The two adventurous travellers are to form a part of his personal staff, and embarked on the very night of their arrival at Delly's in the suite of the governor-general. We may consequently soon look for a narrative of the campaign, "by an eye-witness."

M. Bosio, the celebrated sculptor, whose admirable *bassi relievi* and other works have tended so greatly to increase the value of many of the national monuments throughout France (among the rest, the colossal statue of Napoleon on the famous column at Bolougne, commemorating the *intended* invasion of England), died lately, at the age of 74 years. M. Bosio was a native of Monaco, and was born in March 1761. France, however, was his *pays d'élection*, and his loss will be long felt by his adopted countrymen. This clever sculptor was a pupil of Pajou, a member of the Legion of Honour, and a member of the Academy of the Fine Arts.

Another death which has lately occurred here must not pass unnoticed. I have just read in the *Corsaire-Satan* the following paragraph: "Since 1803 there has lived in the Rue des Vieilles-Etuves a princess of the blood of the Incas, and consequently a great-grandaughter of the sun. This illustrious woman, who had discovered the secret of living happily upon an income of 1,000f. (40*l.*) was named Fatima Palmyra Moholia Bézia Kipacki. Struck by a fatal attack of apoplexy, she died at a very advanced age. The *Petites-Affiches* informed us of this almost royal departure, which, without such advertisement, would have taken place as perfectly unremarked as the decease of a simple peer of France."

A sale of rare and curious autographs took place a few days ago, of which the most singular was a poem addressed by Robespierre to a lady of Arras. This MS. created considerable competition, and was ultimately knocked down for 500f. As some of your readers may be glad to form an opinion of the *poetical feeling* of the great headsman of the Revolution, here it is done into English :—

"Let the world talk—thy mirror shew
A lovely face, fair lady mine ;
Still careless of thy beauty's glow,
Let modesty's sweet charm be thine.
Still doubt thy power unprized, unproved,
Conviction's voice in trembling flee ;
Thou wilt but be the better loved
While fearing that it may not be."

One cannot help asking one's-self if this passion were returned ; for, if so, we fear that the ancient member for Arras must have resuscitated, for his especial benefit, the daughter of Herodias. Alas ! poor human nature !—what a congeries of incongruities does it exhibit !

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Der Kriege von Morea in den Jahren 1687 *und* 1688—(War in the Morea during the Years 1687 and 1688), by F. PFISTER, is a work deserving of mention. It was written as a contribution to the history of Hesse ; and though but relating to one part of the great struggle between the Christianity of Western Europe and the Osmans, towards the close of the seventeenth century, thus only partially representing the condition and actions of the Venetians at that period, it is well deserving the notice of the student. It is, in particular, interesting to the lover of Greece, for the light it throws on the state of that unfortunate country at that epoch. Altogether, it is a little book of much utility.

It is certainly one of the many happy consequences of the long peace that Europe has enjoyed, that men of military fame and talents have leisure to present the world with works which, from other than experienced hands, would be of far less value. Individuals, such as the Archduke CHARLES, the generals ZOMINI, GROLLMAN, CLAUSEWITZ, LONDONDERRY, NAPIER, MUFFLING, and others, by their military narratives, have not only elucidated the art of war, but have rendered great services to history. It is seldom, indeed, that they produce any thing beyond mere military works, though now and then a brilliant exception will be met with, such as the *Geschicte der Staatsveränderung in Frankreich*, by General V. SCHUTZ ; such a work is sure of a hearty welcome, when, as in the *History of Napoleon Buonaparte*, by F. V. RATH, independent of much military information, it contains interesting and authentic matter on the other objects which that important period of history embraces. The requisite demanded by VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, in the writer of NAPOLEON'S history, that we should have a good knowledge of military tactics, has, in this case, been fully supplied. HER F. V. RATH, at present in the service of Wirtemberg, has written an impartial, circumstantial, and authentic history of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. His various campaigns are treated in a clear and nervous style ; the period of the Empire is written with much research and judgment, though perhaps this part of the work may not compare with that of WACHSMUTH. VON RATH, too, does not pretend to know *every thing* with perfect accuracy and precision ; he sees clearly that, notwithstanding the many years that have elapsed between the occurrences he relates and the present time, many events are nevertheless involved in comparative darkness. Of this nature are the battle of Eylau, of which the various contending reports make it almost impossible to form a distinct judgment ; the retreat of the French from Russia : in this latter point the author has taken his authority principally from Prince LUGEU, of Wirtemberg, from his notices in the *Ostreichischen Militair-Zeitschrift*, of July 1841 ; the diplomatic details of 1813, NAPOLEON'S five days' residence in the castle of Düben, and some other occurrences. The writer has clearly felt the earnestness and weight of his undertaking ; his style, therefore, is simple and impressive, not aiming at effect, full of dignity and severity ; in short, it is the manifest expression of the author's mind, and, as it should be, not darkened with strategic technicalities. The second part of a work of much interest has lately appeared,—*Characterzüge und historische Fragmente aus dem Leben des Königs von Preussen Friedrich Wilhelm III. Gesammelt nach eigenen Beobachtungen und selbst gemachten Enfahrnugen, und herausgegeben*, von R. EGLERT. The volume formerly published was devoted wholly to the character of FRIEDRICH WILHELM ; this second, so long and anxiously awaited, carries the entire interest of the reader to the character of the Queen LOUISA. Never was there an amiable and beautiful woman so favourably described. Many traits of her gentle disposition and noble heart are recorded in those works which bear relation to her times, and this volume is wholly taken up by Herr V. EGLERT'S examination of her relation as wife and mother, but not much as queen. Doubtless this was the result of the writer's evident anxiety to steer clear of political and diplomatic shoals ;—a matter which should hardly be an object with one professing to treat alike of history and biography.

Another publication of value, is one entitled *Denkwurdigkeiten des Freiherrn Achatz Ferdinand von der Asseburg* — (Memoirs of General Asseburg), collected from his papers and documents, by a statesman, and preceded by a Preface from the pen of VARNHAGEN VON ENSE. The name of the statesman is Count SCHULENBURG, Saxon ambassador at the Austrian court. This excellent work contains valuable notices of the years from 1740 to 1797, and offers not only to the learned inquirer or the lover of history, but to young diplomatists in particular, an admirable school. The editor tells us not to expect brilliant anecdotes or piquant sayings, for, in his opinion, such things are beneath the dignity of the statesman ; consequently, those who would seize the book in the idea of being amused, will find themselves severely disappointed. Of personal notices there are too few. People feel naturally interested in the inner life of a man so distinguished as General ASSEBURG : we are not content to learn simply that he was a student at Jena in 1740, smoking strong tobacco and riding hard ; that 1745-46 saw him already commencing his diplomatic career at Munich, and much admired by the fair sex ; nor that in 1747 he travelled to Rome and Paris, when this turns out to be the sum total of *biography* to be found in the whole work, one is neither prepared for, nor pleased at this ; nevertheless, it must be classed among the most momentous works which the Berlin press has of late produced. It contains, in the first place, an account of the Asseburg race, with long genealogical tables ; then follows ASSEBURG'S correspondence with the Danish minister, BERNSTOFF, and the Russian minister, PANIN, with the history of his diplomatic career in the Danish service, embracing a period from the year 1753 to 1773, including the treaty concerning Holstein, Oldenburg, and Delmenhorst, and so forth ; the whole terminating with an account of his domestic relations, &c. and his death. He was born at Meisdorf, on the 20th July, 1721 ; his father was JOHANN LUDWIG V. D. ASSEBURG, Chamberlain to the King of Prussia ; his mother, ANNA MARIA V. D. SCHULENBERG-APENBERG. He died at Brunswick, 13th of March, 1797.

Another publication worthy of notice is entitled *Der Neue Pitaval*, a collection of the most interesting criminal trials which have taken place in Europe. The first part opens with that of R. L. SAND, the murderer of KOTZEBUE, as interesting a trial as could have been selected. "His diary shews that this thought first occurred to him in May 1818, and from that hour never left him until it rose to a perfect mania. It seems that he daily expected to hear that some other had forestalled him in what he held to be the paramount duty of every German ; at last, urged by vanity, perhaps irritated by the comments of his friends, he left Jena, without communicating his resolve to any one, armed with two daggers, though at the same time under circumstances which plainly shewed he calculated the deed would not be done by *him*. He left behind him in his open room letters and papers which announced his determination to the world at large ; but, by some almost unaccountable accident, they were not discovered until after its execution. He spent a fortnight in going from Jena to Mannheim, though riding nearly all the way ; he remained five days in Frankfort, without any object but that of delay ; at last he entered Mannheim. He announced himself to KOTZEBUE under the name of a dear friend, and the deed was easily and quickly done. He had evidently reckoned upon such a state of excitement among the people as would enable him to escape. The event shewed his miscalculation ; he stabbed himself, and was seized. He bore the prospect of death with perfect calmness ; but during the period of the trial his obstinate concealment of the truth seriously compromised the friends who were exerting themselves in his behalf. His imprisonment terminated by his execution on the 20th March, 1820." The next trial is that of FUALDES ; then follows, among others, that of FRAU FIGNET, one of the most interesting in the collection. That of MARTIN GUERRE, 1560, is too antique for a series almost entirely modern. That of the Marquis BRINVILLIERS is one well known, for it is highly interesting. Among the trials selected from England we may mention those of EUGENE ARAM, Admiral BYNG, and last, but not least, that of WARREN HASTINGS, which occupies one entire volume. Comparisons between the systems of justice in the several countries of Europe, and general remarks, connect these one with the other, and render the work well worthy of attention. We believe it is not yet completed.

With these notices of the historical department, as it at present exists in Germany, we must close our remarks for this week.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Sketches of Residence and Travels in Brazil. By the Rev. DANIEL P. KIDDER, A.M. In 2 vols. Vol. II. London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

A VERY inconvenient mode of publishing has of late been growing into favour. The plan is, where a work consists of more than a single volume, not to bring it out entire, but to publish the several volumes at intervals, varying from a month to a year, according to the circumstances. The evident purpose of the arrangement is to obtain as many different reviews and other advertising notorieties for each work as it numbers in volumes. The inconveniences to reviewers and to readers are, however, so great, that an effort should be made to discountenance a scheme which, if permitted to grow unchecked by rebuke, will become an intolerable nuisance. Every book will be to be judged piecemeal and read by detachments. For the mischief there is but one cure, and that is, for the journals to make a rule not to notice a book until it is offered to them in a complete form.

We are sorry to see this device adopted in America. Only a few weeks since we reviewed at some length the first volume of Mr. KIDDER'S *Sketches in Brazil*, and now there is a second and concluding volume, to many parts of which we should have liked to call attention in preference to some of the passages presented in the preceding notice. But as our space is limited, so must be our extracts, and the comments we made upon the first volume being equally applicable to the second, we will at once proceed as if this notice had been a continuation of the former one.

Mr. KIDDER opens with the narrative of a trip upon the river Amazon. He spent some time at Bahia, which he represents as one of the most interesting of the cities of the Brazils. Here, as elsewhere, he notices the different shapes of the water-jars borne on the heads of the negroes, each place having a style peculiar to itself.

The backward state of civilization in the remoter provinces of the Brazils may be judged by the accounts given of the administration of justice there, translated from the official reports. Here is a passage.

"The period for organizing juries is the time of jubilee for criminals. The jurors being in a high degree ill-qualified, having but little general information, and still less acquaintance with the important duties of their office; and, moreover, having no personal security, can by no means be relied upon for the administration of justice and the punishment of offenders. Rare is the criminal, even among the most abandoned, who cannot find some protector; and those who have some powerful man on their side are sure to be fully absolved. This scandal has reached its climax.

"In the villa of Anadia, where a jury had not been organized for more than three years, out of thirty criminal cases, only one was found guilty; all the other defendants were pronounced innocent and falsely accused! In another case, where in ordinary circumstances it is with great difficulty that a competent number of jurors can be assembled, about sixty met for a special purpose, and on their first organization cleared all the persons complained of and then separated."

A very unattractive description is given of Ceará.

The first thing to be said of Ceará is, that it is literally a city built upon the sand. From the beach to the remotest suburb all is sand, sand. If a person walks, the deep sand wearies his limbs; if the sun shines, the heated sand parches his feet; and, if the wind blows, the flying sand fills his eyes. Sand fills the streets and composes the side-walks, except that, here and there, it may be covered with a broken flagging of stone or brick. Walking, riding, and driving, seem to be equally impeded by the sand; and, for the locomotion of a single cart, it is not rare that ten oxen are employed. Nevertheless, the plan of the city is good; the streets are wide and its squares ample.

Like all countries whose inhabitants are scattered about so thinly that they are necessarily thrown back upon their own thoughts, the Brazils have been the scene of many strange superstitions. One of the most extraordinary resulted from a popular belief in Portugal, transferred to Pernambuco, that Don SEBASTIAN, the King of Portugal, who perished in an expedition against the Moors in Africa, will make his reappearance on earth, as each of the faithful believes, during his own lifetime. Among those who at various times have sought to impose themselves upon the credulity of the people as the expected Don SEBASTIAN, was a fanatic named JOAO ANTONIO, who had fixed upon a remote part of the province of Pernambuco for the appearance of the expected warrior.

The place designated was a dense forest, near which were known to be two acroceraunian caverns. This spot the impostor said was an enchanted kingdom, which was about to be disenchanted, whereupon Don Sebastian would immediately appear at the head of a great army, with glory, and with power to confer wealth and happiness upon all who should anticipate his coming by associating themselves with said João Antonio.

As might be expected, he found followers, who, after awhile, learned that the imaginary kingdom was to be disenchanted by having its soil sprinkled with the blood of one hundred innocent children! In default of a sufficient number of children, men and women were to be immolated, but in a few days they would all rise again, and become possessed of the riches of the world. The prophet appears to have lacked the courage necessary to carry out his bloody scheme, but he delegated power to an accomplice, named João Ferreira, who assumed the title of "his Holiness," put a wreath of rushes upon his head, and required the proselytes to kiss his toe, on pain of instant death. After other deeds too horrible to describe, he commenced the slaughter of human beings. Each parent was required to bring forward one or two of his children to be offered. In vain did the prattling babes shriek and beg that they might not be murdered. The unnatural parents would reply, "No, my child, there is no remedy," and forcibly offer them. In the course of two days he had thus, in cold blood, slain twenty-one adults and twenty children, when a brother of the prophet, becoming jealous of "his Holiness," thrust him through and assumed his power. At this juncture some one ran away, and apprised the civil authorities of the dreadful tragedy.

Troops were called out, who hastened to the spot, but the infatuated Sebastianists had been taught not to fear any thing, but that, should an attack be made upon them, it would be the signal for the restoration of the kingdom, the resurrection of their dead, and the destruction of their enemies. Wherefore, on seeing the troops approach, they rushed upon them, uttering cries of defiance, attacking those who had come to their rescue, and actually killing five, and wounding others, before they could be restrained. Nor did they submit until twenty-nine of their number, including three women, had actually been killed. Women, seeing their husbands dying at their feet, would not attempt to escape, but shouted "The time is come; *viva viva*, the time is come!" Of those that survived, a few escaped into the woods, the rest were taken prisoners. It was found that the victims of this horrid delusion had not even buried the bodies of their murdered offspring and kinsmen, so confident were they of their immediate restoration.

A curious trait is recorded of the Brazilian carriers. When, on account of a high load, they are unable to spring upon their horses' backs at one leap, they deliberately take hold of the horse's tail, place their foot upon the gambrel joint, and walk up over the hips of the animal.

Mr. KIDDER attributes the low state of improvement in Brazil to the great natural advantages of the country. The food necessary to maintain life can be procured in such abundance that there is no necessity for hard work, and men will not labour without the stimulus of necessity. The water-melon is, during the season, the principal food of the population, and it is so abundant, that the finest are to be purchased at twenty cents for a hundred. Thus, for a single penny, could a man be fed for a week.

In the river Amazon he noticed a phenomenon very similar to the *bores* that characterize some of our tidal rivers.

This phenomenon is called, from its aboriginal name, *pororoca*, and gives character to the navigation of the Amazon for hundreds of miles. No sailing craft can descend the river while the tide is running up. Hence, both in ascending and descending, distances are measured by tides. For instance, Pará is three tides from the ocean, and a vessel entering with the flood must lie at anchor during two ebb tides before she can reach the city. Canoes and small vessels are sometimes endangered in the commotion caused by the pororoca, and hence they generally, in anticipation, lay-to in certain places called *esperas* or resting-places, where the water is known to be but little agitated. Most of the vessels used in the commerce of the upper Amazon are constructed with reference to this peculiarity of the navigation, being designed for floating on the current rather than for sailing before the wind, although their sails may often be made serviceable.

The ebb and flow of the tides in the Amazon are observed with regularity six hundred miles above the mouth, at the confluence of the river Madeira. The pororoca is much more violent on the northern side of the island of Marajó, where the mouth is wider

and the current more shallow. It was well described by Condamine a hundred years ago, in these terms:

"During three days before the new and full moons, the period of the highest tides, the sea, instead of occupying six hours to reach its flood, swells to its highest limit in one or two minutes. It might be inferred that such a phenomenon could not take place in a very tranquil manner. The noise of this terrible flood is heard five or six miles, and increases as it approaches. Presently you see a liquid promontory twelve or fifteen feet high, followed by another, and another, and sometimes by a fourth. These watery mountains spread across the whole channel, and advance with a prodigious rapidity, rending and crushing every thing in their way. Immense trees are instantly uprooted by it, and sometimes whole tracts of land are swept away."

A short account of the Brazil-nut will be new to many.

It is not generally known that the triangular fruit, called in England and the United States the Brazil-nut, is only produced in the northern parts of the empire. It grows spontaneously in great abundance in the forests of the Amazon. The Portuguese call it "*Castanha do Maranham*,"—the Maranham chestnut, it having first been exported from that province. It grows upon the lofty branches of a giant tree, the bertholletia excelsa. When the fruit is new, and not hardened by age, it is much more delicious than afterward.

During the revolution of 1823, an event occurred, which rivals in horror the Black Hole of Calcutta.

A large number of prisoners were taken, and five ringleaders in the revolt were shot in the public square. Thence returning on board, he received, the same evening, an order from the president of the junta, to prepare a vessel large enough to hold two hundred prisoners. A ship of six hundred tons burden was accordingly selected. It afterwards appeared, that the number of prisoners actually sent on board by the president was two hundred and fifty-three. These men, in the absence of Captain Grenfell, were forced into the hold of the prison-ship and placed under the guard of fifteen Brazilian soldiers.

"Crowded until almost unable to breathe, and suffering alike from heat and thirst, the poor wretches attempted to force their way on deck, but were repulsed by the guard, who, after firing upon them, and fastening down the hatchway, threw a piece of ordnance across it, and effectually debarred all egress. The stifling sensation caused by this exclusion of air drove the suffering crowd to utter madness, and many are said to have lacerated and mangled each other in the most horrible manner. Suffocation, with all its agonies, succeeded. The aged and the young, the strong and feeble, the assailant and his antagonist, all sank down exhausted and in the agonies of death. In the hope of alleviating their sufferings, a stream of water was at length directed into the hold, and towards morning the tumult abated; but from a cause which had not been anticipated. Of all the two hundred and fifty-three, four only were found alive, who had escaped destruction by concealing themselves behind a water-butt."

But we must bring to a conclusion this notice of a work which we should not have treated at so great a length, but that the country to which it is devoted is little known to English readers.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN THE TYROL.

(*Continued from page* 324.)

NEAR Fragent a mad torrent will be crossed, which has laid waste at its junction with the Möhl a large tract of land. If he can, the tourist may procure another *Einspännig* at Stall (we were unable to do so), or proceed on foot, and advance up the same fertile, well-cultivated valley. It is about three hours' walk to the village of Winklern, where the valley makes an abrupt turn to the right, and becomes narrower. Winklern is beautifully situate high on the side of the valley. He had better refresh here, and then continue his advance up the valley, and pass through the village of Dollach. The mountains increase in grandeur, and the valley narrows considerably. Where the Möhl is crossed, the river forms a remarkably fine rapid, and on the left is the fall called the Jungfernsprung, a tributary stream. He will pass the graceful spire of Bockhagen; and, after climbing a steep ridge that crosses the valley, will come to the cascade of the Möhl, where it bursts through the barrier of rock. It is a fine fall, and the scenery around it grand. When clear, a fine view of the Gross Glockner may be had from the top of this hill; but his head being enveloped in mist, we could only see the lower part, with the glaciers hanging on his side, all white. Heiligenblat will now be soon reached, a very remote village, about 5,000 feet above the sea, and distant about forty miles from Ober Villach. If the weather should be favourable on the following morning, and should not have been so on the preceding evening (as was the case with us), the tourist will be surprised by a glorious sight. We were exceedingly favoured, which is not the case with all tourists, as would appear from the following extract from the strangers' book:—

"We did not see the Glockner, because he would not shew;
We tried him with a telescope, but found it no go."

The view, as we had it from the hill on which the chapel stands, was indeed a glorious one; the light mist floating over the head and sides of the Glockner added greatly to the splendour of his appearance, his aspect ever varying; five or six times his head (which is a very sharp cone, the apex of which is only four feet square) was perfectly clear, and as often hidden again, and was brilliantly white when the sun shone upon it, and contrasted well with the dark clouds which occasionally approached it. It was not entirely covered with snow, as some parts are too precipitous for it to lie on; his side, for the same reason, had broad patches of dark colour, and the hollows were filled with glaciers. The mist was continually changing the view, but always harmonizing with the mountain, and the whole was softened by the hues of the atmosphere. The summit of the Gross Glockner rises 12,760 feet above the sea. The view also over the village and church of Heiligenblat, with the mountains across the valley, their lower parts covered with wood, and having rye growing nearly 6,000 feet above the sea, was magnificent. The church in the village should be visited, where will be seen the Gothic shrine of stone, thirty feet high, covered over with *ex voto* offerings, and the so-called holy blood of our Saviour, in a small phial, and from which the village derives its name; bones of saints, artificial flowers, &c. and an old carved high altar-piece. An excursion is frequently made to the Pasterze Glacier, but this we omitted.

It is a long afternoon's walk from Heiligenblat to the village of Kals, ascending the flank of the Gross Glockner, and seeing part of the Pasterze Glacier, and the pretty waterfall of Gösnitz, the water of which falls upon a ledge of rock, rebounds, and shoots down like rockets, passing through the dell of Leiter, and walking along the Cat's Path on a steep slope of loose slates. After two hours' walk, milk may be had at a chalet, and then crossing over the top of the pass, from which we had another grand view of the summit of the Glockner, and of some splendid precipices before it. Here it appears forked. We had also a view of a magnificent range of mountains on the other side of the pass, and passed near some fine precipices. The descent is then made into the Bergenthal, and the village of Kals is entered, very high above the sea, and about seventeen miles from Heiligenblat, to walk which occupied us about seven hours. We could here get nothing to eat in the way of meat but old goats' flesh, rather strong in flavour, and of which they made us three dishes, viz. soup, a roast, and a pudding. Coffee is always to be had at the poorest inns. Kals is a very remote place; and there is no road to it except an indifferent footpath, by which the tourist must descend the Kalserthal, a very narrow valley, with not much space for cultivation, and the sides steep and wooded. He will cross the river Isl, and continue his progress up the vale of Tefereggen to Hopfgarten, fourteen miles from Kals. This valley also is narrow, and offers pretty romantic woodland views, and has not much cultivated ground. At Hopfgarten he will probably be able to procure no other meat but goats' flesh, but plenty of small fresh-water trouts (*forellen*). After resting here, he must still advance up the valley, narrow and romantic, and for some distance a mere defile: it opens at the head, and becomes very beautiful, where St. Jacob's is situated. He will pass St. Veit's, and arrive at the village of St. Jacob's early in the evening, about twenty-six miles from Kals—fine snowy mountains at the head of the valley and also below. This village stands very high; I should think, not much below six thousand feet above the sea; yet red wheat was ripe a little lower down the valley on the 1st September. In this valley the peasants wear a coarse dark brown dress, made of undyed wool of black and brown sheep; from which their appearance has been compared to bears rampant. It is a very remote valley, and the inhabitants are very primitive in their manners; we saw them busy taking in the crops in immense loads upon their backs. There are some very neat houses, chiefly of wood, at St. Jacob's, and on the sides of the valley near it. A guide should be taken here for the next day's journey, who will conduct the tourist on foot, in an hour and a half, to a bridge; and then for

four hours more, through a mountainous defile along the river, the lower part of it well wooded, the upper part bare of wood, but affording good pasture for cattle.

On the way through this defile the guide will take him into a chalet to get milk, which he will have set before him in an immense wooden bowl, and no doubt he will enjoy it much. He will pass Jackhause, a collection of chalets, where there is, during part of the summer, a good pasture for cattle. He will soon after see the fine glacier of the Fleichback. At the head of the defile he will commence the ascent of the steep part of the pass of Ochsen Lente, and will have a very steep and hard climb, and a difficult and rather dangerous passage across some loose, crumbled clay-slate. The ascent will occupy an hour and a quarter, and he will then have attained the height of 9,500 feet above the sea, and will not regret the labour the ascent has cost him when he has reached the top of the pass, for he will then behold a most sublime mountain view; in front, a splendid range of snowy mountains, some shewing their peaks above the clouds, and below them a small green lake or tarn like an emerald; and in the valley, corn and green pastures; and turning round, he will see mountains with their heads covered with snow and glacier, including a fine mountain near him, on which is the Fleichback glacier, a great mass of ice and snow, and a high mountain called the Patsch, with a glacier on his side extending for several miles; and on his right the mighty Drei Hern Spitz, his head appearing somewhat round, and very purely white and dazzling in the sunshine, heightened by the contrast of the dark bare granite before him, which appears to have been thrown up by some great convulsion. He will scarcely find a view in Switzerland to surpass this. After feasting his eyes on this view till they are satiated, or as long as the cold will permit him, he may commence the descent on the other side, which is rather dangerous, and requires caution, as it is very steep, and the highest part is covered with loose slates, over which it is difficult to preserve a footing; and immediately below this is slippery glacier with a slight covering of snow. We scrambled on all fours, for had we lost our footing we should have slid away over the glacier, at a railway pace, rather further than was agreeable. My fingers became so benumbed that I had great difficulty to hold on. A shepherd's staff would be a great support here. After the first part of the descent is overcome, the tourist will have a rough walk over rocks down the side of the mountain. He will have a beautiful view of the vale of Tauffers as he descends, rich and well cultivated, and inclosed by high, snow-clad mountains, the sides of the hills well clothed with firs as high as they can grow. He will pass near the copper-mines, where he may see the process of washing the ore. When he has completed the descent, he must proceed up the Arnthal to the inn at Heiligengaist, distant from St. Jacob's about twenty-four miles.

(To be continued.)

ART.

CARTOONS, BY CORNELIUS, FOR THE PROPOSED NEW CEMETERY IN PRUSSIA.—The painter Cornelius, on his way from Berlin to Rome, has been exhibiting to his friends a number of the cartoons designed by him for the Cemetery, after the model of the Pisan *Campo Santo*, which the King of Prussia has determined to create. The finished designs comprehend three sides of the walls forming the square of the projected burial-ground, the designs for the fourth remaining to be completed in Rome. Each wall comprises a series of paintings connected in subject, as in the mural painting of Byzantine art. These are composed of a principal fresco, placed between an upper and a lower, or basement, painting. The one great idea, governing the entire conception, is the Fight of Death and Sin, and the Victory of Religion, with its promise of Life Eternal. That is the mystical synthesis of the monument; and each of the several series contributes to that expression by the representation of an independent idea—the respective ideas being all subordinate to the general subject. A writer in the *Moniteur des Arts* remarks that the painter has, on this occasion, "departed from all the beaten tracks of art—subjects the most common, such as that of Jesus at the Tomb, having taken a novel character under his pencil." "Perhaps," he adds, "the composition may be reproached, as representing an abstraction somewhat too subtle and metaphysical; but you know our German passion for expatiating in the regions of the vague and infinite; and the material execution amply redeems the fault—if, indeed, it be one."

GREAT PRUSSIAN EXHIBITION.—From Munich we learn that the magnificent palace for the Exhibitions of the Fine Arts and those of the Trades, is to be inaugurated, on the 25th inst. by the opening of an exposition of the arts of design, for which upwards of 2,600 German and foreign works have been already sent in.

MUSIC.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

AN event so important as this, though occurring at a distance from our shores, it were unpardonable in us to overpass in silence. Though not of our nation, we claim an interest in Beethoven beyond that which we share with the rest of the world in the memory of a great artist, and in doing honour to his shade, since it was from this country that, when underrated and neglected at home, he drew no inconsiderable amount of the funds with which, amid sickness and anxieties, he dragged on a wearisome existence. From England, too, has proceeded a portion of the money subscribed for the erection of the statue now inaugurated with so much pomp; and which his own countrymen, notwithstanding their show of remorse for having in life slighted him, and their vociferous praises of him now he has indignantly shaken off the fleshy bond that made him a German, did not disdain to receive. But though in this instance we may claim merit for having done justice to Beethoven both living and dead, we are ourselves any thing but free from reproach of a similar nature, as the names of Burns and Chatterton, Purcell, Savage, and Keats, bear reproachful testimony.

It would seem, indeed, in all countries, to be the lot of composers more than of any other artists, to be ill-paid and neglected. The mere mechanical musician, who scrapes or blows, thumps or sings, earns hundreds a night, wins uncontrollable applause, and retires from the world glutted with riches, and in the enjoyment of a wide-spread fame; whilst he whose genius has furnished the means for these triumphs and acquisitions; whose inspired works have given intellectual gratification to thousands—have actually improved the morals by elevating the taste of his time—is too generally uncared for, or at best but scantily rewarded. And thus, as it ever has been, will it always be, not only in the case of musicians, but of all other artists, until men see clearer and further than they yet have done—until they recognise the *utility* of genius, and learn to distinguish it when it stands before them.

The festival in honour of Beethoven was celebrated at Bonn, his native place. It commenced on the 11th and closed on the 13th instant, the middle day being that selected for the grand performances and the inauguration of the statue. In addition to her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the King and Queen of Prussia, and other royal personages, there were collected the leading composers, musicians, and singers from all parts of Europe, with a sprinkling of authors, artists, and the *élite* of the German nobility. Among those gathered to do honour to the memory of Beethoven on this occasion, and who have distinguished themselves before the world, we may mention the names of Drs. Spohr, Liszt, and Breidenbach; Ignace Moscheles, some time pupil and since biographer of the great composer; Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Fetis, Lindpainter, Hallé, Crivelli, Elwart, Jules Janin, Schlesinger; Madames Plegel, Dulcken, and Oury; the Chevalier Pignion, the Baron Vesque von Pusslingen, Councillor Von Gretch, Herrn Pischèk and Staudigl; and, among the English, Sir George Smart, Miss Sabilla Novello, Messrs. Chorley, Davidson, and Handel Gear.

The performances took place in the Minster-church, and a newly-erected structure (which at the bidding of Liszt sprung up in some three or four days), called "the Beethoven Hall." It is a spacious room, constructed in the form of a basilica, from the roof of which hang long festoons of oak leaves, and the columns, the capitals of which assume the form of green branching palm leaves, are entwined with ivy leaves. The room is lit by numerous chandeliers of various degrees of size and quality, from the cut-glass lustre to the ring of candles that illuminates a theatrical booth. Round the walls are circular spaces, surrounded by wreaths successively inscribed with the date of Beethoven's birth, the names of his greatest works, and finally the date of his death. At the extremity, immediately fronting the entrance, over the orchestra, is placed a portrait of Beethoven, in the act of composing the *Missa Solennis*, and above him an inscription similar to those on the lateral walls, bearing his name, and supported on either side by two painted figures of Fame.

The performers, amounting to nearly six hundred, were collected from the towns of Bonn, Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, &c.; and the chorus consisted entirely of amateurs. The

chief compositions selected for the first day were the *Missa Solennis*, No. 2 (in D), and the *Symphony* No. 9. The performance of these noble works was not remarkable for its excellence—it embodied but weakly and confusedly the grand conceptions of the immortal composer. The first movements of the ninth symphony must be excepted; these were given with a spirit and precision that seemed like inspiration, were enthusiastically received, and loudly encored, though their length prevented compliance with the demand. After the concert there was a display of fireworks on the Rhine, which but for its being magnified by reflection on the stream, would have proved a trumpery and ridiculous affair.

The proceedings of the second day, including the inauguration of the statue, we subjoin, abridged from the *Times*, which has given a better account of the Festival than any we have seen.

Bonn, August 12.—This being the great day of the festival, the whole town of Bonn was astir by six o'clock in the morning, preparing for the approaching ceremony of inaugurating the statue of Beethoven. The principal streets presented a most striking appearance, every house being literally covered from top to bottom with green foliage, while large streamers of every colour floated in long array from the windows. The market-place was crowded with groups of townsmen, visitors, and students, while drummers were parading in every direction to summon the various members of the procession to the place of rendezvous—namely, the Gasthof zur Schönes Aussicht (Hotel Belle Vue), in the grounds of which the procession was marshalled, and proceeded at about half-past eight to move towards the market-place in order following:—The band of the 28th Royal Infantry; the Schützen Corps, or militia riflemen; the students of the University, divided into different corps, headed by captains wearing their distinguishing scarfs and caps of various colours, and carrying large-hilted swords—the appearance of the latter was highly picturesque, and carried one back to the middle ages. Then followed the committee, the town-council, and the civil and military authorities, and lastly, such of the burghers as chose to devote themselves to give a more imposing air to the procession. After stopping at the Stadt-Haus to take up the guests invited to the ceremony, this very original procession proceeded to the Minster; where Beethoven's mass in C was performed, conducted by Dr. Breidenstein. The solo parts were sung by Demoiselles Tuczek and Kratky, and Herrn Götze and Staudigl. Nothing could be more perfect or more solemnly effective than its execution. The Minster was crowded in every niche and corner, although a very large proportion of the visitors were without, and had already taken their places on the scaffolding erected round the statue on the Münster-platz, where they were joined at the conclusion of the service by the members of the procession and the choruses. Proceedings were then suspended until about twelve o'clock, when the rattle of carriages was heard, accompanied by the shouts of the crowd, and the King and Queen of Prussia, accompanied by the Queen of England and Prince Albert, arrived, and alighted at the mansion of Count Fürstenberg, situate at the extremity of the Münster-platz, where the balcony, hung with crimson velvet, fringed with gold, had been prepared for their reception. After a few minutes their Majesties appeared in their places, and were welcomed with hearty shouts of gratulation. The ceremony of inauguration then commenced, the first stage of which was the performance of a chorus for male voices, composed by Dr. Breidenstein, to words by one Wilhelm Gruets. The production of such a composition as this proved to be would, under any circumstances, be disgraceful; but on an occasion like the present, when the musical genius of Germany is in question, and the object is to do honour to the man in whom it reached its highest point, what otherwise might have been passed over with silent contempt, calls for an open expression of censure, though, perhaps, not so much of Dr. Breidenstein as of his friends, whose ill-judged indulgence has robbed his incapacity of the obscurity which should naturally have sheltered it. This unhappy exhibition having come to a conclusion, an oration was delivered by Dr. Breidenstein, the concluding words of which were the cue to the unveiling of the statue. In an instant the surrounding canvas fell to the ground, and the statue rose as it were into view, amidst the bravoes of the multitude, and the booming of artillery. The effect was thrilling, the immediate impression of the statue being most striking. The features are boldly sculptured, and bear an expression of profound and earnest thought, mingled with the wildness of inspiration, which is seized to its full extent at the first glance. The figure is clothed in a costume which is an effective compromise between the modern dress and the classical robe, and the attitude, which represents him with a pencil and note-book in either hand in an interval of reflection, is easy and natural. The only fault to be found with the statue is, that its vigour approaches too much to coarseness, and that its appearance is somewhat squatty. The pedestal, which, as well as the statue, is of bronze, bears four bas-reliefs, representing four allegorical figures of Fancy, Symphony, Sacred Music, and Dramatic Music, the designs of which are chaste, and full of simple elegance. The sculptor of the statue is M. Haehnel, one of several competitors for the undertaking, and it was cast by M. Burgschmiet, whose work was so effectually done that it is said not to have required re-touching with the chisel. A parchment, recording the facts and date of the inauguration, and attested by the signatures of the King of Prussia and the Queen of England, having been soldered up in a leaden case, was placed under the basement, and the aperture closed and cemented. With this ceremony the inauguration terminated, and the committee and visitors returned to their respective hotels for the purpose of refection previous to the concert, which commenced at four o'clock. The programme of this performance, conducted by Drs. Spohr and Liszt, was as follows:—

1. Overture to *Coriolanus*. 2. Canon from *Fidelio*. 3. Concerto in E s., played by Liszt. 4. Introduction—No. 1 and 2 from the *Mount of Olives*. 5. Symphony, No. 5, in C flat. 6. Quartette, played by Herrn Hartman, Derkum, Weber, and Breuer. 7. Second Finale of *Fidelio*.

The solos by Mesdlles. Tuczek and Sachs, and Herrn Götze, Staudigl, Bottlicher, and Keinthaler.

The concert went off with the utmost brilliancy, the room being still more crowded, if possible, than on the first occasion. Liszt's execution of the concerto was in his best style, full of expression and fire, and the last movement was tumultuously encored. With this concluded the day's proceedings, with the exception of a general illumination in the town, and serenading in the Markt-platz.

The performances on the third and last day were denominated in the programme the *Kunstler*, or Artist's Concert. The first was a very original and masterly *cantata*, composed for the occasion by Dr. Liszt, who conducted it in person. This work, anticipated with so much eagerness by the musical world, is unquestionably the ablest hitherto produced by Liszt. It consists of a *moderato* movement in E major, varied with choral recitatives and vocal solos; then an *andante* in C, founded on a theme by Beethoven, and a *finale* in E major, reintroducing the original movement, and winding up with a brilliant *coda*. Next to this followed the overture to *Egmont*, which was very effectively performed; then was sung very charmingly, by Mdlle. Krasky, the *Adelaida* of Beethoven, accompanied by Dr. Liszt on the piano; and lastly came what proved in reality the grand feature of the day, the *Concert Stuck* of Weber, which was played by Madame Pleyell, the Parisian pianist, with a fire and energy, a brilliancy, certainty, and poetical feeling, that would have enraptured Weber had he been alive to hear it, and which was enthusiastically received, as it deserved to be, by all who heard it. Our countrywoman, Miss Sabilla Novello, then gave an aria from *Fidelio* with much taste and expression; after which M. Moeser, of the *Conservatoire*, Paris, played a solo of his own composition on the violin, which placed him among the foremost of living artists; and the concert concluded with a grand aria by Mendlesohnn, superbly sung by Mdlle. Schloss, and a spiritless violoncello fantasia by M. Franco Mendez, whose execution was as wretched as the subject was poor. After the concert a public dinner took place at two o'clock. It was held at the Goldener-Sterne, was attended by the committee, their guests, and as many of the miscellaneous visitors as could get a place.

In this manner closed the long-anticipated festival in honour of Beethoven. That it fell far short of the expectations which had been raised of it is undeniable. From first to last there was visible a want of unity and government in the arrangements and performances, which marred the intention of Drs. Spohr and Liszt, and those who took a real and lively interest in the proceedings; nor was there wanting to embarrass them, and disunite those who should have worked together with one mind, an abundance of jealousies and bickerings among the *artistes*, to which we lament to say the musical more than any other profession has ever been obnoxious.

NECROLOGY.

MR. MITCHELL,

THE TRANSLATOR OF ARISTOPHANES.

This distinguished scholar died on the 4th of May last, and we are indebted to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the following memoir of him:—"Mr. Mitchell was born in London, on the

30th of May, 1783. He was the son of Mr. Alexander Mitchell, a riding-master, in Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, and afterwards in Grosvenor-place. At the age of seven years, Thomas Mitchell was admitted into Christ's Hospital, on the presentation of Martin Fonnereau, esq. Here he remained under the tuition of the Rev. James Bowyer, and afterwards under that of the Rev. Dr. Trollope, till October 1802, when he was preferred to Pembroke College, Cambridge, on one of the exhibitions of the Hospital. In the year 1806 he took his degree of B.A. as a senior optime and the first classical medallist. In acknowledgment of this eminence the governors of his school presented him with a silver cup, of the value of thirty guineas. He now naturally looked forward to the obtainment of a fellowship from the college, on which he had conferred so much honour; but in this hope he was disappointed by a novel resolution of the master and fellows, that not more than two students, educated at the same school, should be fellows of the college at the same time; and Mr. Thornton, a member of the *corps diplomatique*, and the Rev. Mr. Wood, afterwards Master, both Christ's Hospital men, were at that time ranked among the fellows of Pembroke. * * As Mr. Mitchell had determined to devote himself to a scholastic life, this disappointment seemed to overset all his future schemes, until in the year 1808 or 1809 he was enabled by his literary acquirements to obtain a fellowship at Sidney Sussex College; an acquisition the more honourable, inasmuch as the fellowship was what is termed *open*, or subject to the rivalry of any competitors. Had he entered in due time into holy orders this fellowship would have provided him with part of those resources which he afterwards lived to need, but Mr. Mitchell never married. But conscientious scruples prevented him from becoming a candidate for holy orders; although we can confidently state that this reluctance of Mr. Mitchell arose from an overwhelming fear of the responsibilities attached to the pastoral office, and not to any objection to the doctrines of the Established Church. After a limited term of years he was obliged, by the statutes of the college, to vacate his fellowship. * * * Under these untoward circumstances, Mr. Mitchell devoted his learning to private tuition and to the public press. * * * In the year 1810 the writer of this brief memoir had the pleasure of introducing him to Mr. William Gifford; and in 1813 he commenced the series of essays in the *Quarterly Review*, on Aristophanes and Athenian manners, which led to his own translations in verse of the *Old Comedian*, which appeared in two volumes, in the years 1820 and 1822. * * * Some of these essays had impressed the patrons of a vacant Greek chair in one of the Scotch universities with so much respect for Mr. Mitchell's classical attainments that they invited him, through a friend, to accept of the situation. It was a lucrative, as well as a most respectable, one, and he was a poor man; but he must have signed the Confession of the Scotch Kirk, and to him this was an insurmountable objection. For the last twenty years of his life, Mr. Mitchell resided with his relations, in the county of Oxford, and therefore found it not inconvenient to undertake the occasional task of superintending the publication of the Greek works which issued from time to time from the Clarendon press." But at length all other literary employment failed him, and he fell into pecuniary difficulties. "His friends now became alarmed for him, and, through the kind intervention of the late Mr. Morritt, of Rokesby, his condition was made known to Sir Robert Peel, who immediately placed at his disposal the sum of 150*l.* from the Royal Bounty Fund, and (what to Mr. Mitchell's feelings was more gratifying than pecuniary aid) conveyed to him, in a private letter, the expressions of his respect and sympathy. In 1843 Mr. Parker resumed his publication of *Sophocles*, and Mitchell edited the remaining four plays of that tragedian, with shorter notes than before; and in 1844 he devoted himself to the preparation of a minor edition of a *Pentalogia Aristophanica*, with brief Latin notes, for the use of schools. He had nearly completed this task when death surprised him. He had been long in a weak state of health, but his end was sudden and unexpected. His health had improved with the present year, and he was indulging himself in well-founded hopes that his governmental grant would be renewed in May, and be followed by a permanent pension. Alas! on the 4th day of that month, he had breakfasted as usual with his niece and housekeeper, and adjourned to his study in tolerable health. About four hours afterwards the niece, on entering the room, found some impediment to opening the door. It was caused by his dead body, which had fallen against it. The medical man who was summoned was of opinion that life had been extinct at least two hours, from a fit of apoplexy."—*Quarterly Review.*

M. ARTOT, THE VIOLINIST.

The French papers are lamenting the decease of M. Artot, the violinist, who died of consumption, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, at Ville l'Avray, near Paris, a few days since. He was, perhaps, the most finished and the most elegant of all the Rubini school of players—one of the handsomest men in our recollection; and much beloved, we are told, among his comrades, for his gentleness and amiability.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

WRO DARE TO DIE?

There's a light that shineth, a lamp that burneth
Before the brave,
And he is the slave of time who turneth
Back from the grave.
By sword or flood, by fire or wave,
When glares Death's eye,
All under the sun, who have great deeds done,
Will dare to die.

Will the monarch quit his lofty throne,
That costly thing,
And shrink not to wrestle with death alone—
A king with a king?
Ay, he will dare the chance of the ring,
As well he can,
If he hath lived, and himself believed
Less king than *man*.

Will the beggar in his rags dare death?
Yes—if his mind
Be free from fraud when he weeping saith—
"O pray be kind—
I have left many dying ones behind
Dying for bread!"
With a Christian's faith what is there in death,
That *he* should dread?

Will the gaudy-plumed warrior fear to die,
Who, hand in hand,
Hath walked with death, and heard his loud cry,
On sea and land?
Where death is so *red* he may fear not his brand,
But after the fight,
It is well for his errors if death have no terrors,
When death is *white*.

Will the poet or prophet—for both are one—
Like others dare?
Ay, more! for his love, like the light of the sun,
Shines everywhere.
And he who gives love, treads the first white stair
Towards the sky,
And he may write, in his upward flight,
"*I dare to die!*"

E. H. BURRINGTON.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE HARMONIC COMPASS.—Messrs. Cocks and Co. have just published a little moveable machine under this name, which shews at a glance the elemental facts in the theory of music. A number of apertures are pierced upon a circular surface, and by means of a button in the centre (which also turns a pointer to a registered series of the sharps and flats according to their succession) a revolving card underneath shews the various major and minor relations to any proposed key. The board thus becomes a special map. Appearing simultaneously through the openings, you see the dominant and subdominant, the relative minor, the minor seventh of the major key, the leading seventh of the minor key, the dominant seventh, the minor third, the major and minor chord, and the enharmonic change—which last, by the way, for the sake of completeness, might as well have been the *chord* instead of the *note*. This is the best contrivance of the kind which has yet been produced, being ingeniously simple as well as neat and compact. For early students in the principles of thorough bass it will be a useful and ready refresher of the memory, and to them we recommend it.

A very important improvement has been made in the lithographic printing machine by a young French engineer named Nicolle, by which the same precision and regularity of pressure

is obtained as by the common hand-press. By the common lithographic process, not more than from 200 to 250 good impressions of designs, or about 1,000 copies of lithographic writing, can be obtained in twelve hours; by this new machine, which is also worked by hand, as many as 2,000 of the former, and 20,000 of the latter, can be obtained within the same period of time.

Growth of Silk at Norwich.—A person named Leeds, a working cooper, living in St. Edmund's, Norwich, has this year about 10,000 silk-worms, which have just commenced spinning in a room at the top of his house, without any artificial heat; they have been this year in the most healthy state, he having lost scarcely twenty from the time of hatching. Mr. Leeds has now materials for several splendid silk dresses, one of which it is contemplated to send to her Majesty.—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

Paris Academy of Sciences, July 21.—M. Arago announced to the Academy the receipt of a communication from M. Philippe Breton, an engineer, on the effect exercised by the sun and moon on weight at the earth's surface. This communication is partly theoretical and partly experimental. The sun and the moon attracting in an unequal manner the entire mass of the earth and of the bodies on its surface, change periodically the direction and intensity of the weight of those bodies. Hence results the phenomenon of the tides—a phenomenon the more difficult to be understood on account of the various causes which interfere with the established law of nature on this subject. M. Breton says, that if we could sufficiently isolate and amplify the perturbatory force of the sun and moon over a body under our own control, that body would constitute a true lunar-solar time-piece, having no other motive power than the sun and moon. M. Breton proposes to illustrate his theory by means of an apparatus of which he gave a description.—M. Gaymard communicated to the Academy a letter which he has received from Reykiavik, in Iceland, informing him that for an entire year there had been beautiful weather in that island, and scarcely any winter. The summer of 1844, and as much of the present summer as had passed, have been delightful. The meadows are in the finest possible state, and the fisheries highly productive.—M. Sellier, who is one of the small number of persons who attach no value to the use of lightning-conductors, but, on the contrary, attribute very dangerous results to them, by pretending that they attract the electric fluid to the localities in which they are placed, without carrying it off, writes to the Academy that the only effectual prevention is elevated chimneys, such as those of iron-works, which, he says, drive the electric fluid from the neighbourhood in which they are situated.—M. Despret gave an account of some experiments in the compression of liquids.

A M. Martenez, of Paris, states that he has discovered the means of carrying on the daguerreotype process on a gigantic scale. He can, he says, daguerreotype an entire panorama, embracing 150 degrees! His process consists in curving the metallic plate, and causing the lens which reflects the landscape to turn by clock-work. The lens, in turning, passes over on one side the whole space to be daguerreotyped, and on the other side moves the refracted luminous cone to the plate, to which the objects are successively conveyed.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

Porteous's Patent Whistle.—This instrument is another invention for giving railway signals. It consists of any number of metallic tubular whistles, combined under one mouth-piece, and having their tones so arranged, that by the introduction of one discordant note an extremely shrill vibrating sound is produced, which strikes forcibly upon the ear, and is conveyed to a great distance. Its peculiar discordance enables it to be readily distinguished from any ordinary whistle, however powerful, and from any common sound. It is thus peculiarly adapted for the use of park and game-keepers, rural and railway police, and for any other purposes where an instantaneous sound is required either by day or night. Smaller sized instruments, on the same principle, are constructed for dog-whistles, and are much approved by sportsmen. These whistles, of all sizes, are very easily blown, and, of course, the sound produced will be in proportion to the volume and strength of the breath, but they cannot be overblown like other whistles. We have no doubt it may be rendered exceedingly useful, but we cannot help thinking that these horrid discords might be avoided.

Air Engines.—Great saving and increased safety and comfort must result from the practical application of compressed air to locomotion. Mr. Parsay's working model is a great stride in advance, and stimulates high hopes of success. In it the condensed air acts directly on the pistons, and of course with a continually decreasing force. This would be a decided objection to substituting the elasticity of condensed air for that of steam; but Mr. Parsay's invention includes a regulating chamber, by means of which the working pressure may be at will raised to a maximum for driving up, reduced to a minimum for running down an incline, or kept at a mean for level working. The mean, moreover, is insured by a self-acting regulator between the working receiver and the high-pressure reservoir, which admits the air uniformly with the discharges from the driving cylinders. The patentee invites the attention of all persons concerned in railroads, navigation, and mill-work to the merits, efficiency, economy, and advantages of his air-engine. We trust that economy will not prevent the early testing of the efficiency of the invention: the model merits it.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of The Critic is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

DR. FORBES.

Dr. Forbes has published in the *Medical Gazette* an elaborate statement of his experiments with the lad whose case we have been narrating. As our readers are already aware, from the details we have given, the boy *was*, as Dr. Forbes asserts, detected in opening the card-case. In candour, we are bound to say, that Dr. Forbes has given, upon the whole, a correct statement of the experiments; but he errs in his conclusions. He concludes that the sealed paper in which the first word was read, had been opened previous to the reading. But Dr. Forbes did not think so at the time. He admitted then, that in any ordinary case he should have received it as satisfactory evidence of the fact, and he expressed his opinion to the last, that the paper had not been opened. We are sure that it had not been opened, for we took it from the boy who was trying to open it, and with our own hands broke the seals.

The experiment with the folded paper in the card-case, untied and unsealed, we admit to have been unsatisfactory, although we are confident that it had not been opened, and that the paper was rolled in consequence of its stiffness; the creases of the folds were not visible, proving how slightly they had been made. Besides, the eyes of three were on him, and it was actually impossible that so long a roll could have been opened, read, unfolded, and restored to the box without being seen by Dr. Forbes or some of the company.

As to experiments with the box brought by Professor Graham, we are satisfied—so were the other gentlemen present, so was, at the time, Dr. Forbes himself—that it had not been opened. The seal was split, it is true, but with the pressure of Dr. Forbes's foot, and such was the form, and so slight the crack in the seals, that it was impossible to open and restore the cover of the box without more entirely severing them.

Although, after he has found the boy peeping, under circumstances sufficiently intelligible and easily explained, Dr. Forbes chooses to set down the previous successful experiments as tricks also, we think he should not stop there, but continue his investigations of the case. We, who see him almost daily, who have tried every test that ingenuity can devise, and many other gentlemen as sceptical as Dr. Forbes, and as anxious to expose what they deemed to be an imposition, *have* seen him read the contents of packets under circumstances in which deception was a physical impossibility. These experiments have been submitted to the readers of The Critic. We ask any who doubts, to shew in what manner a trick could have been played in those trials with the packet sealed to the mantel-piece, and again, with the sealed packet inclosed in the card-case, and the packet, with the word written down, returned to the person who sealed it, on the following day, and who testifies that his seals were unbroken.

These two instances alone, had we seen none other, cannot but convince us, even though we had witnessed fifty failures or as many tricks. Dr. Forbes admits that a trick or a failure does not of itself negative the asserted fact, it only calls for greater vigilance. This increased vigilance has been used; the results have been equally satisfactory; the thing has been done where deceit was *impossible*. We ask Dr. Forbes to enter fairly and thoroughly upon the case, not on one day only, but many times and in many circumstances; and if then he does

not witness satisfactory, because unquestionable, proofs of the possession of the faculty, he may be justified in denial. But after what he has seen, both of success and of failure, it is not quite fair to stop where he is. He cannot but have some lingering doubt in his own mind whether, after all, there is not more in it than he imagined. He should set that doubt at rest one way or the other. Persons as intelligent, as sceptical, as desirous of probing it to the bottom, as suspicious of fraud, as resolute to detect it as himself, have seen and satisfied themselves that the reading has been performed without a trick or a deception. Surely other witnesses are to be received, if not to carry conviction, at least to demand investigation, patient and continuous, and this is all we ask.

The lad shall be placed at Dr. FORBES's disposal, alone or with others, at his own residence or elsewhere, to be tried and proved in any manner, or at any time he may please, upon condition only that he will make that trial over a period sufficiently long to give fair scope to the varying conditions of the faculty. If, after that, he should pronounce the boy an impostor, we will be content to treat him as such; but it is impossible to form an accurate judgment without frequent observations under different conditions.

It seems never to be considered by those who are so ready to charge all mesmeric patients with being impostors, that the imposture would be more wonderful than the Mesmerism. Such great actors as they would be the world has never seen. Instead of shamming the passions and emotions in a private room, they might rival a KEAN or a KEMBLE upon the stage.

They only could pronounce them impostors who had seen but few patients. He who has seen many cannot fail to be satisfied that, whatever it be, it is not *acting*. They have not such genius as their opponents would attribute to them.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—CASE OF SUSAN W——.—I send, for insertion in THE CRITIC, if you think it worth recording, a case of Mesmerism I met with during a short stay in Bristol.

Susan W—, aged 15, sister to the young lady whose case appeared in your March number, was under medical treatment for some months for a painful and obstinate disease; but she having derived little benefit from medicine, her mother requested me to mesmerize her. I did so for about three weeks daily, and the result was, that her health was completely restored. The pathological details, though very interesting and important, are perhaps not adapted for publication in a popular periodical such as THE CRITIC, but the striking manifestations of Clairvoyance which she evinced may be interesting to your readers.

She was so susceptible, that, after two or three sittings, she could be *willed* to sleep at pleasure, and awakened in the same manner. I have thrown her into the coma while she was standing shaking hands with a friend who had just entered the room.

Every one who saw her was convinced that her eyes were firmly and tightly closed, yet she could read, sew, play at dominoes, and perform any household avocation, as quickly and as easily as when awake, and she continually made observations on the actions, looks, and gestures of persons in the room, with a *naïveté* exceedingly amusing.

Her magnetic sympathy was strongly marked; I could *will* her from one part of the room to another, without speaking a word, or making a pass; and if I left the room, she immediately followed me. Two gentlemen once attempted to detain her by main force, but she broke from them, displaying a muscular force almost incredible in one of her age and sex.

She once presided at the tea-table, while in the sleep, and performed all the functions of her office with perfect ease and correctness, herself making a hearty meal. Her susceptibility to the influence of metals was great; immediately her eyes closed she hastily removed any articles of jewellery she might be wearing at the time, and threw them from her with aversion, entreating those with whom she was *en rapport* to lay aside their rings, watch chains, &c. Gold, she said, burnt her; silver caused a shudder to pass through her whole frame,—"did not hurt her, but made her very uncomfortable"; zinc, and particularly zinc and copper together, caused a violent trembling, like a severe ague, with convulsive twitchings of the muscles, and a rapid motion of the hands and fingers, which lasted some minutes. I observed one thing in this patient, which I have never noticed in any other. When laying my hand on her wrist to feel her pulse, she complained of a violent burning and tingling at the end of her fingers, so intensely painful that she screamed. This result invariably occurred every time I made the experiment. I once took up a black kitten that happened to be in the room, and was about to place it on her lap, when she started from her chair with the expression of extreme terror in her face, and was seized with a violent trembling, which I had considerable difficulty in removing. The same effect took place with her sister. They had neither of them an aversion to cats, when awake.

Since I left, Susan, when mesmerised by her sister, while singing a song, suddenly opened her eyes for a moment, then closed them again, and nearly went into convulsions, in consequence of the kitten having walked past her and touched her foot. She *now*, I understand, has taken a dislike to cats when she is awake.

She affirmed that she could see distinctly persons in the street, and in the neighbouring houses and shops, and she certainly proved the correctness of her statement to the satisfaction of all her visitors. The room in which she was mesmerised is at the *back* of the house, at the extremity of a passage leading to the street-door, with a window looking into the garden. The street runs in front of the house, and there is a grocer's shop next door. She in many instances described the passengers passing in the street, and the customers who went into the shop, stating their sex, age, dress, and the articles they were purchasing, with perfect correctness; mentioned in what rooms the neighbours were sitting, and what they were doing; spoke of children sitting on the door-step; at every knock at the street door she mentioned the names of the parties knocking, if she knew them; if not, she described their appearance. In some of these instances guesswork was *impossible;* in others, though in a single instance a lucky guess may have been made, yet the continual recurrence, day after day, of similar cases, precludes the possibility of deception.

This faculty was exercised with considerable effort, and if I urged her to "look" too long at a time, violent headache ensued. Her lucidity was affected by the presence of people she disliked, or strangers who expressed doubts of her truthfulness. She was deaf to all but the Mesmeriser, except those with whom she was put *en rapport;* she could, however, hear any one who whispered at the epigastrium, which is also the case with her sister. Dr. Engledue, in the last number of the *Zoist*, states this often occurs.

She was in the habit of drinking a good deal of mesmerised water during the sleep, and refused to eat or drink any thing that had not been mesmerised by me. Though I had not seen her sister for six months, she went to sleep immediately on drinking a glass of mesmerised water. When they were both asleep, they could hear each other; but the moment one awoke, the *rapport* ceased. They were exceedingly jealous of each other, and quarrelled which should have the most of my attention.

The effects in the two sisters are very different. Annie shews the phenomena of traction more beautifully than any case I have seen or read of; her cerebral organs can be excited either with or without contact; she evinces introvision, medical lucidity, and insensibility to pain. Susan does not obey tractive passes; will not allow me to place a finger on her head, saying it made her feel as though a fork were running into her brain; can see neither her own internal organization, nor that of others, and feels pain as acutely as when awake. They have both community of taste and smell with me, either when I myself am in immediate contact with them, or when I hold the hand of a person with whom they are *en rapport*. Annie always hears me, even when she is being mesmerised by another person, and will allow me to experiment on her, and to *will* her to wake. Susan, when awake, will obey commands I have given her when asleep. Though she has no recollection of what has taken place during the coma, when the appointed time comes, she feels an irresistible impulse to do what I ordered her. When about to leave Bristol, I, for the sake of experiment, prepared some mesmerised water, directing her to take a glass of it daily. She has done so, and immediately after drinking it she falls asleep, and they can only make her hear by whispering at the epigastrium. Her sister Annie has since mesmerised her. She can will her to sleep and to wake, and produces the same results as I did.

I also mesmerised a gentleman who had been deaf for two years. An improvement was manifested after the second or third sitting, and he daily heard better and better. Sleep was not induced till about the 20th sitting. I left him nearly cured, but advised his continuing the treatment a little while longer, under another Mesmeriser. I have not yet heard the result.

Tudor Hall, Hawkhurst, Kent, J. W. RYLAND.
August 9th, 1845.

BATH.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—CASES OF ELIZABETH NEWPORT AND HANNAH TUCKER.—The following cases will no doubt be of interest to many of your readers, as confirmatory of some of the most remarkable phenomena of Mesmerism.

Elizabeth Newport, aged twenty-four, and Hannah Tucker, aged twenty, are two servants in the house of Mr. Wallbridge, chemist, of Wells, Somersetshire, at whose house I lodge when professional duties call me to that city. I have frequently mesmerised each of these persons, who are now so exceedingly susceptible that a single pass of the hand, or even a look at a considerable distance of a quarter of a minute's duration, is sufficient to send them into the deepest mesmeric sleep. The

former of these two was on her first entering into service at this place so delicate in health as to be almost wholly incapable of fulfilling her duties. She had a continual pain at her side, and her whole appearance bespoke great delicacy of constitution. Since I first mesmerised her, now four months since, she has wonderfully improved in health, so much so that she is not like the same person, and she and her mistress attribute this extraordinary restoration of health entirely to the influence of Mesmerism.

During the last week I have tried a great variety of experiments upon them in their waking state. I have been enabled to catalepse their arms by willing it only, and have in this way catalepsed the two back to back, and whilst embracing each other; by merely willing it also, and without giving any previous intimation of my intention, I have deprived them *seriatim* of *sight*, *hearing*, *smell*, and *speech*; these, one after the other, and all together, and I restored each sense as I willed it. When I took away the sight, the eyes remained wide open, and did not in the slightest degree blink by the application close to them of a strong light; when deprived of the sense of smelling, the strongest smelling salts were applied without producing the least effect; when deprived of speech, but not of hearing, they shook their heads or nodded, in answer to questions put to them, and when deprived of all the senses together, they were perfectly insensible to every thing. These experiments I performed at a distance from them by merely making up my mind to what I desired, and concentrating my thoughts and gaze upon the individuals; but I found, by making passes over the organs of these senses, and at the same time willing the condition into which I desired to put the parties, that the effect was produced more rapidly, the result being in the latter case *instantaneous*. I found that, by desiring them to open their mouths, and then making a few passes across the lower jaw, it was perfectly catalepsed, and that the mouth remained wide open, and that the tongue could be catalepsed in the same way, and be made to stand out of the mouth.

The whole of these experiments were performed whilst the females were perfectly awake, and were thoroughly tested by many parties present. I have attempted similar experiments on others, and with various results; but I invariably find that their success depends upon the mesmeric susceptibility of the patient.

Ivy Cottage, Bath, July 13, 1845. T. W. S.

CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—I beg to forward you the following case for insertion in THE CRITIC. Louisa Parsons, a girl about eighteen years of age, was in the employment of Mr. White, of Edgar-buildings, Bath. She had a severe pain in her left side, across her shoulders, and in her chest, accompanied with a cough. She was very thin and pale; the lower part of her nails was quite black; her appetite had left her, and she could obtain no sleep. She was obliged to leave Mr. White's, and her pains were so severe, that her mother was frequently compelled to hold her in her chair to prevent her throwing herself upon the ground. Her general debility was such, that she could with difficulty walk across her room; and her relations, and also her medical attendant (a gentleman of considerable ability), considered her to be in the last stage of a consumption, and not likely to survive many weeks. As I had cured her sister of a deafness of eighteen years' standing, her mother, after much persuasion, prevailed upon her to allow me to mesmerise her; and the first sitting lasted about twenty minutes, during which, although she did not go into the sleep, she felt the pain across her shoulders entirely leave her, and she slept better that night than she had done for some time past. At the second sitting, which was in two days' time, she felt the pain in her side and chest much relieved; and after I had mesmerised her a third time, she felt entirely free from any pain. Her nails are restored to their original state; she looks much more healthy than for a long period of time—can eat, drink, and sleep well, and is considered by her relations and friends to be perfectly cured. She has returned to Mr. White's, where she works from about eight in the morning till about eight in the evening. S. D. SAUNDERS.

Ivy Cottage, Lyncombe-hill, Bath.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Taking a deep interest in the inquiries now pursued in many quarters into the truth and reality of the facts and marvels of Mesmerism, to which you devote a portion of your excellent journal, will you permit me to suggest to you, and through you to the members of the Mesmeric Society, the great utility of collecting in a half-yearly or yearly volume the various letters and papers scattered through your own journal and the magazines, medical journals, and reviews which may be considered worthy of preservation as a record of the discoveries, views, and opinions connected with this curious subject? It would be superfluous to dilate on the advantages which would result from thus bringing together all the facts, proofs, and counterproofs of the advocates and opponents of Mesmerism, thereby enabling many zealous inquirers like myself, who cannot afford to subscribe to all the periodicals which encourage the discussion of Mesmerism, to watch the progress of discovery, and to compare the facts and phenomena which have come under their own observation with those reported by others. For several years past the *Dublin University Magazine* has occasionally published some very clever articles on Mesmerism. *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's* magazines also contain some well-written papers, and I have seen notices of other papers in the *Medical Gazette*, *Lancet*, and *Medical Times*, which I have not had the means of referring to. A record or manual such as I have here suggested would undoubtedly meet a sufficient sale to remunerate the publisher, and would thus preserve many curious and valuable facts which, but for some such method, would soon be lost sight of, and perish with the perishable sheets of the ephemeræ in which they appear. It may be said, perhaps, that the *Zoist* is a *substantial* and widely-circulated journal entirely devoted to Mesmerism, in which are preserved the most important cases of mesmeric phenomena; but it cannot embrace the numerous and apparently well-authenticated cases which continue to be scattered through the daily issues of the provincial press, and in the columns of the various literary and scientific journals. Should it ever be in the contemplation of the Mesmeric Society to publish the annals of their proceedings, my idea of *concentration* would be fully answered by their devoting a portion of their volume to a republication of the letters and papers on Mesmerism which (with the leave of the writers or the proprietors of the periodicals in which they have appeared) they may deem deserving of a place in their transactions. Wishing them all success, and expressing the obligation which, in common with all lovers of science, I feel we are under to THE CRITIC,

I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

Dundee, August 11. A SUBSCRIBER.

[Our correspondent's suggestion is a valuable one. There can be no doubt that a well-selected digest of the facts and arguments, the opinions and discussions, for and against Mesmerism, and the separate phenomena it offers, would materially further the interests of the study, by removing the difficulties which now obstruct it, and carrying home conviction of the existence and utility of this powerful and mysterious agent to the minds of all rational and dispassionate inquirers. The difficulty lies in the hazard of loss in such a speculation, and the paucity of men, capable of effectually performing the task, who have leisure to undertake it. The society for the investigation of Mesmerism up to this time have had no intention of publishing collected minutes of their proceedings; it will, however, be a question worth entertaining on their meeting after the vacation, whether it would not be advisable to do so. Should they decide in the affirmative, extend their number, and admit of *subscriptions*, we see no reason why our correspondent's suggestion should not be adopted.—ED. CRITIC.]

MESMERISM.—On Wednesday week Dr. Storer gave a private *séance* at his rooms, 29, Park-street, for the purpose of exhibiting some of the phenomena of Mesmerism. About thirty ladies and gentlemen attended. Dr. Storer first introduced a respectable young woman from Bath, who he stated had been restored from a bad state of health, in which she had ruptured a blood-vessel, by the aid of Mesmerism. The young woman confirmed this statement herself, and added that she was first operated upon by Mr. Sanders, barrister, of the Western Circuit, by whom she was introduced to the doctor. In her case the comatose and sleep-waking states were shewn, with the cataleptic condition, and also phreno-mesmerism. The wife of a mechanic was then acted upon, and exhibited the phenomena of attraction and repulsion. A servant girl (who was accompanied by her mistress), whose tooth was recently extracted while in the mesmeric state, was also operated upon, as was a lady who attended as a visitor.—*Bristol Mirror.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.—We hear, from Rome, that the Pope has issued an order opening to the public, for the future, the department of printed books in the library of the Vatican, and for the preparation of a catalogue of its contents for their use. This measure has given great satisfaction to the Italian *savans*; for, although the collection in question consists only of some 35,000 printed volumes, there are amongst them many

rare and some unique works, and a great number contain marginal notes by celebrated men.—The Italians have been endeavouring to pay a debt of gratitude to the historian Sismondi, by striking a medal to his memory. It has been engraved by Antonio Fabris, of Udine, a distinguished artist in that style, and bears an inscription by the tragic writer Niccolini. We are assured that both the artist and the poet have done full justice to the subject; and the eagerness with which the subscription has been filled up sufficiently proves the reverence of the people of Italy for a man who seemed proud to derive his descent from their country, and who has worked with so much zeal and industry in the wide field of its history.—Signor Vincenzo Devit, a distinguished professor of the College of Padua, has, it is said, made a discovery of great interest in the field of classical literature. In an ancient manuscript in the library of that establishment he has found a set of unpublished maxims by Varro, the illustrious contemporary of Cæsar and Augustus, and friend and client of Cicero.—We may mention, too, on the faith of a letter from St. Petersburgh, that Dr. Posselt, Professor of History at the University of Dorpat, being in the capital, has discovered, among the archives of the empire, eleven autograph letters from Leibnitz to Peter the First. They are written some in Latin, and some in German—are all relating to matters of science, and seem to indicate the existence of a continuous correspondence between the illustrious philosopher and the great Czar. They are about to be published.—*Athenæum.*

The papers announce a discovery, interesting to antiquarians, which has taken place in the neighbourhood of Meudon. In repairing the highway that leads from the château, in the direction of Bellevue, three huge Druidic stones have been exposed, surrounded by a quantity of human bones, two hatchets of *silex*, very sharp, and some tusks of the wild boar. According to Dr. Eugène Robert, this has been an ancient dolmen, similar to many that he has visited in Scandinavia; which, judging by the fragments of pottery found among and around its wreck, has been buried; after haring been visited (and probably thrown down) by the Romans. The site of this monument, on the slope of a hill, overlooking an immense plain covered with woods and marshes, and commanding the windings of a great river, is such as the Druids loved. The central stone, which has formerly rested horizontally on the other two, placed upright, has, on what would then be its outer or upper surface, an excavation, in the form of a horse-shoe; which seems to have served for human sacrifices, as in other cases of similar stones found in Brittany and elsewhere. The bones indicate a number of from forty to fifty victims—for the most part adult. The mayor of Meudon has written to M. de Montalivet, Intendant of the Civil List, to suggest that the avenue, which is a dependency of the château, should be subjected to a more extensive excavation. We may add, that excavations making in the department of the Nièvre, in France, have led to the discovery of many Gallo-Roman antiquities, of archæological interest—amongst the most considerable of which are an antique temple and a theatre of vast dimensions. Other objects of art, such as statuettes, medals, vases, tombs, &c. have been found in the same neighbourhood, in such abundance as to lead to the supposition that this locality has been the centre of a considerable population and an advanced civilization, under the Romans.

The Archæographic Commission, attached to the Ministry of Public Instruction, in Russia, is engaged in preparing for publication two important works: *A Collection of Authentic Unpublished Documents relating to the History of Western Russia*, and *A collection of Memoirs on the Ancient History of Russia, drawn from Foreign Sources.*

INDIAN LAW.—We understand that Mr. William Morley, of the Middle Temple, has nearly completed an Analytical Digest of all the reported cases decided in the Queen's and Company's courts in India, and on appeal to the Privy Council here. A work of this kind has long been a desideratum; and the decisions of Sir E. West, Sir J. Macintosh, Sir A. Anstruther, and Sir Erskine Perry, never before published, must add much to its value and authority. An Appendix, containing a collection of the *dicta* of the Hindu and Muhammedan law officers attached to the different courts, is also announced.

In the Vice-Chancellor's Court, on Tuesday, application was made on behalf of Mr. Charles Mathews to restrain Mr. Webster, the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, from performing the piece called *Used Up*. According to Mr. Mathews's statement, the piece was translated from the French *L'Homme Blasé*, by Mr. Dion Bourcicault, whose version was called *Bored to Death*. It was altered by Mr. Mathews; who stipulated, that if successful, it should be announced in the bills for about sixty nights and until the 22nd June, as being "by Mr. Mathews." On the 22nd, it was announced for the seventy-eighth time as the work of "D. Bourcicault, Esq." The affidavits on behalf of Mr. Webster gave a different turn to the transaction. They stated that the suggestion of adapting *L'Homme Blasé* was first made to Mr. Webster by a lady at Liverpool, who pointed out the character of Nantouillet as especially suited to him. He procured a copy of the French play, and gave it to Mr. Bourcicault for translation. But he had a conversation on the subject with Mr. Mathews, who said he had set his heart upon taking himself the character of Nantouillet; and, at the particular wish of Mr. Mathews, Mr. Webster consented that the character of Coldstream, the English representative of Nantouillet, should be performed by Mr. Mathews, to whom the piece was given for alteration. The alterations and additions made by him, however, were very trifling and inconsiderable, and in fact only those which it is common to allow a performer to make in the dialogue so far as relates to the character he is himself to play. Mr. Mathews's name was introduced as the author of the piece, at his request, by the permission of Mr. Bourcicault, who was not anxious to appear, and, ineed, considered it derogatory to the character of a dramatic author to appear as a mere adapter or translator of foreign productions for the English stage. The piece was registered as the property of the defendant; and it has been played in the provincial towns without any demand having been made by the plaintiff for payment in respect of the copyright. The announcement of his authorship was first made during Mr. Webster's absence from town, and he had not thought it worth while to correct it. Vice-Chancellor Wigram observed that the case was left in great doubt as to the extent to which the alterations made by Mr. Mathews had gone. If the defendant, having procured a translation of a French play, of which he could make no use, took it to the plaintiff, and gave it to him as materials out of which to write a new play, the production of the plaintiff might, to a greater or less degree, entitle him to the rights of an author over his own composition. If the original translation was a work which the defendant thought *could* be used in his theatre, and he desired the plaintiff merely to look it over with a view to any slight emendations, it would be difficult to say that such a circumstance could entitle him to claim the work, or an integral part of the work, as his own. The injunction must be refused; but he would direct the motion to stand over, with liberty to the plaintiff to bring an action, and both parties might apply to this Court after the trial at law.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE FAMILY OF T. HOOD.—We expected that this subscription would have mounted higher than the thousand pounds now advertised; but the classes on whose behalf his pen and genius were devoted are too poor to shew their gratitude to their benefactor; or perhaps the difficulty of finding means to enable them to evince it is too great to be surmounted. The pounds of the few admirers of worth and talent may readily be obtained; but the pence of the thousands of fellow-creatures, who would rejoice in contributing their mite in thankfulness to the great popular leader of their cause, cannot be collected. It is a pity; for such would be the noblest memorial.—*Literary Gazette.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From August 16 to August 23.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Architecture and Embellishment of the Temple Church, 30 coloured engravings, 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*, large paper, 3*l.* 3*s.* hf.-morocco.—Arnold's (Rev. C.) Boy's Arithmetic, Part II. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Balfour's (J. O. esq.) Sketch of New South Wales, post 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Banfield's (H.) Four Lectures on Organization of Industry, 8vo. 4*s.* cl.—Barnes's Notes on Isaiah, 8vo. 15*s.* cl.—Bickersteth's Promised Glory of the Church of Christ, 2nd edit. Vol. XL. of Christian Family Library, fc. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Black's Tourist's Memorial of Scotland, a Series of 20 Views, royal 8vo. 5*s.* swd.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a Poetical Version, illustrated, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl., 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Christian Man a Contented Man, by Rev. Robert Sanderson, D.D. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Chart of Anglican Church Ornaments, col. 4*s.* 6*d.* in case.—Christ, our Rest, by the Rev. D. Pitcairn, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Carter's (R.) Psalter. 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl., 1*l.* 2*s.* cl. gilt edges.

Dark River, an allegory, by the Rev. Edward Munro, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Epodes, Satires, and Epistles of Horace, translated by the late Rev. F. Howes, fc. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.

Foreign Library, Vol. XVI. "History of the Eighteenth Century," by F. C. Schlosser, Vol. VI. 8vo. 14*s* cl.

Gardener's (John) Modern Abacus, or Pounds, Shillings, and Pence Calculator, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Gift of Love and Friendship, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl. gilt.

Harrison's (Rev. W.) Grammar of the Greek Language, 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns, 1 vol. post 8vo. 5s. cl.—History of Ireland, by John D'Alton, esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* cl. lettered.—Howes's (T. H.) Lessons on the Globes, on a Plan entirely New, new edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.

Jackson's View of the Formation and Discipline of Armies, demy 8vo. 3rd edit. 12s. cl.—Jousse's Pianoforte Preceptor, revised and modernized, by H. West, R.A. of Music, oblong 4to. 2s. 6d. swd.

Letters of the Marchioness Broglio Solari, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Laing's (S. esq.) Notes on the Rise, Progress, &c. of the Schism from the Church of Rome, called the German Catholic Church, fc. 5s. cl.—Levite (The); or, Scenes Two Hundred Years Ago, by Elizabeth Murphy, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—Little Bo-peep, and other Stories in Rhymes, with Pictures, by F. L. M. small 4to. plain 2s. 6d., coloured 4s. 6d.

Mill's (James) Sportsman's Library, 8vo. 16s. cl.—Miscellanies, Biographical and Critical, by W. C. Prescott, esq. 8vo. 14s. cl.—M'Crie's (Thomas, D.D.) Vindication of the Covenanters, 4th edit. fc. 8vo. 3s. cl.—Moylan's (D. C. esq.) Law of Registration of Voters at Parliamentary Elections, &c. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.

New Zealand and its Aborigines, by W. Brown, post 8vo. 8s. cl.

Only a Fidler and O. T. translated from Danish, by Mary Howitt, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Political Dictionary, Vol. I. (Knight's Library of Reference), 12mo. 15s. cl.—Practical Cook, English and French, by J. Bregion and Anne Miller, fc. 7s. 6d. cl.

Reminiscences of the Coronation, &c. by the author of "The Fortress," 1 vol. post 8vo. 12s. cl.—Rome, its Ecclesiastical and Social Life, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Scott's (W. M. A.) Plane Trigonometry and Mensuration; for the Use of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bd.—Story of a Royal Favourite, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.

Text Book to Heresy; or, the Evils of Tractarianism and Puritanism compared, 12mo. 1s 6d. cl. gilt.

Watts's Illustrated Knitting, &c. new edit. 1s. cl.—Wright's Improved Game Book, oblong 4to. for One Year, 5s.; Two Years, 10s.; Three Years, 15s. cl.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Characteristic Traits and Domestic Life of Frederick William Third, King of Prussia.
Manual of Astronomy.
Letters of the Marchioness Broglio Solari.
Liberty and Free Enquiry.
The Book of Nursery Tales. First, Second, and Third Series.
Illustrations of the Genera of Birds. Folio.
Illustrations of the Law of Kindness.
British Manufacturer.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Carswell's Pathology, complete.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the numerous pictures and engravings which are exhibited in the gallery of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, we observed a portrait of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, engraved from the celebrated daguerreotype portrait. The engraving is a speaking likeness, and proves the facility and correctness with which artists can copy portraits done by the daguerreotype, a fact at one time rather doubtful. The engraver is Mr. Ryall, who has added new lustre to his name by this work.

THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—The sale of the sixth portion of the library of the late Duke of Sussex has been concluded at Messrs. Evans's rooms in New Bond-street, it being the residue of his rare and extensive collection of books. Among those sold on the last day, the following were worthy of especial notice:—Woburn Salictum Woburnese, or a Catalogue of Willows, indigenous and foreign, in the collection of the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey, only fifty copies printed for presentation, sold for 10*l.* Pinetum Wobernense, catalogue of coniferous plants at Woburn Abbey, 100 copies printed for presentation, with an autograph letter from the Duke of Bedford to the Duke of Sussex, sold for 13*l.* The Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, &c., from 1665 to 1842, in 115 volumes, sold for 20*l.* 10s. A Collection of remarkable Trials for Adultery sold for 2*l.* 7s. Reginald Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1665, &c. sold for 1*l.* 10s. Schedel (H.) Chronicon Nuremburgense, with above 1,000 woodcuts by Wolgemuth, the master of Albert Durer, printed at Nuremburg in 1493, sold for three guineas. The Ordnance Survey of English Counties, on a scale of one inch to a mile, sold for 14*l.* 5s. Chester Mysteries, De Dilusio Noe, De Occisione Innocentum, presented to the Roxburghe Club by J. H. Markland, Esq., sold for 2*l.* 6s. Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church, and National Happiness, by the author of the Fable of the Bees, with MS. notes by the Duke of Sussex, sold for 1*l.* 18s. The number of days consumed in the disposal of this extensive collection of books was 62, and the total amount produced by the sale 19,149*l.* 1s. From this it will be seen that the executors have gained upwards of 3,000*l.* by the government not accepting their offer. The collection cost the late illustrious Prince between 15,000*l.* and 16,000*l.*; but then it must be taken into consideration that a great addition was made to the library by the number of books presented to him being added to those he purchased.

A letter from Algiers contains the following:—"I have just witnessed a ceremony very curious to European eyes—the return to their families of the caravan of pilgrims to Mecca. Their approach had been announced on the previous day, and the whole Arab population went out to meet them, some on horseback, others on foot, with their wives and children. Some of them carried flags of various colours, and many of them kept firing off their guns, without which there can be no fête with this singular people. I joined the *cortége*, and, after proceeding for some time in the midst of this picturesque group, I perceived the looked-for travellers approaching. The whole party, with whom I was, commenced singing, or rather shouting in chorus—"O, pilgrims, in the House of God have you seen the Prophet of the Most High?" "We have seen him, and we left him at Mecca; he there prays, fasts, performs his ablutions, and reads the holy books," was the reply. After which the party hastened to salute them, to kiss their garments, and to offer them hospitality. Happy was he who could entertain them, in order to draw down on his tent the blessings of the All Powerful. Each of the pilgrims had brought from Mecca small chaplets, which they distributed to their relations and friends, and also phials filled with the water of Birzemzen, a fountain in the holy house. This water is kept to sprinkle over the bodies of the dead. The Arabs consider the journey to be attended with much danger, as the road is infested with robbers, and the expedition occupies from twelve to fifteen months, during which time they have innumerable hardships to undergo, the endurance of which they, however, hope will be the means of obtaining pardon for their sins."

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.—We learn from *Galignani* that the dome of this celebrated edifice has excited serious alarm. For a long time past, the cupola has been cracked in many places, and ten arches of iron, weighing 60,000 kilogrammes, have been placed so as to prevent its fall. It has just been discovered that the lanternino, above which rises the cross that crowns the edifice, is cracked through and through. The numerous lightning conductors, which had been erected by Pope Pius VII. for the protection of the edifice, remove all idea of this mischief having been the effect of a thunder-storm. The lanternino is being surrounded by heavy iron chains, to prevent the cracks from extending.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following is the moderate scale of charges for Advertisement adopted by THE CRITIC.

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THE CRITIC *may also be had in monthly parts, sewed in a wrapper price 1s. 6d. each.*

To Readers and Correspondents.

C. C. Margate-street, Dover.—*Thanks for the contribution, for which we hope to find room in our next number.*

E. M. R.—*The verses forwarded, though not without merit, do not reach the standard by which we test contributions for this journal.*

R. A. (Maryport).—*The remarks are just and appropriate; but as they throw no new light on the subject, and our columns are already overset, we cannot, without inconvenience, insert the communication.*

J. W. (Monmouth).—*We really are not aware of any book we can recommend on the subject. Mrs. Ellis's perhaps is among the best.*

A. B. G. (Glasgow).—*Our correspondent had better apply to some respectable librarian for an answer to his queries. If he had taken the trouble to look into any respectable edition of Milton, which includes a notice of the poet's life, he would have found what he wanted in less time than it took him to pen to us a needless letter.*

J. B. (York).—*The circumstance alluded to was an accidental oversight of the printer, one that will probably never occur again.*

H. B. (St. Lucia).—*The lines forwarded shall be used; they arrived too late to be available for this number.*

ERRATA.—"Literary Gossip in Paris," Aug. 9, for *pièce de chère* read *pièce déchue.*——In "Journal of French Literature," p. 319, col. 1, for *nerve* read *verve.*

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

Manual of Astronomy: a Popular Treatise on Theoretical and Practical Astronomy. By JOHN DREW. 8vo. pp. 343. London, 1845. Darton and Co.

THE science of Astronomy, though the most sublime in its disclosures, and the most infallible in its results; though tempting the mind to inquiry by the most beautiful, curious, and interesting of problems; has excited less general attention, not merely in this country, but throughout the world, than so grand a subject for contemplation has deserved. So great is the popular ignorance of this science, that, even among the educated classes, it is a fact—gainsay it who will—that a majority of the persons whom you shall ask to describe the difference in the appearance and motion of a planet from those of a fixed star, will be found unable to give a satisfactory answer. With the wonderful revelations of the telescope—among the sublimest, and, certainly, the vastest hitherto vouchsafed to man—they are mostly unacquainted; nor is their intellect enlarged by a familiarity with the ingenious theories which philosophers have propounded in explanation of the phenomena of the universe, or the curious and intricate processes by which a knowledge of the harmonious laws which govern it have been obtained.

That much of this ignorance is attributable to the utilitarian spirit which has so long circumscribed and starved the intellect, is, we fear, too plain. Excepting, so far as it subserves the purposes of navigation, the science of astronomy ministers not at all to the absorbing and debasing lust for gain; therefore has it been neglected, while other arts and sciences, because they bear more directly on this the chief aim of life, have been sedulously cultivated, though, in an intellectual point of view, of far inferior worth.

We hope, and indeed believe, that the worst of this has passed. The young mind of the present day is more liberal and clear-sighted—it sees something better than money; it looks to the soul rather than to the body; and, sooner or later, will give to every branch of human knowledge attention in proportion to its value. A familiarity with astronomy will then be esteemed indispensable to every one;—a consummation greatly to be wished, since there is no science open to human attainment which so tends to enlarge the soul, or that lays before us such irrefragable testimonies of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty.

The work which has given occasion for these remarks is well adapted to accelerate this desirable end. The intention of its author has been to lay before the student a clear exposition of the science of astronomy, as it now stands. In order to affect this, he has classified his subject into four parts. The first treats of our Position in the Universe with relation to other Bodies; the second of Physical Astronomy, the Attraction of Gravity, Six laws of Matter and Motion, Perturbation, and Variations, &c.; the third is devoted to Descriptive Astronomy, embracing the appearances of the Sun, Moon, and Planetary Bodies, which make up the Solar System, with Expositions of the Phenomena of the Seasons, Tides, &c.; and the fourth is devoted to Practical Astronomy, comprehending Instruments used for the purposes of Observation and Discovery, with Rules for their Application and Use. The author has again subdivided these parts methodically; he has set forth all the facts hitherto known, and has given, in the absence of positive information on certain points, the hypotheses that have been framed by the soundest and most learned astronomers to explain them. The text is illustrated by diagrams, as simple as the problems to be elucidated permits, and is written in a style as little technical as possible. As the season is now approaching when may be observed that interesting phenomenon which at Spring-tide and Autumn is visible—namely *the Zodiacal light*, we extract our author's description of it.

A singular phenomenon connected with the sun may sometimes be remarked, when the sun is in the equinoxes, a short time before sunrise or after sunset: a streak of light, somewhat resembling the tail of a comet, extends for some distance along the zodiac (whence it is termed the ZODIACAL LIGHT), or rather, parallel to the region of the solar equator, which does not quite coincide with the ecliptic. The faintest stars may be seen through it, as they may be through the matter composing a comet. The form of this nebulous appearance is that of a cone, having the diameter of the sun for its base. It does not appear equally bright at all times when it is seen; indeed, many years it is altogether invisible, especially in our latitude. It would appear to have some connection with the solar atmosphere; but that this atmosphere should extend beyond the boundary of the orbit of Venus, seems unaccountable. Sir John Herschel's opinion is, "that this phenomenon may be no other than the denser part of that medium which, as we have reason to believe, resists the motions of comets, loaded, perhaps, with the actual materials of the tails of millions of these bodies, of which they have been stripped in their perihelion passages, and which may be slowly subsiding into the sun."

The following account of the appearance of the zodiacal light within the tropics, from the pen of a gentleman, whose authority as an observer stands very high, will be gratifying to those who have had an opportunity of witnessing it under equally favourable circumstances:—"At first, it seems a faint, whitish, zone of light, less intense than the milky way, with ill-defined borders, scarcely to be distinguished from the twilight; being then but little elevated, and its figure nearly agreeing with that of a spheroid seen in profile. As it rises above the horizon, it becomes brighter and larger, till it resembles a lenticular beam of light, somewhat analagous to the tail of a comet, rounded at the vertex, with its base towards the sun, and its axis in the direction of the zodiac."

The zodiacal light has been seen to advantage while this work has been passing through the press, in the second week of March 1845, and again on March 28th, and following evenings. It extended, on these occasions, about as far as the Pleiades from the sun's place. By turning the head a little aside when viewing it, so that its rays fell upon a part of the retina of the more sensitive to light than that exactly opposite the pupil, the author could distinctly make out the form described in the above quotation.

On a clear night, when the reader, looking heavenwards, has turned his eyes

> "From star to star,
> From world to luminous world as far
> As the universe spreads its flaming wall,"

the thought must surely have arisen,—"Are not these countless myriads of stars, with their planets inhabited; and if so, by what kind of beings?" Listen to the reply—partly speculative partly inferential—of our author.

Setting aside all imaginative views, and confining ourselves simply to acknowledged facts, let us see whether sound philosophy does not enable us to supply an answer to this inquiry. To suppose that God has placed those mighty orbs in the heavens merely to be viewed by us, the inhabitants of one small world, would derogate from the perfections of Him who maketh nothing in vain. As far as investigations into nature have extended, we find the whole material world teeming with life; a drop of water may contain its hundreds—the air, the verdant fields their thousands of living creatures, delighting in existence; can we, then, suppose that the planetary globes are "cities of the dead;" that there the voice of joy—the piercing vision—the brightness of intelligence—are things unknown?

The discoveries of science are opposed to this conclusion. The nature of light—whether derived from our sun, the planets, or the fixed stars—is found to be precisely the same—resolvable, by the prism, into the primary colours. The organs of vision, then, of the inhabitants of the planets must, to a certain extent, we should imagine, be like ours, adapted to the reception of this light. They feel, too, the sun's absence; and hence the all-bountiful Creator has provided those more remote from his influence with attendant satellites, to cheer the darkness of their night. Picture to yourself the beautiful night of the planet Saturn; the dark sky illumined by several moons; some rising, others setting; some full, some crescent-like, appear amidst the starry firmament; his rings, arching the heavens as girdles of light, reflecting the suns rays, and indicating, by the varied appearance of their surface, their own revolution. Imagine this scene, and say whether that planet is the habitation of beings

who, like ourselves, are formed to admire the Creator's works, and to adore Him through them, or whether it is the gloomy retreat of silence and desolation.

Regard, again, the atmospheres of the planets. Reasoning from analogy, we should conclude that the inhabitants of those distant worlds possess powers which, like our own, require renovation by breathing a vital air; that they have the faculty of admiring their landscapes, varied by mountains and valleys in some cases—by the flow of the ocean in others—by the succession of day and night in all. With these discovered points of resemblance to the circumstances in which we are placed, there are, no doubt, others still, and perhaps for ever, hidden from mortal view, which, if known, would confirm the similarity, and exhibit a beautiful congruity in every portion of the created universe.

Much absurd speculation has been employed on the character and physical peculiarities of the inhabitants of the planets, which has tended to render the public mind generally less open to the legitimate deductions of science with regard to them. The severest reasoner must, however, we should think, join in the conclusion, that all the planetary bodies are the abodes of intelligent beings—alive to physical sensations—capable of locomotion—and doubtless gifted with faculties which enable them to contemplate the great Architect of nature through the medium of his works.

With the above extract we must close our notice of a book that gives as succinct and clear a view of astronomy as can be desired; a book we can conscientiously recommend to the student of astronomy, the heads of schools, and to all who desire a knowledge of the grandest and most soul-enlarging of the physical sciences.

The Human Body in Health and Disease. 1845. Edinburgh: Maclachlan, Stewart, and Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

"A SOUND mind in a sound body" is a blessing which all desire to possess. A nervous mind may be enjoyeed by one whose outward man is rapidly wasting; the kernel may be strong and sound when the shell by which it is incrusted is mouldering and decaying, and preparing to return to the dust whence it came. How vigorous was the diction, how glowing were the sentiments, how poetical the thoughts, of NICOLL and WHITE, when they had almost reached the tomb. The lambent fire of poetry still burned, the quickening spark of genius still informed the mind and enlivened the soul. Whether we look to the poet or to the lawyer, to a THOMSON or a FOLLETT, still mind is found to grasp at power and enjoyment when the body has exhausted its strength, and the soul is ready to shake off its mortal coil.

Such being the strength of the mind, it seems reasonable to suppose that nature would have given to man an equally sound tenement wherein it should be lodged. Undoubtedly she has done so; but the rules of society and the habits of individuals have opposed the ordinations of nature and set at naught the laws instinctively implanted in us for the governance of health. The tenor of our conduct is purely artificial; in this we are stubborn, though mistaken materialists. When, perchance, we do meet with an individual who has been trained in the Creator's school, who has taken the wide universe for his instructor, and the still small voice within as a mentor, then we behold the MAN. How different to the wealth-created mammon-worshipping valetudinarian of every-day life!

The ideals of bodily perfection, pictured by novelists and poets, *have* an existence. The very fact of their connection with poesy stamps them as genuine, as truthful. None can mistake their truthfulness when attention is directed to them; yet, alas! few properly comprehend the fact, until it is too late to follow the example.

To create, or rather preserve, strength of body and soundness of mind is the professed object of medicine. Simple in its origin, the science has been abused and reduced from its original and natural state. Plans as diversified, and doctrines as conflicting, as any that troubled the brain of the knight of La Mancha, are put forth for the purpose of attracting attention by quacks and charlatans, regular and irregular. The honest practitioner is deterred from recourse to simple cures, though the most effective, because dogma and fashion step in, and protest that whatever is natural and easy of accomplishment needs not the physician, therefore it cannot be good. Thus is the upright and well-intentioned practitioner obliged to succumb to prejudices, or lose the chance of obtaining a livelihood. It is our author's object to attack this mischief, and he sets about his work in the right way. The first knowledge necessary is of the structure and functions of the different parts of the human frame, and the general economy of the system, without which all directions would be unintelligible. If every person were taught these simple principles of physiology, how much pain and how many doctor's bills they might save themselves. The regulation of diet, bathing, and exercise are sensibly treated, and an intelligible description is given of the most common diseases. Methods of cure are left for physicians to prescribe, the work confining itself to its avowed object of inculcating a knowledge of the human body, and teaching men to use their frames as becomes their delicate structure. Every period of life, from infancy to old age, receives due consideration, and directions are appended for counteracting the peculiar liabilities to disease of each period of life.

As a specimen, we extract a passage treating of an ailment to which all are liable:—

THE COLD.

Hundreds of remedies are daily prescribed for a cold, many of very opposite tendencies; and as it is the nature of the complaint to disappear of its own accord in a few days, every remedy in succession has come in for a share of praise. They may be all summed up, however, in water-gruel or spare living, moderate warmth and perspiration, and one or two gentle purgatives. Some, not satisfied with this method of starving a cold, have maintained that quite an opposite plan of diet and treatment is the proper one. A fit of intoxication has, no doubt, sometimes cured a disagreeable cold, as well as plunging into a cold bath, or a stew and sweat in a warm, crowded room; but these are uncertain and doubtful expedients, and their consequences may, in nine cases out of ten, be hurtful; and, unquestionably, the most rational plan is the starving system. For allaying the tickling cough, an infusion of linseed may be freely taken, or an infusion of quince seeds, or a solution of gum arabic in water: these are preferable to the sweet syrups in general use, as the former may be taken in large quantities, and repeatedly, without loading the stomach.

The author, though anonymous, has performed his task as befits a gentleman, avoiding alike the hollow chicanery and specious trickery of the quack, and the mystic and stilted language of the regular doctor; for these reasons we recommend his volume to the notice of our readers.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Servia; or, a Residence in Belgrade, and Travels in the Interior, during the years 1843 *and* 1844. By ANDREW A. PATON, Esq. London, 1845. Longmans.

MR. PATON is already, by his work upon the modern Syrians, favourably known to the literary world. He is a man of humour, observation, and address; has apparently the happy faculty of adopting speedily the tone and manners of the people among whom he finds himself, and, as an almost necessary accompaniment to such a faculty, the power of vividly describing the scenes and characters which come under his notice. Hitherto, moreover, he has wisely chosen to open fresh ground, to introduce the English public to localities not generally explored by the traveller, and to direct attention to nations which may hereafter furnish the historical philosopher with abundant materials for inquiry and illustration. Servia has very fitly been called the youngest daughter of the European family. Her people, indeed, trace their origin to sources as remote as those from which any other European race has been derived. Essentially a European race, the feudal system comprised them within the circle of its institutions, and has left upon them an impress more durable than is to be found in countries whose civilization has advanced farther. Centuries of Turkish dominion have failed to efface the distinctive character thus affixed to them, and they are now found animated by the influences which have made the German race the leader of human kind. Even now, the supremacy of the Sultan, established by its antiquity, recognised by the payment of national tribute, and sustained by the presence of Moslem chieftains in their ancient strongholds, seems to be nodding to its fall, and the figure of Servia stands upon the page of history, which is now open and unwritten, in an attitude betokening a spirit which will be content with nothing short of independence.

Servia is emerging from the state of mediæval Europe, unfettered by the necessity of groping her own way to intelligence and civilization, but within the reach of all the stores of enlightenment and knowledge that the nations of Europe have as yet accumulated. Never surely was there a more striking picture presented than this; a people connected in its origin with the most exalted of European nations, rejecting the long bondage of Asiatic government, and grasping at the enlightenment which kindred and more favoured races have gradually achieved.

But this, after all, is the political and philosophical aspect of Servia. The traveller and the tourist jot down in their notebooks other matters of a more lively cast, and to these we must now hasten. Mr. PATON entered Servia from Bulgaria, having sailed from Beyrout through the Ægean. One or two chapters are accordingly devoted to Bulgaria, and the intervening objects of interest between Constantinople and Belgrade. At Roustchouk, the capital of the pashalic of Silistria, he was entertained at dinner by a Bulgarian Christian. After describing the turnings and windings which he had to traverse in search of his entertainer's abode, the first greetings over, our author thus proceeds:—

The elders sat, the youngers stood at a distance; so respectful is youth to age in all this eastern world. The first figure in the former group was the father of our host; the acrid humours of extreme age had crimsoned his eyelids, and his head shook from side to side, as he attempted to rise to salute me, but I held him to his seat. The wife of our host was a model of fragile, delicate beauty. Her nose, mouth, and chin were exquisitely chiselled, and her skin was smooth and white as alabaster; but the eyelid drooped, the eye hung fire, and under each orb the skin was slightly blue, but so blending with the paleness of the rest of the face, as rather to give distinctness to the character of beauty than to detract from the general effect. Her second child hung on her left arm, and a certain graceful negligence in the plaits of her hair and the arrangement of her bosom shewed that the cares of the young mother had superseded the nicety of the coquette.

The only other person in the company worthy of remark was a Frank. His surtout was of cloth of second or third quality, but profusely braided. His stock appeared to strangle him, and a diamond breast-pin was stuck in a shirt of texture one degree removed from sail-cloth. His blood, as I afterwards learned, was so crossed by Greek, Isinsar, and Wallachian varieties, that it would have puzzled the united genealogists of Europe to tell his breed; and his language was a mangled subdivision of that dialect which passes for French in the fashionable centres of the Grecaille.

Exquisite.—"Quangt êtes vous venie, Monsieur?"

Author.—"Il y a huit jours."

Exquisite (looking at a large ring on his *fore*-finger).—"Ce sont de bons diables dans ce paysci, mais out est un po barbare."

"Assez barbare," said I, as I saw that the exquisite's nails were in the deepest possible mourning.

Exquisite.—"Avez vouz éte à Boukarest?"

Author.—"Non—pas encore."

Exquisite.—"Ah je wous assire que Boukarest est maintenant comme Paris et Londres."

Author.—"Avez-vous vu Paris et Londres?"

Exquisite.—"Non; mais Boukarest vaut cent fois Galatz et Braila."

During this colloquy, the gipsy music was playing; the first fiddle was really not bad; and the nonchalant rogue humour of his countenance did not belie his alliance to that large family which has produced "so many blackguards, but never a single blockhead."

Dinner was now announced. F——'s wife, relieved of her child, acted as first waitress. The fare consisted mostly of varieties of fowl, with a pilaff of rice, in the Turkish manner, all decidedly good; but the wine rather sweet and muddy. When I asked for a glass of water, it was handed me in a little bowl of silver, which mine hostess had just dashed into a jar of filtered lymph. Dinner concluded, the party rose, each crossing himself, and reciting a short formula of prayer; meanwhile, a youthful relation of the house stood with the washing-basin and soap-turret poised on his left hand, while with the right he poured on my hands water from a slender-spouted tin ewer. Behind him stood the hostess holding a clean towel with a tiny web of silver thread running across its extremities, and on my right stood the ex-diners with sleeves tucked up, all in a row, waiting their turn at the wash-hand basin.

It will be observed, that Mr. PATON seems to have fallen very naturally into the dinner customs of his entertainers, and indeed throughout his travels he appears un-English-like, never to have found any difficulty in conforming to national habits. Thus he throws off his slippers, squats on the divan, and smokes a *chibouque*, with an air that would apparently impose upon the veriest Turk in the dominions of the Sublime Porte. Nay, he talks of his dress, his food, his employments, and his mode of life, with an air that makes one half suspect that he has foregotten his own nation and become absolute Turk. Not but that he is called upon from time to time to explain matters connected with his country and countrymen, which he always undertakes to do, and sometimes in a most amusing manner. Veracious as his accounts of us are, they appear not at all times to have obtained absolute credit. Witness the following rebuke which he received from a loquacious inhabitant of Semlin:—

But I must return from this digression to the guest of the Adler. On hearing that I was an Englishman, he expressed a wish to hear as much of England as possible, and appeared thunderstruck when I told him that London had nearly two millions of inhabitants, being four hundred thousand more than the whole of the Barrat. This individual had, of course, learned five languages with his mother's milk, and therefore thought that the inhabitants of such a country as England must know ten at least. When I told him that the majority of the people in England knew nothing but English, he said, somewhat contemptuously, "O! you told me the fair side of the English character; but you did not tell me that the people were so ignorant." He then good-humouredly warned me against practising on his credulity. I pointed out how unnecessary other languages were for England itself; but that all languages could be learned in London.

"Can Wallachian be learned in London?"

"I have my doubts about Wallachian; but"—

"Can Magyar be learned in London?"

"I suspect not."

"Can Servian be learnt in London?"

"I confess, I don't think that anybody in London teaches Servian; but"—

"There again, you travellers are always making statements unfounded on fact. I have mentioned three leading languages, and nobody in your city knows any thing about them."

KARA GEORGE is the great hero of Servia. He it was who, in the year 1806, repeatedly defeated the armies of the Sultan, and procured for Servia a temporary independence. After the re-subjugation of Servia in 1814, and the establishment of MILOSH as governor under the Turks a few years later, he was treacherously murdered while contriving a fresh revolt. MILOSH was himself forcibly expelled for his cruelty in 1838, and his son MICHAEL, with the whole Obrenovitch family to which he belonged, displaced four years later. They made way for the reigning prince, KARA GEORGEVITCH, the son of KARA GEORGE, with whom returned the two pillars of his party, WUCICS and PETRONIEVITCH, in honour of whose reception a solemn festival was kept at Belgrade.

The tolling of the cathedral bell announced the approach of the procession, which was preceded by a long train of rustic cavaliers, noble, vigorous-looking men. Standing at the balcony, we missed the sight of the heroes of the day, who had gone round by other streets. We therefore went to the cathedral, where all the principal persons in Servia were assembled. One old man, with grey, filmy, lack-lustre eyes, pendant jaws, and white beard, was pointed out to me as a centenarian witness of this national manifestation. The grand screen, which in the Greek churches veils the sanctuary from the vulgar gaze, was hung with rich silks; and on a raised platform, covered with carpets, stood the archbishop, a dignified, high-priest-looking figure, with crozier in hand, surrounded by his deacons in superbly embroidered robes. The huzzas of the populace grew louder as the procession approached the cathedral, a loud and prolonged buzz of excited attention accompanied the opening of the grand central portal, and Wucics and Petronievitch, grey with the dust with which the immense cavalcade had besprinkled them, came forward, kissed the cross and gospels, which the archbishop presented to them, and, kneeling down, returned thanks for their safe restoration. On regaining their legs, the archbishop advanced to the edge of the platform, and began a discourse describing the grief the nation had experienced at their departure, the universal joy for their return, and the hope that they would ever keep peace and union in view in all matters of state, and that in their duties to the state they must never forget their responsibility to the Most High.

Wucics, dressed in the coarse frieze jacket and boots of a Servian peasant, heard with a reverential inclination of the head the elegantly-polished discourse of the gold-bedizened prelate, but

nought relaxed one single muscle of that adamantine visage; the finer but more luminous features of Petronievitch were evidently under the control of a less powerful will. At certain passages of the discourse his intelligent eye was moistened with tears. Two deacons then prayed successively for the Sultan, the Emperor of Russia, and the prince.

And now uprose from every tongue and every heart a hymn for the longevity of Wucics and Petronievitch. "The solemn song for many days" is the expressive title of this sublime chant. This hymn is so old that its origin is lost in the obscure dawn of Christianity in the East, and so massive, so nobly simple, as to be beyond the ravages of time and the caprices of convention. The procession then returned, the band playing the Wucics march, to the houses of the two heroes of the day.

It seems impossible to pass through any considerable portion of Servia without having forcibly recalled to the mind all that is picturesque and romantic in our traditions concerning the middle ages. The feudal strength and importance not only of the remaining Turkish nobles, but of the natchalniks or governors in the petty towns, appointed by the native Servian administration; the simple unaffected character and manners of the peasantry; the rude yet gigantic scale of hospitality, and the tone of religious feeling and religious worship, have upon them all the marks which render the earlier period of our history such a favourite scene for poem and story. Nothing can shew this better than an account of a Greek mass in Servia. The thing would be hardly perfect without the last touch descriptive of the bishop's martial mien. It is in the style of the Archbishop THOMAS A BECKET, with his hundred mounted and armed knights at his back.

The cathedral church was a most ancient edifice of Byzantine architecture, which had been first a church, and then a mosque, and then a church again. The honeycombs and stalactite ornaments in the corners, as well as a marble stone in the floor, adorned with geometrical arabesques, shewed its services to Islamism. But the pictures of the crucifixion, and the figures of the priests, reminded me that I was in a Christian temple.

The bishop *in pontificalibus* was dressed in a crimson velvet and white satin dress, embroidered in gold, which had cost 300*l.* at Vienna; and as he sat in his chair, with mitre on head, and crosier in hand, looked with his white bushy beard, an imposing representative of spiritual authority. Sometimes he softened, and looked bland, as if it would not have been beneath him to grant absolution to an emperor. A priest was consecrated on the occasion; but the service was so long (full two hours and a half), that I was fatigued with the endless bowings and motions, and thought more than once of the benevolent wish of the doctor, to see me preserved from a Greek mass and a Hungarian lawsuit; but the singing was good, simple, massive, and antique in colouring. At the close of the service, thin wax tapers were presented to the congregation, which each of them lighted; after which they advanced, and kissed the cross and gospels, which were covered with the most minute silver and gold filegree work.

The prolonged service had given me a good appetite; and when I returned to the doctor, he smiled, and said, "I am sure you are ready for your café *au lait*." "I confess it was rather *langueilig*." "Take my advice for the future, and steer clear of a Greek mass, or a Hungarian lawsuit."

We now went to take a farewell of the bishop, whom we found, as yesterday, in the kiosk, with a fresh set of fur robes, and looking as superb as ever, with a large and splendid ring on his forefinger.

"If you had not come during a fast," growled he, with as good-humoured a smile as could be expected from so formidable a personage, "I would have given you a dinner. The English, I know, fight well at sea, but I do not know if they like salt fish."

A story is related of this bishop, that on the occasion of some former traveller rising to depart, he asked, "Are your pistols in good order?" On the traveller answering in the affirmative, the bishop rejoined, "Well, now you may depart with my blessing."

Csatsak, although the seat of a bishop and a natchalnik, is only a village, and is insignificant when one thinks of the magnificent plain in which it stands. At every step I made in this country, I thought of the noble field which it offers for a system of colonization congenial to the feelings, and subservient to the interests of the present occupants.

But we come next to one of the less favourable resemblances to what are called the dark ages. The animosities between Moslem and Christian, always vehement, are most intolerable upon the confines of Bosnia. This latter territory has the signal disgrace in history of being the only country in which the nobility, upon the irruption of the Turks into Europe, accepted Islamism *en masse*. It should seem that as an individual renegade is always the most bitter in his hostility against the party which he has deserted, so a race of apostates embody a similar tendency in national feeling, and become more intolerant than those who by birth and country are unbelievers. Certain it is that no hatred is more intense than that of the Bosnians to all Christians in general, and Servians in particular. A jealousy of the successful struggles of Servia for emancipation, and a remembrance of the vassalage from which she has emerged, is doubtless an additional stimulant to their fury. Mr. PATON and his party ventured to enter the pashalic of Bosnia and the city of Novibazar on horseback. As Christians had formerly been forbidden this privilege, this was the first incentive to a quarrel. YOUSSOUF BEY, the timorous governor of Novibazar, refused, upon various pretexts, to receive the travellers and peruse the letters of introduction which they brought to him. After various insults, our author and his guide were obliged to take a precipitate departure from Bosnia, in order to avoid the fury of the rabble.

The castle was on the elevated centre of the town; and the town sloping on all sides down to the garden, was as nearly as possible in the centre of the plain. When we had sufficiently examined the carved stone kaouks and turbans on the tombstones, we redescended towards the town. A savage-looking Bosniac now started up from behind a low outhouse, and, trembling with rage and fanaticism, began to abuse us: "Giaours, kafirs, spies! I know what you have come for. Do you expect to see your cross planted some day on the castle?"

The old story, thought I to myself; the fellow takes me for a military engineer, exhausting the resources of my heart in a plan for the reduction of the redoubtable fortress and city of Novibazar.

"Take care how you insult an honourable gentleman," said the over-rider; "we will complain to the Bey."

"What do we care for the Bey?" said the fellow, laughing in the exuberance of his impudence. I now stopped, looked him full in the face, and asked him coolly what he wanted.

"I will shew you that when you get into the bazaar," and then he suddenly bolted down a lane out of sight.

A Christian, who had been hanging on at a short distance, came up, and said:—

"I advise you to take yourself out of the dust as quickly as possible. The whole town is in a state of alarm; and unless you are prepared for resistance, something serious may happen, for the fellows are all wild Arnaouts, and do not understand travelling Franks."

"Your advice is a good one; I am obliged to you for the hint, and I will attend to it."

Had there been a pasha or consul in the place, I would have had the fellow punished for his insolence; but knowing that our small party was no match for armed fanatics, and that there was nothing more to be seen in the place, we avoided the bazaar, and went round by a side-street, paid our khan bill, and, mounting our horses, trotted rapidly out of the town, for fear of a stray shot; but the over-rider, on getting clear of the suburbs, instead of relaxing, got into a gallop.

"Halt," cried I, "we are clear of the rascals, and fairly out of town;" and coming up to the eminence, crowned with the giurgive stupovi, on which was a church, said to have been built by Stephen Dushan, the Powerful, I resolved to ascend, and got the over-rider to go so far; but some Bosniacs in a field warned us off with menacing gestures. The over-rider said, "For God's sake, let us go straight home. If I go back to Novibazar, my life may be taken."

Not wishing to bring the poor fellow into trouble, I gave up the project, and returned to the quarantnie.

Mr. PATON's travels extended over almost the whole of the interior of Servia. Time being apparently of no account to our good-humoured traveller, he turned out of his course to visit every object of curiosity and interest. The hospitality of the natives was unbounded, and no limits seem to have been set to the pride and gratification which they experienced at finding themselves the object of the observation and inquiry of an intelligent tourist. Some villages he entered almost in triumph; everywhere he was gladly welcomed, and furnished with letters of introduction to the authorities of the next district which he was to visit. The only awkward suspicion here and there excited was that he was an engineer, and was meditating an engineering scheme for asserting the sovereignty of Great Britain in Servia. It will be an act of gratification to our readers, and fairness to Mr. PATON, to conclude our ex-

tracts from his book with a description of a visit to the top of Kopannik, and the magnificent view of Servia from that spot. The labour of his ascent to the summit was enhanced by the indolence and repugnance of a certain unwieldy and plethoric captain who was employed as guide on the occasion.

A gentle wind skimmed the white straggling clouds from the blue sky. Warmer and warmer grew the sun-lit valleys; wider and wider grew the prospect as we ascended. Balkan after Balkan rose on the distant horizon. Ever and anon I paused and looked round with delight, but before reaching the summit, I tantalized myself with a few hundred yards of ascent, to treasure the glories in store for the pause, the turn, and the view. When, at length, I stood on the highest peak, the prospect was literally gorgeous. Servia lay rolled out at my feet. There was the field of Kossovo, where Amurath defeated Lasar and entombed the ancient empire of Servia. I mused an instant on this great landmark of European history, and, following the finger of an old peasant who accompanied us, I looked eastward and saw Deligrad, the scene of one of the bloodiest fights that preceded the resurrection of Servia as a principality. The Morava glistened in its wide valley like a silver thread in a carpet of green, beyond which the dark mountains of Rudnik rose to the north, while the frontiers of Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, and Bulgaria walled in the prospect. "*Nogo Svet*—This is the whole world," said the peasant, who stood by me. I myself thought, that if an artist wished for a landscape as the scene of Satan taking up our Saviour into a high mountain, he could find none more appropriate than this. The Kopannik is not lofty, not much above six thousand English feet above the level of the sea. But it is so placed in the Servian basin, that the eye embraces the whole breadth from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and very nearly the whole length from Macedonia to Hungary.

We have only one word to say to our author in conclusion. He has thought fit to give Servia some praise for her exclusion of Greek and Latin classics from the education of her youth. We think he had better let this ground alone for the future. Had he been a classical scholar himself, he would not have talked of the dead languages as contemptuously as he does. But no Latin scholar ever coined the expression an "*insignium*," far less employed it half-a-dozen times in a dozen pages.

FICTION.

Fitz of Fitzford; a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Bray. 8vo. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

The fair authoress of this clever novel, having some time resided in Devonshire, where she found in the traditions and legends yet surviving among the country people, and in the county histories, an abundance of subject-matter for weaving into fiction, has made her first essay at a local novel in *Fitz of Fitzford*. Many of the characters, and all the descriptions in the novel, Mrs. Bray tells us in her preface, were drawn from nature; and, in truth, they bear on them the colouring which only by such means may be obtained. The groundwork of the plot is furnished by a romantic story related in Prince's *Worthies of Devon*, as having occurred in the family of Fitz during the reign of Elizabeth. With this she has interwoven—and an interesting episode it makes, the striking tradition of *Judge Glanville of Tavistock*, who in open court was compelled to pass sentence of death upon his daughter. As well it might be, this is the most highly-wrought, pathetic, and impressive scene in the book. As we expect our readers will peruse this novel, we forbear giving an outline of the plot, contenting ourselves with remarking, that the characters are powerfully drawn, well marked with individuality, and skilfully contrasted against each other. The interest of the plot rarely flags, the descriptions are highly wrought and truthful, and the reflections appropriate and natural. This certainly is the best of Mrs. Bray's works, will amply repay perusal, and therefore, we recommend it to the attention of our readers.

The College Chums. By Charles Lister, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1845.

This is an unequal and ineffective novel. The story is badly constructed, ill-connected, weak, and pointless. There is a sprinkling of affected sentiment, and an authoritative enunciation of wise remarks (which we are to suppose the result of close and profound observation of human life), scattered through these volumes, that defeat most effectually the writer's purpose, and fall far short of what he evidently thinks he has accomplished. Taken altogether, it is not a novel we cannot recommend to the Circulating Library, since newness is almost the only charm it possesses.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Illustrations of the Genera of Birds, embracing their Generic Character; with Sketches of their habits. By Captain Thomas Brown, M.W.S. &c. &c. Parts I. to V. London, 1845. Smith and Elder.

The want of a work of this nature has long been sensibly felt by most ornithologists. It is now twenty years since M. Vieillot's *Galerie des Oiseaux*—the only European work on the genera of birds—was published. Since then the discoveries of scientific expeditions, and the new classifications and divisions which advanced knowledge has compelled Naturalists to adopt, have added many new genera to those figured in M. Vieillot's book. These circumstances have increased the demand for a comprehensive and accurate work; and we rejoice to find it undertaken by Captain Brown—a gentleman whose valuable books on the *Fossil and Recent Conchology of the British Isles*, &c. &c. have stamped him as a painstaking and able Naturalist—since his very name is a guarantee that the task will be satisfactorily performed.

The work before us is published in monthly parts, each of which presents at least four plates and eight pages of letter-press. The illustrations are on steel, and faithfully coloured from nature. The proportions, characteristic attitude, and peculiar plumage of the birds are most happily conveyed in these illustrations. The letter-press gives, in a clear but compressed form, descriptions of the generic characters and respective habits of the various birds, and the *getting up* of the work is complete in all its parts. As this is really an undertaking that, both for the sake of its object and for the manner in which up to this period the task has been performed, is deserving of support, we unhesitatingly commend to our readers this useful and comprehensive work on the Genera of Birds.

POETRY.

Mackay's Legends of the Isles and other Poems.
[concluding notice.]

Mr. Mackay has a strong faith in the value of a poetic life. He gives us two beautiful poems on the subject, "The two Nigtingales," and "The Wanderers by the Sea." These have a peculiar sweetness of language, and are a faithful picture of the want, or *seeming* want, of sympathy between the world and the poet. One nightingale is weary of singing alone, with none to listen to his strain, and thus he addresses the other:—

In the deep quiet of an ancient wood,
Two nightingales, that since the sun had set
Had fill'd the enraptured solitude with song,
Sat silent for awhile, and thus began,
One with the other, interchange of thoughts:

"I'm weary," said the one with weakest voice,
"Of singing all night long to these dull boughs,
With none to listen to my heavenly notes.
What are to me these green insensate wood,
Yon moon and stars, and the unheeding sky?
I would have lovers wander in the shade
At twilight hour, to listen to my voice
And call it beautiful. I would have youths,
Teeming with gentle fancies, quit their books,
And bend a willing ear to my sweet strains:
I would have sages hearken to my lay,
And own me poet of the pensive night.
Why should I waste my music on the winds,
Or how sing on, abandoned to neglect?
I will away, and force the callous crowd
To be delighted. Through some city vast
My voice shall sound, till busy men shall stop,
And to my floods of swelling melody
Give ear enraptured. Brother, come away!"

Forth fled the complaining child of song, and at last reached a populous city—"a vast smoke-mantled dim metropolis." There he poured his sweet words, but no one listened, and he returned lonely at heart, and sang no more.

But there is another nightingale, a philosopher as well as a poet, a singer for the love of singing, and thus he exclaims :—

" No," said the other—" I am happy here;
To me all needless is the world's applause.
Amid these oaks, surrounded by these hills,
Lull'd by the dash of waters down the rocks,
Look'd on by moon and stars, leave me to sing.
My breast is full—my song an utterance
Of joy, that gives me joy to breathe it forth;
My song its own reward.—Why should I court
The ear of men, or pine in useless grief
That hither comes no audience for my lays?
Mine is a hymn of Gratitude and Love,
An overflowing from my inmost heart;
And if men listen and are pleased, not less
My pleasure in administering to theirs.
But if none care to hear my melodies,
Not the less happy would I be to sing."

" The Wanderers by the Sea" is a continuation of the same idea, so elegantly descriptive of the plodding of some men to the spiritual advancement of others, that we can do no less than copy it entire.

THE WANDERERS BY THE SEA.

I saw a crowd of people on the shore
Of a deep, dark, illimitable sea;
Pale-faced they were, and turned their eyes to earth,
And stoop'd low down, and gazed upon the sands;
And ever and anon they roam'd about,
Backwards or forwards; and whene'er they stopp'd
It was to gather on the weedy beach
The dulse and tangles, or the fruitful shells,
Whose living tenants fasten'd to the rocks
They pluck'd away, and listlessly devoured.
And when they'd eaten all their fill, they sat
One by the other on the placid shore,
And with much labour and incessant care
Polish'd the shells, until to brightest hues,
Various and intermingling, they were wrought;
And these they hung around their necks and limbs,
And look'd each other in the face, and smiled.
This done, they wandered on the shore again,
And ate and ate, and drank and drank, and slept,
Day after day—night after night—the same.
Meanwhile the firmament was bright with stars,
And from the clouds aërial voices came
In tones of melody, now low, now loud;
Angelic forms were hovering around
In robes of white and azure;—heaven itself
Appear'd to open, and invite the gaze
Of these poor stooping earth-enamour'd crowds.
But they ne'er look'd nor heard. Though the deep sea
Flash'd phosphorescent; though, dim seen afar,
The white sails and the looming hulls of ships
Gleam'd through the darkness, and the pregnant air
Gave birth to visions swathed in golden fire—
They look'd not. Though the heavenly voices call'd,
And told them of the world of life and light,
Of Beauty, Power, Love, Mystery, and Joy,
That lay beyond, and might be seen of those,
However lowly, that would lift their eyes—
They heeded not, nor heard, but wander'd on,
Plucking their weeds and gathering their shells.
And if they heard the murmur of the sea
That bore them tidings of the Infinite—
They knew it not; but lay them idly down,
Thought of the morrow's food, and sank to sleep.
And when they woke, with their care-deaden'd eyes,
And pallid faces, and toil-burden'd backs,
Began once more their customary search
Upon the bare and melancholy sands;
As if that search were all the end of life,
And all things else but nothingness and void.
But 'mid that low-brow'd multitude were some
Of larger faculties, and foreheads fair,
Laden with knowledge: and of eyes that beam'd
Intelligence, and quick desire to know;—
Who saw the visions teeming in the air;
Who heard the voices breathing in the sky;
Who o'er the illimitable waters stretch'd
Their eager gaze, and through the gloom descried
Shadows of beauty, which, but half reveal'd,
Added a wonder to their loveliness;—
Who heard celestial music night and morn
Play'd in the lap of ocean, or attuned
To every motion of the ceaseless wind;—
Who heard th' harmonious cadence of the stars;
Who saw the angels with their azure wings;
And lifted up their voices in a song
Of praise and joy, that not from them was hidden,
By blinding avarice and wordly care
Of shells and sea-weed, all th' immensity
Of nature—all th' infinitude of heaven—
And all the hope, bright as a certainty
That here, upon this low and gloomy shore,
Our life is but a germ, that shall expand
To fruit and foliage in a brighter clime.
And all of these spake to the crowd in song,
And bade them lift their dull earth-bending eyes,
And see how beautiful were Life and Time;
And bade them listen to the eternal chant
Of nature, overflowing with its joy,
And the mysterious hymn for ever sung
By earth to heaven, of which their words inspired
Were the interpreters to human kind.
And some of these were angry with the crowd,
Who would not listen, and whose ears were vexed
With all that would distract them from their shells,
And wallowing dulse and tangles on the shore.
But one of them with venerable hair,
And a large brow, and face serene as heaven,
Rebuked them for their wrath with mild sad words,
And said—" Oh brothers, weary not your souls!
If they are happy with their weeds and shells,
Let them alone:—And if their hearts prefer
Pebbles to stars, and sound of their own feet
Plashing amid the waters, to the song
Of angels, and the music of the spheres—
Let them alone. Why should ye vex yourselves?
Are ye not happy that to your keen sight
Those things are shewn which they refuse to see?
Are ye not happy that your ears can hear
The oracles of Nature, mute to them?
That ye are priests and prophets, though contemned?
Brothers, be wise, make music to your minds!
For he who singeth from his own full heart
Has his reward even in the utterance.
Brothers! be wise—and sing your songs in peace!"

We are pleased at the conclusion of Mr. MACKAY, that the reward of song is in its utterance. This should be a lesson to the timid and broken-spirited poet, who hangs his harp upon a willow, and sits weeping beneath it. We dislike a moral coward, especially if he be a poet. God has put a talent in his hand, and he should employ it for the benefit of man, and in so doing he is employing it for the glory of the Giver. CHATTERTON, with a giant intellect, was a mere baby in resolution, and KEATS, though a strong poet, was a weak man. They were no martyrs to a great principle, but died because they were ignorant of Mr. MACKAY's philosophy, that " the reward of song is in its utterance."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man; being an attempt to prove from History, Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry, that the original, natural, and best Diet of Man is derived from the Vegetable Kingdom. By JOHN SMITH. London, 1845. Churchill.

No one, on taking up this book, would be inclined to throw it aside as unamusing. Mr. SMITH writes *con amore*, and therefore graphically; but we fear that his arguments in favour of vegetable diet will make but few converts among English beefeaters. Alas! for our countrymen, they have been so long persuaded that beef and mutton serve to the realization of the school-boy fallacy that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, that it will be long ere they resign their ancient habits. Many would think the glorious English constitution at an end, if beef and mutton were declared pernicious.

Our author commences his work with an endeavour to prove, from tradition and the Books of Moses, that vegetables were the original food of mankind. From the writings of the inspired leader of Israel, he proceeds to the best Latin and Greek authors, who describe the golden age as a period when man fed upon the fruits of the earth, and when existed that perpetual spring, so beautifully pictured by OVID in the first book of his *Metamorphoses*. LUCRETIUS and the Phœnician historian SANCHONIATHON afford similar testimony; the fathers of medicine, HIPPOCRATES and CELSUS, attribute

the longevity of the antediluvians to the absence of animal food; and the Christian fathers, JEROME and CHRYSOSTOM, affirm that such food was forbidden. After the flood, the patriarchs restricted themselves to fruits, honey, and herbs, and, according to Mr. SMITH, cruelty and immorality arose when this natural diet ceased to satisfy. He likewise seems a convert to Mr. NEWTON's interpretation of the story of Prometheus, who having first taught the use of animal food, and of fire, with which to render it digestible, draws down upon himself the vengeance of the gods, who make his crime his punishment. Thus thirst and disease follow the enjoyment of a vitiated taste, and instead of the perpetual youth with which he was originally endowed, he becomes the subject of a suffering life and lingering death.

As to the assumption that the organization of man is unfitted for the digestion of animal food, those who are desirous of pursuing the subject philosophically may do well to read with attention Mr. SMITH's book, and they will also be led to reflect on the demoralizing effects of habituating man to the slaughter of animals for his food.

It was not difficult to select splendid instances, both among ancients and moderns, of distinguished characters who adhered to vegetable diet, or at least recommended it. PYTHAGORAS and his disciples, PLUTARCH, ZENO, and EPICURUS grace the list of the ancients. The philosopher NEWTON, though not an habitual practiser of such abstinence, is said to have relinquished animal food whilst engaged in his work on Optics; the naturalist LINNÆUS preached, though he did not practise, living on fruits, &c. and it is well known that the philanthropist HOWARD steadily and constantly refused both meat and wine, for the period of sixteen years, though his prison visitations and exposure to different climates, might, it would appear, have rendered such abstinence injurious rather than beneficial. Baron CUVIER's authority is also cited:—

Fruits, roots, and the succulent parts of vegetables, appear to be the natural food of man: his hands afford him a facility in gathering them; and his short, and comparatively weak jaws, his short canine teeth, not passing beyond the common line of the others, and the tuberculous teeth, would not permit him either to feed on herbage or devour flesh, unless those aliments were previously prepared by the culinary processes.

The experiences of SHELLEY and BYRON are of course not forgotten; the former is, as may be imagined, a great favourite with Mr. SMITH, his poetry as well as prose being frequently quoted, whilst his noble friend, though certainly not commendable in his dietary system altogether, may be added to the list of abstainers from flesh. Nor in dwelling on the effects of animal food, does he forget BYRON's speech to his friend and biographer, who was regaling himself with beef-steaks, "MOORE, don't you find eating beef-steaks makes you ferocious?" Mrs. RADCLIFFE, too, appears to have entertained similar notions, since it is related of her that, when writing the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, she fed upon uncooked meat. FUSELI, the painter, resorted to the same expedient, in order to assist his horrible imaginings.

In treating of the effects produced upon the senses by the respective use of animal or farinaceous diet, the case of CASPAR HAUSER is dwelt upon at some length:—

While (says his biographer) he continued to subsist on his simple diet of bread and water, as he had done in his dungeon, the activity of his mind, his fervent zeal to lay hold of every thing that was new to him, his vivid, his youthfully powerful and faithfully retentive memory, were such as to astonish all who witnessed them. The curiosity, the thirst for knowledge, and the inflexible perseverance with which he fixed his attention on any thing which he was determined to learn or comprehend, surpassed every thing that can be conceived of them. After he had learned regularly to eat flesh, his mental activity was diminished; his eyes lost their brilliancy and expression; his vivid propensity to constant activity was diminished; the intense application of his mind gave way to absence and indifference, and the quickness of his apprehension was also considerably diminished.

From the practice of particular individuals, Mr. SMITH proceeds to that of whole nations. The ancient Britons lived only on the productions of the earth, and when Queen BOADICEA harangued her troops previous to their engagement with their invaders, the Romans, she thus alluded to the different habits of the two nations:—"The great advantage we have over them is, that they cannot (like us) bear hunger, thirst, heat, or cold. They must have fine bread, wine, and warm houses. To us, every herb and root are food, every juice is our oil, and every stream of water our wine." "In those times," observes Lord KAIMES, "our fathers were robust, both in mind and body, and could bear, without much pain, what would totally overwhelm us."

To come down to our own times, the Irish and Russian peasants eat little or no flesh, and the peasantry of Lancashire and Cheshire, who are considered the handsomest race in England, live entirely on buttermilk and potatoes. In the East, the Persians, acknowledged to possess great strength and beauty of form, exist principally on boiled rice and fruits. While, on the other hand, the Laplanders, Esquimeaux, and Kamstchatdales "are the smallest, weakest, and least brave people of the globe, although they live almost entirely on flesh, and that often raw." The Patagonians are an exception to the rule; but Mr. SMITH and his friend SYLVESTER GRAHAM comfort themselves by believing that this race of giants "originally sprang from a race of islanders of very great bodily size and harmony of proportions, and who were strictly vegetable eaters." "If this be true," continues Mr. GRAHAM, "it would naturally require a succession of several generations, under the most unfavourable circumstances and diet of savage life, to degenerate the race to the diminished size of other flesh-eating tribes."

The following address of an ancient and distinguished priest of India pleases us as much as it can Mr. SMITH:—

Children of the Sun, listen to the dying advice of your faithful and affectionate instructor, who hastens to the bosom of the great Allah, to give an account, and to enjoy the expected rewards of his services! Your regimen ought to be simple and inartificial. Drink only the pure, simple water. It is the beverage of nature; and not by any means, nor in any way, to be improved by art! Eat only fruits and vegetables! Let the predacious animals prey on carnage and blood! Stain not the divine gentleness of your natures by one act of cruelty to the creatures beneath you! Heaven, to protect them, hath placed you at their head! Be not treacherous to the important trust you hold, by murdering those you ought to preserve; nor defile your bodies by filling them with putrefaction. There is enough of vegetables and fruits to supply your appetites without oppressing them by carrion, or drenching them in blood.

A Treatise on the Use of the Globes Celestial and Terrestrial. By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN. 8vo. London, 1845. Maltby and Co.

Malby's Celestial Globe Atlas. Folio. 1845.

THESE works are especially designed to accompany each other, and are published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The treatise, to use the language of its author, "describes only the appearances of the heavens, without any reference to their producing causes, it is, therefore, independent of all systems, and might be approved by believers in the stability of the earth, if there be any left."

A description at any length of the divisions of the subject, and its treatment in this book, which is purely scientific, would be out of place here. An examination of it, however, enables us confidently to state that a more complete elementary work has never been produced in this country. The Atlas, too, is the best we have ever inspected. The boundaries of the constellations differ slightly from those usually laid down, which, owing to a confusion arising from including in one constellation the stars which are upon the border of another, have been more or less incorrect down to this time. The reader will be surprised to learn that many stars have been figured on globes and in former maps which have had no existence in reality; that the same star has been figured in two different constellations, owing to the original observer having taken it on different nights; but he will be more astonished to learn that many as have been the astronomers who have watched the heavens from the days of PTOLEMY down to FRANCIS BAILY, so imperfect have been the catalogues they have constructed, that Mr. ARGELANDER has marked no less than twenty-seven visible *with the naked eye* from Bonn, which have never been included in any constellation or list.

The utmost care seems to have been expended in perfecting the Atlas; it is printed on a thick and tough paper, and the engraving is clear and singularly exact. Of the treatise, also, we must speak in unqualified praise. The high character of

Professor De Morgan sufficiently recommends it. Distinguished men sometimes rely too much on the prestige of their name, and perform their work in a slovenly manner; this, however, cannot be said of our author; he has evidently worked under the conviction that his was no common-place undertaking, but one requiring care, judgment, and accuracy. His mode of putting the most abstruse problems is felicitously clear; and it is seldom you misconceive or have need a second time to read any passage in order to understand it; and this is no slight praise for a technical work. To the heads of schools and tutors in particular, and to every one who pursues the sublime study of astronomy, we strongly recommend the purchase of this Atlas and the treatise which accompanies it.

The Book of Nursery Tales: a Keepsake for the Young. First Series. Second Series. Third Series. London: James Burns.

If there be any use in elegant embellishments and superior typography in books, and of their value every one who has considered the question for a moment must be thoroughly convinced, certainly the rising generation have advantages over all who have gone before in the beautiful and fanciful illustrations which distinguish children's books at this day from the coarse, ill-drawn cuts that used to perplex them till within these few years past. Never yet did our old favourites, *Cinderella, Jack the Giant Killer, The White Hind, Blue Beard, The Sleeping Beauty*, and the pathetic tale of *The Children in the Wood*, appear in so attractive a shape as in the present. They are printed on superior paper, in a clear, bold type, surrounded by a tasteful border; the leaves are gold-edged, and the binding is a close imitation of Turkey morocco. The illustrations, however, offer to our eyes the greatest charm. They are worthy of Maclise or Selous, who, for aught we know, may have designed them. That superior engravings, such as these, are not beyond the comprehension of children, as some argue, we are fully persuaded; so far, indeed, from thinking thus, it is our firm belief that they enlarge the notions of the youthful mind, by shewing at a single view, in picturesque combinations, entire scenes, to which the unaided imagination of the child could never have attained. Besides those we have named, there are many other tales equally popular and meritorious; and it is a recommendation to this collection, that such only have been selected as subserve a good end. A handsomer present to a child than this series of Nursery Tales, it would be difficult to conceive; and certainly the whole range of children's literature affords no example at once so entertaining and beautiful.

A Guide through the Town of Shrewsbury. Shrewsbury, 1845. John Davies.

It really is one proof, and that not the least remarkable, of the rapid improvement of provincial literature within the past fifteen years, that the standard of guide-books is of a far higher degree of excellence than formerly was the case. This *Guide to Shrewsbury* is neatly written, abounds with every species of information, historical, descriptive, and other, which relates to the subjects noticed, is profusely illustrated with creditable wood-cuts, and, lastly, has appended to it what is of much value to works of this kind, a *Flora* and *Fauna* of the neighbourhood. As a specimen of country printing, the book is remarkable; it might have passed for the work of a Vizetelly or Bradbury.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Nizam War. By Mery. 2 vols.

This is a most attractive work, rich in local painting and graphic power. We do not purpose to trouble ourselves with the fable, which merely serves as a frame or setting for the more valuable contents of the book. Suffice it that the volumes commence with three entangled love affairs, which are smoothly spun off at their close; the one which is the most prominent involves an English traveller (Sir Edward Kherbbs) in a heart-struggle with a coquettish French Countess; the next in order delivers up Colonel Douglas Stafford, a distinguished British officer, to the golden glories of a Nabob's daughter; while the third and last crowns the affections of a beautiful Greek god-daughter of Lord Byron and a proscribed Polish Count. The characters are cleverly sustained throughout, and the fiction itself is by no means devoid of interest. Nevertheless we shall do the author better service, as well as our readers, by confining our extracts of the work to its more salient feature of local illustration. The word Nizam at once conjures up the association of the Thugs, those fearful fanatics who were first fully appreciated in all their savage horror in Europe through the medium of Captain Taylor's admirable work. The volumes before us are also full of their generally bloodless but always murderous feats. Here is

A THUGGEE ENGAGEMENT.

The costume of Sir Edward and the colonel belonged, with little exception, to the primitive ages. For this singular warfare garments were merely a source of luxurious embarrassment; every shade of colour was an advertisement to the enemy. They carried in their girdles a pair of pistols and a poignard, painted black upon the stocks and barrels.

The old pagoda of Miessour stretches its horrors along the border of the lake. It forms a little hill of ruins, where the stones are covered with moss, euphorbium, broom, and aloes; here and there emerges the enormous head of an Indian deity, whose metallic granite has repelled vegetation, and which still offers to the stars the same aspect of hideous immobility it received from the chisel of the Mahrattan architect of Aureng-Zeb. When the light of the firmament, scattered by the foliage of the mastic trees, descends gloomily on the rude faces of these spectral images, it is as though the giants of the Indian Iliad of Ravana were rising from their tombs to renew the war of Ceylon. The dusky landscape is often animated by the presence of the black tigers, which seek a pedestal of their own colour, stretch themselves out like sphynxes, and folding back, with effeminate grace, their right claws under their humid tongues, renew the varnish of their ebony coats, disturbed by an orgie of blood and carnage.

"In this war," whispered the Colonel to Sir Edward, "every thing serves us as a signal. Even the wild beasts are our auxiliaries. Your eyes are excellent; you have a feline perception of the mysteries of night. Look towards the ruins yonder, on this side, about five hundred paces off. What do you see?"

"Wait," said Sir Edward, leaning carelessly against the trunk of a tree, his hands placed vertically upon his girdle; "Wait, Douglas. Here is what I see—some fine ruins—very fine ruins. They are in the style of the demolished temple of Brambanan at Java, which formerly stood at the base of a volcano called *Maxa Api*, or fire-coloured. These poetical Indians excel in local names! They would never have thought of naming a volcano *Vesuvius* or *Etna*, which means just nothing at all. When the breeze heaves aside those huge plumes of flexible foliage, and for an instant holds them back, I can distinctly trace, thanks to the stars, this superb relic of architecture. Nevertheless, I must confess to you, my dear Douglas, that I prefer the Javanese temple of *Soukou*, near Java. That temple proclaims a civilization superior to those of Greece and Rome; for, in my opinion, a great people is revealed by its architecture. Augustus has left the testimony of his genius on the round page of the Pantheon. While the Indians——"

"My dear Sir Edward," interposed the colonel, "you are really haranguing me with most superb tranquillity!" Do you imagine that I brought you here to deliver a lecture on Indian architecture? Move a step forward; conceal yourself behind these bushes; put away the boughs gently with your fingers, as though the wind were stirring them, and watch what is going forward between the statue of Indra and that stump of Stravalti—answer me cautiously."

"Ah!—yes—there he is—he is magnificent in that position—how well he groups with the objects about him—what a splendid black tiger!—what a majestic growth! Travers has named this species the tiger Nero; it is wanting to our collection in London. He is making his nightly toilette, with a paw as caressing as the hand of the countess Olivia. They fetch 500*l.* in the market at Java. If he is disposed to sell himself, I'll purchase him at that price. Douglas, will you allow me to advance about a hundred and fifty paces, and to possess him gratis, with a hole in his forehead!"

"Beware of such an attempt! That tiger is my spy."

"Pshaw—what a fable!"

"Wait one instant, and you will see."

The tiger continued his toilette with a careful detail and an amiable calmness, which announced a quiet conscience. He deposed, with easy undulations of the head, the foam of his tongue upon his claw, and distributed this savage essence from the tip of his ears to the extremity of his nostrils. Suddenly the animal shuddered all along the spine, and sparks shot from his skin. The caressing claw abruptly became motionless at the height of

its right eye; its ears folded down over its temples, its nostrils expanded to the wind, and a dull, savage, lengthened roar was heard. If the ruins had trembled beneath the sudden eruption of a volcano, they could not have given to the leap of the tiger a more marvellous spring. He bounded up amidst the thickest of the ruins, and disappeared in the woods.

"We will advance now," said the colonel; "Captain Moss is coming up in the other direction."

A strange sight soon fixed the attention of Sir Edward. Throughout the whole length of a breach in the ruins, the tall weeds were trembling to their summits, as though they had suddenly harboured an army of enormous reptiles, a train of boas. Several detachments of sepoys had entered the demolished pagoda. At their head crawled Captain Moss, a young man of two and twenty, already a veteran in this species of warfare, and who had twice escaped the noose of the Thugs, by sliding through their hands like an adder. From this moment, speech, gesture, and almost breathing, were forbidden. Nevertheless, the whole body acted in concert in a manner perfectly marvellous. Each soldier appeared to divine the order of his leader, or to follow the prompting of some sudden and infallible inspiration, fallen from heaven into the head of all.

It had been necessary to renounce the use of every subterfuge employed on previous occasions against the fanatics. At each new engagement the tactics were modified, or totally altered. The Thugs could never be twice deceived by the same *ruse;* they were themselves masters in cunning, as their Indian name implies.

Each sepoy, officer, or soldier, had brought with him a stump of maple-wood, hastily and carelessly cut, but which, half hidden by the ruins, the darkness, and the massive vegetation, when surmounted by his military cap, looked at a distance like a soldier endeavouring to secure an ambush. Nevertheless, it was not enough to deceive the eye of the Thug, it was also necessary to delude his scent, which is as subtle as that of a wild beast. To do this, the sepoys heaped up on the uncovered spaces of earth which were the most exposed to the wind, their heavy uniforms reeking with the acrid moistures of the march. This done, they swam across the lake, and then perfumed themselves on the other shore with the aromatic plants which an Indian sun fosters beside its poisons. Then they followed in the direction of the wind; and a thousand paces beyond the ruins halted in the middle of the wood, on a winding path, bristling with coarse weeds, but the only practicable passage for beings who were semi-human. Officers and soldiers finally lay down among these weeds, and in ambush, forming two invisible lines, and awaiting the signal of Colonel Stafford.

The Thugs never quitted their haunts until their protecting star had risen—the star Lêby; but it was not solely from a religious motive that they would only attempt a death-struggle under the light of this star, at the first hour of the morning; they also calculated that at that precise period they should fall upon their enemy when he was overwhelmed by the double fever of vigilance and slumber, having already wasted half his strength in an useless and hopeless watch. The band of Thugs who, by the order of old Sing, their chief, were on this occasion to attack the advanced posts of Roudjah, had directed their course towards the ruined pagoda of Miessour. The faquir, Souniacy, led the savage brigands. He was a monster, hideous as the ravisher of Sita. His black locks fell in showers upon his bony shoulders, rendered fleshless by abstinence; his body had lost its natural tint under a plaster of vegetable juices; the upper part of his face was of a dead white, and four white stripes encircled his naked arms, like wide bracelets, traced in chalk; a gray and flowing beard fell from his brazen chin; but the fire of his eyes, the angular vigour of his temples, the convulsive agitation of his nostrils and the muscles of his neck, gave the lie to the colour of his beard, and betrayed the man in all the vigour of his prime and strength. Souniacy alone advanced upright, and his carriage and his look had something mystical and solemn, which formed the most extraordinary contrast with the absurd tatouing of his body. The faquir was arrayed in every shade and colour. He looked like a gigantic harlequin turned hermit, famished and macerated, leaving his cell to meditate in the depth of the eternal woods by the night-lights of the firmament.

The formidable band, stealing along the earth like knots of reptiles, followed the phantom Souniacy.

When the faquir snuffed upon the air the human emanations, and could see the summit of the hill of ruins, he became reptile in his turn. From this moment the human sight, fastened upon this pathway of high dark weeds, could not have guessed that a horde of religious bandits were traversing the wood, for the light motion of the leaves would have been attributed to the night-breeze. The wild beasts, alarmed by the living stream which had overflowed their domain, sprang with furious leaps through the masses of rent and crackling underwood to escape from this mysterious enemy, which seemed to have embraced in its claws all the trees of the immense solitude. Colonel Stafford, Sir Edward, and the troops thus understood that the foe was approaching. The tigers, springing with prodigious bounds, in a fit of terrified madness, leaped over the ambushed soldiers, and these, preserving their horizontal immobility, presented a spectacle of devoted heroism, placed as they were between the claws of the tigers and those of the savages, amid the darkness of the night and of the woods. The moment came when the torrent of Thugs entered, so to speak, into a new channel, of which the two banks were formed by the soldiers of Stafford. A shrill whistle swept through the solitude, and was repeated a score of times by the echoes of the ruins and the lake. Three hundred men, their pistols and their poignards in their hands, rose at the colonel's signal.

The Thugs rose also, uttering superhuman cries, which seemed to issue from the bowels of a volcano. Then commenced a formidable struggle, which had not even the stars as witnesses, for the dense foliage floated above the heads of all; and this field of battle, bristling with spectres, resembled the shadowy subterranean which is the vestibule of hell. The Thugs, who had escaped the first shock of the attack, cast themselves in desperation among their enemies, seeking to smother them in their deadly grasp, to split their skulls between their shark-like teeth, and to drink their bubbling blood before they died. The Thugs have not degenerated from the primitive race of Indians. The old age of Bengal has not had power to soften either their bodies or their souls. They are still the worthy sons of the giants who have heaped up mountains, by sawing them asunder both above and beneath the earth, to form a staircase alike to heaven and to hell. Their arms, clasped round the necks of their enemies, wrung the flesh like a collar of bronze; and their victims, as they struggled in convulsive agony, felt a hot and savage breath cover their faces, and saw a monstrous grin light up the demon-grasp. In the centre of this whirlwind of infernal duels, Sir Edward and Stafford, accustomed from their boyhood to exercises of strength, address, and agility, did not waste one blow of their robust fists, nor one stab of their daggers; the monsters fell before them, or if they sought to rise, met only with second death. This horrible work of destruction went on amid a dead silence, which was not even broken by a groan. One voice only, one solitary cry, rang beneath the leafy vault of the tall trees—a melancholy cry, for which human language has no name. It was the faquir Souniacy, who, at intervals, uttered a word of religious exhortation to his fanatical stranglers. When the Thugs, discouraged for a moment, heard this voice, they gnashed their cannibal teeth, they bent their bodies on their hams of steel, twisted their monstrous arms, shook their black hair, and precipitated themselves with renewed fury on their enemies. Those who, stabbed to the heart by a dagger, rolled upon the earth like maimed serpents, resuscitated at the cry of the faquir, and, bleeding and galvanized corpses as they were, clenched the feet of the soldiers, and rendered their last sob in tearing away fragments of living flesh. All at once the voice of the faquir failed in the midst of the combat; nothing could be heard save a distant, confused, and plaintive cry, which seemed to issue from a tomb in the depths of the wood. The Thugs answered by a long scream of despair; and, as though the incomprehensible desertion of the faquir had suddenly prostrated their courage, they sprang with an agility unrivalled upon the traces of Souniacy.

Our space is so limited that, in order to assure to our readers the opportunity of forming a correct judgment of the work under notice, we shall not, as we well might, expatiate upon the extreme talent with which M. Méry has combined fact with fiction in these thrilling volumes. There are moments during their perusal, when we feel tempted to believe that he must have assisted personally in the frightful campaign which he so graphically describes. Assuredly Captain Taylor himself, about whose participation in Thuggee horrors there was no doubt, presented to us no *tableaux* more life-like, or of more faithful local colouring. Having premised thus much, we must confine ourselves to a couple of extracts of great interest, and which perfectly develope the nature of the work, and the graphic power of the author. The coquettish Parisian has arrived in India accompanied by the affianced bride of Colonel Stafford. Circumstances too intricate to detail determine her to secure an interview with the gallant officer before he meets his *fiançée*. For this purpose she takes a guide, who is to conduct her from the fortified village of Roudjah to Nerbudda, the place of the colonel's residence. The pretended guide proves to be the attached spy of Sir Edward Kherbbs, who, having heard the Countess speak harshly of his master, and fearing that the beautiful European may be anxious to injure him, instead of obeying her directions, takes her to a log-cabin in the woods, one of those vast erections in which the Indians house their store of rice after the harvest. These rude buildings bear a considerable resemblance to the *châlets* of Switzerland; they are built upon stakes, which separate their floors from the soil,

and layers of dried bamboo cover their roofs. The upper story is reached through a door or window, by means of an enormous ladder. This cabin, well known to Nizam (the spy), and his customary dwelling, had been long abandoned, for a young growth of forest was pushing vigorously through the soil, which had formerly been a rice-field. The interior contained only a bed of dried leaves, and the partitions, widened by the hot sun and the violent storm-winds, did not exclude the melancholy glimmer of the midnight stars.

Having performed this notable feat, the faithful but over-zealous Indian hastens to Nerbudda, to inform his master of the circumstance, upon which Sir Edward, *en preux chevalier*, disdaining all peril, hastens to share the captivity of his ladye-love, whose removal through the woods before daylight is of course impossible. The Countess is at first resentful and suspicious, but the delicacy and good sense of her lover gradually obtain ascendancy over her anger. Such is their position when our extract commences.

MIDNIGHT IN THE WOODS.

There was a momentary silence. Every murmur which came from the forest and the valleys was melancholy or terrific. The wind rushed with fury through the crevices of the hut, and the neighbouring trees, covered with clinging parasites, shook them in the breeze, like the manes of wild animals; while all the boas of Bengal appeared to be darting their stings, and hissing round the mouldering walls of the cabin. The old trees groaned about their roots, as though they sought to utter an agonized farewell before they yielded to the power of the storm-blast; and the surrounding caverns roared in their depths like the bellowing throats of apocryphal monsters. The forest, gloomily illuminated at its summit, betrayed the mystery of its horrors by a tempest of cries, yells, roars, and howlings. It was a world of shadows, invaded by its nightly inhabitants, and relating to the stars a new page of its bloody history commenced on the eve of the creation.

Sir Edward, seated on the threshold of the raised door, with his foot upon the last step of the ladder, and his arms folded, looked out tranquilly upon this scene of discord, and seemed to defy nature to be more agitated than himself. * * * Common-place circumstances having placed our two personages in this strange position, it was no rare occurrence in Bengal, as Sir Edward remarked, for them to become spectators of the scene which we are about to describe. In our European countries, such a *tête-à-tête* might possibly have been troubled by the barking of dogs, or by the passing of a party of sportsmen, a band of marauding thieves, or labourers hastening to their toil before daybreak. These accidents would appear simple enough in our narrative. In the heart of Bengal the interruptions which it experienced were different both in form and name; they were at once perilous and frightful. We must take countries as God has made them. Sir Edward, who was familiar with India, and the habits of its wild inhabitants, well knew that the sound of human voices, and the scent of human flesh, would attract, after midnight, sundry four-footed banditti about the cabin; and he felt convinced that this terrible episode would give a charm to his devotedness, and would prove a marvellous auxiliary to his chivalrous passion.

Two tigers of the most noble breed had expressly chosen this night to give to their young the first lesson in marauding; the whelps were charming; they sported with all the innocence of their age, and their parents, happy witnesses of their sports, occasionally forgot their superb gravity to join in the pastime. At each blast of wind the ripe fruits rained from the trees, and the young tigers, curving their backs, leapt after these playthings, the presents of nature, and rolled over them with outstretched claws and undulating tails, in furious fits of graceful elasticity and unsuspicious pleasure. When the careful elders saw their incautious offspring venturing too near the dark boundary of the wood, or some unmated tiger, some jealous Herod, who might perhaps seek to strangle them in the cradle, they precipitated themselves in two long leaps towards their imprudent charges, and coaxed them back with graceful caresses to the open ground. The dam, then probably recalling the period when she had been young and giddy like her nurslings, romped with the little truants, gently beating back their budding nails with her own large claw, while her enormous tongue covered them with kisses at every convulsion of their plastic bodies. The old male watched over the welfare of his family; he thrust forth his muzzle towards every suspicious spot, half closing his eyes, and fluttering his nostrils; he tried, by scent, the mystery of every leafy bush, which seemed too still not to conceal a foe; he pricked his ears to distinguish, amid the murmurs of the night, those which belonged only to the tempest from such as might indicate danger; and when his observations had secured to him a moment of domestic safety, he contemplated askance, with calm joy, and eyes humid with paternal tenderness, the touching spectacle of the happy mother, surrounded by her sportive little ones. Suddenly the huge tiger bent his ears in token of distress, drew his tail beneath his belly, and, from between his clenched teeth, emitted a long sharp yell. His mate caught up one of her young between her jaws, driving away the other which sought to renew its sport while its playfellow occupied this new position, and at the second signal of alarm, the prudent mother sprang towards a mass of moss-covered rocks, and disappeared with her nurslings. A moment afterwards she returned, and took her place beside the male. * * * The bearing of the tiger became more fierce, when he had ascertained that his young were in a place of safety. Nevertheless, he did not forget the holy laws of prudence which nature has engraved on the heart of the tiger, and which cause it frequently to be accused of cowardice by the coward naturalist. The tiger is as brave as the savage, who will always accept an equal combat, and retreats without shame when the peril offers no chance of victory. * * * * He advanced then, the neck outstretched, the legs shortened, the claws drawn in, ready either to attack or fly, according to the nature, number, and strength of the suspected enemy. On sight of the hut, he fell back suddenly on his haunches, giving to his muzzle a nervous contraction that was frightful; the female copied every motion; but, after a rapid reflection, he appeared to say to himself that he had frequently come upon similar buildings in the woods, from which nothing dangerous had issued. The exhalations of human flesh filled the air a hundred paces from the hut; such is at least probable, for at that distance the two tigers snuffed in the wind with fury, and bending back their tongues, appeared to be collecting a store of foam for the festival which the odorous breeze announced to them. Arrived at the foot of the ladder, our savage bandits scented for a considerable time the lower rails, and then the male placed his fore-paws upon them, as if to test the solidity of the wood, before attempting to mount. His companion gave signs of feverish impatience, and turned her ear in the direction of the wind, to listen to the distant wailings of her abandoned young.

Sir Edward, stretched upon his stomach, and his head covered with dry leaves, felt the velvet of two charming lips touch his ear, and at the same time heard in a trembling whisper, the murmur of a faint voice which said, "In God's name, overthrow the ladder!" The hand of Sir Edward still extended horizontally upon the boards, answered by a sign of confidence.

The tiger, who had calculated, from the degree of the exhalations, and the feebleness of the voice, that the enemy was not formidable, scented each bar as he ascended leisurely, steadying himself by one claw against the wall, when he felt the ladder quiver beneath his weight. Already his large face, bristling with coarse hair, and streaked with black, had gained the height of the window, throwing out, through his open jaws, a guttural tempest of aspirations, when Sir Edward seized the top of the ladder with one hand, fired with the other, struck the monster, and hurled from him both the body and the staircase with a strength and swiftness which revealed the long experience of an intrepid sportsman. The other tiger, whose thoughts were occupied by her young, gave forth a stunning roar, and bounded off to her lair to assure herself that they had not been destroyed by the same ball. At the report of the discharge, clouds of birds darkened the stars, and mingled their air-borne symphony with the howlings of the wild beasts, who fled crashing through the woods, seized with a sudden panic. Sir Edward sprang from the floor, exclaiming, "It was cruel to throw so affectionate a family into mourning, but the public benefit must supersede all other considerations."

With another extract we conclude. The Polish count and nine of the sepoys have been made prisoners by the Thugs, and carried off to their sacrificial temple, as victims to the goddess Déera.

A THUGGEE SACRIFICE.

In a deserted gorge of Mount Sérieh, a large and symmetrica excavation serves as a portico to the temple of Doumar-Leyna. There is, in the neighbourhood of this gloomy court, such a prodigious mass of up-heaped rocks, that the native Indians themselves could not discover it, without the guidance of one of those faquir-pilgrims, who consider themselves compelled to visit the ancient crypts, where their ancestors adored the trinity of the Hindoo worship. * * * The temple of Doumar-Leyna is not a master-piece of grace and elegant solidity, like that of Boro-Bodor at Java. Every stone intended to brave the sunshine was chiselled with love and care by the Indian architect; the subterranean stone destined to darkness, preserved the hideous characteristics of a horrid night-dream. The sculptor who rent the entrails of the Doumar-Leyna mountain, wrought there his horrible arabasques, in order to materialize in the depths of the vault the caprices of the bad genius Myhassor. He created a populace of symbolical animals, and made them leaping or tooping, as the living pedestals under the colonnades, and threw

their monstrous faces into prominence along the cornices of the roof. All the evil spirits of the Indian mythology appeared to start, as dwarfs or giants, from every nook of the subterranean, shaking their adder-like locks, and their hands armed with axes and daggers. * * * In the farthest aisle of this gloomy edifice the Thugs hold their meetings and celebrate their rites. The deformed statue of Déera stands upon a pedestal of viscid rock. On the right and left of the altar may be imperfectly distinguished two colossal *bassi relievi*, one represents the combat of Dourga and Myhassor, the other the execution of the ravisher of Sita. Two sepulchral lamps, fed with fetid tallow, burn and smoke in this sanctuary. * * * The continual murmur of invisible waters, and of groups of weeds, agitated by gloomy families of birds and insects, are the only sounds which link to the life without this rejoicing-place of death.

The faquirs, or sacrificial priests, entered first, assuming a religious gravity which announced the respect with which they ventured to place a profane foot in this sanctuary of the most formidable of their gods. The band of Thugs followed, imitating the bearing of their leaders. The prisoners, their bonds removed, in order that they might be sacrificed as free victims, advanced boldly, with that righteous courage which, in the last moments of mortal agony, threw back defiance upon their assassins. The young Count Elona, his arms crossed upon his bare breast, might be distinguished in the midst of his companions by his haughty and contemptuous calm. * * * The savages chanted their hymn to the goddess Déera, in that slow and melancholy cadence adopted in all Oriental worship. At the conclusion of each strain, the faquirs prostrated themselves before the deformed idol, and when they rose again threw themselves into attitudes of ecstasy, as though they had just been initiated into the beatitude of the celestial garden of Mandana.

The hymn terminated, two executioners seized a prisoner, and led him to the altar of the goddess. He was a youth of twenty, with long light locks curling about his face, whose clear and pure complexion formed a strange contrast with the livid, green, and bony countenances of the sacrificators. He offered his head boldly to the silken string, and then each executioner rested his hand upon a shoulder of the victim, and stretching out the other arm, to which was attached the instrument of death, ultimately cast upon the earth this first corpse, strangled with a dexterity that was infernal.

The priests raised their eyes to their terrible divinities, who figured in the *bassi relievi*, as if to discover there a smile of approbation. * * * The murder of the prisoners was proceeded with in slow solemnity; the priests appeared desirous of prolonging the atrocious voluptuousness of the ceremony; and, after one execution, they deferred the next, in order to give time to the whole army of Thugs, dispersed in the mountains, to share in this festival of corpses. Every instant new parties were arriving at Doumar-Leyna, and creeping, like infernal shadows, through the collonnades of the vast subterranean. Those who, having come too late, could see neither the altar nor the sacrifice, escaladed the ruined porticoes to suspend themselves from the cornices, and mingle their mobile muzzles with the motionless heads of sphynxes, tigers, and bulls. The reflection of the lamps beneath the arches shone on the eyes of these savages, contorted among the colossal arabesques of the roofs.

Nine prisoners had been sacrificed, and their bodies, covering the base of the altar, seemed to serve as a pedestal to the goddess. Elona alone remained alive. The priests had at once discovered that he was no common prey, and they had accordingly bestowed upon him a more protracted agony, and a more frightful fate. The heroic young man moved out of the shadows amid which he had been standing, and advanced towards the lamps of the shrine to meet his fate. Three times he went, and gathered up a handful of earth, which he cast over the bodies with a pious prayer. Then he folded his arms once more upon his breast, and awaited the will of his murderers. The light of the lamps betrayed no expression upon his noble brow, save that of pity for the victims at his feet. The hands of the sacrificators touched his shoulders, but not a nerve quivered.

Suddenly a horrible hissing was heard from the *basso relievo* of the ravisher of Sita; the statues of the Indian typhons quivered in the sides of the mountain, and a stone image, with living eyes, stretched forth its arms towards the place of sacrifice; while a deep voice pealed out these words:—"Priests of Siva—children of the Lion of God—servants of Myhassor, suspend the sacrifice! This last victim belongs to the God Soupramany-Samy, the second son of Siva, who has long inhabited this temple under the form of a serpent. Go forth, all of you, and leave here him who is still living. The serpent Anenta craves his blood and his flesh. Children of the Lion of God, to-morrow you may return, meanwhile, go and pass the night in prayer and contemplation."

After the utterance of this oracle, the stony spectre closed its eyes, its arms became rigid, and its body resumed its immobility. The priests, the faquirs, the sacrificators, all the Indians witnesses of this prodigy, often quoted in their history, fell upon their faces on the earth. Elona only remained upright, his eyes fixed upon the figures of the *basso relievo*, with a tranquil and minute inspection which sought the natural solution of an unheard-of miracle. The colossal sculpture kept its secret.

The crowd slowly retired, preceded by the priests and executioners; and all, filled with holy terror, traversed the vaults with bent heads and upraised hands, murmuring the mystic words which appease the anger of Myhassor.

The temple was deserted.

Once more the statue opened its eyes, and with its hand made a sign to the Pole to advance; then a low sound issued from its lips: "Count Elona, extinguish the two lamps."

Brodzinski, seized with nervous terror, hesitated to obey.

"Extinguish the two lamps, Count Elona," repeated the figure.

Elona made a very natural reflection with the rapidity of thought. "Even by the aid of these lamps," said he mentally, "I shall scarcely find my way in this labyrinth; what will become of me if I put them out?"

"Nay, then," said the statue, "since you refuse a chance of life, I must risk myself to save you," and having uttered these words, the ghostly figure sprang over the stone effigies of the *basso relievo*, fell upon the lamps, and extinguished them. At the same instant, a vigorous hand grasped the arm of Brodzinski, and a voice whispered in his ear, "Follow me, and I will be your guide." * * * * * * *

"Ha!" murmured Elona, "you are the faithful spy of Sir Edward Kherbbs!"

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

THE journals are now farming out a large portion of the fiction-talent of the country. The *feuilleton* system, of which M. Dumas is the head, has answered the purpose of the public press so thoroughly that the editors of the several papers have become fearful of losing their regular contributors, or of suffering them to lessen their popularity by over-diffusion. M. Sue has for some time bound himself over "for a consideration," and doubtless a very satisfactory one, to the *Constitutionnel*, which has the exclusive property of all his writings, be they as multitudinous as they may; and this, as we have heard, for some twelve or fifteen years. The *Presse* has in like manner appropriated M. Frederic Soulié, in conjunction with the *Siècle*, for half that space of time; and these two journals are henceforth to share his novels between them. The *Révue des Deux Mondes* and the *Presse* have possessed themselves of M. Jules Sandeau, to the exclusion of all other brain-speculators; but the most startling arrangement yet made is that with M. Dumas himself, by the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel*, whereby he is not only restricted to these two papers, but also to the production of no more than *eighteen volumes yearly!*

One's first impulse on learning this clause of the treaty is to smile at the introduction of so supererogatory an article; and yet its omission would have been no laughing-matter to *MM. les Redacteurs*, who having made him their sole and exclusive property, would have been unable to appropriate his works; for M. Dumas pours forth his compositions as Niagara pours forth its waters. Hitherto he has annually sent before the public from thirty to forty volumes bearing his name in the title-page, and, strange to say, without any commercial depreciation in value. Those who were at the trouble of numbering them did not hesitate to express their doubts of the legitimacy of their paternity; and they were authorised in so doing by the fact that this species of literary felony is by no means uncommon in Paris. M. Dumas, however, met their supicions by asserting that every MS. which had left his hands was in his own autograph; and there was certainly no probability that he would sit down to copy another man's work. The result of the present arrangement will be to deprive at least two daily journals of the *prestige* of his name, and the public of about one half of his labours. M. de Balsac, Madame Dudevant, and several other popular writers, are still at liberty to immortalize themselves where they see fit; but the number of daily and weekly papers is so great here that they will probably soon be involved in the same vortex.

The system is, in any case, an extraordinary one; but we doubt if it be favourable to the talents of the writer so employed. The necessity which exists of giving to every distinct *feuilleton* its separate point and finish, deprives the work, when read as a whole, of that calmness of style and continuity of subject which allows due repose to the mind; and has done much to produce the spasmodic, violent, and fragmentary manner which is now so conspicuous a feature in French fiction-writing.

The last packet from Algiers brought news of the capture of M. Théophile Gautier by the Arabs. No one, however, places implicit faith in the report. This is the season for *canarets*, and this may well be the hoax of some inventive genius. If it be true, then so much the worse for the purse of M. Gautier, and so much the better for his book. We shall learn by the amount

of his ransom-money at what price the Moors value a man of letters.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Hawthorne's Journal of an African Cruizer.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

HOWEVER the black settlers may appear to be better suited than Europeans to harmonize and amalgamate with the native tribes, the result of their present intercourse has by no means been the establishment of mutual understanding and good-will. Incessant quarrels prevail between the two classes, settled at times by amicable palavers, but more frequently by violence and bloodshed. Indeed it is scarcely to be expected that so long as the colonies are under the immediate protection of the American cruizers, the natives should cease to regard them as little better than American invaders. Another element of discord upon the African shores visited by the journalist is found in the jealousy between the sable republic and the white missionaries. The latter are probably in a great measure in fault; but the superior respect which the white man commands among the untaught natives as a being almost of a different race, cannot fail to be a fruitful source of jealousy between the missionaries and the members of the just emancipated community. Certainly our author details, with apparent carelessness and levity, an instance of conduct upon the part of his countrymen little calculated to inspire the natives with higher and more civilized feelings than at present belong to them. The natives had, two years previously to the incident which he relates, treacherously murdered the captain of a schooner called the *Mary Carver*, together with the whole of her crew. The circumstances of the captain's death had been attended with the very worst kind of cruelty. The mate and crew had been surprised by an overwhelming force and massacred. The only motive for this deed was the desire of plundering the vessel. There was no evidence of any ill-will having existed at any time between the parties. After several ineffectual palavers, the party to which our author belonged determined to take ample vengeance; accordingly, they set to work to destroy by fire a number of the native villages.

After the storm and conflagration of the second town, we took a brief rest, and then proceeded to capture and burn another, situated about a mile to the northward. This accomplished, we judged it to be dinner-time. Indeed, we had done work enough to ensure an appetite; and history does not make mention, so far as I am aware, of such destruction of cities so expeditiously effected. Having emptied our baskets, we advanced about three miles along the beach—still with the slugs of the enemy whistling in our ears—and gave to the devouring element another town. Man is perhaps never happier than when his native destructiveness can be freely exercised, and with the benevolent complacency of performing a good action, instead of the remorse of perpetrating a bad one. It unites the charms of sin and virtue. Thus, in all probability, few of us had ever spent a day of higher enjoyment than this, when we roamed about, with a musket in one hand and a torch in the other, devastating what had hitherto been the homes of a people.

One of the sweetest spots that I have seen in Africa, was a little hamlet of three houses, standing apart from the four large towns above-mentioned, and surrounded by an impervious hedge of thorn-bushes, with two palisaded entrances. Forcing our way through one of these narrow portals, we beheld a grassy area of about fifty yards across, overshadowed by a tree of very dense foliage, which had its massive roots in the centre, and spread its great protecting branches over the whole enclosure. The three dwellings were of the same sort of basket-work as those already described, but particularly neat, and giving a pleasant impression of the domestic life of their inhabitants. This small, secluded hamlet had probably been the residence of one family, a patriarch, perhaps, with his descendants to the third or fourth generation—who, beneath that shadowy tree, must have enjoyed all the happiness of which uncultivated man is susceptible. Nor would it be too great a stretch of liberality, to suppose that the green hedge of impervious thorns had kept out the vices of their race, and that the little area within was a sphere where all the virtues of the native African had been put in daily practice. These three dwellings, and the verdant wall around them, and the great tree that brooded over the whole, might unquestionably have been spared, with safety to our consciences. But when man taxes upon himself the office of an avenger by the sword, he is not to be perplexed with such little scrupulosities, as whether one individual or family be less guilty than the rest. Providence, it is to be presumed, will find some method of setting such matters right. In fine, when the negro patriarch's strong sable sons supported their decrepit sire homeward, with their wives, "black, but comely," bearing the glistening, satin-skinned babies on their backs, and their other little ebony responsibilities trudging in the rear, there must have been a dismal wail; for there was the ancestral tree, its foliage shrivelled with fire, stretching out its desolate arms over the ashes of the three wicker dwellings.

Thus ended the warfare of Little Berebee. The degree of retribution meted out had by no means exceeded what the original outrage demanded; and the mode of it was sanctioned by the customs of the African people. According to their unwritten laws, if individuals of a tribe commit a crime against another tribe or nation, the criminal must either be delivered up, or punished at home, or the tribe itself becomes responsible for their guilt. An example was of peremptory necessity; and the Americal vessels trading on the coast will long experience a good effect from this day's battle and destruction. The story will be remembered in the black man's traditions, and will have its due weight in many a palaver. Nevertheless, though the burning of villages be a very pretty pastime, yet it leaves us in a moralizing mood, as most pleasures are apt to do; and one would fain hope that civilized man, in his controversies with the barbarian, will at length cease to descend to the barbarian level, and may adopt some other method of proving his superiority, than by his greater power to inflict suffering. For myself personally, the "good old way" suits me tolerably enough; but I am disinterestedly anxious that posterity should find a better.

As, however, the classical Liberia and its gigantic wars may not be quite as interesting to the English readers as to those for whose especial behoof the *Journal* was published, we turn to other matters. Leaving the tract called Liberia (which extends for about 300 miles from Cape Mesurado to Cape Palmas), the first point almost at which the author stopped is at Axim, whence commences a chain of forts which extend to and which have been held by different European nations for centuries. The fortress at Axim itself was built by the Portuguese in the year 1600, and was wrested from them by the Dutch less than forty years after its foundation. Axim itself is dependent upon the stronger garrison of El Mina, and is constantly exposed to the attacks of its powerful neighbour, the king of Apallonia, one of the Ashantee race of princes. We are afraid some of Mrs. TROLLOPE'S victims would be rather scandalized by the following description of the place, and the garb of its female inhabitants:—

The native houses are constructed in the usual manner, of small poles and bamboo, plastered over with clay, and thatched. They might be kept comfortable if kept in repair, but are mostly in a wretched state, although thronged with occupants. The proportion of women, as well as children, appears larger than in other places; and they wear a greater amplitude of apparel than those of their sex on the windward coast, covering their persons from the waist to the knee, and even lower. The most remarkable article of dress is one which I have vaguely understood to constitute a part of the equipment of my own fair countrywomen—in a word, the veritable bustle. Among the belles of Axim, there is a reason for the excrescence which does not exist elsewhere; for the little children ride astride of the maternal bustle, which thus becomes as useful, as it is unquestionably ornamental. Fashion, however, has evidently more to do with the matter than convenience; for old wrinkled grandams wear these beautiful anomalies, and little girls of eight years old display protuberances that might excite the envy of a Broadway belle. Indeed, fashion may be said to have its perfect triumph and utmost refinement in this article; it being a positive fact, that some of the Axim girls wear merely the bustle, without so much as the shadow of a garment. Its native name is "tarb koshe."

Axim is said to be perfectly healthy, there being no marshes in the vicinity. The soil is fertile and the growth luxuriant. There is a fine well of water, from which ships may be supplied abundantly and easily, though not cheaply. The landing place is protected by small islands and reefs, which break the force of the swell; so that boats may land with as much safety and as little difficulty as in a river. One of our boats, nevertheless, with fifteen or sixteen persons on board, ran on a rock and bilged, in attempting to go ashore. All were happily saved by canoes from the beach. There is a great abundance of pearl-shells to be found along the shore, not valuable, but pretty.

The currency here is gold dust, which passes from hand to hands as freely as coin bearing the impress of a monarch or a republic. The governor's weights for gold are small beans; a

brown one being equivalent to a dollar, and a red one to fifty cents.

We have made sufficient extracts to shew what is for the most part the style of the book under review. Perhaps, in justice, we ought to insert one passage, written in a different tone, and affecting a higher flight. It occurs in that part of the *Journal* which records the impressions produced upon the journalist's mind by a visit to the tomb of the ill-fated L. E. L. who died at Cape Coast Castle from the effects of prussic acid, within a year after becoming the wife of Governor MACLEAN. We omit the inscription upon the marble tablet erected to her by which these reflections are prefaced, because the journalist is not responsible for that, and the taste of it is to our mind much worse than questionable. An awkward Latin epitaph is bad enough over the tomb of some John Smith, in one of our London churches, but it is intolerable when composed upon the remains of such a creature as Mrs. MACLEAN.

The first thought that struck me was the inappropriateness of the spot for a grave, and especially for the grave of a woman, and, most of all, a woman of poetic temperament. In the open area of the fort, at some distance from the castle-wall, the stone pavement had been removed in several spots, and replaced with plain tiles. Here lie buried some of the many British officers who have fallen victims to the deadly atmosphere of this region; and among them rest L. E. L. Her grave is distinguishable by the ten red tiles which cover it. Daily, the tropic sunshine blazes down upon the spot. Daily, at the hour of parade, the peal of military music resounds above her head, and the garrison marches and counter-marches through the area of the fortress, nor shuns to tread upon the ten red tiles, any more than upon the insensible stones of the pavement. It may be well for the fallen commander to be buried at his post, and sleep where the reveillé and roll-call may be heard, and the tramp of his fellow-soldiers echo and re-echo over him. All this is in unison with his profession; the drum and trumpet are his perpetual requiem; the soldier's honourable tread leaves no indignity upon the dead warrior's dust. But who has a right to trample on a woman's breast? And what had L. E. L. to do with warlike parade? And wherefore was she buried beneath this scorching pavement, and not in the retired shadow of a garden, where seldom any footstep would come stealing through the grass, and pause before her tablet? There, her heart, while in one sense it decayed, would burst forth afresh from the sod in a profusion of spontaneous flowers, such as her living fancy lavished throughout the world. But now, no verdure nor blossom will ever grow upon her grave.

If a man may ever indulge in sentiment, it is over the ashes of a woman whose poetry touched him in his early youth, while he yet cared anything about either sentiment or poetry. Thus much, the reader will pardon. In reference to Mrs. McLean, it may be added, that, subsequently to her unhappy death, different rumours were afloat as to its cause, some of them cruel to her own memory, others to the conduct of her husband. All these reports appear to have been equally and entirely unfounded. It is well established here, that her death was accidental.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN THE TYROL.

(*Continued from page* 341.)

THE next day's walk may be over the Krimmler Tauern, and during which he would be better with a guide. We happened to meet with a peasant who was going over the pass for cheese, and we accompanied him. The tourist must walk up to the highest extremity of the valley, and will pass, on his right, the old chapel of Heiligenguist. He will then commence the steep ascent of the mountain, over a road by which horses sometimes cross, although it appears impassable for them. In an hour and a-half, if he climb hard and perseveringly, he will reach the top of the pass (9,000 feet high), called the Krimmler Tauern, from which he will have another magnificent mountain view. At the head of the valley he will see the Drei Hern Spitz, covered with snow—a remarkably fine object. The descent on the other side is over rough rocks. In three-quarters of an hour the Brunneu, at the bottom of the steep part of the mountain, will be reached; and, pursuing the route down the stream, in another hour and a-quarter the tourist will arrive at the chalet in the Achental. At the foot of the defile, just before entering the Achenthal, a most magnificent Alpine scene will burst upon him. At the head of the valley, and near him, he will behold in all his majesty the Drei Hern Spitz, covered thick with snow and glacier, with a very wild-looking and picturesque foreground of rocks and pines. At the chalet he will have a splendid bowl of milk set before him; the one presented to us measured in circumference eight full spans of my companion's long fingers and thumb, and was full of milk to the brim. We reduced the height of the milk considerably. The tourist will then continue his journey down the valley, inclosed on both sides by high mountains, and rocks covered with firs on the lower parts of them, with good and level pasture ground between them—the soil sparkling with mica. One or two very pretty openings in the side of the valley will be seen, particularly where the Ramsbach forms a fall, and two fine, high sharp mountain peaks are seen covered with snow. He will afterwards enter a narrow defile, which becomes very wild, with immense blocks of granite scattered about in wild disorder, and which is well wooded with firs. At the foot of the defile are the three Kriml waterfalls: the first falls about 250 feet, and is very beautiful; it is forced through a narrow passage at the top, and throws out rocket-like gushes of water, which fall upon a ridge of rock, from which the water again rebounds, sending off heavy showers of spray; then runs down on each side of the rock, leaving the middle of it bare, and then falls with great force into the basin below, boiling and rising up again in the middle of the middle of the basin like a spouting fountain. The second one is small. The third fall is higher than the first; the upper part of it is sloping, and the water spouts out in various forms, dashing on the rocks; the lower part is contracted, which causes a fine gushing foaming fall, which tumbles with great force into the boiling cauldron below, sending off clouds of foam to a great distance, from which the enterprising tourist will probably enjoy a heavy shower-bath. These falls are remarkably fine; the first possesses the most beauty, but the third excels in grandeur. The accompanying scenery is also very fine. The view, as we saw it on a fine evening from above the falls, of the valley of Kriml, rich and well cultivated, the village of Kriml, and its pretty church with its red tapering spire, was very beautiful.

The tourist will this day have had a pleasant walk of about twenty-five miles, and will arrive at a very good inn at Kriml early in the evening. He may resume his journey on the following morning by ascending the Plattenburg from which is obtained a distant view of the falls; the top of the Plattenburg is something like a Scotch moor. He will then proceed down the river on the other side to Gerlos, fourteen-miles from Kriml, passing down a narrow valley with green meadow-land flanked with firs. The valley opens at Gerlos, which is a scattered village, with now a good inn, where he should rest. We saw here, drinking their beer, some fine specimens of the Tyrolese peasantry, tall handsome fellows. After leaving Gerlos, and walking a little distance, the valley again contracts, with steep sides covered with firs, forming a fine forest. Before coming into the Zillerthal, the side of the valley opposite to the road forms a beautiful slope, with fine green cultivated land, dotted over with picturesque chalets and groves of firs. In decending, a most lovely view will be had of the Zillerthal and the village of Zell, with its pretty green tapering spire, backed by a hill side with groves of firs finely arranged by the hand of nature in the English natural style of gardening. The bottom of the valley, as seen from here, is almost like a garden, quite level, and of a beautiful green, with picturesque neat houses scattered over it. At Zell, a very neat clean village, and about thirteen miles from Gerlos, an *einspännig* may be taken to ride for six miles down the beautiful Zillerthal, rich and well cultivated. He will then, probably, be able to walk the remaining five miles to Fügen, and must there inquire for the house of Joseph Rainer, one of the Tyrolese minstrels who visited London in 1828; he is now married and settled here, and keeps a very comfortable inn. We saw the inhabitants of this valley in their sunday costumes; that of the men consisted of a conical black hat with artificial flowers or a gilt tassel, and generally gray jacket, short black breeches, a broad belt of black leather figured with white, some of these a foot broad, and red braces. The women wore hats like those of the men, and dresses with very short waists, nearly close under the arms, and very unbecoming to the figure. When the tourist leaves this inn in the morning he will probably be presented with a nosegay by the *kelnerinn*. He may then walk quietly down the Zillerthal which continues beautiful and fertile, with a little corn and much meadow, the bottom being level and the sides sloping and ornamented with groves of firs, beautifully varied with green pastures. At the foot of the valley there is a picturesque old castle. He will then turn up the valley of the Inn, the sides of which, for some distance after entering it here, slope down to the river; it afterwards becomes flat at the bottom and continues so to Innsbruck; it is fertile, and produces much Indian corn, and varies from half a mile to between two and three miles in breadth, and contains many neat villages with clean

whitewashed houses, each having its church and neat spire—spires are very numerous. The river Inn is in some parts near a hundred yards broad. At the end of twelve miles from Fügen he will reach Schwartz. He may take a peep at the church here and the monuments it contains. He may rest at the inn kept by Anthony Rainer, another of the Tyrolese minstrels, and may then join the *stellwagen* (a kind of omnibus), and in three hours he will reach the town of Hall. He must here visit the grave and monument of the patriot Speckbacher, and he will see in the church about thirty skulls, each placed on a cushion of silk or velvet, ornamented with gold lace, the skull covered with muslin with gold lace in front, and with gilded rays of glory and a wreath with jewels over the top of it, and the name on the cushion; he will also see a great many pieces of bones richly ornamented in glass cases, and the skeleton of a saint lying in a case, and handsomely dressed. He may then go forward in the *stellwagen*, and in one hour and a-half he will arrive at Innsbruck, the capital city of the Tyrol.

The first object in this place which claims the attention of the tourist, is the celebrated monument to the Emperor Maximilian in the Hof Kirche, and with which he cannot fail to be much struck; it is most imposing, and of wonderful workmanship. The same church contains the grave of the patriot Hofer, over which is a fine marble statue of him in the costume of a Tyrolese peasant; and the silver chapel containing the two monuments, one to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and the other to his wife, Philippina Welser. Jacob's Kirche contains the grave of the Emperor Maximilian the Second, with a monument over it; and also the celebrated Madonna of Lucas Cranach, to which miraculous powers are attributed. In the churches in Innsbruck we saw several skeletons of saints gorgeously dressed in glass cases, with the names of the saints marked on them. In one church we observed a splendid pulpit, with gilded and silvered angels, cherubs, &c. The two churches at the outside of the town, after passing through the Arch of Maria Theresa, are both richly ornamented in the interior. The palace garden is a pleasant promenade, as also along the principal street, called Neuer Strasse, which is long and handsome. In the cemetry is the monument to the sculptor, Collin of Mecklin; it contains, also, several other handsome monuments; one in marble representing an angel receiving a child about eight years old, and his mother sorrowfully parting with him, is very beautiful: we observed here brushes tied to basins or pans containing holy water for sprinkling it over the graves. The museum should also be visited; it contains many of the mineral productions of the Tyrol, birds, &c.; also figures cut in wood by the inhabitants of the Grödnerthal, and some beautiful bas-reliefs in wood by Joseph Hill; a portrait of Hofer, said to be very like him; his sword, hat, and green braces, and other relics of him; the belts of Speckbacher, and his sword. We also saw a painting in the Museum of the battle at the foot of the Berg Isal, near the two churches at the outside of the town, and also of another battle at the bridge of Innsbruck; in both battles the French were defeate by Hofer; also two paintings on spiders' webs, with glass on both sides. A visit may be made to Maximilian schloss, standing on the hill just above the town. Near the schloss is the tomb of Richard Henry Tooth, Esq., of Coleshill, who died at Weirburg (which is passed in ascending the hill) aged 23; it is a very chase and simple monument, with flowers growing around the grave, and is situated at the top of the hill, which commands a fine view of Innsbruck; it has a cross, with the inscription "Unica Spes." A pleasant day's excursion may be made by walking first to the Schloss Ambras, an ancient castle built in the 13th century, once the residence of the Archduke of Austria, and afterwards converted into barracks, and which commands a very beautiful view of the Valley of the Inn; then continuing the walk up the hill to Heiliges Wasser, where there is a pilgrimage chapel and a small inn, and from which there is a most splendid view. It receives its name from the so called holy water, which runs out of two old gun barrels, over which is a calvary. The interior of the chapel is nearly covered with *ex voto* offerings, chiefly consisting of paintings of the virgin and child; above, the representation of some accident happening to some person, or of some one sick or praying, some dated in 1688; also of men, animals, legs, and other parts of the body in wax. We observed during our walk from this place some of those long whips, that the peasants are so expert in cracking over their heads with a report louder than a pistol. Near the Schloss Ambras may be seen the Tummel Platz, where tournaments were formerly held; it is now a burial ground, with a great many votive offerings fixed on the trees. Rifle shooting, and the Bauern Comödier, or small dramatic pieces performed by the peasants, may be witnessed near Innsbruck. As this town is very centrically situate, many excursions may be conveniently made from here.

(To be continued.)

RHINE TOURISTS.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Aug. 21, 1845.—At Mayence last night there was a great rush for beds. I went to four hotels before I could obtain one. At last I entered a house not named in Murray, the *Heissicher Hof*, or Hessian Hotel, situate on the river, and nearer the quay than the others. The landlord conducts it in person; the beds were excellent, the supper good, and the charges extremely moderate. Nothing could surpass the civility and attention of mine host. I recommend your readers, when they stop at Mayence, to take this hotel. They will gain much in comfort, and save much in pocket.

E. W. C.

ART.

STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—The statue which about twelve months since was ordered from E. H. Bailey, esq. the eminent sculptor, by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, as a tribute of respect to the late M. W. Grand Master (his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex), is rapidly progressing, and the fidelity with which the features and figure of the late prince are delineated, and the admirable manner in which the decorations of the orders of the Thistle and Garter, with the robes of the latter, are executed, reflect great credit on the artist, and have received the highest encomiums from her Grace the Duchess of Inverness, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and others who have visited the sculptor's studio. The whole figure is eight feet high, including a six-inch plinth; its weight about six tons, and is formed of one solid block of beautiful white Italian marble, from the quarries of Carrara, the original cost of which was 280 guineas, and the price to be paid to Mr. Bailey is 1,800*l*. When completed, it will be placed on a five-feet pedestal, to be formed (it is understood) of ordinary stone, and the whole is to be erected on the dais in Freemasons' Hall, which is at present being embellished and decorated. The statue, from its great size and weight, can only be conveyed into the hall through an aperture to be cut in the outer wall. The execution of the public subscription statue of his Royal Highness is intrusted to the same sculptor, and will, it is understood, be from the above model, price 1,000 guineas. A drawing has been made, which will shortly be engraved for publication.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NEWS.—M. Adolphe Adam's new ballet of *Le Diable à Quatre* has met with entire success at the Grand Opera in Paris. Among its greatest attractions is the mazurka danced by Carlotta Grisi, but Sophie Dumilatre, Hoguet Vestris, Petipa, and others have distinguished themselves. Great praise is bestowed on the music, which is written with as much care as for an opera, and in M. Adam's best style, who is to be ranked, however, rather as an agreeable, than as a very profound or original composer. This ballet, and another called *La Fille de Marbre*, to be also composed by M. Adam, are to he brought out at Drury-lane Theatre early in the next season, for which Mademoiselle Adele Dumilatre and M. Petipa have been engaged. Donizetti is said to be indisposed, and no new works from his pen are looked for at present; this may, however, be an adroit specimen of the puff indirect. M. Baroilhet has arrived in Paris, and it was believed that an engagement at the Grand Opera would be offered to him. Madame Rossi Caccia had passed through Paris to Italy, and would afterwards visit Berlin, where she has been engaged. M. Inchindi, the celebrated baritone, is going to Madrid, but will previously perform at Pampeluna, before the Queens of Spain. Madame Grisi's appeal to the Cour-Royale, from the decision of the Tribunal de Commerce de la Seine, which had condemned her in 11,000f. costs for refusing to perform the part of Elizetta in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, has ended in a reduction of the damages to 6,000f. Madame Henelle, whe made so favourable a *début* at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, has arrived in Paris, having given, on her way to the capital, some concerts at Boulogne, jointly with the sisters Milanollo and M. Ehrman. *Le Nabucodonosor*, a new opera, by Verdi, has been performed in Paris and Marseilles, with but moderate success, which is ascribed, however, to the subject of the opera rather than to its want of merit as a musical composition. Another opera, by Verdi, called *Alzira*, has been given at the theatre of San Carlo, at Naples, with greater success. The repairs of the Grand Theatre at Brussels have been completed, and the operatic company which succeeded so well in London have re-appeared in consequence of that success with increased reputation. Mr. Mitchell has gone to Paris, and, according to the musical journals of that capital, is making engagements preparatory to the performance of French operas in London during the next season. Messrs. Anderson, W. S. Bennett, J. Calkin, J. H. Griesbach, Howell, Lucas, and M'Mudie, have been chosen directors of the Phil-

harmonic Society for the next season, the last in the place of Mr. C. Potter, who was elected, but declined serving. Mr. W. S. Bennett, has been appointed to conduct the whole series of concerts. The festival at Norwich is appointed to take place on the 16th of September and three following days. A monument to Weber is about to be erected in front of the Theatre Royal, Dresden. A performance in aid of the subscription was to take place at Berlin. Mendelssohn had just finished a new oratorio, which is to be performed at Frankfort; also a second trio for the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.

MR. W. FARREN, JUN.—This gentleman, the son of the eminent comedian, has proceeded to Florence for the purpose of completing his musical education, preliminary to a *début* on the English stage. The judgment pronounced as to his vocal powers by some high authorities on the subject is, it appears, unequivocally favourable. As for ourselves, we shall hail with great pleasure any worthy accession to the operatic department of our drama, at present so lamentably deficient, more especially as to vocalists of the male sex; and we shall hail the accession with all the greater pleasure in the person of a son of Mr. W. Farren.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The season at this establishment has closed, after an unprecedently successful campaign. The theatre on the last night was wonderfully full, considering that every body is said to be out of town. Let us throw a glance over the doings of the season thus terminated. We have observed that the campaign has been a most successful one. We have frequently expressed the opinion that the success Mr. LUMLEY has achieved is amply merited; and, as a proof that this opinion is a general one, the most influential of the subscribers have joined in the purchase of a handsome piece of plate, to be presented to Mr. LUMLEY in token of their cordial approbation of his management. The performers, we believe, both great and small, have already testified, by a similar tribute, to the impartial kindliness, the high honour which characterizes his conduct behind the curtain—a manifestation peculiarly creditable to its object. During the season we have had only one new opera, *Ernani*, but there have been several revivals, more or less successful. *Il Giuramento*, *Il Pirata*, *Roberto Deveux*. The works most frequently presented, yet ever fresh, ever received with *furore*, have been the *Sonnambula*, *Norma*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Semiramide*; *Don Giovanni* has been played several times, *Cosi fan tutte* twice. We have had the *Barbiere* given perhaps better than ever. Madame CASTELLAN has proved a most valuable accession, though we still sigh for PERSIANI; while ROSSI CACCIA and MORIANI afford clear proofs of the *impresario's* sound judgment. It is needless to speak of GRISI and the other long-since established favourites. As to *ballet*, the past season must have indeed been a glorious one for PERROT, his productions have been a succession of triumphs. The *Pas de Quatre* alone will, in future annals of the opera, suffice to give peculiar celebrity to *anno domini* 1845.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We have heard with very great pleasure that these charming entertainments are to be renewed at the St. James's theatre in October, under the able direction of Mr. MITCHELL, the favourable result of whose judicious and spirited management has, in the past season, doubtless, encouraged him to this further enterprize. We heartily wish him all success in it. We had begun to fear, indeed, that he would labour under the inability to obtain the co-operation of Mademoiselle PLESSY, in consequence of her self-banishment to icy Muscovy, but we see that in her engagement with the director of the St. Petersbourg theatre, she has stipulated for ten weeks' leave of absence in each year, which, if she be so disposed, and she can hardly be otherwise after the reception she has ever found among us, will give her time to pay England a visit. Her engagement, by-the-way, with the Russ, extends to six years, the salary, including one benefit in each year, being 3,400*l.* per annum. One of the stipulations reads curiously enough; viz. that she is to receive fifty roubles a night, *fire-money*, for each piece of one act, 100 roubles for each piece of two acts, and 150 for each piece of three acts and upwards. Health and happiness to her, wherever she be.

PRINCESS' THEATRE.—The only circumstance calling for notice under this head is the important one that MACREADY has concluded an arrangement with Mr. MADOX for, we believe, three months, six weeks of which will be entered upon shortly, and the term completed on the great actor's return from his provincial engagements. This is an adventurous enterprise on the part of Mr. MADOX, for Mr. MACREADY'S terms are none of the easiest; but we feel confident that if full houses every night will repay the spirited lessee for the great additional outlay of various kinds, to Mr. MACREADY and other performers whom it will be necessary to engage to give adequate effect to the works produced, full houses Mr. MADOX will have, night after night, for the whole series. The opportunity to Mr. MACREADY'S admirers of seeing his play to effect will be a more advantageous one than has ever yet presented itself, for the reasonable size of the house will enable the spectators to see each gesture, hear each word, without any necessity being imposed upon the actor to raise his voice beyond the proper pitch, or to make use of over energetic action. The supplemental season here of two weeks, which has been well carried on by the aid of WALLACK, in his old character of *Alessandro Massaroni*, among others, COLLINS, and other favourite performers, has terminated.

SADLER'S WELLS.—We put down the name of this theatre, principally for the purpose of keeping it in our readers' memory, as a place to which they ought most assuredly to go. The pieces are well selected, and most satisfactorily performed; the light farces which relieve the sterner interest of high tragedy being well nigh as efficiently rendered as the tragedies themselves are by the able lessees and their excellently disciplined corps. To the judicious revivals which have done honour to this little theatre under its present management, we have now to add that of MASSINGER'S *Fatal Dowry*, produced on Wednesday, in a manner which will insure it a permanent position in the acting *repertoire*. It was repeated on Thursday, and will doubtless be given once or twice a week.

SURREY.—Under this head, too, we have nothing more to do than to recal to our readers' attention that Mr. and Mrs. MATHEWS are performing here, for a limited period, in a variety of their most popular parts. *Beauty and the Beast* was produced on Thursday very effectively.

VAUXHALL.—Another grand masquerade, the fourth of the series, was given at these gardens on Tuesday night, in honour of Prince Albert's birth-day. There was a considerable attendance of visitors, too many of whom wore no costume whatever. It is very true that, even when people do assume characters on these occasions, they, with very few exceptions, make no sort of effort to act up to them; but still the variety of dresses produces a good effect, and is, at all events, so necessary to realize the idea of a masquerade, that those who have the superintendence of such festivals should make it a *sine quâ non* that each visitor should wear, at any rate, a domino and mask. As to the conduct of the throng, up to the hour of our departure, it seemed decent enough. There is, indeed, we think, a marked improvement in the character of these *bals costumés*. Far too many objectionable people are to be seen, indeed, as is always the case at all public balls and similar entertainments, where a system of authentication is not in force, as at ALMACK'S; but the conduct of the objectionable is far from being so objectionable as it used to be. Among other features of the evening, there was a grand illumination presenting a huge ALBERT in glowing letters. Mr. LEWIS, one of the active managers of the establishment, an exceedingly courteous and well-behaved person, took his benefit on Wednesday, when an infinite variety of entertainments was provided.

On attending at the Adelaide Gallery on Wednesday evening, we were much pleased at seeing so numerous an assembly. The variety of the entertainments, which are at all times highly amusing and instructive, added to a very excellent *mêlée* of music, singing, dancing, &c. cannot fail to be attractive. The programme on this occasion was diversified by a lecture given by a New Zealand chief, on the manners and customs of the natives. The chief, it appears, is an Englishman, left this country in 1827 in a trading vessel, and after going through a number of vicissitudes by sea, was induced to settle amonst and become naturalized by the New Zealanders; he was there made the chief of a tribe. He is very curiously tattooed, according to the custom of the country, and gave a very minute description of this singular process. He appears fully equipped as a chief, with all the different instruments of war used by this peculiar people. He exhibits the war dance, and gives specimens of their singing, &c. with a variety of other entertaining details, which will well repay a visit. The chief has an assistant lecturer, who fully describes every part of his dress and the separate interest attaching to each; as, in consequence of so long an absence from his own country, he has in a great degree forgotten his native language. At the termination of the lecture the visitors have every opportunity of satisfying their curiosity by a closer inspection. The model of PILBROW'S Atmospheric Railway Carriage is still in operation, and cannot fail being an object of great interest.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THERE is so much of humour and of playful satire in the following verses, that, although they differ both in subject and style from the poetry we have prescribed ourselves for this journal, we cannot forbear giving them a place in our columns.

HARRY SINGULAR.

My name is Harry Singular,
Protesting is my trade;
Though right or wrong,
In prose or song,
In sunshine or in shade,
I'm ready with my protest,
No matter who says "aye:"
I dread *nem. cons.*
E'en more than duns,
And duns are my dismay.

My models should you like to know?
I take my facts from Brougham;
From Sir Andrew
My Christian cue,
My figures from Joe Hume;
My tactics from D'Israeli,
My loyalty from Dan;
My debts I pay
Whene'er I may
Like honest Jonathan.

In love I never venture—
To me a woman's eyes
Are but the stars
That guide us tars
'Neath Cupid's low'ring skies;
Her tears are but the vapours
That shroud our milky way,
Her sighs and smiles
At best but wiles
To lead our hearts astray.

With abstinence, tee-totallers,
And Mathewites I vie;
In meat and drink
I'm proud to think
No "gastronome" am I:
'Mong aldermen I'm never found,
Their dinners I disdain;
I loathe their hock,
Their turtle mock,
Their Margaux and champagne.

Though dancing now is all the "go,"
Of course I never dance,
Or Irish jig,
Or Polish rig,
Or galopade of France:
The polka, shadow'd forth by Polk,
I vote a double bore;
So coming things,
The poet sings,
Their shadows cast before.

In politics and party strife
I seldom see my way,
Tories and Whigs
But change their gigs
For "Broughams" of the day.
Some sympathy I felt, I own,
When Dan was sent to jail,
Though I've a knack
To turn my back
Whene'er he turns his tail.

In religion I take my stand
A Presbyterian true;
No common fold
I ever hold
With heathen, Turk, or Jew:
Away with "surpliced ruffians,"
Whatever be their vest,
I hate all cant,
E'en Protestant,
I solemnly protest.

My loyalty to king or queen
No mortal dares to doubt;
By England's throne
I'd stand alone,
Whatever foes might shout;
And yet I must confess a fault
(Don't take me for an elf)—
When others sing
"God save the king,"
I sing—God save myself.—H. B.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

ELECTRIC TRAIN INDICATOR.—The Paris journals state that, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Dujardin, the inventor of an electrical telegraph, submitted a plan for rendering this invention valuable as a means for indicating the precise position of a railway train upon different parts of the line. He proposes that as a locomotive passes by certain places it shall touch a spring in connection with the wire, and thus communicate with the index of the station by certain signs previously agreed on. An invention similar to this, for the purpose of preventing collisions, appears to be attracting public attention on the other side of the Atlantic, and is thus described by a writer in the *Albany Argus* as the invention of an inhabitant of Syracuse, in July last. "The object of the invention is to shew at any point on a railroad the exact position of a train of cars which are passing over it, in order to prevent collisions, and for other purposes, through the aid of electricity, in the following manner. A wire is extended on posts, like Morse's telegraph, and at the end of each mile a mile-post is placed, with the distance on it from the place of beginning. On each mile-post is a dial, like the face of a clock, with one pointer or indicator, and around in circle are all the numbers of the posts on the road. The wire passes through the machinery of the dial (which is very simple), so that every time the electricity passes over it the pointer is forced forward one number, or from 1 to 2, or 2 to 3, and so on. A battery is placed on the locomotive, with a conductor reaching out from it, so that it will come in contact with another one reaching from the mile-post and connected with the wire, so that when the locomotive passes the post, the electricity will pass from the battery and take effect."

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

DR. FORBES ON THE CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

DR. FORBES' article in the *Medical Gazette* calls for some further comment.

Let us avow our conviction that Dr. FORBES is an honest inquirer. The large admissions of Mesmerism, as a fact in nature, which he has made in spite of the prejudices of his profession, prove that he is sincerely seeking the truth, and if satisfied, would boldly proclaim it. In this he differs vastly from the majority of those who call themselves the opponents of Mesmerism, for their object is not to ascertain the very fact, but to make out a case against it,—two different operations, which are pretty sure to lead to different results. Dr. FORBES is, therefore, a man worth an attempt to convince; one to whom argument may be addressed and experiment exhibited with a confidence that they will be received with attention though scrutinized with strictness, as they should be. Hence it was, that we were anxious that he should personally inspect the case of clairvoyance of which so many particulars have been submitted to our readers. The results of that investigation Dr. FORBES has published, and we have no other cause to complain of his statement than that he has substituted, in two important particulars, a positive assertion for a suspicion, and that he has jumped at conclusions which the facts do not justify. These we set forth last week.

We have further to defend ourselves from the charge of credulity, which Dr. FORBES has preferred against us. We do not this by way of complaint, we simply offer a reply to the accusation.

Dr. FORBES admits that the most perfect fairness was exhibited on our part, and that every opportunity was given for the investigation.

We are willing to concede to Dr. FORBES that if we had seen no other experiments, and knew no more of the patient than himself, we should be open to the charge of credulity had we put any faith in them. They would have excited our curiosity, and induced us to institute a formal and extensive investigation, but they would not justify conviction.

It is only because we have seen so many *more* experiments than Dr. FORBES, and from daily inspection of the patient, both in his natural and mesmerised state, that we are satisfied that his case is real, and that he possesses the power asserted.

Dr. FORBES has more than once admitted that if, *in a single instance*, the boy would read the contents of a packet impervious to ordinary vision, and so closed that it should be impossible to open it without detection, he should admit the faculty called clairvoyance. Had not the three experiments in which *it was tried and performed* in the presence of Dr. FORBES, been unfortunately vitiated by neglect of precautions which would have set the matter at rest and forbid doubt, Dr. FORBES must have avowed his conviction, founded upon his own personal observation, and for so doing, would have been called credulous by those who had not seen what he had seen. To that his answer would have been, "I cannot doubt my senses. Here is a packet which was folded and sealed by myself; no eye could penetrate it. The word within was read, and the seals returned unbroken. I *must* believe what my senses shew me."

Such is precisely the answer *we* make to Dr. FORBES when *he* charges *us* with credulity because *we* have believed in facts which *we have* seen, but *he* has *not*. We say, "We have proceeded on your own principle. We would believe on no less evidence than you. But we have had such evidence. We have seen the patient read the contents of packets sealed and inclosed in card-cases and boxes, and returned them to the persons who had sealed them with the seals unbroken, and this not once only, but many times. And to the fact we were never the solitary witness; each instance has been attested by others present throughout, by persons of different callings and various intellects, many of them decided opponents of Mesmerism, who came intending to discover a deception, and who quitted convinced that clairvoyance was a fact whatever may be its explanation.

Dr. FORBES has no right to assert that the facts were not such as all these impartial witnesses aver, simply because he did not see them. Sure we are he does not intend to accuse so many persons of *wilful* falsehood. And to charge them with credulity in believing what they see is equally unfair. The experiments have been minutely described; the papers and inclosures are all preserved for inspection by him or any other curious inquirer. He has no right to charge others with credulity for receiving them, unless, at the same time, he shews in what manner, under the safeguards described, deception was *possible*.

Still, as we have before observed, the case is open to him to test in any manner he pleases; we ask only that a judgment shall not be formed by three or four trials, whatever their result, but only after repeated examination in various forms, and with any safeguards ingenuity can devise. Our entire ignorance of the nature of the faculty renders the conditions under which it acts merely a work of guessing and a trial in the dark, and hence the uncertainty of results in this, being, like all other branches of physiology of which the knowledge to which we pretend is a mountain, while that we really know is but a mole-hill.

Since the above was in type, we have received from Dr. FORBES a letter, which will be found below. We have not at hand the Doctor's report of the experiments on GEORGE GOBLE, consequently cannot compare them a second time, as we could wish, with our own remarks. We may, however, observe, that the testimony of other gentlemen who were present before and after the opening of Professor GRAHAM'S box, goes to corroborate our statement, that the Doctor, though he insisted on the nullity of the experiment, owing to the conditions not having been strictly observed, at the time expressed an opinion that the box had *not* been opened by GOBLE. With regard to the repeated attempts to read the box left with A. B. for experiment with the boy, we should state that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, the boy has not been mesmerised for the past twelve days, consequently, a second attempt to read the contents of the box has not been made. The peremptory and even angry tone of Dr. FORBES'S letter we will not emulate.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have to request that you will give the following brief statement a place in your Journal, in reply to your comments on my paper in last week's CRITIC.

It is odd, after stating that "Dr. Forbes has given, upon the whole, a correct statement of the experiments" (in the case of the boy Goble), that you should give statements *exactly the reverse* of those made by me in the published account.

1st. In regard to the first experiment, I did *not* express my "opinion to the last that the paper had not been opened;" what I did express is stated in my paper.

2nd. The statement in my account, in regard to the "folded paper in the card-case" I maintain to be the truth. Your *confidence* "that it had not been opened" must go for nothing when placed by the side of the *facts* related by me.

3rd. I was *not* satisfied that Professor Graham's box had not been opened, but the very reverse; and so far from its being "impossible to open and restore the cover without more entirely severing them" (the seals), it is distinctly stated in my paper that this was *actually done afterwards*, without altering the character of the crack in the seal.

It certainly would have been much fairer, both to your readers and myself, had you printed my report of the experiments; and I think I have a right still to demand this of you. It would also have been candid if you had stated that, in taking my leave of George Goble, I had placed in the hands of Mr. A. B. a sealed box containing a word, with the promise, that when this box was returned to me unopened, with the word it contained written on its outside, I would then investigate Goble's alleged power of clairvoyance yet further. Although the box has been in Mr. A. B.'s possession nearly three weeks, and although I have a striking proof* that Goble has been *trying* to read the word, the box has not yet been returned to me; and therefore I think I have a very reasonable excuse for not, at present, troubling myself any more about one who, by his own confession and Mr. A. B.'s open admission, has been proved to be "a liar and a cheat."

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN FORBES.

Old Burlington-street, Aug. 25, 1845.

WE have pleasure in laying before our readers a temperate, argumentative, and sensible letter from Mr. NEWNHAM (whose work on Human Magnetism has been noticed in these pages), on the unwillingness of medical men to examine into the truths of Mesmerism, and the readiness they display, in the absence of an acquaintance with the subject, to prejudge and censure it.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In commencing a series of occasional communications on the subject of Magnetism, it is necessary that I should state the reason why I have selected your pages as the vehicle for giving to the public observations which must sometimes wear a professional tinge; and which, in my opinion, ought to have seen the light through the medium of a strictly professional journal. But since I cannot find that strictly professional journal disposed to give fair play to the advocates as well as to oppugners of Magnetism; and since, as a body, medical men in *ignorance of the* science are disposed to condemn it unheard, since they will not investigate its claims to attention; and since they will summarily decide against its pretensions, absolutely without knowing the foundation of those claims—I am compelled by the love of truth, and the desire for its prevalence, to leave my own accustomed journal and to present my thoughts through a new channel to that public, who will ultimately compel a serious inquiry into the merits of the subject to be set on foot, and carried out, by professional men. I would by no means maintain a bigotted adhesion to all that has been put forth under the name of Magnetism; but I would, with all confidence, ask for an investigation by a well-chosen commission of medical men, and I would state my honest conviction that the refusal to inquire arises from the apprehension of being obliged to forego many darling and long-cherished prejudices,—and to endure the mortification of unsaying what, for years past, they have been

* I had a note from Mr. A. B., informing me that Goble *had read* my word, which he (Mr. A. B.) had written on the box. The word named by Goble and written by A. B. is *entirely different* from that contained in the box!

saying, with a positiveness which is proverbially their especial attribute.

To those who have really seen magnetic phenomena, is is matter of unfeigned astonishment to hear and read the absurd and ignorant denial of those phenomena which is weekly obtruded upon the public; and it is really difficult to estimate in the moral and intellectual scale, the guilt attaching to such wilful ignorance, or the amount of so great intellectual perversion.

It is, Mr. Editor, a remarkable fact in the history of this controversy, that its opponents, for the most part, leave all the more important and well-known phenomena of magnetism as beside the question, or demanding only a passing notice, in order to bring the full strength of their warfare against *clairvoyance*—a phenomenon confessedly rare,—a phenomenon which very many magnetisers have never seen—a phenomenon which might be blotted from magnetic history, and yet never be missed from all the principal objects of Magnetism. Yet the fact of this rarity—and of its having been comparatively seldom seen and established, constitutes it a far easier object of attack—and far more difficult of defence. Hence is this chosen as the great subject for controversy; and if, on this point, there seems to be some partial victory, then is it promulgated through the length and breadth of our land, as another proof that the whole of magnetism is an imposture. Is this the conduct of scientific men—of truth-loving and truth-seeking men—of men who are willing to confess their errors, if they can be shewn to be errors, —and, at all hazards, to prefer the triumphs of truth to the lethargic security of prejudice?

These observations have been induced by events which have happened in the last few weeks. At the last meeting of the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association, lately held at Sheffield, the author of the *Retrospective Address on Medicine*, Dr. Charlton, in the most gentlemanlike manner, gave an opinion unfavourable to Magnetism. I never object to fair difference of opinion, and I feel persuaded, that a mind like Dr. Charlton's is open to conviction, and that he will yet see reasons for altering his opinion.

Not so much can be said for Mr. Estlin's *Remarks on Mesmerism*, just published in the journal of the above-named Association. This paper was evidently written for an audience ignorant of the real merits of the subject, and prejudiced against it.

Mr. Estlin alludes more than once to the *clairvoyante*, whose history I have given in my work on human magnetism, and by whose history I set so little store, as immediately to ask of what avail are facts like these, when these are not the chief objects of magnetism. But, as I have above remarked, it suits Mr. Estlin to pass over these important facts and reasonings, in order to pounce upon a case of *clairvoyance*, which he thinks more easily assailed, and upon which he endeavours to throw the odium of ridicule, by stating that "the labouring mountain produced such a very ridiculous mouse as the supernatural discovery of the picture of a man dressed like a woman." These things are very easy to say; but they are the evidence of a weak cause; for, in plain truth, the fact of an ignorant girl discovering the face to be the face of a man, and yet being puzzled by the official robes, was the strongest possible testimony, that she *did see what she asserted*. Of course, our opponents will say, why then, if she saw so distinctly, did she not read the name of the individual at the bottom of the engraving? For the best reason in the world; because it was a proof impression *before the letters*. But Mr. Estlin finds fault that more evidence was not produced to authenticate this fact. I can only repeat that pains were taken to ascertain that the girl had never been in Farnham; that she had no possible means of knowing any thing about my library, and that she did not even know me. Far more pains were taken on this head than Mr. Estlin gave himself before writing against it; for had he been as well acquainted as he ought to be with the literature of this subject, he would have known that such facts exist in *nature*, are found among the histories of *natural* somnambulists, and no man of science would venture to say, that whatever has been produced by a *natural agency* which he does not comprehend, *cannot* have been produced by a *voluntary agency*, which equally he does not *comprehend*.

Mr. Estlin cannot perceive that medical men are now more called upon to investigate the phenomena of magnetism than *formerly*. Granting this, however, if the subject has never been adequately investigated; if medical men have always refused to inquire, is it any palliation of their present refusal, that they do so now because they have ever done so? And is not their assumed, and in fact their real improvement, in scientific character, a new and an additional reason for them to *inquire* into the relative claims of phenomena of which they admit the partial truth (see *Mesmerism true, Mesmerism false*), but denying the existence of the remaining phenomena? Need any reasonable persons require more powerful motives to investigate and judicially to decide between what is true and what is false? Mr. Estlin and his compeers are not called upon to "scrutinize the mode in which curious tricks are played with cards, or the devices practised by persons pretending to read with closed eyes;" if it so pleases them to waste their time, nobody has any right to call them to account; but what they are asked to do, and what they *refuse to do*, is to inquire how far the phenomena of magnetism admits of being turned to good account, in the relief of the disorders of suffering humanity, over which medical skill has exhausted the usual resources of art, and exhausted them unavailingly. If this be an unworthy object of professional inquiry, I have yet to learn what are the real objects of medical science.

Passing a few days lately at Combe Down, with my cousin, the Rev. George Newnham, the clergyman of that parish, he took me to the cottages of two of his parishioners, where he shewed me Charles Chiffins, aged fifteen, and Mary Ann Parsons, aged twenty-one. Both these individuals had been *very* deaf, the former longer than he can remember, the latter for fifteen years; both had tried the means of cure within their reach, but the deafness remained unimproved. Both now hear distinctly; and this effect appears to have been accomplished through the agency of magnetism, employed by some benevolent gentlemen (brothers) in the neighbourhood. There are the cases—there are the complete cures—and the girl's health has been most remarkably improved. These cases have occurred under the immediate inspection of the above-mentioned clergyman; and of their truthfulness there cannot be a shadow of doubt. If there were no other cases of cure extant, and there are many, would not these alone afford sufficient motive for inquiry into the agency of such a remedy? But, we shall be told, the cure was effected through the agency of imagination; and if so, the motive is only removed one step backward, for it is equally necessary to inquire in what way the imagination can be so excited by magnetism, as to produce these effects entirely through a mental impression. Contemplate the facts in every possible way, the conclusion is the same, it is the duty of medical men to inquire into what is inexplicable if admitted, and which must be *shewn* to be *false if denied*.

Mr. Estlin refers to the case of amputation at Leicester, in August 1844, said to have been performed without pain, as if it were *almost* unique—and as if the fact had not been established by many undeniable cases. With regard to the Leicester fact, I have very carefully read the statements produced on both sides, and it is indeed lamentable to observe, that such very opposite narrations should be given by honourable men. Every one will form his opinion of the evidence before him, and will decide to which side credit is to be given;—and doubtless, each one will decide in his own favour, according to his own preconceived views; and admitting this to be the case, if we have no means of comparing the relative credibility of the witnesses, all we can do, is to reject the testimony on both sides.

Mr. Estlin is mistaken as to the reasons why magnetism is not more frequently tried on patients before subjecting them to a painful operation. An eminent surgeon, a believer in this fact, was asked the question, *why* he did not do so, and was honest enough to confess, that he dared not do so, in the present state of professional prejudice. And on this subject I venture to give to Mr. Estlin's assertions the most unqualified denial—and to assert that professional magnetizers are few; that opportunities are *very seldom* allowed to other magnetizers to test the insensibility of pain; that such facilities are not neglected, for they do not exist; and that to my knowledge, many cases favourable to this great fact, have not been communicated to the public: and for the reason above mentioned—they have not the courage to meet the ridicule heaped upon them by their brethren. I would also tell Mr. Estlin, for his comfort, that many among his brethren have become converts to magnetism, and though they dare not yet avow their convictions, are secretly pursuing the path of inquiry. Mr. Estlin is, however, quite right in asserting that magnetism has made more progress in the drawing-room, than it has done in the profession; and he will, ere long, find, that drawing-room intelligence will force investigation upon professional prejudice. Mr. Estlin is perfectly wrong in supposing that the higher phenomena of magnetism have never been exhibited by any persons of character; the contrary is the fact; but these, too, shrink from the public gaze, and cannot bear to be classed among the "impostors," which are so unsparingly found by those who will not inquire into the evidence, or who are predetermined to produce failure of experiments by any means, lawful or unlawful. There are some exceptions to this rule, and I venture to predict, before long, some remarkable testimony from these quarters.

It is not enough for Mr. Estlin and his friends to say that the cure of diseases alleged to have been accomplished by magnetism were really effected by the imagination; they must *prove* that they were so, or their assertion is worthless; it is not enough for them to say that more or less pain was exhibited under such and such an operation, though performed during the state of magnetic sleep; they must prove that such operation was not carried on during such a state of unconsciousness to suffering as has no parallel in the strongest moral courage and the least sensitive nervous system; for this is what is asserted to be the case, and this is the *truth*.

Mr. Estlin says that Mesmerists complain of the way in which they are treated by their opponents, but that the fact is, very little is written against them. We take the liberty of asserting that they have reason to complain because unlawful weapons are employed against them; and we believe that during the last year as much has been written against as for magnetism. I admit that the character of the respective writings has been very different.

Mr. Estlin goes on to remark, that I have censured Dr. Radclyffe's Hall's History of Mesmerism, as published in the *Lancet*, as giving an unfair representation of the subject. The fact is, that in my letters to the *Provincial Medical Journal* (the last of which, though written several months since, is not yet published), I have followed Dr. R. Hall, step by step, through his inquiry,—that I have shewn him to have misquoted his authorities,—to have quoted them unfairly at second hand,—to have selected any inferior authorities, while he has neglected all the more important ones,—to have misrepresented many of these, and to have misquoted himself; and to have shewn, that the only inference to be drawn is decidedly in favour of magnetism. Such, I will venture to say, must be the inference of any unprejudiced person who shall take the trouble of perusing the two series of papers.

I have already trespassed too long upon your time, and I must pass over the remainder of this paper with a very slight notice. It is, however, remarkable that any philosophical mind should tell us, as one of the conclusions unfavourable to magnetism, "that the condition requisite for the production of the phenomena must be pre-existing in the patient, and not communicable by the mesmerizer;" as if it were not a fixed law, that susceptibility to impression must exist before impression could be made, and, as if this were any proof that such susceptibility was not developed by the magnetizer. I must pass over all the other conclusions, many of which are about equal in philosophical value, and merely state, that Mr. Estlin is mistaken when he says that no person can be mesmerized at a distance, or without a knowledge that something is going on from which effects are expected to follow: and that he is likewise mistaken with regard to his mode of accounting for community of sensation on the principle of the "observed suggestions of the mesmerizer." We can only say, that unquestionable facts are against him; and until he has learned to prove that black is white, and to make men believe it too, he never will be able to *crush* the truths of magnetism.

Yours, &c.

Farnham. J. T. NEWNHAM.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

IN opening our review of *Kidder's Travels in Brazil* in our last number, we took occasion to expose a plan now adopted by the publishers of issuing one volume only at a time, when the work consists of several, by which means the benefit of repeated notices and consequent advertisements in the literary journals is secured for them. This practice of issuing works in a broken manner at intervals is of obvious disadvantage to the public; it lessens the interest of the book for the reader, and leaves a far less distinct and serviceable impression on him than is the case when the work, complete, is at his command at sitting down to it. Another evil is there in the shape of an uncertainty that a work, though it may be commenced with spirit, will ever be completed. He who may have bought the first volume of a work which shall be abandoned at the second or third, loses utterly, as far as value goes, the sum he may have outlaid on it. A correspondent has singled a case, which we subjoin at his request, hoping that, now he has challenged the attention of the author to his sin of omission, the latter will complete what is really a very superior work.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In your last number you truly remark that "a very inconvenient mode of publishing has of late grown into favour. The plan is, where a work consists of more than a single volume, not to bring it out entire, but to publish the several volumes at intervals," &c.

Will you permit me to mention what I consider a very gross case of this kind. In 1841, Mr. G. P. R. James published three volumes of a life of Richard Cœur de Lion; but the third volume only brings the history up to the period of that monarch's accession to the throne, and though Mr. James has been for the last four years "novel spinning" to a most surprising extent, he cannot, I suppose, find leisure to finish a really useful and valuable work. What security have purchasers the book will ever be completed? If it should not, their two guineas (14*s.* per volume being the selling price) will be entirely thrown away.

Requesting the favour of your inserting this letter in the next number of your excellent paper, which will have the effect of calling the attention of the author in question to the subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A LONDON BOOKSELLER.

Paternoster-row, August 25, 1845.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are given to understand that the King of Prussia has presented to Eton College one of the two copies, on vellum, of the folio edition of the *Niebelungen*, published at the last centenary festival, held in honour of the invention of printing. This magnificent volume, especially printed for himself and his queen, is covered with purple velvet, and closed with clasps of gold; and has the following inscription written, in German, on the fly-leaf, by the hand of the king. The dedicatory spirit, it will be seen, is apt to take something of the tone of flattery, even in the mouth of a monarch:—"To Eton College—the hope of the new generations—the promoter of all that is good and noble—the preserver of the ancient Saxon spirit—this heroic poem of the German people, and memorial of a German invention, is presented, in memory of his journey to England, in 1842, and gratitude for the cordial reception which he there experienced, by Frederic William, King of Prussia."

RE-APPEARANCE OF MR. MACREADY.—Mr. Macready has, it is stated, concluded an engagement with the manager of the Princess's Theatre for a term. He will appear early in November, and play six weeks; after which he quits the metropolis again to complete some provincial arrangements, and returns to complete his number of representations with Mr. Maddox.—*Examiner.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From August 23 to August 30.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Agrippa; or, the Nominal Christian invited to Consideration and Decision, by the Rev. J. Jefferson, 3rd thousand, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Arnold's History of Rome, Vol. II. 3rd edit. 8vo. 18*s.* cl.

Beaumont and Fletcher, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, Vol. IX. 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress illustrated, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl. (Bagster's Edition.)—Bunyan's Life and Experience; or, Grace Abounding, 12mo. 2*s.* cl. (Bagster's Edition.)—Burns' Fireside Library: "German Ballads and Songs," 2*s.* 6*d.*; "Lays and Ballads from English History," 2*s.* 6*d.*; "Lives of Alfred, More, and Evelyn," 1*s.*; "Leisti, a Swiss Tale," 8*d.*; Musæus' Popular Tales, 1*s.* 9*d.* 12mo. swd.

Coxe's (Rev. R. C.) Poems, Scriptural, Classical, and Miscellaneous, crown 8vo. 7*s.* cl.—Combe's (A., M.D.) Physiology of Digestion, 6th edit. revised and enlarged, post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* swd.

Dimock's (Rev. J. F.) Thirty-nine Articles Explained. Vol. II. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Discoveries in Central Australia, by E. J. Eyre, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* cl.—Dobson's (Rev. W.) Subjects and Selections for Greek and Latin Compositions, 12mo. 2*s.* cl.

Family Prayers for a Week, from the Holy Scriptures, 12mo. 2*s.* cl.—Fisher's Elements of Geometry, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.

History of the Conspiracy of Catiline and the Jugurthine War of Sallust, translated by Edward Peacock, M.A. post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Jacob's (Rev. G. A.) Bromsgrove Greek Grammar, abridged for Beginners, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Jacob's (Rev. G. A.) Bromsgrove Greek Grammar, revised and enlarged, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.

Letters from the Mountains, by Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, Vol. II. (Clarke's Cabinet Series) imp. 32mo. 1*s.* 9*d.* swd.

Montgomery's (Rev. G. W.) Illustrations of the Law of Kindness, 2nd edit. with Additions and Supplementary Chapter on Almsgiving, fc. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl., 5*s.* 6*d.* cl. gilt.

O'Donovan's (John) Grammar of the Irish Language, 8vo. 16*s.* cl.

Poems and Lyrics, by Mrs. Hemans, imp. 32mo. 2*s.* swd. (Clarke's Cabinet Series.)—Poole's (Rev. G. A., M.A.) History of England, Vol. II. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic, by the author of "A Summer in Germany," 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl.—Spanish Word Book, by Mad. de Belem, 18mo. 1*s.* swd.—Spanish Phrase Book, by Mad. de Belem, 18mo. 1*s.* swd.

Unwick's (W., D.D.) Concise View of the Ordnance of Baptism, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.; Remarks on the Connection between Religion and the State, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.—United States Exploring Expedition, condensed and abridged, Part II. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* swd. (Whittaker's Popular Library.)

Wylie's (Rev. J. A.) Journey over the Region of Prophecy, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Poems, Narrative and Lyrical. By William Motherwell. Glasgow; David Robertson, Irongate; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Longman and Co. London. 1832. Large paper copy, small 4to. 10s. 6d. or 12s.

The Poetical Works of Hector Macneil, esq. 3rd edit. 2 vols. 1812. 8s. or 10s.

Titton's Sketch of the Geology of Hastings, 12mo.

A second-hand copy of Bowdler's Family Shakespeare, 8 vols. 8vo.

Vol. II. of Allen's History of York.

Eclectic Review for January, 1841, being No. I. of Vol. IX.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The Musical Society of Hamburg has sent to Dresden a crown of solid silver, admirably wrought, destined to adorn the marble bust of Weber, which is placed over his tomb.

EDUCATION IN DENMARK.—The King of Denmark has just ordered the teaching of the French language and singing in all the colleges of the kingdom. All scholars will be obliged to learn these, and there will be an annual examination.

NINEVEH REMAINS.—A considerable portion of the remains rescued from the ruins of Nineveh have been safely transported to Bagdad, on their way to Paris.

A NEW DEGREE OF RELATIONSHIP.—It has been untruly said that there is nothing new under the sun. One asked Misther Patrick Maguire if he knew Mr. Tim Duffy? "Know him!" answered he, "why he is *a very near relation of mine*—he onst proposed to marry my sister Kate!"

To Readers and Correspondents.

W. B. U. Cashel.—*We cannot give the root of the word you name.*

J. S. Bristol.—*The communication, if we can find space for it, shall be used in an early number.*

T. T. W. Blackburn.—*We would willingly adopt the suggestion of our correspondent, but to do so would be entirely to change the character of our journal.*

E. M. R.—*The verses, though not deficient in some of the qualities of true poetry, are too unequal to be available for* THE CRITIC.

S. S. Leeds.—*The manuscript has safely come to hand, and will be used as soon as our columns will admit.*

A Subscriber, Dundee.—*At first we proposed adopting the course suggested by our correspondent; but as the facts had previously been stated in this journal, and we admitted the report of Dr. Forbes to be substantially correct, though wrong in its conclusions, it would be going back over the same ground, and that fruitlessly, to insert the articles from the Medical Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BOOK of FLOWERS, Le Boquet des Souvenirs; a Wreath of Friendship containing 25 beautifully coloured plates of Flowers, accompanied by original Prose and Poetical Descriptions, the Botanical portion by the Rev. Prof. HENSLOW, 8vo. morocco gilt, gilt leaves, 12s.

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(To be continued.)

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Four Lectures on Civil Liberty and Expansion of Intellect, as connected with Human Happiness. By J. H. HARVEY. London, 1845. Longmans.

MR. HARVEY'S lectures were delivered to a certain society, called "The Philosophical Institution of Walsall." It is not often that the matter addressed to such audiences is worth publishing; but Mr. HARVEY has some considerable claims to be made an exception to the general rule. Of the four lectures, the two first, on civil liberty, are, in our judgment, the best. Their title, "The *Reason* of the Law of Liberty," is an unfortunate and ambiguous one. Our English word, "reason," has very many and wide senses, and scarcely one of them would express Mr. HARVEY'S meaning. In one place he attempts to explain it as the spirit or soul of the law, intending, we suppose, something like what MONTESQUIEU called "*L'Esprit des Lois*," and were we to suggest a term, we think BENTHAM'S expression, "The Rationale of the Law of Liberty," would, though less English, have been more intelligible. Mr. HARVEY'S great object is to shew that liberty consists, not in the freedom from restraint absolutely, but in a service to our country, prescribed and defined by wise laws restraining us, so far as, and no further, than is conducive to the general good. He maintains, moreover, that the test of the existence or non-existence of this civil liberty is security, the security, that is, of life and property, the end and employment of which ought to be the glorifying of God and the production of human happiness. And he lays it down that the happiness of man, as a member of civil society, consists in three things: first, *contentment*, including all the moral virtues; because where there is no morality there can be no contentment; secondly, the *expansion of the intellect*; thirdly, the *increase of property*. We have, in a few words, let our readers into the subject of these two lectures; of course they branch off very widely into the important considerations that of necessity are mixed up with inquiries of this nature. Thus, a very great part of one lecture is given to an examination of certain positions advanced by PALEY, in his *Moral Philosophy*, and to a discussion of the oft-debated question of the origin of human society. Upon this point Mr. HARVEY'S sentiments are very unsatisfactory. They proceed too much upon an assumption which has been exposed over and over again; that men did at some distant time *enter into* society upon certain terms, forming a part of what is called the social contract. Now, such a view, at variance with all history, revelation, and common sense, is defective in itself and mischievous in the deductions to be derived from it. So far from men entering into society, society was born from the relations in which men already found themselves.

The germ of society lay in the home of our first parents, and it expanded without the intervention of man's will, and altogether independently of his stipulations. He had therefore no power to form any contract at all, and what are called the laws of the social contract are no other than the mutual duties and relations ordained and created by the same Being who made the world. It is in the discussion of this point that Mr. HARVEY displays considerable reading, but, apparently, of an unmethodical and desultory kind. This flows through the whole of the book; so that although there is much information, much happy selection and quotation, there is a great deal to indicate either a self-taught or an ill-taught man. Thus, the second Lecture contains a review of a few prominent portions in the history of some prominent nations, as supplying illustrations of the lecturer's arguments. Greece, Rome, America—the ground is ample. But the authorities referred to are frequently not good ones upon the points at issue, and there are in his sketches of Athenian and Roman history not a few faults which would be detected by any forward public schoolboy. Thus one of the Licinian laws at Rome is said to have prohibited "any Roman citizen from possessing any more than 500 acres of land, 500 small cattle, and 100 large cattle, and to have provided that whatever any man had beyond this, should be taken from him and divided amongst the other citizens;" and this is given as an instance of republican injustice and blindness; whereas any such schoolboy as we have just mentioned would have known that the law was, that no patrician should appropriate to his own use more than 500 acres of the public or common unallotted land, or feed more than the prescribed number of cattle upon the public pasture. We notice this mistake (and it is only a sample) with no hypercritical feelings; Mr. HARVEY is not wanting in good strong sense, or in literary power. If he will take advice in good part, he may fit himself to be an author of more than ordinary pretensions; but he wants care and attention, and above all things steadiness and concentration in his studies.

The Creed of a Man. A Summary of the System of Individualism. By WILLIAM MACCALL, Author of "The Agents of Civilization," "The Individuality of the Individual," &c. London: Chapman.

MR. MACCALL is so well known as the philosophic author of *The Agents of Civilization*, that we expect to find every thing from his pen pregnant with deep and valuable thought. And such is the case with the present tract, which contains many sterling and useful remarks and maxims. The tract under notice is mainly valuable as an incentive to thought. It is the exhibition of a brilliant idea which, by shewing to man the necessity and the value of individuality, inculcates a self-reliance, which dignifies him, and gives to the future the grandest of hopes.

Probably the creed of Mr. MACCALL, which he has appropriately *named the Creed of a Man*, will be considered an innovation on the great cry of the day, "co-operation." Yet such is not the case, as the study of Mr. MACCALL'S works will shew. Individuality and co-operation are not antagonistic.

There is much poetic and metaphysical beauty in the maxims before us; witness the following:—

Those whom the pretendedly many-sided men, such as Goethe and Coleridge, despise as one-sided men, are the only many-sided men.

The universe is greater than an epigram—a fact of which the French are ignorant.

The great obstacle to the study of religion is, that men place Nature between God and themselves; whereas they ought to place themselves between Nature and God.

Ideas perish individually;—affections never perish individually.

The Germans have the gift of vision, without the gift of utterance; the French have the gift of utterance, without the gift of vision; the English have partly the gift of vision, and partly the gift of utterance.

Such are a few of the maxims which we think Mr. MACCALL will not suffer to remain as they are. The author has given them as lights to guide us to the threshold of knowledge. They throw their reflection far into the temple of truth, and by making a new world visible, induce the mind to hope that Mr. MACCALL may carry into detail many things at which he has here simply hinted. Where we recognise genius, as we do here, we are ready to shake hands with it, and therefore we trust we shall meet Mr. MACCALL again.

FICTION.

O. T. and Only a Fiddler; or, Life in Denmark. By the author of "The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy." Translated by MARY HOWITT. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

THE discovery but a few months ago of unexplored fields of literature in Sweden and Denmark has proved an event of singular interest to the reading public of Great Britain. To MARY HOWITT we owe the merit of this disclosure; she it

was who first found and then displayed the gems of genius those countries enshrined, doing at once, what so much becomes her, a kindness to the writers, previously unknown in England, and a pleasure to readers, who, but for her, had probably never enjoyed that gratification. Such has been the result of pacific relations and facility of intercourse between Germany, France, and England, that their literature, common to each, has become as one. With the history and science, poetry and romance, of the countries forming the middle and the south of Europe, few educated persons among us are unfamiliar. With the forms and phases these present we have been long acquainted, therefore turn with all the eagerness of curiosity to examine into the merits of a literature belonging to countries unobtrusive, and little visited, and which we had scarcely given credit for the possession of such a blessing.

The charming works of FREDERIKA BREMER, more than one of which we have introduced to our readers, unfolded to us new beauties of which we had previously not so much as dreamed. In her descriptions of the rude, honest simplicity of Swedish life, in her pictures of northern scenery, and in the portraiture of character existent in a state of society widely differing from our own, the English reader found a new and fascinating charm. There has arisen, however, in Denmark, "another and greater than she," one who brooks not with her a divided rule, but takes, by the "divine right" of genius, the sovereignty of northern literature into his own grasp. This is HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, already favourably known to us by *The Improvisatore in Italy*—a work full of passion and colouring as book can be.

In the fictions now under consideration, ANDERSEN has been even more successful than in the work which first brought him before the British public. In both, or at least in *Only a Fiddler*, he describes the cares and sorrows, the struggles, difficulties, and privations, endured by the poor, and which, coming closer to his own experiences than did the adventures of the improvisatore among affluent friends in a foreign country, he has done with greater fidelity to nature, and more of probability in his story.

O. T. or Life in Denmark, is not equal to the other tale. It wants spirit to raise it above the common-place. True, the painting of Danish life and manners in this is as good as in the other, but the story is sadly deficient in interest, and the succession of events is sometimes improbable.

The case, however, differs materially with *Only a Fiddler*. This is obviously founded upon ANDERSEN'S own experiences, which he has interwoven, on the whole, not without skill, though sometimes clumsily, into a narrative of striking beauty. The characters are finely discriminated and as powerfully drawn. Never were the feelings and thoughts of children so faithfully represented by an adult as by ANDERSEN in the heroine and hero, Naomi and Christian. The glow and colouring of passion which he has cast over these characters in mature life, the faithfulness of Naomi, and the sufferings and adventures of poor Christian, are such as only a master hand could produce. The morals of these stories are often questionable, and oddly enough, notwithstanding the laxity in general observable in these pages, the author here and there, especially towards his conclusion, suggests the idea that he had a moral purpose at heart. If so, we can only say he has failed in his intention. To enforce a lesson of this nature, he should have contrasted the anxieties and sufferings entailed by sin, against the peace of mind, even amidst distress and adversity, which attends upon virtue.

It is a peculiarity of these fictions that they may be read with as great a relish, or nearly so, in parts, as if the reader sits down deliberately to go through them to the end. This results from the completeness of each scene in itself, coupled with the fact that the mere plot is of trifling consistency or value. The poor Fiddler, wandering friendless through the world, meets with many adventures, which, apart from subserviency to the story, are perfect in themselves. How exquisitely told is the following, where young Christian, seeking means to acquire the art of the musician, meets with a benefactor.

"Ah, dear Sir," said he, and the tears came into his eyes, "I have nobody in the whole city who can help me. Yet so gladly as I would learn music! Oh, I would think night and day upon that which people would tell me." And he related to the count about his home, and described to him his wholly helpless condition.

The count looked compassionately on him; and Christian pressed the hand of the kind gentleman to his lips, wetted it with his tears, and besought him to let him be his servant. He would clean his boots and shoes, run errands for him, or whatever else it might be, if he would only assist him, so that he might be able to learn what was necessary, that at length he might become such an artist as those of whom he had told him.

"Yet, my good youth," said the count, "that is not so easy as you fancy it to be. Besides this, you must also be possessed of a great deal of genius; and whether that is the case or no, time can only prove. You must never forget that you are a poor child! If you are possessed of real genius, it will make for itself a track, though you may have to buffet about on the sea for yet another long year. *Per aspera ad astra!* Adversity purifies. If it be so that any thing is to come out of you, a higher power will help you; that you may of a surety believe! I, alas! can do nothing for you; I have so many others to care for."

With these words he drew out his purse, and gave the boy a silver dollar; repeating at the same time the consoling assurance that real talent always made for itself a way. He then folded his cloak more closely about him, and leaned his head on the wall in order to sleep.

What a philosophic vein of thought, what truth and melancholy sentiment, is there in the following remarks on the uncertain destiny of the child.

When the sculptor commences modelling the clay, we do not yet understand the work of art which he will create. Time and labour are necessary before the plaster-cast exists, and the chisel after the model animates the marble. How much more difficult is it, then, to discover in the child the worth and fate of the man! We here see the poor boy in Svendborg; the instinct within him, and the influence without, shew, like the magnetic needle, only two opposite directions. He must either become a distinguished artist or a miserable confused being. The pollen of environment already begins to work upon him. The god of music, already in the cradle, gave him the consecrating kiss. But whether the goddesses of the times will one day sing him inspiration or madness, who can say? The division between both is often merely a thin partition. Will he some time, perhaps, excite the admiration of thousands, or in a miserable public-house, the violin under his arm, as an old man, act the fiddler to wild and rude youths, who mock him as a fool—he, whose soul received the unseen consecration of music? We know that the Duke of Reischstadt came lifeless into the world. In vain were all means tried to call him back to life: then thundered the hundred cannon, he opened his eyes, his pulse beat. This was the son of the great emperor, and on this account the whole world learned this circumstance of his birth. But no one knew that the son of poverty entered life under similar circumstances. He also was born a corpse, laid on a bed beneath the broken window-pane, when suddenly flutes and violins resounded from the street, where were playing itinerant musicians. A melancholy girl's voice was heard, and the little one opened his eyes and moved the already cold hand. Was it their tones which recalled his soul to labour here upon earth? or was it chance this, Solomon's sword of reasoning men? A rare artist must he become, or a miserable bungler—a sparrow-hawk with yellow wings, which for this superiority is pecked to death by its companions. And if he should become such a being? What comfort would it afford him, what comfort to mankind, full of proud prejudice? Like the snow-flake which falls into the running stream, is he buried and forgotten, and only the works and names of a few elect pass over to the next century. Enviable fate! But future joys may await him in the new state of existence, whilst the happiness of fame lies far distant, in a world into which he cannot enter, in which he can take no part. What does that matter? Is it not all one how high we may be placed in life, if we are only firmly placed? So sounds the consolation of the world! This is the wavering self-consolation, with which the mighty wave of human life rolls on towards the coast of eternity!

The burial of Naomi's grandfather, who perished in a fire, which also destroyed his property, is graphically and impressively told. The sorrowful sympathy of the old servant, Joel, is extremely touching.

In the almost empty hovel stood old Joel, near to where the hole was in the wall. He supported himself against the wall, whilst his dark moist eye was riveted upon an object which, imperfectly covered, lay on an empty bedstead. His thin pale lips moved convulsively, and in a scarcely audible voice he spoke the following words to himself:—"A box, then, shall be thy coffin, thou rich son of the race of Solomon! the apron of a poor woman thy pall! Ah! no daughters of Israel will wash thy body; the red flames have done that. The fire was more dry

than the herbs, more red than the roses which we cast into the bath of our dead. But thy tombstone shall stand at *Bet achaim*, even should poor Joel be thy only follower. Thou shalt enter thy consecrated grave, where the black underground stream will carry thee to Jerusalem."

He removed the apron, and raised the lid from the box in which lay the consumed remains of his master: his lips quivered convulsively, tears streamed down over his wrinkled cheeks, but his words were hollow and not to be understood.

"Lord Jesus be merciful to him!" exclaimed Marie, as she entered; but a blush overspread her countenance when she had spoken these words: she feared to have wounded the mourner by pronouncing the holy name in which he did not believe. "God may," repeated she, therefore, quickly and with emphasis—"God will be merciful to him."

"His tombstone shall stand near his daughter's," said Joel, and again covered the melancholy remains.

"She lies buried in Frideritz," said Marie; "you must be taken a long distance to find a grave. I remember very well the night she was removed: her coffin was packed in straw, and her father, who now lies there in coal and ashes, and you, Joel, were with it. The rain fell in torrents from heaven. The poor child is the only one remaining. The old grandfather was Naomi's sole support."

"Her mother was of our people," pursued Joel; and then added, in a somewhat proud tone, "our community allows no one of its body to perish. I, old man as I am, shall receive my bread, and I will divide it with her, if she find not a place at a more wealthy table. In the house of the Christian belongs the Christian child," added he, but in so low a tone that Marie could not hear.

"The child is with us," returned Marie: "for God's sake let her remain here until something better offers: where the pot cooks for three, a fourth can eat his meal."

Late on the following evening, when it was become dark and quiet in the streets, there moved along a little band through the town towards the bridge of boats: first went the tailor, with a little lantern in his hand; Joel followed him, his bundle on his shoulder, the box under his arm; Marie, with Christian and Naomi, brought up the rear. The little girl wept bitterly; Joel kissed her hand and brow, and went on board the yacht, which was lying under weigh. But few words were exchanged. Silently stood the rest of the party on the bridge, where the cables were loosened.

And by the light of the rising moon did Christian see how the sails unfolded themselves, and the vessel glided slowly along over the mirror of the sea, for all outlines shewed themselves distinctly in this moon-twilight.

Poets tell us of the gypsies who took down their chief from the gallows, placed a crown upon his head, and clothed him in a purple robe, thus to lay in the stream which should bear him to Egypt, where he would rest in the pyramids. A similar thought filled the boy's soul: it seemed to him as if Joel were travelling with the dead into a distant land of fancy, which perhaps was not far from the Jewish city of Jerusalem.

"How similar to the Rhine scenery near Mayence!" exclaimed the tailor, pointing across the straits to the island of Thorseng.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Marie, "how is it possible for thee to think of such things now? We ought to be in a rather graver mood, even though it be a Jew whom we bury. Poor people! even in death they have no rest: they must even travel to be laid beneath the earth!"

She looked sorrowfully after the vessel, which slowly glided along the waves, and every moment removed itself from the eyes of those who remained behind.

A novel and curious legend from that prolific land of superstitions, Norway, is that of the girl whose bosom was steeled against the natural duties of her sex—one, too, that is not without a meaning. Its termination is happier than one might expect:—

What should you think if I were to give you a handful of flower-seeds, and you were to let the seeds lie until they were all dried up and had lost all their virtue, would not that be as much as if you had destroyed a whole plot of flowers? There is in Norway the story of a girl who had a horror of becoming a mother, and therefore, the evening before her marriage, went to the water-mill where the witch dwelt, to ask for some remedy which should prevent this. The witch gave her twelve seeds, which she was to fling into the mill-pool. This she did, without thinking any thing more about it; but at each seed which she flung into the water there was heard a slight sigh: it was a child's heart which broke each time. She became a wife, but remained childless; in old age remorse seized her. Her hand was unstained with blood, and yet she was a murderess, and endured agony of mind as an infanticide. One night, as she went into the church to pray for the removal of her guilt, she saw her twelve unborn sons standing before the altar, and their whole race, all their descendants, the number of which was so immense that they filled all the aisles of the church. And she knelt down and prayed; she, the murderess of a whole race! The clergyman denounced wrathfully the woman's sin. "I will not grant thee absolution, and God the Lord will be equally unforgiving. Sooner shall roses spring up out of the flag-stones than I forgive thee!" The night that she had this vision in the church, the clergyman dreamed the same thing as the old woman, and when he awoke the flag-stones had split, and twelve odorous roses grew out of the apertures; these were the twelve sons of the childless wife. "Now is our mother happy!" said the clergyman, and sought for her in the church, where she lay dead before the altar.

Here we take our leave of these amusing fictions. The extracts we have given will convey to the reader a fair notion of what he may expect from this book. Beyond a doubt, it is the ablest, most powerful, and skilfully-constructed of ANDERSEN'S works, and should he produce nothing hereafter superior to it, he will have a honourable place to retire to in the laurels he has won by these fictions.

POETRY.

The Vision of Las Casas, and other Poems. By EMILY TAYLOR. Second Edition. London: Mudie.

To the conflicting opinions regarding the guilt or innocence of LAS CASAS, as the original proposer of the African slave-trade, we are indebted for the poem before us. A second edition is presumed to be a tacit acknowledgment that a work is successful. It may so be, but we do not take it for granted that the second edition of a book necessarily places the author before those less fortunate writers who, not being born under a "bright particular star," have never troubled the press for a reprint. We are not sharp-sighted enough to discover the particular merit in this poem which has carried it to a second edition. Perchance we are too nice, and because a flower has less beauty than the rose, we cannot look with complacency on it. Let us not, however, be so ungallant as not to welcome back the "familiar face" of Miss TAYLOR. We like some of her shorter poems, and think the few lines to the "Golden Eagle" possess a richer vein of poetry than is to be found in the more elaborate versification of *Las Casas*. It was a fine and true saying of the ancient philosopher, that "although a little thing may be perfection, perfection is not a little thing." The highest attribute of poetry is to express universal good-nature with the least waste of language. In *Las Casas* the good-nature is preserved; but force and concentration are wanting. Why does Miss TAYLOR trammel herself by writing the sonnet? We admit that she writes gracefully, and understands what the sonnet should be better than nine-tenths of the poets who meddle with such a form of verse; but we see no reason why a man or woman should walk in fetters. We little relish the form of the sonnet, how much soever we may admire its contents. It is folly for a weak writer to limp on to the fourteenth line, and equally folly for a strong one, having arrived there, to be compelled to stop. The sonnet is too arbitrary, like the unities of the old drama, and is to the mind what shackles are to the hands or gyves to the feet.

The Hall of Silence; or, the Supreme Lama of Patoli; and other Poems. By CHARLES ADAMS BREW. London and Ennis.

THIS work is modestly put forward as an appeal to "public sympathy on behalf of some bereaved relatives of the author." We are aware that benevolence requires some pretext for distributing its blessings, and therefore this volume will give an opportunity to the humane to extend their relief.

Mr. BREW does not fear the reviewer, for this very sensible reason, that "eagles do not pounce on insects." Mr. BREW should have been too independent to have ventured this opinion. It looks like an attempt to propitiate the reviewer with an oily compliment; but it should be remembered, that if it be not in the nature of eagles to pounce and prey on insects, they sweep down swarms of them which may be in the beat of their wings.

We must be careful not to let our benevolence lead captive

our judgment. It is no justification that an author sends forth a book under the plea that it is for the benefit of the distressed. The reading world is injured by a bad book, although its profits may benefit the afflicted. The philosophy of letters is like the philosophy of politics; it presumes that the many must never be sacrificed to the few. The most prominent feature of the work before us is its inequality. *The Hall of Silence* is vastly superior to the miscellaneous poems. So far as intellect is concerned, there is no affinity between them. Mr. BREW, according to his own account, wrote *The Hall of Silence* "in the vigour of his intellect." When the other poems were penned, we are not informed. Mr. BREW has committed the fault too general among a certain class of writers, of ransacking every corner of his desk for verses of any kind, *in order to make up a book*. We do not, however, say that, because the book is thus made up, it should not, in consequence, be purchased. *The Hall of Silence* is a readable story; it has not that passion and impetuosity which we look for in an Oriental tale; but, if in these qualities the author has fallen behind MOORE, he has surpassed many poets who endeavour to find subject-matter for their muse in the East, which they imagine their own country is too poor to supply.

Sutton Park; a Poem. By H. H. HORTON. Second Edition. Birmingham: Ragg and Co.

THIS poem professes to be a description of the beauties of Sutton Park. It has much local and some general interest. The author writes in the quiet unobtrusive style of KIRKE WHITE. In *Sutton Park*, Mr. HORTON reads us many useful lessons. He has viewed the beautiful and fruitful portions of England in comparison with the condition of the poor; and mingling the practical philanthropist with the fanciful poet, has produced a poem above mediocrity.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Pictorial Penny Balladist. Part I. 8vo. London: J. C. Moore, Wellington-street.

THIS is really the best got-up, and not the least useful of the penny publications with which the press now deluges the country. This part gives us, for the small sum of 5½d. the noble ballads of "Chevy Chase," "The Nut-browne Mayde," "The Mermayde," "Robin Hood," and, lastly, "The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednal Green." These are neatly printed, on good paper, and illustrated with spirited and well-engraved woodcuts. How so much can be done for the money we are at a loss to say. The projectors must rely upon an enormous circulation, for with nothing less can a remuneration be secured. If the succeeding parts equal this in point of excellence both of *getting-up* and selection, this will make a work which will discredit no library nor even drawing-room table.

The Pictorial Penny Shakespeare. 8vo. London: J. C. Moore.

THE same character as we have given to the former work, both for getting-up and cheapness, applies also to this. The illustrations, upon second examination, we think, inferior to those of *The Penny Balladist*.

The Dublin is national and spirited as heretofore, and is full of that earnestness which we would gladly see a little more common in periodical literature. The new feature in this number is the first of a series of articles upon Irish rivers. The first is on the most romantic of its many beautiful streams —the Blackwater in Munster—justly called "the Irish Rhine." We hope this series of papers will induce our tourists and lovers of the beautiful to resort in greater numbers to our sister isle; for, once give the Irish and the English full opportunities of becoming acquainted with each other, and we shall soon cease to hear the fierce denunciations which now impede the progress of civilization and at times even threaten the stability of the empire. There is the usual intermixture of strong political articles,—"Peel's Policy towards Ireland," and "Ireland and her Church," are both ably and powerfully written.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine proceeds with unabated vigour. Here, too, there is earnestness, and if some should think that there is somewhat too one-sided a view of our social relations, it is a fault on the right side. It sounds the note of alarm to the consciences and the prudence of the easy, well-to-do-in-the-world folks, and attempts to rouse them into reflection upon the vast, unmeasurable superiority of *worth* to wealth. Home truths it speaks, indeed, and from one of the articles upon the position of literary men in England we extract the following:—

> But if the treatment of men of letters and learning in England be as remarkable for its absurdity as for its flagrant injustice, they themselves must remember that, *as the creators and guiders of public opinion, they maintain, if they do not actually make, the very wrongs from which they suffer*. Were they as a body just to themselves, no one could be unjust to them. Never did any class possess greater power, or use it to so little purpose for their own mental, moral, or personal elevation.
>
> The chief cause of this is, we think, to be found in their want of union. They have no *esprit de corps*—no standard of opinion among them, calculated to instil something of the lofty aim and earnest love of truth and goodness, that actuate the higher minds, into those of the lower. Literature is in consequence made a trade of. And the very peculiar feature of the case is, that those who most degrade the vocation generally in the eyes of the world, are precisely the men who are the least sensitive to the inevitable consequences. Thus, for instance, party writers, in their zeal to blacken each other, evidently forget that the world will be apt to say, as it looks on, "Well, gentlemen, of course you know best," and accept their portraits of each other without further scruple. So also with that pettiest of party tricks—omission or colouring of unfavourable facts, undue prominence to the favourable; men of sense soon perceive that to obtain any thing like a correct view of these facts, they must look at the accounts of both sides; so, whilst the partisans are fancying they are deceiving the public by their transparent cheats, that public is in fact amusing itself at their expense, and losing every particle of respect for the talents displayed, in contempt of the impudent dishonesty to which they are made subservient. But all this while the real sufferer is the independent and impartial journalist, who refuses to attack a man personally because of his opinions, and who is content to allow facts to appear in their own native guise, satisfied that they must ultimately square with his views, if his views are right, and who is quite prepared to renounce them if they are wrong. Such a man feels keenly the disrespect that his unworthier fellows have caused to be attached to the vocation; he is hampered in a thousand ways by the obstacles they have raised in the path. Men are doubting *him*, when they should be listening with the deepest attention to the wisdom he is able to impart.

"St. Giles and St. James" is continued; as also "The Hedgehog Letters." There is also a brief, but, at this time, most valuable illustration of "Romanism as it is," in the account of the mummery and profanity respecting the Holy Coat of Trèves.

Knight's Political Dictionary (Part VIII.) also deserves a passing notice. It is just what we have often wished for—a portable cyclopædia of numerous matters relating to our constitution, our civil and commercial relations, and subjects of general interest which cannot be found in any other one book, and some of them, indeed, not at all. The nature of it may be best shewn by stating that the present part contains, among others, the following subjects: "Factory," "Federation," "Fellowship," "Feudal System," "Fisheries," "Forest Laws," "Foundling Hospitals," "Friendly Societies," "Game Laws," "Gaming," "General," "Germanic Empire," "Guardian," "Hudson's Bay Company," "Inclosure," "Insolvent," "Insurance," &c. &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Razor and Shaving Tackle. By JOHN TEETGEN.

THIS is the title of an unpretending and useful pamphlet, written by a tradesman, in Bishopsgate-street, on the art of shaving. Although in such productions the matter, rather than the manner, should form the subject of criticism, we must do the author the justice of saying that his *brochure* is not without merit even in a literary point of view, while on the score of utility it is much to be commended. Young and old may derive equal profit from an attention to its rules, which are illustrated by numerous well-executed wood engravings.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Médérine. By Madame Ancelot. 2 vols.

The fair author of the present work is better known as a dramatist than as a novel-writer. Her pretty and *piquante* comedies have been popular in Paris for several years, and are well worthy of the approbation with which they have been almost invariably received. The volumes now before us consist of a series of very clever tales, the first of which gives its name to the work. With that identical *nouvellette* we shall not, however, interfere; we have a horror of the morbid sensibility which seeks to cast a halo around vice, and to present the sinner as a victim. There is a vast difference between the unforgiving prudery which "throws the first stone," and the weakness which shuts its eyes to the fault, in favour of a sudden and fervid reformation, forced forward by circumstances; nor have we much faith in the revived virtue of the erring wife when it awaits the treachery and abandonment of the seducer to display itself. Such being the case, we gladly pass over the history of Médérine, with all its clever details and effective situations, for the admirable sketch which follows.

"An Old Glory in 1843" is one of those thoughtful and rare tales which, once read, are never likely to be forgotten. There is in it so much of human interest, so much of wholesome truth, and so much of that best species of eloquence, which, born of the heart, addresses itself alike to the feelings and to the understanding, that we were thralled from its first page to its last, and reluctant to believe at its close, that we had indeed been absorbed so fully by a mere fiction. Nay, we are still tempted to doubt that such is truly the fact. In her preface Madame Ancelot states that these narratives "have their foundation in truth, and are the records of events which have taken place in our own time;" and melancholy though the conviction be, we cannot but believe that this "Old Glory" did live, and feel, and suffer as she describes.

Adelbert de St. Géniès is a student at Paris. Devoted to books and book-lore, on quitting the college Saint-Louis, he declines the splendid home offered to him by his aunt, the Countess de Salvy, and establishes himself in a squalid lodging in the *Pays Latin*, in order to secure himself against all interruption. Handsome, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted, he finds the friendship of some old college companions and his modest income of 2,400f. sufficient for his happiness; varying his monotonous existence by a weekly visit to the hotel of his aunt, with whom he spends his Sunday. His friends attempt in vain to wean him from this life of learned labour, by providing him with a wife; he is deaf to their advice. The thirst for fame is strong upon him; and he resolves to succeed, let the sacrifice be what it may, in earning a proud name among the learned of his country. This generous and high-hearted ambition is the sole principle of his being—his aim by day, his dream by night—and who shall say how often the visions of his sleep overpay the labour of his hours of toil. At length he fails in his accustomed advent at the *Faubourg St. Germain*, and the countess, alarmed at this unusual defalcation, determines on visiting him in his retreat.

A PARISIAN STUDENT IN HIS LAIR.

Under any other circumstances, the narrow and crooked street, the wretched house, the low door, the gloomy passage, and the dark and dirty staircase, which led to two poor and ill-furnished rooms, where the young invalid lay stretched upon a comfortless bed, would have strangely depressed Madame de Salvy, whose eyes rarely rested upon any objects save those of elegance; and whose repugnance to gloom and disorder was carried even to exaggeration; but now she saw nothing until she stood at the bedside of the young man, gazing upon his face flushed by fever, even amid a deep and tranquil slumber.

The little room, which was very dark, only contained one low window, which looked out upon a court, or rather upon one of those nameless cavities which are called courts in Paris, because they are supposed to act as such, seven or eight feet square, in the midst of houses five or six stories in height; the daylight scarcely penetrated to the pavement, and almost entirely shut out the sun; of whose existence the inhabitants could only be aware from having heard it spoken of by others. Madame de Salvy looked curiously about her, even into the dark corners of the narrow chamber, nor did she find her scrutiny impeded by its furniture. A walnut-wood table, which had seen several generations of ink-stands succeed each other, a few straw-bottomed chairs, a small book-case, and loose volumes everywhere; upon the table, upon the chimney-piece, upon the seats, were evidences of study and study only.

Nothing around her recalled the diversions and pleasures which are generally part and parcel of a student's life; it was not the chamber of a young man, it was the cell of a cenobite, faithful to all his vows.

The slender light which forced its way into the room fell first upon the table at which Adelbert was accustomed to work, and then streamed over the bed upon which still lay his morning's task. No curtain was necessary at either window or bed to soften its glare, for there was scarcely sufficient admitted into the chamber to enable the young scholar to pursue his avocations; and it was only when the eyes of Madame de Salvy became accustomed to the partial obscurity, that she was fully aware of the objects by which she was surrounded. The table and chair beside it were placed under the window; the bed stood near, and beyond was a small recess. As the countess looked in that direction, she involuntarily shuddered, for she perceived that she was not alone with her nephew. Her surprise had almost betrayed her into an exclamation of alarm, but she suppressed the weakness, and remained motionless, with her look riveted upon the singular being who appeared to be as motionless as herself.

It was an old man, whose lank arms and fleshless hands rested upon the bedstead, and supported his bald head, where a few scanty hairs, completely white, might still be seen. His face was bloodless and faded; livid and wrinkled skin betokened sickness as well as age. When once Madame de Salvy had cast her eyes upon this singular face, of which no words can paint the fearful paleness and the extraordinary attenuation, she had no longer the power to remove them. She ran no risk of offending the old man by this fixed attention, for he did not even remark her presence. All that was left of life in the almost inanimate being upon whom she looked appeared concentrated in his contemplation of the young sufferer. Madame de Salvy was therefore enabled to examine at her leisure what had so much struck her at the first glance. To her, accustomed as she was to guess with ease the bygone characters of the worldly, to read under forms levelled by similar habits, to understand, despite wasted and constrained expressions, passions and ideas in all their various and intricate shading and gradations, it was not difficult with her experience to read in the wide and terrible scars of the soul: and it was with a sort of terror that she discovered, by slow degrees, in examining the grey old man before her, that sufferings more than years had ploughed the deep lines in his cheeks, and hollowed out his eyes, whose orbits moved amidst a circle blackened by tears. A broad, high, and prominent forehead overhung those deep-set eyes; its outline, that of the temples, of the summit of the head, and above all of the bones which surmounted the eyes, revealed all the traces of a lofty intellect, developed broadly all the powers of a mighty mind, and indicated an unwearied habit of mental application. Imagination and reflection had there engraved their uneffaceable traces; and all announced to an observing eye that the power of thought must, like the power of suffering, have left its shadow there. But the look was dim, the physiognomy blighted, the life gone. It was still the type of a fine and intelligent head, but its intellect appeared to have departed, and its sunken outline had diminished and withered, doubtlessly from an absence of the element necessary to their existence. Something had evidently been wanting to this soul, and that had failed in turn to the support of the body which it was intended to animate. The suffering of the one had caused the suffering of the other. This was, beyond all doubt, one of those beings of whom the vulgar say that the blade has worn out the scabbard; but here the iron was also used up by some undying grief, and what was left of life only served to drag towards the tomb a body without strength, and a soul without volition.

When her nephew awakes, the countess vainly endeavours to learn the history of the human ruin by which she has been so deeply moved. At the first exclamation of the sick student, the old man discovers the presence of a stranger, and steals quietly from the room. Adelbert can only inform her that he is an inmate of the same house, of whom no one is aware of the antecedents. He is known simply by the name of the old man, and passes all his time in the chambers of the different students, never, however, breaking in upon their occupations by a word. Madame de Salvy suggests that he may be necessitous, and is anxious to come to his aid; but her nephew corrects her mistake, and cites an instance of almost magnificent charity, where the mysterious being, in return for a simple civility shewn to him by a neighbouring carpenter, established one of his sons in trade. Adelbert recovers from his fever, and suffers himself to be prevailed upon to pass his period of convalescence under the roof of his aunt. While her guest, he sees and becomes enamoured of the fair ward of one of her friends, whom he first meets in the gardens of

the Luxembourg, where, by a singular chance, the old man happens to be walking likewise. Pauline recognises him as he passes, from his resemblance to an engraving which she had seen in the hand of her mother on her death-bed. Her exclamation of surprise attracts the mysterious unknown to her side, when it is discovered that she is the daughter of a lady to whom in his youth he was betrothed, but whom he sacrificed to his literary ambition. The shock of this rencontre proves too much for the wasted energies of the poor old man, who is placed in a carriage almost lifeless, and conducted to his home by the student. In a few days he collects around his dying bed all the actors in this little history, and tells to them the story of his life, in order to prevent the marriage of Pauline and Adelbert.

THE REWARD OF FAME.

"Take her away!" he exclaimed energetically, "you to whom her fate is confided; in heaven's name, leave her not a day, an hour, a moment near that young man, that madman, who lives only for a chimera, for a shadow! Let her not know, unhappy child, that her youth, her beauty, her graceful loveliness, and her heart, full of soft and loving sentiments, are as nothing to a maniac like him! What avails her beauty? He will never see it!—Her heart? He will never understand it! He will destroy the one, and break the other without pity,—without remarking her regrets, her tears, her sufferings, and her death! And all this for ——. Just Heaven! can it be possible? All this for something without a name—without a meaning—which cannot be defined—which cannot be explained, so utterly does this inconceivable madness escape—even the memory! Yes," he continued, appearing to search with difficulty into the past, "it is a word uttered by strangers, a breath which is tortured into a reality, when it is only a sound! Praises—honours—no, not even these; but, on the contrary, abuse, and calumny, and lies—the contempt of a few, the injustice of the mass, and eventually the forgetfulness of all! And then one awakes—but alone, cold, iced—in a tomb—with the consciousness of being still alive!"

The mother of Pauline, although forced into marriage with another by her family, had sickened and died with the first love in her heart; and the old man, whom the sight of her only child had thrown back among the memories of the past, remembering that in his thirst of fame he had made a victim of the only woman who had been dear to him, now trembled for the fair girl who had bestowed her young affections upon the equally enthusiastic Adelbert. Betrothed to a woman of birth and fortune far above his own, he had nevertheless suffered his egotistical ambition to delude him into the belief that he could not live without realizing his dream of literary glory; although to attain to it, he must trample beneath his feet all the softer and holier impulses of nature. There is a sad and startling lesson in his tale, of which we will give the struggle and the sequel.

LITERARY AMBITION.

"I have summoned you here," he said, after a pause, to see me die. Do not alarm yourselves—when the dream has been frightful, it is a joy to waken; but, do not dream as I have done; Adelbert," he added, grasping the hand of the young man, and drawing him nearer to himself; "blessed be heaven that my mind has become more lucid before I awake eternally. Yes, I feel this moment a little light penetrating through the darkness of my brain, where for a long time all has been night. All my ideas have latterly been so confused that I could not distinguish any thing. Midnight reigned *there*," he said, pressing his hand upon his brow; "dark, stormy, frightful; I suffered, but I no longer understood whence my sufferings came; I could no longer define or explain them;—but even then I felt—Adelbert—that danger menaced you; that you were rushing towards a precipice which you could not see. I sought to warn you, to stop you, but I had no longer a voice; or rather, I no longer found words to speak to you, to make myself heard,—and this anguish came only in the wake of another. I *had* spoken, warned; but my voice had not been heeded, my words not understood—all had been vain when I believed that all might have been saved. Oh! let them save you at least—let them awaken you; for it is a dream without rest, that of glory and ambition! * * * * I felt the same want as yourself; I coveted the esteem of my fellow-men, their praises, their admiration, and also their friendship; I lived for them—for my countrymen—for my age—for my country—for a glorious name. Well, this name—to punish myself for having sacrificed every thing to the desire of rendering it illustrious, I condemned myself to resign it, to forget it! Yes—it shall never be known, it shall never again be uttered by me! and if there be still some to whom it is familiar, and who associate with it ideas of glory and renown, for those I exist no longer! I have nothing to link me to the name which I once bore; I am no longer myself, and what is left of my life and of my individuality belongs no more to what remains of the reputation which I so ardently desired. Never will you know my name, even you who are now around me. Never shall those who knew it learn where lived and died the man who bore it.

"Sophia had received my confessions and my vows. She had answered amid her tears, 'I will wait.' I was madly attached to her when I stepped into the carriage at the door of her father's château; when I reached Paris I was already speculating upon my future triumphs.

"They were great. The hall rang again and again with the sincere applause accorded to my works. More than one book attracted that lively and curious attention which the productions of a popular author can always command, and you may believe me when I say this, for I acknowledge my faults in too frank a manner to leave you any room for doubting the veracity of my tale. I owed my triumph to the sympathy of the public with the ideas which I developed, in the emotions that I had striven to call forth. To me the real mission of literature and wit seemed to be the elevation of the soul—the ascendency of high and noble sentiments over the grosser instincts; it was to the liberal and the high-hearted that I addressed my writings; and they succeeded.

"A popularity, freely accorded by my countrymen, soon lifted me above both my predecessors and my rivals! I believed, and I had a right to believe, that I had won fame; I received the crown of bays with an emotion of delight which that of a kingdom could not have conferred. I said to myself, 'This is indeed a noble and incontestable royalty! Its principle is based upon divine right, and ratified by the voice of the people.' Doubtlessly my triumph exalted me too near to heaven in my own eyes, for all the interests and pleasures of earth faded from my memory. The moment had not then arrived when all glory in France was to be translated into money; when authors were to canvass for celebrity in the streets, and to exchange it for bank-notes; and when genius was to be estimated precisely at the amount which it would bring. The aristocracy sought my society; I was patronized by the court; and those who loved to collect around them men of mark and talent, flocked about me. Thus, not only did I feel that I was a monarch, but also that my royalty was fully recognised; and I believed that it would prove as stable as it was brilliant!

"New ideas visit progressive minds; they are what Bossuet calls a sudden illumination from heaven. Their talent expresses them; people of intellect comprehend them; and fools adopt them, to seem as though they also could understand them. But communication is too prompt in the present day; so short a period elapses between the moment of invention, or of revelation to the superior intelligence, and the moment in which the imitator possesses himself of the idea conceived by another's genius, that what, only yesterday, was a daring innovation, is to-day a general notion, and falls to-morrow into the category of commonplace, or of the prejudices which all disdain; as they do those new fashions which are shunned at first as extravagant and conspicuous, and which at the end of a few days none will wear, because they have been adopted by all classes.

"I had scattered through my works some ideas that appeared new, perhaps from the elegance with which they were treated, and which was consistent with their elevated and delicate nature. They belonged to the sentiment of order and justice which it was then sought to revive, in order to establish society upon a more solid basis. They were understood, adopted, and extolled by all those who sought to encourage and to develope thought; moreover, a new success is so great a boon to old rivalries; it is seized upon so eagerly to injure those by which it has been preceded! It is sometimes a balloon inflated with air, and then let loose as a formidable projectile hurled at its predecessors, until it becomes of sufficient consistency to dazzle of itself. Then is it at once the solitary object of attack; and it is pursued with the pricking of pins and the stabbing of penknives, until, pierced on every side, it is, like all which have gone before, in its turn lessened and lowered.

"I had reached this precise point at which I could not fail to offend some vanity; and when many are tempted to say, like Diogenes, 'Move out of my sun.'

"In a time of calm, paltry jealousies and individual hatreds can only shew themselves in petty intrigue and roguery, which may be easily counteracted; but for the last fifty years, things have been different. France has adopted a habit of getting up from time to time a revolution, which is marvellously serviceable to the evil passions and ambition of individuals, which they can shroud beneath the pretext of this or that idea. We have seen immense political fortunes built up upon the ruins of blighted greatness. It was time that literature also should have its taking of the Bastile and its barricades; and that new names should replace that old nobility of glory which was still confiscated by Corneille and Racine. * * * * "The

people have so long been told that they are the 'sovereign people,' that they are every moment asking themselves, 'But where have they reigned hitherto?' and they have been anxious to verify at least a portion of their royalty in the domain of literature. They have accordingly compelled it to assume their coarseness of conception; their vigorous outline; their power, built up of violence rather than of reason; their strength, more active than ingenious, more ardent than reflective. Thus, all charm of expression, delicacy of shading, justness of idea, and subtlety of perception have ceased to be understood and felt.

"The youngest, the most exaggerated, the most forcible among our writers, were those who best sympathized with this new public, which has more sensations than ideas; then the journals, with their countless voices, learned to speak with more passion than justice, with more force than reason; and soon, amid these contradictory outcries, which jostled and clashed against each other, instead of forming a mutual support, a few noble and distinguished talents in every department of knowledge perished, as the fairest and most delicate flowers perish amidst a storm.

"Ah! I am not the only one, Adelbert, who has in our age seen the illusion of glory perish which popularity had attached to his name. Most of the men of our days outlive themselves, long before the age when talent becomes weakened, or when intellect is impaired by years; and this happens because others are too anxious to take their place; that youth is without control, and old age without support, at a time when public opinion, like all the intellectual powers, has lost its force before the material interests which govern all. * * * * On returning from a long voyage, I endeavoured to get one of my dramas upon the stage. It had become impossible; the theatre was no longer an arena where noble and generous rivals contended for fame; it was a warehouse where minds more or less gifted contended for money. I went into the world; it was careless about every thing save the material and positive pleasure of the moment. None cared to think of the future, and each forgot all of the past which was not every morning recalled to his memory by the daily papers.

"In a saloon where I was audibly announced, a young poet inquired of a journalist who I was. Even those who were occupying themselves solely with the same subjects which had successfully engrossed myself for ten long years were not acquainted with my name. A few years had sufficed to efface it. * * I became a misanthrope; I hated mankind, and I avoided them; they also shrank from me; I had nothing to offer them but my melancholy and my regrets, so why should they have sought my fellowship? I fell sick, and I was as utterly alone in the town where I was born, where I had lived, and where I had been celebrated, as I could have been in a strange city, of which I had only recently become the inmate. * * * * So soon as I was sufficiently strong to express my will, I put into execution a project which I had formed. I hired this narrow lodging, and I resolved to live alone—unknown to every one, and without revealing my name. I wished, also, to render my experience useful to the students who inhabit this quarter of Paris; but my faculties were enfeebled by my illness, and almost entirely annihilated by a fall, in which I received a deep wound in my head. I had become aged and decayed before my time. I never could decide whether it were the organs themselves, or my over-excited, intellect now become unemployed and passive, which rendered me unable to manifest what was in me; but frequently I had not power to give utterance even to the most familiar thought which was impressed upon my mind. Then a new cause of despair overwhelmed me: I had not only survived my fame—I had also survived myself!"

The old man dies, but not before he has convinced the young student that the low voices which fill a happy home are more to be coveted than the acclamations of an interested and fickle multitude; and that the bright eyes of Pauline were better calculated to illumine his path of life than the aureole of popular glory. The dead man lay before him; he had been one of the gifted spirits of his country; he had striven nobly, and had triumphed; and what now remained of his victory? Not even a name!

A simple funeral and an unlettered stone were the only boon he craved: beneath that mute tablet his secret lies buried with him.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

You will probably have learnt ere this that, on the 16th of July, the Civil Tribunal was busied with the "delicate investigation" which has excited so much attention in all classes here. I allude to the separation of M. Biard and his wife, the former of whom, from consideration for a woman whom he had loved, and who had become the mother of his children, was anxious to spare her, should it be possible to do so, the degradation of appearing at the bar of the correctional police. This merciful intention was, however, rendered abortive by the disgraceful public rumour which attributed to the eminent but unfortunate artist the dishonourable meanness of bartering his personal respectability for gain, and of pandering to the vices of his fallen partner, in consideration of certain pictures to be painted by him and certain patronage to be accorded. Justly indignant at so foul a slander, and deprived of all other means of refuting so injurious a report, M. Biard found himself compelled to forego the delicacy of his intended self-abnegation, and accordingly he applied for a judicial divorce, through the medium of his solicitor, M. Flayol. The King's Attorney, M. de Gaujal, supported the petition of M. Biard, but he at the same time urged that the adultery should be punished by imprisonment. The Court, after consulting together, pronounced the separation; and moreover condemned the lady to imprisonment for three months in the house of correction, placing the children under the guardianship of the father, with permission to the mother to see them twice a month; M. Biard being also bound to make to his erring wife a yearly allowance of 1,200*f.*

Many of your readers are probably not aware that, by the law here, all women sentenced for similar crimes have their heads shaved on entering the gaol, and are compelled to wear the prison dress, which is composed of yellow serge. Thus, although the *laissez aller* of society is tolerably established, it now and then occurs that the punishment which overtakes frailty is considerably heavier than with you, where the Lothario is merely mulcted in purse, and the woman suffers only in her shame. *Apropos* of the Lothario—Is M. Victor Hugo, the poet-peer and law-making novelist, to escape scot-free? For the sake of his wife and family, we are bound to hope so; but, looking upon the affair as matter of law and justice, we have our doubts, and may be permitted to question if the precedent be a safe one.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Schiller's Leben. Verfasst aus Erinnerungen der Familie, seinen eigenen Briefen und den Nachrichten seines Freundes Körner. (*The Life of Schiller, compiled from the Recollections of his Family, his own Letters, and the information derived from his friend Körner.*) 8vo. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt. 1845.

This biography of Schiller is written by Caroline von Wolzogen, the sister-in-law of the poet. It is an affectionate, kindly tribute of womanly feeling and respect, the fond record of years which glided by as a river whose stream is occasionally overshadowed by the dark gloom of the surrounding heights, but which, when more expansive, reflects the serenity, the noon-day glory, the starry brilliancy of heaven, beneath which it takes its course. Were it allowable to criticize it minutely, we should point out some faults of style; but as these have arisen from feelings inseparable from the subject, and most natural to the authoress, we shall pass them without comment. The life of Schiller is doubtless familiar to our readers by the eloquent narrative of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and the less accurate but more critically valuable work of Mr. Carlyle; one, invested with every charm of art, presents to us the *man*, the other guides us to his estimation as the *author*, but both are requisite to a right conception of the poet's character and progress. That our readers, however, may be better enabled to judge of the merits of this volume, we shall attempt a slight sketch of its subject-matter, and introduce some of its most interesting passages by extracts.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born at Marbach, November 11, 1759. His father, who was of humble extraction, had formerly held the rank of surgeon in a Bavarian regiment, was subsequently raised to that of captain in the Wurtemburg army, and finally promoted to the office of inspector and layer-out of the grounds at Solitude, with the grade of major. He was a man adventurous and restless, stern and harsh in manner, warmly attached to his family, possessing good abilities industriously cultivated, and an upright, abiding religious sense. He lived to witness the fame of his son, over whom he, in infancy, had breathed this prayer:—

O thou Being of all beings! to thee did I pray, upon the birth of mine only son, that thou wouldest bless him with those mental gifts, which I, by reason of mine own deficiencies, could not bestow; and thou hast mercifully heard me. I bless thee, O mer-

ciful Father! for that thou hast had regard to the prayer of thy servant.

His mother was ELIZABETH DOROTHEA KODWEISS, a woman of respectable parentage, remarkable for her unpretending manners, devotion to her children, and unaffected piety. She nourished the genius and protected the religious tendency of her favoured son, by many a tale of witch and fairy, and by reciting the verses of KLOPSTOCK, GERHARD, UTZ, and GELLERT. He was at all times susceptible of external impressions, and the man never outlived this distinguishing characteristic of the child.

In his fifth year he was attentive to all which his father related or read in the family circle, and incessant in inquiry until he had mastered the subject. Above all, he loved the perusal of passages from the Bible, and the morning and evening prayer, which his father was wont to repeat aloud, ever drew him with joy from his dearest amusements. It was, says his sister, a sight full of pleasurable emotion, to witness the impression of this hour upon his features. The blue eyes, from which faith beamed, upraised to heaven; the fair hair which clustered around the expansive forehead, and the hands folded in earnest feeling on his breast, gave him the appearance of a little angel.

At six years of age his father was removed to Lorch; here he received the first regular rudiments of education from the clergyman of the parish, PHILIP MOSER, afterwards immortalized in *The Robbers*. At nine he was entered at the public school of Ludwigsburg; it was here he for the first time saw a theatre, and the remembrance of its spectacle gave a colour to his thoughts, which soon clothed themselves in poetry, and assumed a dramatic form. But his religious bias was still the strongest.

He would often mount a stool and begin to preach. His mother or sister was besought to wrap around him a black gown and to give him a small cap. He assumed an earnest look; whoever was at hand must become his auditory, and if any merriment was evinced, he grew impatient, would immediately rush out, and was with difficulty again found. He exhibited in these discourses a well-ordered plan. He learnt a few sentences at school; these he connected together, gave them expressive utterance, and having noticed that the clergyman divided his sermon into different heads, he was careful to follow the prescribed form.

The great crisis of his life, however, was now at hand; he was made a poet by the military discipline of his sovereign. KARL, Grand Duke of Wurtemburg, was one of those men who, desirous of promoting good, nevertheless mar the effect of their designs by their fettered system of action. Designing his school for the sons of the officers and privates in his army, yet not excluding civilians, the whole system was yet exclusively military, and founded upon the mechanical routine of the camp. The youths were defiled in parade to lessons, in parade to meals, in parade to bed. At the word "march," they paced to breakfast; at the word "halt," they arrested their steps, and at the word "front," they dressed their ranks before the table. How irksome such a system must have been—how weariness and disgust must have corroded his feelings, every letter of SCHILLER to his friends at this time proves. He had abandoned, in compliance with the wishes of his father and the desire of the duke, his design of entering the church; he had studied jurisprudence with reluctance, and now pursued the prescribed course of medicine, not so much because it was more congenial, but because it was less irksome. By the restrictions of the school, all works not immediately connected with their pursuits were forbidden. But it is with the affections of the intellect as with those of the feelings, the greater the obstacles, the stronger the desire to surmount them; genius admits no barrier, love no opposing force to interpose between them. It was at this time, too, that German literature was awaking from its long sleep of ages. If the quarrels of GOTTSCHED, of BODMER, and their followers had no other effect than that of shewing their countrymen they possessed a national language, it was much to have thus roused and formed opinion. Indifferent as their poetry might be, it created an audience, which became enlarged and enlightened by KLOPSTOCK, LESSING, WIELAND, HERDER, and VOSS. SCHILLER counterfeited sickness, that he might enjoy the advantage of relaxation and of light beyond the hour permitted by the regulations of the school. He thus studied SHAKSPEARE, PLUTARCH, many historical, and the philosophical works of MENDELSSOHN, SULZER, and the others we have named. GOETHE'S *Gotz von Berlichingen* and *Werther* were in the hands of all; one admirable by its historic truth, the other powerful from its eloquent delineation of human passion.

This romance was devoured by Schiller and his companions, and excited, as was most natural, all the hidden poetic feelings of his soul, as the wind which sweeps over the surface of ocean arouses its depths to a storm. The plan of a second *Werther* was sketched, but remained unfinished. Siegwart also had stolen in. This natural, simple, feeling picture of youthful love excited him deeply. He told us that he had often stood for hours at his lonely iron-barred window, lost in the pleasing emotions which it caused. The sight of Goethe, who visited the school at this time with the duke, greatly added to these impressions. How willingly had he made himself known. One word, one look from that inspired genius, who had thus stricken the chords which vibrated responsively, yet untaught, within him, yielding tones musical but uncertain—what had not these effected! How little, too, did Goethe conceive that then a spirit greeted him—that near him then a heart pulsated, the great Hereafter was to form and fashion worthy of his friendship—for whose loss he was to bow down in grief, over whom he was to utter his undying meed of praise, and near whom, in the fulness of days and honour, he himself was to repose.

The dawn of these events then faintly tinged the horizon. In 1780, he left the school, and was appointed surgeon in a Wurtemburg regiment. Soon after *The Robbers* appeared. The effect was instantaneous—it was as revolutionary as the feelings beneath which it had been nurtured, and became admired at once for the rugged greatness of its style and its uncompromising defiance of all settled institutions. But it drove the author from Stuttgard. The displeasure of the duke, who sought another destiny for SCHILLER, who declined, moreover, his critical assistance, was increased by the representations of the court; and an order was given "that F. SCHILLER was to publish no works but those connected with his profession." But *The Robbers* had now been produced upon the Mannheim stage, and what so natural as to desire to witness the result.

To hope for permission to do this was vain, it must be furtively done. For the first time he discovered the deep and stirring emotions his genius had the power of rousing into action. The representation of this firstling of his heart and mind, amid the applause of hundreds, was as the incense which the muses first threw before the altar of their gifted son. It was with much deep and saddened feeling that, at a date long subsequent to this, a friend pointed out the place where Schiller then stood, amid the crowds of the theatre, unknown; for Dalberg and Klein were alone aware of his presence.

Upon its second representation, in 1782, he again similarly visited Mannheim; but his flight was discovered, and he was placed under arrest. During this, he sketched the plan of *Cabal and Love*, and subsequently of *Fiesco*. Murmurs of further harsh and still severer measures met his ear; he had before him the fate of SCHUBART, confined in Hohenasperg for having reminded his ruler he was mortal. He felt the obligations of his family to the duke, he felt also the danger of his wrath to them; but to offer up all that his intellect taught him to worship and to struggle for, as elevated, pure, and free—to yield up all his heart nurtured and his imagination cherished—was impossible. He resolved to emancipate himself, to fly from Stuttgard, and to cast himself upon the world.

Whilst the city was astir with the preparations for the reception of the Crown Prince Paul and his wife, the court, occupied with its festivities, to which both nature and art were to contribute—whilst the youth of the duchy gathered from far and near to partake of the general enjoyment, or streamed from every portal to witness the arrival of their ruler's guests, Schiller assumed his disguise, and quitted the city by a more deserted way. It was a beautiful summer's night, he had said farewell to all that to him, to any manly heart, is dear—parents, and friends, and fatherland; yet he was free; and with the conviction he could now exercise his talents with freedom, he thought all was gained, and that the future was a fairyland.

Thus unknown, thus depressed, for years to struggle with poverty, for years to feel the bitterness of hope deferred, the unsatisfied desire of fame, SCHILLER left Stuttgard a fugitive. "He who now visits that capital finds little to arrest his interest, except one colossal statue in a broad space near the

Royal Palace, before which his guide will bid him halt, to contemplate FRIEDERICH SCHILLER, the pride of his fatherland." He was accompanied by his faithful friend STREICHER, and relied for subsistence upon the production of *Fiesco*. We cannot enter into the details of his life at this period; travelling from place to place, in debt, yet ever intellectually richer, enlarging his views of life, and strengthening his character by the sharp uses of adversity, he finally obtained a home—humble, yet secure—by the kindness of Madame VON WOLZOGEN. This lady was a widow, the mother of his schoolfellow WILHELM, subsequently the husband of the authoress of this work, who offered him an asylum in a small house she possessed at Bauerbach, about two miles from Meiningen. Thither he repaired; it was towards the end of December, 1782.

A deep snow covered the ground, and night gradually stole in darkness upon the valley, yet the cheering light which gleamed from its scattered houses seemed to offer the wanderer a home. Solitude and Freedom, which in his present circumstances he most sought, welcomed him with the joyous greeting of a friend. The village lay nestled beneath the old castle of Henneberg, surrounded by thick woods, which were again o'ertopped by a lofty range of mountains. Their rugged sides presented a desolate contrast to his fruitful Swabian landscape, and evidently yielded but a scant subsistence to hard toil. But the spirit of freedom dwelt there, and the poet's eye glanced over with innate pleasure, and peopled with a thousand coming fancies and changing feelings the little desert between the rough declivities of the rocks, towards which the dark wood cast its shadows. It was here that he read the History of Don Carlos, by St. Real, sketched the plan and completed some scenes of his tragedy. The subject of Mary Queen of Scots was also considered. The retirement in which he lived, the total absence of all external exciting causes, were doubtless in part the reason that he grasped the conceptions of his ideal world, by an imagination stronger and more refined. Those creations of genius which in the light gaiety of youth, under happier circumstances, had been probably scattered like broken rays of light, became concentred, more earnest and impassioned, by this solitude at once of the affections and the mind. Beneath their influence he lived, these o'ershadowed his soul, and were its rich possession.

As he completed his tasks, his imagination preyed upon itself, the world grew dark around him, men's characters assumed a still unkindlier hue. He passed from love to hate, with feelings glowing with the noblest impulses, suddenly congealed, as their fresh stream welled forth, by the icy coldness of the world;—he became *misanthropic*. His letters at this time betray the grief which depressed him. He was dependent, he was in obscurity, he was even sheltered as an outcast. He meditated flight to England, exile to America. He writes of abandoning poetry; in vain, it was like striving to break the fetters of love,—the Heart was stronger than the Will. By degrees he was emancipated from this depression, brighter prospects dawned; the Duke of WURTEMBURG tacitly ceased to persecute; in the society of his benefactress he found relief; the faithful STREICHER, and the bookseller RHEINWALD never slackened in their zeal; DALBERG, the director of the Mannheim Theatre, felt it was at last safe to secure his aid;—finally *Fiesco* was printed and represented. Thenceforth his course was progress. Honours were soon bestowed, and a tolerable income secured; it was sufficient for his necessities; he possessed a manly simplicity of character, which made him independent; he did not pawn his pen to maintain a position not his own. But we must hurry on events. In 1786 he removed to Leipsic; here he was welcomed by HUBER and KÖRNER, the father of the poet.

In 1787 he went to Weimar, whither he had been long invited. Wieland's proposal that he should become a contributor to a periodical with him gave him much pleasure, and the place where he, Goethe, and Herder lived; where the genius of Germany was hallowed, and where freedom winged its flight, he above all sought to know. Goethe was then in Italy, but by Herder and Wieland he was welcomed as became them and him. The manner of the former was more winning, but the greeting of Wieland was as that of a father,

> 'Twas softened all, and tempered into beauty.

"We shall pass happy hours," wrote SCHILLER to a friend; "WIELAND is young when he loves." He was right; in youth we love with feeling, without fear. But at first he did not enjoy the society to which he was admitted.

The court of Weimar tended to cultivate but not stimulate his mind. The tone of its society was criticizing—rather reserved than forward. It wanted freedom and heartfulness. The Duchess Amelia, at whose house all eminent men were welcomed, was at that time occupied with studies and preparations for the journey to Italy. The duke, often absent, seemed to evince no particular interest in him; the court circle was exclusive. The reigning spirit was literature, and its genius bore full sway; but in truth more was talked than felt or thought, and that intimate social life, which elicits character, and which was requisite to unfold his, was wanting.

In 1787, he returned to Meiningen, where his eldest sister had married his friend RHEINWALD. It was a memorable visit. He became then first acquainted with the authoress of this Life, and her sister CHARLOTTE, his future wife. She was then twenty-one, and destined to a situation at the court of Weimar. Her manner was exquisitely womanly; her disposition affectionate, gentle, faithful, willing, and sincere; her education such as befitted her future career to be passed in a refined court. Here is the first meeting:—

It was a dark November evening, when the sound of two horsemen was heard in the straggling street. They were both shrouded in their mantles; we recognised at once Wilhelm von Wolzogen, who in this manner sportively half concealed his face; but the other was unknown, and raised our curiosity. The riddle was soon solved by Wilhelm's request to be permitted to introduce to us his friend Friedrich Schiller. The future of his life was thenceforth ours.

Years, however, intervened before they were united; he felt as others, not the pain of passion unreturned, but of affection he did not dare avow. He was poor. How much of noble feeling has withered to the tomb beneath that stern necessity of life. His letters to her were friendly, marked esteem, and breathed a noble, mild, discreet inclination, without a trace of passion. Our love is generally the effigy of the one we love. SCHILLER'S was the gold purified from sensual passion. Of these letters we regret we cannot venture to give extracts. In 1788 he resided at Rudolstadt, and thus he lived.

How welcome was it to us, when, after some tedious evening-party, we could start to meet our genial friend, beneath the beautiful trees which cast their broad shadows over the banks of the Saale. A forest brook which flows into the river, and over which a light bridge leads, was the place where we awaited his arrival. When we thus met, beneath the pale glimmering light of evening, a calmer, a purer ideal life seemed to possess us. Lofty earnestness, a gentle intellectual vivacity, were in him ever predominant; in his presence we seemed to walk life's path, between the immutability of the stars of heaven and the fairest flowers of earth.

Love, however, occupied, but did not exclusively master his mind; he wrote, he studied, he disciplined his knowledge, ever aiming at that ideal excellence he worshipped; he strove by unceasing energy to conquer also the real antagonism of fortune. He was at length successful; GOETHE interested himself in SCHILLER, and he was summoned to take the chair of Professor of History at Jena. Four hundred students arose to greet his entrance—his emoluments increased—his fame was European—titles were bestowed—every difficulty subsided, and on the 20th February, 1790, he was married. And Death envied his happiness, and aimed the shaft to strike it down. As his intellect expanded, his physical strength decayed; "from the cradle until now," he wrote, "I have struggled with fate." But he was yet spared, and never more inspired; it seemed as if nature, which could not withstand the fiat which recalled life, had yet concentred all her powers in his mind. In 1799 he produced *Wallenstein*, subsequently the long-meditated *Maria Stuart*, *Maid of Orleans*, and *Wilhelm Tell*: then, as if envious of the immortality of Genius, Death refused to relax his hold. He was stricken with his last illness April 28, 1805. For nine days he lingered, weaker and weaker, and gradually more unconscious. His mind dwelt with his family and his works, mingled with recollections of his friends. The thought of eternity dwelt in calmness over his spirit, and occupied it untroubled amid his dreams. On the evening of the 8th of May, Madame VON WOLZOGEN approached and asked him how he felt.

"Always better—always calmer," was the reply; these were the last words he uttered unto me. He desired the curtains might be drawn, that he might once more see the sun. Calmly he gazed upon the setting light. Nature received his farewell.

Upon the 9th he became unconscious; his words were unconnected, and he spoke chiefly in Latin. Towards three in the morning his weakness increased; his breath fluttered. My sister knelt by his bedside; even then she felt the thrilling nerveless pressure of his hand. I stood with the physician at the foot of his bed, and applied warm cushions to his feet. A shock sudden and electric swept across his features, his head fell back, a deep holy calm succeeded and irradiated his face; it was that of the Spirit in repose.

The grief of men finds not its way in tears, the true man conceals them from the world;—yet GOETHE wept. He had been himself ill, but he divined something of the fact. We take the following passage from the exquisite narrative of Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON:—

"I see," he said, "Schiller must be very ill." That night they overheard him, the serene man, who seemed almost above human affection—who disdained to reveal to others whatever grief he felt when his son died—they overheard Goethe weep! In the morning he said to a friend, "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" The friend (it was a woman) sobbed. "He is dead," said Goethe, faintly. "You have said it," was the answer. "He is dead," he repeated, and covered his eyes with his hands. He was buried on the night of the 11th. As the bier was lowered, the wind suddenly scattered the mists; the moon broke forth, and its light streamed upon his coffin. When all was over, the skies were again suddenly obscured.

Nature had lowered him to his grave.

We earnestly recommend this volume, as the requisite companion to his works.

GLANCES OF GERMAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(From our Correspondent.)

To all who observe the current of German literature, and examine into its causes and effects as manifestations of the mind of a nation, it cannot appear accidental that lyrical poetry has at all times and everywhere in Germany found a cherished home. One may, perhaps, call up a smile at sight of the many volumes of this poetry which every year duly produces, but there lies a deeper meaning in this unceasing lyrical reproduction than may appear at the first glance. In the lyric, the German seizes upon the very spirit of the nation, the inward feeling of the people; losing almost all consciousness of *self*, in no other kind of poetry is he less *individual*. He has recourse to the lyric, because so much else is completely closed to him. Among the Greeks, poetry was in immediate connection with the state; with the Germans this can never be; with them, the lyric is another thing than with the French or English. It is seldom that the lyric forms tempt the muse either of France or England. But where is the German who has not written lyrics? The many, the almost innumerable volumes of lyrical poetry with which the German book-market is always laden bear evidence to the harmony of that form of verse with the spirit of the people. JULIUS MOSEN is among the most well-known and deservedly celebrated of the German lyrical poets. MOSEN, strictly speaking, is of the period of UHLAND and RUCKERT,—the time when they bore the lyric banner over all valleys and hills, and pervaded the nation with a spirit which is now reckoned among the things that were. Who at this day reads the songs of SCHENKENDORF? They are hardly known to the mass of German readers even by name, and the roofs which once echoed to them are now filled by the songs of HERWEGH and HOFFMAN. At that time the words of a KORNER were of deeper import to the heart of a people than was the battle of Leipsig itself. MOSEN can never be classed among the modern "poets of freedom;" there lies a whole era of mind-formation between him and them; he is older than the leaders of Young Germany, and the modern "Gesinnungspoeten," and yet his spirit has remained the younger. He belongs really to the era of KORNER. An untiring love of country, a firm faith in the German spirit, are the chief characteristics of MOSEN. See, for instance, his beautiful poem *Frisch, mein Leid!* His sympathy, too, with the misfortunes of Poland are well known through his "Polen Lieder," which, if not, on the whole, equal to those of Count PLATEN, contain one or two of undying fame. His ballads "Der Wasserkönig," "Haland," "Rabeerlied," "Das Waldweib," &c. are among the most perfect things of the kind in German literature. A new edition of his works has lately been published.

HEINRICH WEISSE is a new name among the continental poets; whether it will rank hereafter among the highest, is perhaps a subject of doubt, yet the small volume he has published has been very favourably received. He is a young and unfortunate author, having been blind for many years. This circumstance is of itself sufficient to secure the sympathies and suffrages of the world of readers; he seems to be regarded as a writer of much talent and promise. It is not surprising, with our very slight knowledge of the general literature of the Continent, that many names of note, names well worthy of propagation beyond their own circle, should be to us as unmeaning as though they had never deserved a word of approbation from their nation; such a one is FRIEDERICH VON SALLET. His death is not recent enough, as it is now more than a year since it took place, to induce a mention of it here, were it not that the publication of new editions of his poems necessarily brings him before us. It may be said that his efforts as a poet, while he yet lived, were not commensurate with the talents he owned in such a high degree. He may not inappropriately be likened to CHAMISSO, perhaps also to GANDY; but that he wants the energetic power of the former, so characteristic of CHAMISSO, and differs from GANDY in the want of that jovial spirit with which he clothed every subject he touched. SALLET is powerful by means of his deep earnestness and truth, his total abstinence of all vanity, and his confidence in the justice of the cause he advocates. Undoubtedly he would have done much more, had his life been spared. As it is, he remains one of the German writers most deserving of study. But a poet under inspiration will wander at times, as inclination, humour, or feeling may lead. This SALLAT never does, which is perhaps the reason that he has been, comparatively speaking, so little appreciated. He was not one who could ever be ranked among the romantic poets—he never toyed with nature; all that he sings is simple truth and beauty. It is clear in all he says and does that he acts from the impulse within, without a single thought for the censure or approval which may follow from the world. But for his creative powers—he died too young to enable us to form a just estimate as to their probable development. His romances, legends, and ballads, almost irresistibly remind one of the great poet of the Germans, SCHILLER; but only in some minor peculiarities. SALLET, too, was wanting in humour, in the true meaning of the term, though his epigrams were remarkable for their truth and point. He is one who was needful to the Germans at this time, one whose early death must be sincerely lamented.

Rapidity of production is one remarkable feature of German literature; books are written for the market, not for fame; and yet does not every one know on the school form that HORACE says "Nonum prematur in annum;" that is to say, if you will publish, keep your book nine years, and then print it, if you then think it worth while; and now the morning sees the publication of a work only written the evening before; there is no care for after-improvement; and what work of art does not need it? This rapidity of production is very closely linked, as in other countries, with over-estimation of his own powers on the part of the author. Was it not PLATO who burnt his poems after reading HOMER? Now-a-days such a thing would be deemed absurd; few strive to give their best to the world, their only endeavour is to give something. In the province of Belles Lettres, since 1830, a remarkable tone of frivolity and superficiality may be observed; it might almost be termed alarming. Every one attempts every thing—novels, tragedies, criticism, poetry, and so forth; yet how rarely do we meet with genuine poetical power! How seldom do we find any thing like a trace of genius! Many of our modern, so-called, poets seem to fancy they can conceal their deficiency of poetic inspiration by an affectation of oddity, which they seem to hope will be mistaken for the eccentricity of genius; but the want of harmony and of taste is alone sufficient to bear witness against them. Where the creative power is not to be found, a work will, sooner or later, fall into neglect, notwithstanding all the trickery which may have been expended on it. An excellent work on this subject is *Poeten der Jetztzeit, in Briefen an eine Frau*, von J. SCHEER. It evidences much critical acumen. The title, "Poets of the present Time," embraces a wide range. SCHEER is clearly an earnest optimist; he sees very much through a beautifying glass. He does not confine himself to the poets of Germany, but brings under the reader's observation the latest poets of Poland, Italy, France, and England. The first part is devoted, evidently *con amore*, to the Polish poet ADAM MICKIEWICZ, whose powerful and enthusiastic strains, ten years ago, placed him at the height of fame. He is now at Paris, no longer employing his energies in the cause which won him so much honour. MICKIEWICZ has often been compared with BYRON. This comparison HERR V. SCHEER holds to be unfounded; BYRON was always individual, MICKIEWICZ always national. His *Russland* is a noble work; his heroic poem, *Konzad Wallenrod*, is also one of his most famous poems, an energetic appeal against oppression and tyranny.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Tales. By EDGAR A. POE. London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

WE have in this volume a number of tales, many of which shew the ingenuity, rather than the capacity, of the author's

mind. Mr. Poe is familiar to us as a poet of considerable power. We remember the fine conception and the musical execution of some of his stanzas, and, with these fresh in our mind, we confess ourselves disappointed by the present volume of Tales. The first story, "The Gold Bug," is only interesting from its strangeness. It tells of the discovery of some hidden treasure, by the solving of certain enigmatical figures. Viewed with the moral, the tale *may* be useful, as shewing what a patient, earnest mind may accomplish. This is barely probable, and the tale will add no more to the stock of choice literature than the thousand and one stories that yearly fill the penny novelists.

Of a piece with "The Gold Bug" are the "Mystery of Marie Roget," and the "Murders of the Rue Morgue." The author seems here to have amused himself by following the plan of those philosophers who trace a series of references between every minute act, and so upward to the making and dethroning of kings. Mr. Poe has been as assiduous in this scheme as an Indian who follows the trail of a foe. He has learnt from the dwellers in the American woods a marked acuteness, which he has dealed out again to his readers in the Tales before us. Another tale of this class is the "Purloined Letter." If we were called upon to recommend this story to any particular party, it would be to some Bow-street officers. Such functionaries would be sure to appreciate it, as it exhibits a quick intellect, which, from a few surmises, arrives at a chain of conclusive evidence.

Perhaps of even less utility is Mr. Poe's tale of the "Black Cat." The Black Cat would have been a proper inmate for the "Castle of Otranto," and a most valuable counterpart to the mysterious plume and helmet. The beauty of Walpole's inexplicable riddle would have been much enhanced by the introduction of such a sooty monster. But it may be argued that the Black Cat is a figurative personification of the dark-brooding thoughts of a murderer, murder being the climax of the story. It *may* be so urged, we repeat, but, at present, our little perception cannot perceive it; and we have not faith to believe that the generality of readers will discover what we cannot.

We object, for the most part, to the tales we have instanced, because they uncurtain horrors and cruelties. It is enough, and perhaps too much, for public benefit, that minute details of murders and other horrors find their way into newspapers. They form no part of the glories of literature. The literature of the past, in a great measure, is not pure enough for the gaze of the future because of its antagonistic character. Mr. Poe's Tales are out of place. They are things of the past, but the past has retired from them. They do not anticipate the wants of the future, and the future will take no cognizance of them. But why has Mr. Poe given us so much of the scraps and the worn-out thoughts of yesterday?

Mr. Poe could not possibly send forth a book without some marks of his genius, and mixed up with the dross we find much sterling ore. He is a deep thinker, and as a proof of it, we give an entire story. The interest of the subject, and its masterly treatment, is an apology for its length.

MESMERIC REVELATION.

Whatever doubt may still envelop the *rationale* of mesmerism, its startling *facts* are now almost universally admitted. Of these latter, those who doubt, are your mere doubters by profession—an unprofitable and disreputable tribe. There can be no more absolute waste of time than the attempt to *prove*, at the present day, that man, by mere exercise of will, can so impress his fellow, as to cast him into an abnormal condition, of which the phenomena resemble very closely those of *death*, or at least resemble them more nearly than they do the phenomena of any other normal condition within our cognizance; that, while in this state, the person so impressed employs only with effort, and then feebly, the external organs of sense, yet perceives, with keenly refined perception, and through channels supposed unknown, matters beyond the scope of the physical organs; that, moreover, his intellectual faculties are wonderfully exalted and invigorated; that his sympathies with the person so impressing him are profound; and, finally, that his susceptibility to the impression increases with its frequency, while, in the same proportion, the peculiar phenomena elicited are more extended and more *pronounced*.

I say that these—which are the laws of mesmerism in its general features—it would be supererogation to demonstrate; nor shall I inflict upon my readers so needless a demonstration to-day. My purpose at present is a very different one indeed. I am impelled, even in the teeth of a world of prejudice, to detail without comment the very remarkable substance of a colloquy, occurring between a sleep-waker and myself.

I had been long in the habit of mesmerizing the person in question (Mr. Vankirk), and the usual acute susceptibility and exaltation of the mesmeric perception had supervened. For many months he had been labouring under confirmed phthisis, the more distressing effects of which had been relieved by my manipulations; and on the night of Wednesday, the fifteenth instant, I was summoned to his bedside.

The invalid was suffering with acute pain in the region of the heart, and breathed with great difficulty, having all the ordinary symptoms of asthma. In spasms such as these he had usually found relief from the application of mustard to the nervous centres, but to-night this had been attempted in vain.

As I entered his room he greeted me with a cheerful smile, and although evidently in much bodily pain, appeared to be, mentally, quite at ease.

"I sent for you to-night," he said, "not so much to administer to my bodily ailment, as to satisfy me concerning certain psychal impressions which, of late, have occasioned me much anxiety and surprise. I need not tell you how sceptical I have hitherto been on the topic of the soul's immortality. I cannot deny that there has always existed, as if in that very soul which I have been denying, a vague half-sentiment of its own existence; but this half-sentiment at no time amounted to conviction. With it my reason had nothing to do. All attempts at logical inquiry resulted, indeed, in leaving me more sceptical than before. I had been advised to study Cousin. I studied him in his own works as well as in those of his European and American echoes. The '*Charles Elwood*,' of Mr. Brownson, for example, was placed in my hands. I read it with profound attention. Throughout I found it logical, but the portions which were not *merely* logical were unhappily the initial arguments of the disbelieving hero of the book. In his summing up it seemed evident to me that the reasoner had not even succeeded in convincing himself. His end had plainly forgotten his beginning, like the government of Trinculo. In short, I was not long in perceiving that if man is to be intellectually convinced of his own immortality, he will never be so convinced by the mere abstractions which have been so long the fashion of the moralists of England, of France, and of Germany. Abstractions may amuse and exercise, but take no hold on the mind. Here upon earth, at least, philosophy, I am persuaded, will always in vain call upon us to look upon qualities as things. The will may assent—the soul—the intellect, never.

"I repeat, then, that I only half felt, and never intellectually believed. But latterly there has been a certain deepening of the feeling, until it has come so nearly to resemble the acquiescence of reason, that I find it difficult to distinguish between the two. I am enabled, too, plainly to trace this effect to the mesmeric influence. I cannot better explain my meaning than by the hypothesis that the mesmeric exaltation enables me to perceive a train of ratiocination which, in my abnormal existence, convinces, but which, in full accordance with the mesmeric phenomena, does not extend, except through its *effect*, into my normal condition. In sleep-waking, the reasoning and its conclusion—the cause and its effect—are present together. In my natural state, the cause vanishing, the effect only, and perhaps only partially, remains.

"These considerations have led me to think that some good results might ensue from a series of well-directed questions propounded to me while mesmerized. You have often observed the profound self-cognizance evinced by the sleep-waker—the extensive knowledge he displays upon all points relating to the mesmeric condition itself; and from this self-cognizance may be deduced hints for the proper conduct of a catechism."

I consented, of course, to make this experiment. A few passes threw Mr. Vankirk into the mesmeric sleep. His breathing became immediately more easy, and he seemed to suffer no physical uneasiness. The following conversation then ensued—V. in the dialogue representing the patient, and P. myself:—

P. Are you asleep?

V. Yes—no; I would rather sleep more soundly.

P. [*After a few more passes.*] Do you sleep now?

V. Yes.

P. How do you think your present illness will result?

V. [*After a long hesitation, and speaking as with effort.*] I must die.

P. Does the idea of death afflict you?

V. [*Very quickly.*] No—no!

P. Are you pleased with the prospect?

V. If I were awake I should like to die, but now it is no matter. The mesmeric condition is so near death as to content me.

P. I wish you would explain yourself, Mr. Vankirk.

V. I am willing to do so, but it requires more effort than I feel able to make. You do not question me properly.

P. What then shall I ask?

V. You must begin at the beginning.

P. The beginning! but where is the beginning?

V. You know that the beginning is God. [*This was said in a low, fluctuating tone, and with every sign of the most profound veneration.*]

P. What then is God?

V. [*Hesitating for many minutes.*] I cannot tell.

P. Is not God spirit?

V. While I was awake I knew what you meant by "spirit," but now it seems only a word—such, for instance, as truth, beauty—a quality, I mean.

P. Is not God immaterial?

V. There is no immateriality—it is a mere word. That which is not matter, is not at all—unless qualities are things.

P. Is God, then, material?

V. No. [*This reply startled me very much.*]

P. What then is he?

V. [*After a long pause, and mutteringly.*] I see—but it is a thing difficult to tell. [*Another long pause.*] He is not spirit, for he exists; nor is he matter, *as you understand it*. But there are *gradations* of matter of which man knows nothing; the grosser impelling the finer, the finer pervading the grosser. The atmosphere, for example, impels the electric principle, while the electric principle permeates the atmosphere. These gradations of matter increase in rarity or fineness, until we arrive at at a matter *unparticled*—without particles—indivisible—*one;* and here the law of impulsion and permeation is modified. The ultimate, or unparticled matter, not only permeates all things, but impels all things; and thus is all things within itself. This matter is God. What men attempt to embody in the word "thought," is this matter in motion.

P. The metaphysicians maintain that all action is reducible to motion and thinking, and that the latter is the origin of the former.

V. Yes; and I now see the confusion of idea. Motion is the action of *mind*—not of *thinking*. The unparticled matter, or God, in quiescence, is, as nearly as we can conceive it, what men call mind. And the power of self-movement (equivalent in effect to human volition) is, in the unparticled matter, the result of its unity and omniprevalence; *how* I know not, and now clearly see that I shall never know. But the unparticled matter, set in motion by a law, or quality, existing within itself, is thinking.

P. Can you give me no more precise idea of what you term the unparticled matter?

V. The matters of which man is cognizant, escape the senses in gradation. We have, for example, a metal, a piece of wood, a drop of water, the atmosphere, a gas, caloric, electricity, the luminiferous ether. Now we call all these things matter, and embrace all matter in one general definition; but, in spite of this, there can be no two ideas more essentially distinct than that which we attach to a metal, and that which we attach to the luminiferous ether. When we reach the latter, we feel an almost irresistible inclination to class it with spirit, or with nihility. The only consideration which restrains us in our conception of its atomic constitution; and here, even, we have to seek aid from our notion of an atom, as something possessing in infinite minuteness, solidity, palpability, weight. Destroy the idea of the atomic constitution and we should no longer be able to regard the ether as an entity, or at least as matter. For want of a better word we might term it spirit. Take, now, a step beyond the luminiferous ether;—conceive a matter as much more rare than the ether, as this ether is more rare than the metal, and we arrive at once, in spite of all the school dogmas, at a unique mass—an unparticled matter. For although we may admit infinite littleness in the atoms themselves, the infinitude of littleness in the spaces between them is an absurdity. There will be a point—there will be a degree of rarity—at which, if the atoms are sufficiently numerous, the interspaces must vanish, and the mass absolutely coalesce. But the consideration of the atomic constitution being now taken away, the nature of the mass inevitably glides in what we conceive of spirit. It is clear, however, that it is as fully matter as before. The truth is, it is impossible to conceive spirit, since it is impossible to imagine what is not. When we flatter ourselves that we have formed its conception, we have merely deceived our understanding by the consideration of infinitely rarified matter.

P. There seems to me an insurmountable objection to the idea of absolute coalescence; and that is the very slight resistance experienced by the heavenly bodies in their revolutions through space—a resistance now ascertained, it is true, to exist in *some* degree, but which is, nevertheless, so slight as to have been quite overlooked by the sagacity, even of Newton. We know that the resistance of bodies is chiefly in proportion to their density. Absolute coalescence is absolute density. Where there are no interspaces, there can be no yielding. An ether, absolutely dense, would put an infinitely more effectual stop to the progress of a star than would an ether of adamant or of iron.

V. Your objection is answered with an ease which is nearly in the ratio of its apparent unanswerability. As regards the progress of the star, it can make no difference whether the star passes through the ether *or the ether through it*. There is no astronomical error more unaccountable than that which reconciles the known retardation of the comets with the idea of their passage through an ether: for, however rare this may be supposed, it would put a stop to all sidereal revolution in a very far briefer period than has been admitted by those astronomers who have endeavoured to slur over a point which they found it impossible to comprehend. The retardation actually experienced is, on the other hand, about that which might be expected from the *friction* of the ether in the instantaneous passage through the orb. In the one case, the retarding force is momentary and complete within itself—in the other it is endlessly accumulative.

P. But in all this—in this identification of mere matter with God—is there nothing of irreverence? [*I was forced to repeat this question before the sleep-waker fully comprehended my meaning.*]

V. Can you say *why* matter should be less reverenced than mind? But you forget that the matter of which I speak is, in all respects, the very "mind" or "spirit" of the schools, so far as regards its high capacities, and is, moreover, the "matter" of these schools at the same time. God, with all the powers attributed to spirit, is but the perfection of matter.

P. You assert, then, that the unparticled matter, in motion, is thought?

V. In general, this motion is the universal thought of the universal mind. This thought creates. All created things are but the thoughts of God.

P. You say, "In general."

V. Yes. The universal mind is God. For new individualities, *matter* is necessary.

P. But you now speak of "mind" and "matter" as do the metaphysicians.

V. Yes—to avoid confusion. When I say "mind," I mean the unparticled or ultimate matter; by "matter," I intend all else.

P. You were saying that "for new individualities matter is necessary."

V. Yes; for mind, existing unincorporate, is merely God. To create individual, thinking beings, it was necessary to incarnate portions of the divine mind. Thus man is individualized. Divested of corporate investiture, he were God. Now, the particular motion of the incarnated portions of the unparticled matter is the thought of man; as the motion of the whole is that of God.

P. You say that divested of the body man will be God?

V. [*After much hesitation.*] I could not have said this; it is an absurdity.

P. [*Referring to my notes.*] You *did* say that "divested of corporate investiture man were God."

V. And this is true. Man thus divested *would be* God—would be unindividualized. But he can never be thus divested—at least never *will be*—else we must imagine an action of God returning upon itself—a purposeless and futile action. Man is a creature. Creatures are thoughts of God. It is the nature of thought to be irrevocable.

P. I do not comprehend. You say that man will never put off the body?

V. I say that he will never be bodiless.

P. Explain.

V. There are two bodies—the rudimental and the complete; corresponding with the two conditions of the worm and the butterfly. What we call "death," is but the painful metamorphosis. Our present incarnation is progressive, preparatory, temporary: our future is perfected, ultimate, immortal. The ultimate life is the full design.

P. But of the worm's metamorphosis we are palpably cognizant.

V. *We*, certainly—but not the worm. The matter of which our rudimental body is composed, is within the ken of the organs of that body; or, more distinctly, our rudimental organs are adapted to the matter of which is formed the rudimental body; but not to that of which the ultimate is composed. The ultimate body thus escapes our rudimental senses, and we perceive only the shell which falls, in decaying, from the inner form; not that inner form itself; but this inner form, as well as the shell, is appreciable by those who have already acquired the ultimate life.

P. You have often said that the mesmeric state very nearly resembles death. How is this?

V. When I say that it resembles death, I mean that it resembles the ultimate life; for when I am entranced the senses of my rudimental life are in abeyance, and I perceive external things directly, without organs, through a medium which I shall employ in the ultimate, unorganized life.

P. Unorganized?

V. Yes; organs are contrivances by which the individual is brought into sensible relation with particular classes and forms of matter, to the exclusion of other classes and forms. The organs

of man are adapted to his rudimental condition, and to that only; his ultimate condition, being unorganized, is of unlimited comprehension in all points but one—the nature of the volition of God—that is to say, the motion of the unparticled matter. You will have a distinct idea of the ultimate body by conceiving it to be entire brain. This it is *not;* but a conception of this nature will bring you near a comprehension of what it *is*. A luminous body imparts vibration to the luminiferous ether. The vibrations generate similar ones within the retina; these again communicate similar ones to the optic nerve; the nerve conveys similar ones to the brain; the brain, also, similar ones to the unparticled matter which permeates it. The motion of this latter is thought, of which perception is the first undulation. This is the mode by which the mind of the rudimental life communicates with the external world; and this external world is, to the rudimental life, limited, through the idiosyncrasy of its organs. But in the ultimate, unorganized life, the external world reaches the whole body (which is of a substance having affinity to brain, as I have said), with no other intervention than that of an infinitely rarer ether than even the luminiferous; and to this ether—in unison with it—the whole body vibrates, setting in motion the unparticled matter which permeates it. It is to the absence of idiosyncratic organs, therefore, that we must attribute the nearly unlimited perception of the ultimate life. To rudimental beings, organs are the cages necessary to confine them until fledged.

P. You speak of rudimental "beings." Are there other rudimental thinking beings than man?

V. The multitudinous conglomeration of rare matter into nebulæ planets, suns, and other bodies which are neither nebulæ, suns, nor planets, is for the sole purpose of supplying *pabulum* for the idiosyncrasy of the organs of an infinity of rudimental beings. But for the necessity of the rudimental, prior to the ultimate life, there would have been no bodies such as these. Each of these is tenanted by a distinct variety of organic, rudimental, thinking creatures. In all, the organs vary with the features of the place tenanted. At death, or metamorphosis, these creatures, enjoying the ultimate life—immortality—and cognizant of all secrets but *the one*, act all things and pass everywhere by mere volition:—indwelling, not the stars, which to us seem the sole palpabilities, and for the accommodation of which we blindly deem space created—but that SPACE itself—that infinity of which the truly substantive vastness swallows up the star-shadows—blotting them out as nonentities from the perception of the angels.

P. You say that "but for the *necessity* of the rudimental life" there would have been no stars. But why this necessity?

V. In the inorganic life, as well as in the inorganic matter generally, there is nothing to impede the action of one simple *unique* law—the Divine Volition. With the view of producing impediment, the organic life and matter (complex, substantial, and law-encumbered), were contrived.

P. But again—why need this impediment have been produced?

V. The result of law inviolate is perfection—right—negative happiness. The result of law violate is imperfection, wrong, positive pain. Through the impediments afforded by the number, complexity, and substantiality of the laws of organic life and matter, the violation of law is rendered, to a certain extent, practicable. Thus pain, which in the inorganic life is impossible, is possible in the organic.

P. But to what good end is pain thus rendered possible?

V. All things are either good or bad by comparison. A sufficient analysis will shew that pleasure, in all cases, is but the contrast of pain. *Positive* pleasure is a mere idea. To be happy at any one point we must have suffered at the same. Never to suffer would have been never to have been blessed. But it has been shewn that, in the inorganic life, pain cannot be; thus the necessity for the organic. The pain of the primitive life of Earth, is the sole basis of the bliss of the ultimate life in Heaven.

P. Still, there is one of your expressions which I find it impossible to comprehend—"the truly *substantive* vastness of infinity."

V. This, probably, is because you have no sufficiently generic conception of the term "*substance*" itself. We must not regard it as a quality, but as a sentiment:—it is the perception, in thinking beings, of the adoption of matter to their organization There are many things on the earth, which would be nihility to the inhabitants of Venus—many things visible and tangible in Venus, which we could not be brought to appreciate as existing at all. But to the inorganic beings—to the angels—the whole of the unparticled matter is substance; that is to say, the whole of what we term "space" is to them the truest substantiality;—the stars, meantime, through what we consider their materiality, escaping the angelic sense just in proportion as the unparticled matter, through what we consider its immateriality, eludes the organic.

As the sleep-waker pronounced these latter words, in a feeble tone, I observed on his countenance a singular expression, which somewhat alarmed me, and induced me to awake him at once. No sooner had I done this, than, with a bright smile irradiating all his features, he fell back upon his pillow and expired. I noticed that, in less than a minute afterwards, his corpse had all the stern rigidity of stone. His brow was of the coldness of ice. Thus, ordinarily, should it have appeared, only after long pressure from Azrael's hand. Had the sleep-waker, indeed, during the latter portion of his discourse, been addressing me from out the region of the shadows?

N. P. WILLIS has commenced a series of letters from England, which are published in the *Evening Mirror* (New York), and copied with eagerness into numberless American papers. A file of that journal, containing several of them, has been obligingly forwarded to us; but as yet they contain wonderfully little to interest an English reader, and, unless they greatly improve, we should not entertain a high opinion of the value of "American popularity." Perhaps, however, a passage in the first letter—which we think a disgrace to the author—may find favour in the eyes of the "native Americans." After a sneer at six clergymen on board the steamer, "their protection against icebergs," he proceeds:—

I wish to ask a personal favour of all the friends of the *Mirror* who are in the offices of American custom-houses, viz. that they would retaliate upon Englishmen, in the most vexatious manner possible, the silly and useless impediments thrown in the way of passengers landing at Liverpool.

After detailing the grievances, he adds:—

I was too ill to laugh, and I therefore passed the matter over to my resentments. I trust my particular share will be remembered in the coming wars of Oregon.

This pandering to the hatred of the Britishers may be expedient, as the letters are doubtless well paid for; but it materially lessens the probability of the letters being truthful as well as agreeable. The third, pompously announced as a "delicious letter," is a long description of a visit to the opera, but remarkable for nothing but the author's confession that he had stared at the Queen's box a long time without discovering that the Queen, Prince ALBERT, and the King of the Belgians were there. We may hereafter, perhaps, glean something worth presenting to our readers. The following is the only passage that we have as yet found:—

During the four or five hours that I was playing the hanger-on to a vulgar and saucy custom-house officer at Liverpool, one or two contrasts crept in at my dull eyes—contrasts between what I had left, and what was before me. The most striking was the utter want of hope in the countenances of the working classes—the look of dogged submission and animal endurance of their condition of life. They act like horses and cows. A showy equipage goes by, and they have not the curiosity to look up. Their gait is that of tired donkeys, saving as much trouble at leg-lifting as possible. Their mouths and eyes are wholly sensual, expressing no capability of a want above food. Their dress is without a thought of more than warmth and covering, drab covered with dirt. Their voices are a half-note above a grunt. Indeed, comparing their condition with the horse, I would prefer being an English horse to being an English working-man. And you will easily see the very strong contrast there is between this picture and that of the ambitious and lively working-men of our country.

Another contrast strikes, probably, all Americans on first landing—that of female dress. The entire absence of the ornamental—of any thing indeed, except decent covering—in all classes below the wealthy, is particularly English and particularly un-American. I do not believe you would find ten female servants in New York without (pardon my naming it) a "bustle." Yet I saw as many as two hundred women in the streets of Liverpool, and not one with a bustle. I saw some ladies get out of carriages who wore them, so that it is not because it is not the fashion, but simply because the pride (of those whose backs form but one line) does not outweigh the price of the bran. They wore thick shoes, such as scarcely a man would wear with us, no gloves, of course, and their whole appearance was that of females in whose minds never entered the thought of ornament on week-days. This trifling exponent of the condition of women in England has a large field of speculation within and around it, and the result of philosophizing on it would be vastly in favour of our side of the water.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN THE TYROL.

(*Continued from page* 362.)

If the tourist has never been in Munich, he should not now omit to visit it, for I should think there is no other city of its size so rich in specimens of architecture, painting, and sculpture, nor where the arts now meet with so much encouragement as they do here, under the patronage and superintendence of the liberal and elegant-minded Lewis, the present king of Bavaria. He may either take a place in the *Eilwagen*, or join a party in making a bargain with a *Lohnkutcher* for a carriage, which latter is the pleasanter way, and which we adopted. We rode down the Inathal, and at Schwarz we crossed to the left side of the valley, and passed the convent of Viecht, and near Jenbach, the castle of Tratzburg; at which village of Jenbach we arrived in about six hours after leaving Innsbruck, and, being evening when we arrived, we passed the night there. On the following morning, at half-past six o'clock, we resumed our journey, and walked before the carriage the first five miles, up a steep road, through a defile, and along the banks of the Achensee, at the lower end of it, a pretty, peaceful-looking lake, reflecting the hills covered with pines; the scenery of the higher part of it is grander, and the road is cut out of the side of the rock, with scarcely room for a carriage, which, as it passes along the rock, in one or two places closely overhangs. We travelled along the Achenthal, a pretty valley, with a considerable number of houses. Being, as we were told, the birthday of the Virgin, it was here a general holiday, and the church was crowded to overflowing, many bowing down at the outside. We then passed through a well-wooded defile (in which we crossed the Bavarian frontier), until we came, at one o'clock, to the bath-house at Kreuth, where we dined at the *table d'hôte*. It is placed in a very lovely situation, being on a small piece of flat ground in the midst of hills well clothed with fir trees, and is a very large house, and much frequented in summer. We proceeded through the village, and over a pretty country, to the Tegernsee, where is situate the palace of the widow of Maximilian, the late king of Bavaria, and passed near the marble-mines. A thunderstorm having come on with a great deal of beautiful pink-coloured lightning, we were compelled to stay all night at a new inn by the road-side, where we arrived about six o'clock in the evening. The peasants had a merry-making here, playing with cards peculiarly marked, and wearing hats without brims. Next morning we set forward again, and travelled over a level cultivated country with much fir forest. At ten o'clock we stopped and rested the horses for an hour, and arrived at Munich at half-past one, at the splendid hotel called "Der Baierishe Hof," built by the king; it is also very comfortable, and the charges moderate; there is a *table d'hôte* at one o'clock, and another at five. I shall not attempt to enumerate the great variety of interesting objects that may be seen in this city, but refer the tourist to the guide-books for information. A day may be devoted to an excursion from Munich to the ancient town of Augsburg. By setting out in the railway train at seven in the morning, after passing over a level, uninteresting country, the tourist will arrive there in about an hour and a quarter; he will then make his way to the Drei Möhren Hotel, and, after breakfasting there, will sally forth to see the town. Here are some fine old-fashioned houses, particularly in Maximilian Strasse, which, in its best days, has been a splendid street, and it contains three handsome bronze fountains, one of them with some good figures of Naiads, &c. Many of the houses have scroll-work and faded frescoes on the outside. A visit should be made to the cathedral, an old heavy-looking building, with a bronze Byzantine door, and a double choir. Near the cathedral is the palace, where we saw the room in which the Augsburg Confession was read before Charles V. in 1530. It then formed part of a chapel, which has been since divided into rooms. At the foundry we saw twelve very handsome brass cannon, made in Bavaria in the 16th century; two of them above 9,000 lbs. in weight, made in 1524, and two others above 7,000 lbs., each having a lion's head, with gaping mouth, at the muzzle, and all over beautifully figured. After the tourist has seen all the sights in Augsburg, not forgetting the room, with the ceiling of cedar, where Charles V. was entertained, and dined at the *table d'hôte* at the Drei Möhren, and partaken of Falernian wine, he may return to Munich as he came from there; and when he has seen all the lions at Munich, he may agree for another carriage to return to Innsbruck, and may vary his route by travelling along the banks of the Isar. We left Munich by this route and mode of travelling at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and at half-past two arrived at Wolfrathshausen, where we dined, and at seven in the evening, a little before reaching Benedictheuern, stopped at the Lion Inn (a very good one), where we spent the night, having passed through a well-wooded country. At half-past five the next morning we continued our journey, passing Benedictheuern, and near it the once celebrated Benedictine convent, now a flint and crown glass manufactory; a little further we reached the Kochelsa, a pretty lake, the head of it something like Loch Katrine, but the lower part tamer. We then passed over the steep height of the Kesselberg, picturesque and woody, and soon came to the Wallersee, well covered with wood; the village and church standing out into the lake, form a very picturesque and quiet-looking view. The lake appears as if it were two distinct lakes, one part of which only is visible at once. The view of the second division is very rich and beautiful. Renchen, an excellent fish, something like small herrings, are caught in this lake. We then advanced along a well-wooded pass, and came again to the Isar. At noon we reached the village of Mittenwald, situate in an elevated, open valley, and a celebrated place for making violins. The outsides of many of the houses are curiously painted; on one we observed the Creed written, and a representation of the apostles and Virgin. Here passports are examined, as the frontier of Austria is near this place. They are also examined at Scharnitz, on the Austrian side of the frontier; here are the remains of an old fortress, with a wall right across the pass.

From Scharnitz the road continues to ascend, and presents fine mountain views. A very steep descent conducted us into the valley of the Inn, at the village of Zirl, situate under the ruins of the old castle of Fragenstein, which is a very fine object on the side of the hill. In descending we had a magnificent view of the valley and mountains. Near the castle is seen the fine perpendicular precipice called Martinswand, where the emperor Maximilian is said to have nearly lost his life; the spot is marked by a cross and Calvary with St. John and the Virgin. We then rode eight miles down the Innthal, when we arrived again in Innsbruck about eight o'clock in the evening. It is ninety-eight miles by this route from Munich. An excursion should also, if possible, be made from Innsbruck to the head of the Oetzthal, as it is one of the finest valleys of the Tyrol for grandeur, wildness, romantic beauty, and variety of scenery. This excursion would occupy about five days. The tourist may proceed to Zirl either by the *Stellwagen* or an *Einspännig*, and then take another *Einspännig*, cross over the valley, and ride up to Silz, where he will arrive in about two hours after leaving Zirl, having passed the convent of Stambs. He may continue his journey up the valley on foot, passing the castle of Petersberg; and at Haimengen, turning to the left, leave the high road, and enter the Oetzthal. At the entrance of the valley he will have a fine view of the mountains. He will find the foot of the valley narrow, very picturesque, and rich in maize, flax, &c., with some prettily and romanticly situate villages, and some grand, bold precipices. He may rest the first night at Umhausen, fourteen miles from Silz, as he will find there a very comfortable inn, and a civil and intelligent landlord. The next morning early he must resume his progress up the valley; he had better, however, take some provisions with him from this place, for fear he should not be able to procure sufficient at the inn where he must pass the night. After quitting Umhausen, the valley is open for a short distance, and then closes and becomes a ravine, with some very wild scenery. Then, after passing a ridge like a screen thrown across the valley, it opens again, and discloses beautiful green level meadows. Where it begins to open, stands the village of Dorf; and where the valley turns round a fine projecting precipice, is seen the pretty neat village of Langenfeld, with white houses and green windows, and a church with a beautiful green spire; and on the opposite side of the valley, a pretty church standing alone in the midst of the wood. Flax is much cultivoted here, and there are several water-mills for crushing it. From Langenfeld the valley continues open to Hube, with high, picturesque rocks. At this place the valley contracts again, here and there leaving small patches of cultivated ground, where two or three small villages are situate. It again opens with well-cultivated ground; and near where it again contracts is Solden, which is about five hours' walk from Umhausen. At the inn at Solden we found the landlady busy making candles for her own use. Soon after leaving Solden, a most magnificent defile is entered. The foot-path (for there is no horse-road) passes round the breast of a very steep and dangerous precipice overhanging the river, which runs through a deep gorge, with overhanging wild-looking rocks around, well clothed with trees; for wherever a tree can grow, there is one to be seen. Huge rocks, which have fallen from the mountains, are lying spread about in wild confusion; and in looking back down to the open part of the valley, a striking contrast is seen in the peaceful-looking patch of cultivated ground with picturesque wooden houses. This is one of the finest defiles in the Tyrol, and approaches to sublimity, exciting in the beholder feelings of awe, at the irresistible power

which has manifestly been in operation here, and impressing him with a sense of his own utter weakness and insignificance.

After passing this defile, the pretty village of Zwiselstein will soon appear in sight, with, as usual, its pretty church; for every village, if with no more than half-a-dozen houses, has its church, with its picturesque spire, painted generally some showy colour. It seems as if the dwellers amidst such scenery as this were deeply sensible of the immediate presence of an Almighty Being, and of their great need of his protection; and although their religion may be a superstitious one, yet it appears to be sincere, for they are very frequent in offering their prayers; the murmur of their voices may be heard in their dwellings every evening towards sunset.

Near Zwiselstein the valley divides into two branches; the tourist should take the one to the right, which for a considerable distance is narrow, with steep sloping sides, well cultivated wherever it is possible to be so, and in many parts well irrigated. Land appears to be considered of great value here, for, to gain space for cultivation on the steep sides of the hills, terraces are built, many of them for the sake of only a very few yards of land. Houses are seen standing very high, and apparently very difficult of access, some being perched on the tops of the rocks; and some very picturesque churches. He will arrive in the evening at Fend, for an hour and a half before reaching which place he will have to walk up a very barren high mountain-defile, without cultivation, and with dangerous overhanging rocks. Numerous accidents have occurred to travellers in the Oetzthal from land-slips, falling rocks, avalanches, floods, &c. We counted, between Umhausen and Fend, thirty-eight memorials of such accidents, dating from 1771 to 1841. The memorials consist of small paintings on wood, set up on posts by the way-side, generally representing the occurrence of the accidents; many of them are very neatly executed. We also observed a painting by the road-side which tends to shew the somewhat gloomy cast of mind of the inhabitants of this valley; it was a curious allegorical painting on wood, representing the road to hell strewn with flowers, and that to heaven with thorns; and on the former road figures of men and women dancing, and men playing on the violin and drinking, and on the latter road one man with his beads, and another bearing his cross.

Fend is about thirty-two miles from Umhausen, and is a small, poor village of about half-a-dozen houses, and is very remote, and about 6,000 feet above the sea. When we arrived here, we could obtain nothing to eat, not even bread, at the house to which we were directed as being the inn; they, however, produced some wine, coffee, and milk. We fortunately, however, had brought a little bread with us. They have in this valley a small, active breed of cattle, of a dun colour, and with slender legs, very well adapted to the situation. The mountain called the Spiegel Spitz is a fine object as seen from Fend, with its head very white with snow.

(*To be continued.*)

ART.

Twelve Designs in Outline, illustrative of "The Castle of Indolence," made expressly for the Art-Union of London. By William Rimer.

It was a recommendation we strongly urged on the committee of this really useful society, upwards of twelve months ago, that they should continue to present annually to their subscribers a set of illustrations of some work of an eminent British author, which shall in all cases be the result of competition. Already we have had, in Mr. Selou's designs for *The Pilgrim's Progress* published by the society, one of the most imaginative and beautiful series of illustrations that have been produced in this country since the time of Flaxman; a second, embodying some of the most striking scenes in Thomson's voluptuous poem, *The Castle of Indolence*, is now before us; and a third, consisting of designs illustrative of the *Revelation of St. John*, is in preparation for the subscribers of the current year, and though the last-named series does not come within our limitation to British authors, we readily waive objection to it since the subject is finely adapted for the pencil, and biblical history belongs strictly to no one place or country, but, as it was intended to be, so has it become, the common property of the whole world. From this thrice annual succession of outline illustrations, though we find in the report no pledge to assure its continuance, we are induced to hope that the committee have determined on adopting the suggested arrangement; that such a course will impart a stimulus to the arts of design, improve the drawing, and quicken the imagination of our schools, and at the same time elevate the public taste by giving beautiful embodiments of our authors' works, there can be no doubt, and we are confident that a more judicious line of conduct, one more beneficial to the community at large, they cannot pursue.

There are few descriptive poems in our language bettee adapted for the painter than *The Castle of Indolence*. Thr scenes of luxurious indolence which it contains abound with a profusion, and are overspread with a colouring, which lead captive the imagination, and intoxicate the senses. Mr. Rimer has given proof in these designs that he has feeling to appreciate, and, to a great extent, ability to embody the conceptions of the poet. The characteristics of the twelve designs before us are elegance and neatness of finish, more than fertility of imagination or artistic strength. The grouping is clever, and oftentimes original, though the lines on the whole partake too much of the peculiarities of Academy postures. For expression—that rare quality of art! these designs are remarkable; the artist seems to have paid no common share of attention to this requirement, and we congratulate him on the result. His style is loose, his conception occasionally weak, his drawing defective, and his figures in some instances are wanting in grace. Plate 3, *Victims entering the Castle of Indolence*, will justify all these objections; but notwithstanding these drawbacks, taken altogether, he has produced a superior set of illustrations; and we have pointed out his deficiencies, not in an exceptionable mood, with a readiness to find fault, but because we see in him power to overcome these weaknesses, and to improve his productions for the future. In proof that this confidence in him is not without foundation, we point to plate 7, *The Magic Globe*, and plate 11, *The Knight endeavouring to reclaim the Inhabitants of the Castle*, both of which are remarkable for their beauty, and for the absence of all the deficiencies we have pointed out as existent, more or less, in these illustrations.

Admiral Collingwood's Statue.—The fine colossal statue of the illustrious coadjutor and friend of Nelson, by Lough, was disembarked at Newcastle on Tuesday week. This statue, which does equal honour to the valour and to the fine arts of Northumberland (for both the warrior and the artist are natives of the spot) will forthwith be erected at Tynemouth, on a noble terrace 45 feet feet in height, now nearly completed for its reception. The whole height will be 68 feet; and a spacious piece of ground around has been given by the Duke of Northumberland for a public promenade. As the original was a great example to British sailors, so will this splendid likeness of him be a striking seamark and guide into the safe harbour on this often stormy coast.

MUSIC.

The Burleigh Polkas and Cellarius Valse, for the Pianoforte. By Thomas Adams. London, E. Ransford.

The composer of these Polkas eagerly informs the public that they were performed "in the presence of her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester, at Burleigh House." The potency of fashion is great, and Mr. Adams knows it; therefore, he proudly steps forward to announce the fact that sets the seals of authority and precedent on his compositions. In addition to having informed us that his Polkas were done "in the presence" of the Queen and her consort, had he said they received the sanction of their approval, he would have furnished us with a standard by which to measure the taste of Royalty. But no—Mr. Adams is too cunning for that; he knows that the bulk of the world will content themselves with his mere announcement, and look no farther; the very idea of royalty is dazzling; the music which reaches her Majesty's ear must be good; the Queen has danced to it—and so will we, therefore, buy, and be happy, without more ado. This same curse of fashion, which dwarfs and enfeebles the musical talent of the day, is unbearable. Scarcely does a composition now-a-days see the light that relies solely on itself. This singer or that player, these concerts or those balls, eternally are the recommendations urged, as though there were no taste in the public itself—or it dare not venture on an opinion of its own, but must wait patiently in its ignorance—take thankfully on trust the authority urged in this way, and defer to it most humbly when it appears before them. For the sake of the art, its independence and dignity, we wish this false and foolish custom were abolished, and that every work would

rely on that only which should sustain it, namely, its merit, instead of the worthless extrinsic recommendations to which we have here objected.

These Polkas are neither good nor bad; they are deficient in spirit, and not sufficiently rhythmical to provoke the dance; on the other hand, the melodies are graceful, though feeble. It was remarked, and truly remarked, by a lady, after *trying through* this set, that none of the Polkas brought out since the introduction of this most characteristic and inspiriting dance, equalled the original ones. And so it is. The English composers seem quite unfitted for the undertaking; their Polkas want the motion and vivacity, the emphasis and bold intervals of notation which mark those introduced into England with the dance itself. For novelty and agreeable melody, but for nothing more, can we commend these Polkas.

Operatic Basses.—A correspondent of the *Musical World* makes the following amusing remarks upon this ill-used class of vocalists:—I have observed lately, with much regret, that the principal tenor of an opera is almost invariably the successful lover; he it is who basks in the sunny smiles of the *prima donna*, whilst the bass is too often made painfully to feel his situation as the rejected lover, and compelled to groan out his hopeless passion in rocky passes or dreary caverns. During the whole progress of the opera the happy tenor has little to do but to make love and enjoy himself. Sometimes he is rowing in a gondola, and sometimes serenading in a garden; sometimes transported by unknown hands to a fairy palace, and sometimes banquetting in a moonlit grove. In every situation he is the favoured individual; and whilst many of the characters are buffeted about by fortune, he generally contrives, between singing, flirting, and rioting on the good things of this life, to spend a very pleasant time of it. Meanwhile, however, the poor bass leads the life of any dog. If he be a lover, he is generally rejected in the first scene; and, to add injury to insult, the tenor, in the pride of his superiority, is very apt to hasten his departure by some such phrase as "Tyrant, begone!" which being very high, and delivered with the chest voice, is extremely likely to get a round of applause. There is a limit to all human endurance, and if moral men with bass voices do turn out villains after the first scene, I can't wonder at it. Having once vowed vengeance against the tenor, by touching the hilt of his sword, the poor bass must now forfeit all claim to sentiment. He is generally to be seen surrounded by a number of suspicious-looking gentlemen, who are extremely partial to drink, and who, in a grand chorus, declare their determination to stick to him to the last. He now generally appears enveloped in a cloak; and, although he has forfeited all claim to the friendship of respectable people, for the sake of his voice in the concerted music, he is allowed to sneak in at the back, where he often creates much effect by imaginary stabs at the tenor, after the manner of the warriors at the fairs, who never thrust at each other save upon the accented portions of the bar. I have thought much upon this subject, and cannot be made to see that gentlemen with dark whiskers and bass voices should be thus discouraged in their amours. It is true that the stage is but a mimic representation of life, but if such things are allowed to be continually placed before a public audience, who knows but that they may prove extremely prejudicial to the rising generation? The notion may eventually so take possession of the people, that the claims of suitors shall be estimated by the compass of their voices, and a good tenor *ut de poitrine* be equivalent to a round sum at the banker's. Happy tenors may marry and rear up families, whilst despised basses may go to their graves unpitied and forlorn.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

"WANDERING THOUGHTS:"

In reply to a lady who sent the author some beautiful verses so entitled.

Talk not of *thy* wandering thoughts,
Gentle Minstrel, for they are
Scintillations of a star—
Tremulous motions of a light
Fading not from sight!

Imperfection (Nature's law)
Is the appanage of all;
Human thoughts, like snow, must fall
On the earth,—and on it meet
Track of human feet!

Pray thou, that no deeper shadow
Than is flung from human love,
Intercept heaven's light above,
Falling on earth's darkest road
From the sun of God!

Mine are wandering thoughts that flee
Natural walks of human care
For the insubstantial air,
Where unfriendly spirits fight
In their own red light.

Wild Ambition—Anger—Pride—
Doubt of truth in brother-hearts—
Scorn, not pity, of such arts
As the weak employ—and hate
Of the gauds of state:—

And a bitter sinful strife
'Gainst the false, whose words profess
Sympathy and tenderness
For their human-kind, the while
Niggards of a smile

To the stranger—whom their accents,
Printed in the public book,
Have beguiled to hope, and look
For the courtesy bestrown
On their words alone!

"Lord!" (and now, my friend beloved,
Let me humbly pray like thee)—
"Put such harsh thoughts, Lord, from me,
And, with thy halo o'er me cast,
Give me peace at last!"

Calder Campbell.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of The Critic is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

Mesmerism: Cases and Disclosures. By James Arnott. Parts I. and II. 8vo. London, 1845. J. C. Moore, Wellington-street.

This is a work which, when completed, according to the modest opinion of the author, "will go far to revolutionize the science of Animal Magnetism." He further adds, that the truths promulgated in this volume were presented to his mind gradually, each laying the foundation for its successor; and that *for this reason* he has adopted the plan of bringing his work before the world in weekly parts; leaving it to be inferred that the public mind is not fitted to receive at once the whole truth, but must have it at intervals, that each modicum may be digested before the next supply. After glancing through the parts before us, we have not, we confess, been able to discover the first even of those principles which we are told will eventually subvert existing notions on Mesmerism, break up false hypotheses, and establish the science on a sound and enduring foundation. Mere assertion and dogmatism will never do this; yet, though certainly not the faintest glimmer of the light which is to dispel all doubt and error has yet dawned on us in these pages, we will not say that future numbers may not afford it; albeit, judging from the character of what lies before us, we have strong reasons for doubting that so desirable a result will by this book be effected.

The work itself is ushered in by an historical notice of Animal Magnetism, which, if it presents no new facts, and gives no evidence of unusual research on the part of its author, has at least the merit of being clearly written, and of presenting a very succinct account of the science down to the present time.

The body of the work oddly opens with "*Cases*," the first of which is that of a "lady born blind." This extends, with the exception of two short, interpolated narratives of cures of deafness, over the entire of the two parts devoted to "Cases;" and of its result (as it runs into the next number) we are left in doubt. The physical sight of the lady, however, seems to have been greatly assisted, while a new, and, we presume, a

mental vision is vouchsafed to her. She sees spiritual existences, like the German lady whose case is related by Dr. JUSTUS KERNER in the *Seeress of Prevorst*. Now, though we will not place a limit to the marvels Animal Magnetism unfolds to us, we doubt extremely the propriety of laying before the public particulars of a supernatural—or, at least, what has up to this time been considered a supernatural—communion. Well knowing the force of imagination, through which many of the most extraordinary of the mesmeric phenomena may be educed, we require some more conclusive evidence than is furnished in the particulars of these cases, even though Mr. ARNOTT has himself seen certain preternatural appearances, to convince us of the existence of this faculty in the parties alleged to possess it. So strong is the popular prejudice against even the simpler phenomena of Mesmerism, that the publication at the present time of such transcendant marvels, even supposing them to be realities, is, to say the least, injudicious, and, beyond a doubt, prejudicial to the interests of the science.

There is always beauty in imagination; and, whether or not this was the agent under which the ladies saw the spiritual existences as related below, their description is so entertaining, that we transfer it to our columns.

At a quarter to one, accompanied by Mary and Ellen, I went into the dining-room, when they both exclaimed, "There are the taller and lesser female figures standing opposite us at the centre window." I went forward, and stood between the table and the window. "The lesser female figure," they said, "has advanced quickly towards you with great animation; her face lighted up with a heavenly sweetness beyond the power of description, every feature beaming with heavenly joy and affection; she has thrown her arms around you, and put her lips to your brow, and pressed them there with apparent fervour. She now looks into your face, and now she stands at your right hand, her face towards you. The taller figure now comes forward, very very happy-looking, and she stands on your left hand; and they both put their hands upon your head alternately, as if blessing you." About ten minutes after coming into the room, Mary and Ellen both said, "There Alicia has come in by the door, and she has bowed and smiled to us as she glided past, her robes touching the ground; she has gone forward to you and embraced you." I thought I felt that she did so. "The taller figure took Alicia by the hand whilst she was embracing you, and then, or a moment after, the canopy of light, with the stars above it, fell over you, and at the same instant there came another over Alicia's head. You now look much brighter." To both, the angel Alicia seemed this evening more than usually glorious. "Her robes were more snow-white; the veil flowing down from the crown thinner and also more snow-white, the gems upon it much brighter and more sparkling; the crown whiter, larger, and more thickly studded with gems like stars, which flashed and sparkled with a deeper light than that of the robes; and her head thrown more back, and her eyes raised in a more upward direction than she had ever appeared before. The taller figure also looked very dignfied, but not so much so as Alicia; the crown was not so large, nor the gems on it so numerous or so large; she had no veil from the crown; nor were her robes of such a pure white as those of Alicia." The lesser figure was apparently dressed, in every particular, like the taller figure, but did not appear so dignified. "Alicia had the palm branch in her hand, and waved it above you. Upon a former evening she also waved it above you, when we saw the buds of light fall from it upon and around you, and new buds spring out on the instant. When you kneeled to-night after Alicia embraced you, she put her hand upon your forehead, standing first before you, and then going to your side." I now left the dining-room, when the angels accompanied me, and in passing Ellen and Mary, bowed to them, Alicia bringing the "palm" over the heads of both. The angels followed me into the parlour, and when I shut the door, both girls said that the light from the angels disappeared.

The following being less transcendant, we can reason on more calmly; and in our opinion furnishes clearer—that is to say, more comprehensive—evidence of imagination than did the extract just given.

This morning Mary and Ellen operated on along with Mr. Walpole. Having made a few passes over them first, I then went towards Mr. W. when I observed them both avert their eyes, with dread and horror strongly depicted on their countenances. "You were very bright," they afterwards told me, "before you went to Mr. Walpole; but on making the first pass over him, the light on your body became blood red; at the next, black and red; at the third, black prevailed, with streaks of red in it; and then quite black. On making the first pass, the crown on your head hovered, and became red, but not so red as the light on your body; it became darker and darker each pass you made, until it disappeared altogether." Ellen having made a few passes over Mr. W. Mary saw the same appearances on her. They saw many black veils fall upon him, but none on me; they saw no light fall from above. When I came from him, they could not for some time look at me without dread; and at one time the light did not reappear on my body until five minutes and more had elapsed. "The light when coming back was first red; the crown reappeared, but impure like, and flickered and wavered unsteadily, until, with the light of the body, it became brighter." They both say the light did not regain its usual brightness until Ellen had made a few passes over me.

Here, again, is a further glimpse of the spiritual.

Returning from Mr. Walpole's shortly before twelve to-night, I found Mary complaining very much of a headache, which she has had for two days; she became sick and fainted; during the fit, her whole body was quite rigid. On her recovery I went with her and Ellen into the dining-room. They both saw Mrs. Arnott and the taller figure, whom I take to be my mother, accompanied by the lesser female figure; all three were standing at the centre window. I went forward to the end of the table next the door, when Mary, on seeing the figures approach me, became so sick as to be obliged to go into the bed-room. Ellen went with her, and I returned to the parlour. A few minutes afterwards I went back to the dining-room and called Ellen. When she came in she said, "The taller figure and the angel Alicia have come forward to you; and Mrs. Arnott has put one hand upon your head, the other upon your chest. The other female figure stands by your left side. You are now very bright, and the canopy of light remains above your head. Mrs. Arnott held her hands upon you for about three minutes." Having kneeled involuntarily, Ellen said, "The canopy of light has now fallen over you with the stars. There, Mrs. Thew has just come in by the dining-room door. She comes forward to you; she looks and smiles graciously upon you; she now looks towards the bed-room where Mary is; and now again she looks and smiles upon you with a gracious and holy expression. The taller figure has now gone away to the parlour." Shortly afterwards I went into the parlour also; when Ellen saw both the other angels leave the dining-room, one on each side of me, and the light from them disappeared when I shut the parlour-door.

Next after the "Cases" comes a division of the work called "Conversations." These are designed to convey the author's notions as to the nature and uses of the various phenomena of Mesmerism, and to illustrate the principles of the science "in their relation to every branch of natural inquiry, and to society in all its ramifications." This is undoubtedly comprehensive enough, so much so, indeed, as to suggest the question, "Are not the author's hopes too sanguine, and his efforts too general?" After toiling through these "Conversations" for some pages, we have found nothing that elucidates the mysteries of Mesmerism; no new principles, no discoveries, no suggestions,—in short, nothing that we were promised; while, on the other hand, we have abundance of matter foreign to the subject; such as discourses on the *clip* of sheep; particulars of the weather; of cats running after their own tails; abuse of the bishops, and a hundred needless and (as in the last case) some unjustifiable things.

We wish heartily to see the truth prevail, and Mesmerism flourish, therefore we make no apology for giving to Mr. ARNOTT a word of advice, which if he, too, have the same end in view, we think he will see the propriety of adopting. To be conclusive, it is necessary a writer should be clear. Now, any thing more diffuse, obscure, and rambling than Mr. ARNOTT's "Conversations," which, we presume, form the argumentative portion of his book, it would be difficult to find throughout the compass of mesmeric literature. Let him prune away his manuscript freely before he goes to press with future numbers; let him connect more closely his reasoning; and, above all things, weed out all remarks on religious topics, and all censures of the religious sects, of which, in the parts before us, there is an unwarrantable and offensive abundance. In his Cases, too, it would be well if he exhibited greater caution, and took far less on trust, and without examination, than it is evident he now does. Objections, too, must be urged against his putting questions to his patients such as that to be found in page 33, where he tells a sleep-waker to "ask the angels whether JESUS CHRIST is the Son of GOD more than any other good man." [We protest against such questions as these, since there can be no proof that the party through whom the

question is put, and who returns the answer, does it through any other agency than the imagination. The evil and pernicious purpose to which credulous and wicked people may turn a reply such as here was given, makes the seeking of such information an act as injudicious as it is presumptuous.

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.

A very numerously and fashionably attended *déjeûner à la fourchette* took place on Wednesday, at Abbott's Langley, on the occasion of laying the first stone of a building intended to be devoted to the purpose of forming a comfortable asylum for annuitants of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. This institution was established in 1837, and recently its prosperity has been such as to induce the committee to form the design of establishing a residence in the neighbourhood of London, where the annuitants of the society might enjoy those comforts and that retirement so desirable for those deserving members of the bookselling trade and their widows, who may be rendered incapable, at an advaced age, of providing for themselves.

This intention they have been at length enabled to carry into execution, owing to the munificent kindness of Mr. Dickenson, who gave the institution, for that purpose, a beautifully-situated piece of land, opposite the King's Langley station of the Birmingham Railway. A more delightful site could not be selected for the projected building, lying as it does in a highly-cultivated and picturesque district, and possessing the advantage of being so near London, almost within a few yards of one of the termini of the great northern artery of communication, the frequent passing of the trains on which, in such a rural district, will rather serve to remind the inmates of the asylum of the busy and anxious bustle from which they shall have escaped, than to unpleasantly interfere with the calm and quiet retirement of this asylum.

The building will be a very handsome specimen of the Tudor architecture, from a design by Mr. H. Cooper, and the cost of its erection will be defrayed by a fund especially contributed for that purpose by the members of the trade, and by many other persons favourable to the object; and as the fund increases, additions will be made from time to time of other buildings, in such order as they may be required.

The inmates of the Retreat will be selected from the Booksellers' Provident Institution, and every member of the association will be entitled to vote at their election, the management of their affairs being entirely placed under a committee annually chosen from amongst the members.

The day was peculiarly favourable for the performance of the ceremonial, and a very numerous party, graced by the presence of many of the fair sex, evidently enjoyed the rich and varied scenery in the neighbourhood.

At one o'clock a procession of the stewards was formed, who accompanied the Earl of Clarendon to the spot fixed on for the deposition of the foundation-stone, which was surrounded by a tasteful canopy for the accommodation of the ladies, where, as old Chaucer would say—

"Neither Phœbus' beams could to them thronge,
Nor Eolus' sharpe blaste could work them anie wronge."

At two o'clock the stone, which contained in a hollow space specimens of the various coins of the present reign, was placed in its position, and mortar applied with a silver trowel, in a most workmanlike manner, amidst deafening cheers, by Lord Clarendon, after which a prayer was read by the vicar of the parish, and the party proceeded to a spacious marquee, where a sumptuous repast was provided for them,

The Earl of Clarendon presiding. The noble chairman proposed, in eloquent terms, the usual toasts which the loyalty and patriotism of Englishmen claim precedence for on all public occasions; after which he again called for a bumper, and said that he was about to propose to the assembly a toast which he felt confident would receive the warmest approbation of every individual present, connected as it was so intimately with the purposes of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. That excellent institution was established in 1837, for the purpose of affording pecuniary relief to members of the trade, or their widows, who were overtaken by age or infirmity, without the means of providing sufficient comfort under such circumstances; and that institution had been since conducted in a manner which was so perfectly in accordance with the intentions of the founders, that it had attained a very deserved and high degree of prosperity. There had been no appeals in the newspapers in its favour, nor had its meetings been presided over by persons of high rank, yet, notwithstanding, it had been successful to such an extent as to obtain four or five hundred members, and a corresponding amount of subscriptions. The society felt the great advantage which they could confer if, in addition to pecuniary relief, they were also enabled to grant the comfort of a quiet retreat in the neighbourhood of London, where members of the society who received assistance might also have an asylum in their old days, in which they might enjoy those comforts and that quiet so essential to their condition, and that design was most benevolently assisted and encouraged by Mr. Dickenson, who gave for ever the piece of land on which they were then assembled, for the purpose of affording facilities for the erection of such an asylum, and it was now placed in the hands of trustees for that object. The building would be proceeded with at once, and he was happy to be able to state that it was to be in a style of architecture which, having in view the purposes for which it was designed, must be pronounced most appropriate and well-judged, and reflected great credit on the good taste and judgment of the architect, Mr. Cooper. It was to consist of seven houses of four rooms each, with every suitable convenience, so that each member would have an independent dwelling; and there were also two larger rooms in the plan, one to be devoted to the purposes of a committee-room, and another a hall for the assembly of the inmates, which hall was, he was happy to say, to be fitted up as a library. It was unnecessary to detain them with a description of the more minute arrangements, but they were all to be in strict accordance with proper economy and a due regard to the comfort of the inmates. The objects contemplated in this retreat were such as ought to command the sympathy, not only of those connected with the bookselling business, but of every class in life; for that trade was almost *sui generis*, and possessed the strongest claims on all, from the highest to the lowest in the land. When persons enjoyed the advantages that were derived from the extensive diffusion of enlightenment and civilization, they seldom thought of the great enterprise and risk which were required in order to produce that diffusion of knowledge—they seldom thought of the cost and anxiety which were required to carry it into effect—they seldom considered what a lottery was the business of publishing. They seldom considered how difficult it was to discover beforehand the intellectual taste of the public, or what might be called, perhaps, the caprices of public opinion, against the decision of which it was hopeless to appeal. He felt that the interests of the booksellers were identical with those of the public, and therefore he felt, that in aiding to confer this benefit on them, the public were conferring a benefit on themselves. They ought to recollect that the booksellers were the medium through which the principles of religion and patriotism were spread abroad. They ought not to forget that through their exertions knowledge was diffused amongst all classes, and their morals improved, whilst, their enlightenment was increased. He should, therefore, without further preface, give "Prosperity to the Booksellers' Provident Retreat."

The health of the noble chairman was then drunk, after which the health of Mr. Dickenson was most warmly received, and several other toasts having been proposed, the company separated, very much delighted, not only with the benevolent purpose which had called them together, but with the agreeable manner in which the day was spent. A sum of about 600*l.* towards the fund for erecting the building was subscribed before the party separated.

Sale of the Library of the late Duke of Sussex.—Last week the sale of the sixth and concluding portion of the library of the late Duke of Sussex was commenced by Messrs. Evans, at their auction-rooms in New Bond-street. Among the lots sold, the following was deserving of notice:—Lot 224. "Cathon," a rare book from the press of William Caxton. On the last leaf is the following: "Here fynyssheth this present book, whiche is sayd or called Cathon, translated oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe by William Caxton, in thabbay of Westmynstre, the yere of oure Lord MCCCCLXXXIII. and the fyrst yere of the regne of Kynge Rychard the thyrd, the xxiii day of decembre." This book was knocked down for 16*l.* 10*s.* Several of the books sold were interspersed with manuscript notes by the late duke, and fetched good prices.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Theatrical Affairs in Paris.—The suit by the Théâtre Français against Mdlle. Plessy, for breach of contract, came to a hearing before the Tribunal de Première Instance. An appli-

cation was made on the part of the defendant for a postponement, which was refused, and M. Marie opened the case on behalf of the plaintiff. In the course of his statement of the circumstances, which are already known to the public, he read three letters. The first was one from Mdlle. Plessy, dated 8th July last, and addressed to M. Desnoyers, the manager, stating that she was confined by illness; the second was a reply written by the secretary of the committee, M. Verteul, expressing regret at her indisposition, declining her proposal for the theatre to send a physician to certify her illness, as she was seven leagues from Paris without permission, contrary to the rules of the company, and informing her, that if she did not return in time to attend the rehearsal of the *Ecole des Vieillards*, the commissary royal would be obliged to apply to the minister to put in force the decree of the 15th of October, 1842. The third letter, which is without any date, is from Mdlle. Plessy. In this, which is addressed to her comrades, she entreats their forgiveness for the step she was taking, expresses her gratitude for the kindness and encouragement she had received from them in her youthful days, and affirms that she is willing to make any sacrifice to recover their good opinion, but that there was no reasoning against *sentimens intimes*. She offers, if they will receive her back again, to serve the theatre for eleven years instead of eight remaining of the present term of her engagement. M. Marie, after finishing these letters, stated that it was impossible for the theatre to comply with her proposal, and therefore called the Court to award 200,000f. as damages, or order the immediate deposit of 20,000f. until the suit was brought to a judgment. The Tribunal declared itself competent to entertain the suit, ordered Mdlle. Plessy to make a deposit of 6,000f., and postponed the hearing of the merits until after the vacation.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From August 30 *to Sept.* 6.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bray's (Anna Eliza) Novels and Romances, Vol. V. "The Talba; or, the Moor of Portugal," fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Burton's (Rev. Charles) Lectures on the Deluge, and the World after the Flood, 8vo. 12s. cl.

Comprehensive Atlas, with 31 Maps and Compendium of Geographical Statistics and Index, royal 4to. 1*l.* 1s. hf. bd.—Cottage Sermons; or, Short Discourses, addressed to Plain People, by the Rev. Charles Davy, 2 vols. 12mo. 7s. cl.

Davy's (Bishop) Plain and Short History of England, 7th edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. hf.-bd.

Eleventh Annual Report of Poor Law Commissioners, with Appendix. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Emigrant's Guide; or, Ten Years' Practical Experience in Australia, by Rev. D. Mackenzie, M.A. 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.; ditto, with Vocabulary, 18mo. 5s. cl.

Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, by the Rev. C. Smith Bird, fc. 3s. 6d. cl.—Forresters (The), by the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," new edit. fc. 3s. 6d. cl. gilt, 3s. cl. 2s. 6d. sd.

Gilbert's Geography for Families and Schools, col. maps, roy. 18mo. 3s. 6d. bd.

Henderson's (Mrs.) Philosophy of Human Life; or, the Argument of the Book of Ecclesiastes, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Herodotus, Greek, edited by Prof. Long, 1 vol. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Hogg's Weekly Instructor, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Love and Mesmerism, by Horace Smith, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.

Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia, by Charles Churchill, 12mo. 3s. cl.

Newton's (Rev. John) Sixty-eight Letters, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Orphans of Lissau, new edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.

People's Gallery of Engravings, Vol. II. 4to. 1*l.* 2s. cl.—Progressive Exercises in English Composition, by R. G. Parker, A.M. 14th edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.

Revelations of Spain in 1845, by T. M. Hughes, 2nd edit. with Additions, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.—Rhine Book (The), by F. K. Hunt, with 100 engravings, small 4to. 14s. cl.—Ruling Passion (The), a Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

Sermons by the late Rev. Thomas Grylls, M.A. with a Biographical Sketch, by the Rev. J. Punnett, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Slade's (Rev. Jas.) Plain Parochial Sermons, Vol. VI. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Sybil; or, the Two Nations, by B. Disraeli, esq. 3rd edition, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

Walker's (T. H.) Companion for the Afflicted, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Williams's (Rev. J.) Sacred Verses with Pictures, 2nd series, square, 3s. swd.—Women of Israel, by Grace Aguilar, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Vol. II. of Dr. Southwood Smith's Philosophy of Health.

Nos. 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 (in Vol. I.); 25 to 36 (or Vol. III.); and No. 39 (in Vol. IV.) of Imperial Magazine, edited by the late Samuel Drew; with or without plates.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE RHINE.—The expense of the fêtes given upon the occasion of the Queen's visit to the Rhine is stated in the German papers to amount to 5,000,000f. The musicians alone were paid 400,000f.

THE WHIRLWIND NEAR ROUEN.—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—SITTING OF AUGUST 25.—M. Arago gave, from letters which he had received from MM. de Breaute, Precisier, and Lecoq, an account of the blast of wind which on the 19th instant caused so much disaster near Rouen. The relation of M. Precisier being the most minute, and embracing nearly all of what has been communicated by the other correspondents of M. Arago, we shall confine ourselves to his account. M. Precisier states that the blast, or whirlwind, in question, had its origin at Houlme, a village two leagues from Rouen. Two violent winds, proceeding in contrary directions, having met, a cone, says he, was formed which descended from the clouds, with its summit towards the earth, and had a revolving motion of terrible rapidity. From its centre issued flashes of lightning, and it emitted a strong smell of sulphur. Some persons, who saw it advance with enormous speed, have assured M. Precisier that the black and red clouds moved vertically, driven backwards and forwards with prodigious force; they also heard a rolling noise, similar to that which precedes hail. The barometer fell suddenly from 756 to 740 millimètres, the temperature of the air became much elevated, and the whirlwind was preceded by a current of air so warm that some persons before a large fire felt it strongly. The meteor rushed eastward, overthrowing every thing it met with in its course; it passed through a forest without losing any of its power, snapping off or twisting the trees, and casting them right and left, and then struck a cotton factory four stories in height, and in a second demolished it, crushing the persons who were within its walls. The dwelling-houses which were in the immediate vicinity of this factory were but slightly injured, for the whirlwind did not take a direct course, but went in a zig-zag, and appeared to be attracted by the great masses of iron in the mahchinery of the factories. At the second factory that it attacked the third floor was removed in an instant, as if by aspiration, and some of the fragments were carried to a distance of several leagues. The third factory, in which there were nearly 200 persons at work, was demolished with the same rapidity as the other two. The meteor then continued its course towards Malaunay, devastating the country as it proceeded; but at Cleves its effect ceased. A violent wind, caused by this frightful perturbation at one point, blew from it towards all the environs, and was felt at an enormous distance. At La Chapelle, near Dieppe, a distance of nine leagues, a shepherd saw fall a plank of more than a metre in length; slates, portions of windows, cotton, and many other objects fell near the same spot. All the facts which were witnessed, says M. Precisier, prove the presence of electricity in this visitation. The bricks and stones of the buildings which were destroyed were burning hot, and many articles were carbonized on the outside. Some spindles were found to be magnetized, but M. Arago observed that this might have been the case before the disaster. The bodies of the victims presented no marks of external injury; they resembled those of persons struck by lightning. As to the light which was seen to issue from the centre of the meteor, no doubt of its being electric can be entertained, and it was visible at a great distance. In the neighbourhood of the disaster a family, who were about to sit down to dinner, suddenly saw the table uncovered, the plates and dishes danced in the air, and a frying-pan was driven upwards and forced into the ceiling, surrounded by a light, which rapidly disappeared.

Some pillars, and other remains of a Roman building, and two beautiful coins of the Emperors Antoninus and Domitian, have been discovered in High-street, Stamford.

IMPROVEMENTS, &c. OF PUBLIC EDIFICES.—Workmen are at present engaged in painting the outer iron gallery at the top of the cupola of St. Paul's cathedral; it is done in stone colour, and has a very good effect. At the British Museum workmen are employed in levelling the dead wall and antique gateway, &c. to throw the front open. The foundation has been laid of the new Money Order Office of the General Post. It is situate in Aldersgate-street, between the French Protestant church, and that of St. Botolph, Aldersgate. It is to be completed within six months.

A THING THAT OUGHT TO BE KNOWN.—The beech tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning. So notorious is the fact, that the Indians, whenever the sky wears the appearance of a thunder-storm, leave their pursuits and take refuge under the nearest beech tree. In Tennessee the people consider it a complete protection. Dr. Becton, in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, states that the beech tree is never known to be struck by atmospheric electricity, while other trees are often shattered into splinters. May not a knowledge of this afford protection to many when exposed?—*American Paper.*

We have been assured on the best authority, that the absence the sun is attributed solely to the fact that, since he has acquired so much fame by his photogenic pictures, he has been keeping out of the way for fear he should be made President of the Royal Academy.—*Punch.*

FIGHTING A DUEL.—Napoleon, when he was told that a cannon ball had killed a sailor who had hid himself in a coil of rope in the hold of a man-of-war, observed, "A man can never avoid his fate;" a fact well illustrated by the following circumstance:—An Englishman, "brave as Julius Cæsar," challenged a Frenchman to mortal combat. Knowing John Bull to be a dead shot, the Frenchman, being the challenged party, and having the choice of place, time, and weapons, selected night, a large dark apartment, and pistols. The seconds were to remain outside and give the word, after which each was to fire when he pleased. "Fire!" cried the seconds, when the combatants had been locked in, and declared themselves "ready." But no sound was heard. Johnny Bull could find no mark for an aim; and his adversary hearing him groping about the room fired at random. John was safe enough now; and after searching every corner of the room in vain for any indication of the whereabouts of his antagonist, at length exclaimed,—"Come, I'm tired of this fun; besides, I'm satisfied;" and he accordingly groped his way to the fireplace, and fired up the mouth of the chimney. There was a shriek and a yell, and down came the Frenchman, dead as a door nail!—*American paper.*

POWER OF MONEY.—I glanced with some little apprehension at my boots, on having the fact brought to my recollection that it is customary to uncover the feet on entering a mosque; but this was soon relieved by my guide, who thrust a pair of slippers over them; and thus qualified, I walked in. As there were no more slippers to be had, my friend remained at the threshold; but we had not advanced many paces when he bethought himself of holding up a three-piastre piece; this overcame their scruples, and (booted as he was) they beckoned him to follow.—*Days and Nights in the East.*

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ERRATUM.—*In "Literary Gossip," page 359, col. 2, for* "canarets," *read* "canards."

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THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

A VALHALLA.

TWELVE months have elapsed since THE CRITIC suggested the propriety of founding a Valhalla for England similar to that which has been erected by the patriotism of a petty monarch on the banks of the Danube. Although the subject has not been reverted to, it has not been forgotten. The English mind can only be acted upon by slow degrees. A great design must first be suggested to it, and then left for a season to take firm root there; detail and discussion too soon provoked being apt to choke the seed in its first budding. A really good project once started is seldom wholly lost sight of. It may startle at first, but when familiarised by contemplation, it grows into favour, and a desire for its adoption speedily follows approval. The proposition we made so long since has not been made wholly in vain. Correspondence from various quarters proves that it has been stirring in many minds, that thought has been busy upon it, that it has found favour, that there is a desire for its adoption, and a resolve to make some efforts for its execution. Since the period when the suggestion was started, there has been so great an enlargement of the circle of readers of THE CRITIC, that, in resuming its consideration, it will be necessary to repeat the substance of the scheme.

Probably few are ignorant that there stands now upon a height on the banks of the Danube an edifice erected by the King of Bavaria for the purpose of enshrining, as it were, the monuments of the most famous of the authors and artists of Germany. It is appropriately termed the Valhalla; it is visited by the people of all nations, who flock thither to pay homage to the genius of Germany.

We proposed that there should be erected a similar temple to the genius of Great Britain; similar, we mean, in its object, but as much larger in size, and more splendid, as are the power and wealth of the nation that has no such temple beyond that of the people who have erected their Valhalla.

And that such a work should not be dependent upon the caprice of Ministers or the votes of Parliament, we submit that it should be accomplished by public subscription—by a grand tribute of the whole nation, extending from the largest contributions of the rich to the coppers of the poor; the names of all the donors to be inscribed on parchment, and preserved in the temple as a record for posterity to learn who were the patriots by whom was erected an edifice in honour of the genius of their country. We cannot doubt that such a subscription for such a purpose would be cheerfully and bountifully made; that from the Queen down to her lowliest subject all would contribute according to their means, and that thus would be erected a monument worthy of our position among nations, worthy of our wealth, worthy of our civilization, and above all, worthy of the genius therein to be enshrined. It needs but that a beginning should be made by some persons of influence to insure success. A committee comprising the foremost names in rank and in fame might, without difficulty, be formed, if the preliminary labour would be undertaken by a few who feel an interest in the design and deem it practicable. THE CRITIC will gladly devote any needful portion of its columns to the work, if any will join us in its inception. We again throw out the design for the consideration of our readers. We ask them to give it their serious thought, to offer suggestions for its improvement or advancement, and to lend their aid in its accomplishment. All agree that it is a work that should be done; let their sincerity be tested by calling upon them to contribute their subscriptions to the doing of it. We believe that such a call would receive the heartiest response ever given to a national enterprise.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Characteristic Traits and Domestic Life of Frederick William the Third, King of Prussia. By the Very Rev. R. F. EYLERT, D.D., Bishop in the Church of Prussia. Translated by Jonathan Birch. 8vo. London, 1845. Bell.

THE volume before us forms a companion to that styled *The Religious Life and Opinions of Frederick William the Third*, thus completing, with the exception of his legislative and military character (which the bishop cautiously avoids, as without his province), the portraiture of that most amiable and just of monarchs.

The affectionate manner in which Bishop EYLERT dwells upon every feature of his illustrious master, the exactness wherewith he has recorded the minutest act which illustrated some mental quality of the deceased king, and the earnestness which marks his relation, form the sincerest and finest of compliments to the memory of the dead, and at the same time an eloquent, though unintentional, testimony to the nobility of his own nature. He must indeed have been a good king, who could so have commanded the admiration and won the affections of a grave ecclesiastic; and he must have been a worthy servant, whose heart, overflowing with gratitude to a benefactor from whom he had nothing more to hope, does not cease to sing praises long after the ear to whose pleasure they might have ministered lay dull and cold in death.

In character there is one ruling virtue of activity, and another of passivity; nor is the last the least. Never, perhaps, did two minds exhibit these opposite qualities so eminently as those of FREDERICK the Great, and his grandnephew, FREDERICK WILLIAM the Third. The one, all fire and impetuosity, lived amid the excitement of the battle-field; and, finding his very repose in action, wrested from confederated sovereigns, single-handed and unaided, rich territories, which he formed into a powerful kingdom, at the expense of the lives of thousands of his fellow-mortals: the other, calm, slow, and contemplative, avoiding war, yet deficient neither in resolution nor energy, above passion and prejudice, yet alive to every emotion that does honour to humanity, lived happily only when he saw his subjects thriving and comfortable around him. If the first was necessary for the establishment of a dynasty, the last was surely best adapted to preserve it.

A portrait of the person and character of such a man as FREDERIC WILLIAM III. though drawn by the affectionate, perhaps, partial, hand of one whom he had benefitted, will not be without interest for our readers:—

> The King was much above the common height, and his limbs were finely proportioned. His bearing was erect and military—at the same time wholly unconstrained—and gracefully agreeing with his stature. His look, which partook of the serious and tranquil, was agreeable. His high forehead and unwrinkled brow indicated purity of mind—his full underlip firmness—and around his mouth hovered a mixture of good-nature and natural satire. His eyes were dark-blue—full of animation and kindness—generally contemplative, yet indicating at times deep thought and experienced sorrow. His countenance was stern, intellectual, reposed,—never vacant, or as if moved by suspicion,—but open, shrewd and truthful. When he chose to express satisfaction by a smile, benevolence marked his aspect: what might be termed condescension, was in him graciousness of mind, for his eye beamed with good-will to all mankind. Never did human countenance more justly mirror forth the inward feeling—it might be denominated a panorama of received impressions. Did discourse turn on the misfortunes or casualties of others, sympathy was directly seen in the peculiar movement of the features of his face, the shrug of his shoulders, and the remem-

brance-knot, stealthily made in his handkerchief. His gait was firm and measured,—and the movement of his hands singularly graceful. When young, his person was slim, and he never became corpulent; but in his 35th year, when he had reached the prime of manhood, he was considered to be, not only the most exalted, but the handsomest man in Prussia—a very chieftain. * * * * The King loved SIMPLICITY, even in respect of his own attire. His usual dress was a plain blue close coat, buttoned to the throat. Were he in the country—on the Peacock Island—or in retired Paretz, he then preferred the more commodious outer-coat. When he visited the Bohemian or other baths, he put aside all that could possibly indicate royalty, and then his general dress was a dark-olive coat, white waistcoat, grey trowsers, black silk neckcloth, round beaver hat, and light stick in hand. He was pleased when he could be a man amongst mankind,—then was he serene and buoyant, unconstrained and at ease—for he was delighted to escape from all that limited. With reluctance he cast aside the garments to which he was accustomed, and he continued to wear them to the very verge of unseemliness. Were the object in question a coat or cloak, it was always, "The old one is as yet good enough,"—neither would he separate himself from them, until his affectionate daughters, by dint of amiable solicitation, prevailed on their revered father to adopt the new apparel.

The frugality, suavity of manners, and equanimity of the King, with the careful economy of his time and wealth, are models for imitation to unformed and still plastic minds.

Frederick William spent the greater part of the day, particularly the forenoon, in his cabinet, where all was orderly, elegant, yet void of ornament. Potsdam was his favourite place of residence, and his abode there was the third story of the palace, on the side which adjoins the pleasure-garden and the long bridge over the Havel;—these apartments are comfortable but small, and far from lofty—not equalling the suites of many a wealthy private individual. The furniture in his study consisted of a high desk, at which he wrote standing—a bookcase full of the German classics,—a corner cupboard,—a common sofa,—a small looking-glass, and several cane-bottomed chairs:—on the walls hung ancient and modern representations of the Prussian army, and a copper-plate print of Christ Blessing the Children. His bed-room, which was remote from noise, was rather dark, and without decorations; containing only the usual washing apparatus—a simple camp-bedstead, such as every officer has—a cloak-horse—and a boot-jack. His bed was a hard mattrass and light covering; and on the small table by his bedside lay, together with a translation of Thomas à Kempis, various works of serious character. On the second floor the cheerful small saloon, hung with pictures, and its adjoining room, were alone in use; the rest, which were state apartments, being kept closed, except on extraordinary occasions.

The King, by his firm regularity, and simple living, preserved to advanced age his robust health;—everything was done by clock-work throughout the day, and he was best pleased when nothing occurred to disturb this uniformity. The whole was planned out, and every occupation had its time to a minute. All who were about him were so well tutored, that each one knew what he had to do, and when to do it.

He was moderate in every thing, particularly in respect of table enjoyments; the pleasures of the gourmand were therefore almost unknown to him,—nevertheless on court festivals, and when illustrious visitors were his guests, the royal table was richly served; and nothing *recherché* was omitted which the most refined epicure could desire in respect of elegance, variety, quality, and quantity. The King neither loved, nor would tolerate the superfluous:—in the circle of his family and usual guests, his table was only that of any opulent merchant; even then he partook not of all the dishes, choosing the plainest, and those thought most wholesome. He drank little wine, not more than two or three glasses; yet he was well pleased that his guests enjoyed themselves, for hardly was a glass empty, ere one of the numerous servants filled it again; but his example checked immoderation, and never was seen at court, even on the greatest festival, an inebriated man. When the Court Martial on the King's return to Berlin in 1809, after the unfortunate war of 1806, asked "whether he should order a quantity of champagne?" the answer was, "Not yet!—not before all my subjects—even the poorest—can afford to drink beer again."—He expressed himself well pleased when a fisherman, gardener, or any of the neighbouring country people, sent him cakes or other table fare. Of such presents he always partook; and when the surveyor of the kitchen named the giver, he would say, "very agreeable to me; must make amends; put me in mind thereof!" and the presenter was sure of receiving a return-present. Dinner was usually over in an hour and a half,—seldom lasting two hours; for supper the King took that which was light—generally milk—rarely a glass of wine. When he came to the crown, the Marshall proposed a more extended list of viands for the royal table, and received for answer, "Has my stomach become more capacious since I am King?—be it as it has been until now!"

Speaking of the King's character, the Bishop says:—

His character was real,—and from its decided truthfulness proceeded the King's other eminent qualities:—nature seemed to have organized him for that virtue of all virtues. In his manifold conflicts with men of all sorts and degrees during his long reign, he never intentionally deceived any one. His yes was veritably yes, and his no, final. His commands were self-evident axioms. If explanation were asked, he was liable to feel annoyed; when so, he would turn away with these words, "It explains itself!" Truth was his end and aim, and veracity the only means of obtaining his favour. It was impossible to stand before him without acutely feeling it—therefore have some foreigners admitted to audience said, "When he spoke and looked earnestly at us, we forgot all we purposed saying, and could with difficulty get out a few commonplace sentences." His rigid love of truth caused his dislike of flattery; truly he was pleased when his actions were justly judged of, and the purity of his intentions appreciated. He quickly remarked personal attachment—and men of tact who could worthily and politely say the agreeable, were not unacceptable to him—but the line of demarcation was most delicate, and a frown was seen on his brow if any thing said bordered on flattery—for he suspected wrong as soon as truth was violated.

The King was exceedingly partial to children, willingly joked with them, and enjoyed their waggery. It is a custom in Berlin for the street boys to get up comic scenes, and to improvise before the doors of persons to whom scandal attaches, or any particular event has lately happened. In 1827, when the king was recovering from a broken leg, a crowd of youngsters passing the palace as the King opened the window, tossed their caps in the air, and saluted him with the following doggrel:—

"Hail victor of the Rhine and Maine!
Our good King's leg is sound again."

Instead of being angry at their audacity, the King laughed heartily, and commanded them to be regaled in the court-yard with cake and fruit. This anecdote gives our author occasion to tell one of FREDERICK the Great, which we cannot forbear quoting.

When Frederick the Great rode through and about quiet Potsdam, on his old Mollwitz grey, he was often surrounded by a swarm of street urchins, with whom he sometimes joked. They called him "Papa Fritz," touched his horse, took hold of his stirrup, kissed his feet, and sang popular songs, one of which the old king was fond of hearing, "Victoria! with us is God, the haughty foe lies there." One Saturday afternoon they carried the matter so far, that Frederick, raising his crutch-handled cane, said, "Ragamuffins, get to school with ye!" but the youngsters shouted out, "Ha, ha! Papa Fritz don't know that there's no school on Saturday afternoons." Shortly after the Seven Years' War, the King was riding towards San-Souci; when near the Brandenburg gate, he remarked an old fruit-woman, who still retained her post; greeting her as heretofore, "Well, mother, how has the times used you?" "Why, pretty well; but where have you been so long?" "Don't she know that I have carried on the war for seven years?" "How should I know that; besides, what's that to me? Rabble fight and rabble slay, and rabble are friends another day." Frederick laughed, and said to General Ziethen, who was riding by his side, "We've regularly caught it! did you hear her?"

The following conversation, in the renowned gardens of Sans Souci, between Bishop EYLERT and FREDERICK WILLIAM, wherein the latter takes occasion to expatiate on and defend the character of his illustrious predecessor, FREDERICK the Great, is of historical importance; therefore (though we can ill afford the space it will occupy), in order that the reader may form a juster idea of that great warrior than he may hitherto have entertained, we transfer it to our columns:—

"Do you remember Frederick II.?" said his Majesty. "I recollect having seen the Great King in my boyhood—his large flaming eyes will never be forgotten by me." The King said,—"Yes, his eye was the mirror of his mind; and that mind was bright, full, and profound. He kept in advance of the age, and much of what he purposed and left behind in writing is *now* bearing fruit." I remarked,—"When one reads his works—namely, what he wrote on *The Rights of Man*, it would appear that his principles were milder and more general than his practice—in which severity and absolute power often shewed themselves." The King, fixing his eyes on me, continued,—"What you say I have often read and heard; nevertheless, 'tis a mis-

take, although it have the seeming air of truth. The difference between then and the present, must be taken into consideration; the individualities and regulations of that great man, though suited to his time, would be improper and not work now. Other times, other customs!—Every thing was more compact, sounder, and bolder then; we have become politer, genteeler, more flexible—whether for the better, I will not stop to examine; and where is the man who will dare the solution! As with every man, so has every age a peculiar blending of good and evil—light and shade;—the latter often to make the former more conspicuous. The miserable herd of dog-like lickspittles, who see in Frederick II. all perfection—no weaknesses—I abhor from my soul; unbounded praise and panegyric indicate inanity and empty-mindedness. The rising generation, who have seen little and experienced less, marvel at the unusual; whereas to the seriously thinking, staid man, who has correctly studied the annals of past times, and has gained experience with age, all seems to have proceeded according to the common order of things. I feel suspicious of the utterers of flattery. In them there is always want of discernment or purity of heart—often both! Doubtlessly many weaknesses and faults clave to Frederick, and the adage may be justly applied to him, 'Where there is much light there is much shade!' For he was, and remained, purely man. But those comprehend him least who—as you did just now—attribute to him a natural propensity for severity and despotism. No, no! the natural and real sentiments of his heart were pure love to mankind, and a lively sympathy, which often rose to strong emotion. He carried those feelings so deeply in his bosom, and found therein so cordial an element, that it was his unceasing desire to encourage and strengthen them. Thence his lively sensation for friendship, his love and tenderness towards his kin, and, notwithstanding the great difference of rank, his faithfulness and constancy towards his companions, and his love for music and its soft impressions; it is well known that on the flute he succeeded best in adagios; thence his decided inclination for the sciences and erudition, as well the depths of abstract philosophy as the joyous heights of poesy;—thence his love for animals, not forgetting his dogs;—thence his sympathy for retirement, and the eternal newness of nature. This spot, how sombre, solemn, and serene—yet how pleasant and consoling! How often did he pass the hours of evening here, strolling up and down, full of the noblest sentiments and sensations! He who so thought, felt, chose, and enjoyed with equanimity, must have been a stranger to the austerity of misanthropy. He was maltreated in his youth; yet did he never feel intimidation; his strong and eminent mind shielded him from fear. Nevertheless, harshness made him suspicious; and this suspicion, fed by the artifices, intrigues, and cabals, which those who were about the court of his choleric father had spun around him, his mother, sisters, and associates, became fixed, and therefore a prominent feature in his character. Approximated to, and daily viewing and estimating the higher and highest ranks from this gloomy side, may account for the severity, bordering on dislike, which he often displayed towards such in terms of bitterest sarcasm. *Not from inclination, but from principle*, was he stern, often harsh; being of opinion that fear, in most cases, namely, with the higher classes, effectuated more than love. Those, and more particularly the officials, he therefore kept in continual tension and fear; he looked on them with a distrustful eye, and was inexorable towards them whenever he discovered they had been guilty of dereliction of duty or injustice. On the other hand, he placed ready confidence in the common man, the citizen, and the peasant, but most of all in his brave soldiery; and he felt the loyal attachment of his people to be his greatest treasure. In one word, every thing about that potentate partook of the grandoise—all, the out-flowing of his firm principles. Yes, he was indeed a great man!—It was on this spot, sitting on this very bench, that I saw and spoke to him for the last time. His goodwill towards me, which on that occasion was expressed with the utmost tenderness, has been ever dear to me, and of lasting reminiscence. He examined me on such branches of learning and science as were then my study, particularly history and the mathematics. I was required to converse with him in the French language; and he drew from his pocket an edition of Lafontaine's Fables, fixing on the one I should translate to him. As it happened, I had construed it before to my tutor, consequently I did it fluently. Upon his praising my improvement, I informed him of my having previously translated it: his face brightened up, and patting me on the cheek he said,—'That's right, my dear Fritz;—always honest and honourable! Never seem to be what thou art not; but always more than thou appearest to be.' That admonition made an indelible impression on my heart, and though I disliked falsehood from my childhood, from that time on I have hated and detested all species of dissembling and lies. He particularly incited me to a perfect knowledge and fluency in the French language, as being the diplomatic language of the world, and thereto highly appropriate from its flexibility. Truly, on account of its pliancy, I speak it more correctly than the German; nevertheless, I like the German best.

"When Frederick permitted me to retire, he said, 'Mind, Fritz!—be something extraordinary *par excellence*. Great things are expected from thee. I am near the end of my career; my day's-work is all but finished. I fear that after my death matters will go pêle-mêle. There is everywhere enough of inflammable stuff, and the ruling princes, particularly those of France, feed the flame instead of calming it, or extirpating the cause. The masses of the people already shew themselves on the surface; when they break out, then is the devil loose—I fear that it will be thy lot to witness troublesome times. Qualify thyself—be prepared—be firm—and think of me. Keep vigilant guard over our house's honour and fame. Be guilty of no injustice; at the same time tolerate none!' Thus talking, we arrived at the extremity of Sans-Souci, where the Obelisk stands: 'Behold,' said he, 'how tapering, lofty, and aspiring, yet is it firmly erected and fixed, defying wind and storm. Yon structure says to thee, *Ma force est ma droiture*. The culminating point, the apex, crowns the whole; it bears not, but is borne by the beneath, more particularly by the invisible foundation. That foundation is, the people in unity. Always hold to them, in a manner, that they love thee and have confidence in thee; through them only canst thou prove strong and fortunate.' He then with steadfast eye measured me from head to foot—gave me his hand—kissed me—and dismissed me with these words, 'Never forget this hour!' I have not forgotten it, and at this moment he is before my soul as when he lived."

One more extract, of a nature different from the foregoing, and we conclude:—

THE KING AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.

A few years before his death, a dealer in singing-birds, from the Prussian part of the Harz mountains, came to Berlin, and called at the palace to express, in what he thought the best way, his thanks for the kindnesses which had been shewn his sons, who were soldiers, *viz.* by presenting to the King a so-called piping bullfinch, which, with enduring patience, he had taught to pipe the national air of "Hail! Frederick William," &c. *throughout*, and correctly—this being the only instance of perfect success. The King smiled, and ordered the bird-fancier to be shewn up, who, having placed the cage containing the interesting songster on the table, the bird, after some kindly words from its music-master, went through the practised air with all the solemnity of a cathedral priest, to the surprise and amusement of the King, whose delight increased when, on his saying "Da Capo," the bird piped the air again. To the question, "What's the price?" the pleased Papageno replied, "I won't take money for him; but if my dear King will accept the bird, and love him, the bare thought of his piping in the King's chamber will make me the happiest man of our Harz, and the first bird-catcher in the world." The King felt good-will towards the honest fellow, who stood before him unabashed in his linen jacket; and Timm, who had been summoned, received his Majesty's commands to have a room prepared for the bird-fancier in the adjoining wing of the palace, to shew him every hospitality, and to take care that he saw the sights of Berlin. At the same time Timm was instructed to find out what boon would be most acceptable to Papageno. For several days he remained in the palace, and was more than once summoned into the King's presence, who inquired minutely as to the localities of his part of the Harz, and was amazed with his sensible and frank replies. During this stay, Timm adroitly obtained such knowledge of his private circumstances and views as contented the King. When the time for the man's departure came, Timm franked him back by the diligence. Arrived at home, he found, to his utter astonishment, that the mortgage of 500 dollars on his house had been paid off by command of his Majesty. Thus was his unhoped-for but highest earthly desire accomplished, whilst he was enjoying the sights in Berlin.

It is long since we have read a book which has more interested us than this. The earnest, affectionate manner of the bishop, and his lively portraiture of one of the best of sovereigns, have a freshness, sincerity, and interest that commend the book to the heart; we therefore advise our readers to procure it, in full confidence that they will vindicate our judgment in this recommendation.

SCIENCE.

An Introduction to Vegetable Physiology, with References to the Works of De Candolle, Lindley, &c. 8vo. London, 1845. Pickering.

This volume is the ninth of the "Small Books on Great Subjects," issued by "a few well-wishers to knowledge"—a series already favourably known to our readers by the philosophical

works it has given to the public, and which from time to time have been noticed in these pages.

The author of this elementary treatise candidly avows that he makes no claim to originality on behalf of his book, which, indeed, is mainly a compilation from the works of M. De Candolle, Alphonse De Candolle, Professor Lindley, and others; his sole aim has been, by carefully selecting and combining his materials, to afford a clear idea of the nature and importance of Vegetable Physiology, and to justify the assertion made by the first-named of these naturalists, that "from the apparently humble functions of vegetable life we may raise our thoughts to the contemplation of the universal order that exists in the natural world."

In order to impress the reader the more vividly with the extreme beauty, wonderful organization, variety, and utility of plants, he has put an imaginary case of a person who, up to the period of manhood, had lived on some volcanic island, on which scarcely a moss might be found, being suddenly transported to a region of luxuriant vegetation, where his wonder would only be equalled by the delight such a scene must afford him. "Habit," he justly remarks, "has so familiarized us with these beautiful objects, that many of us forget to bestow a thought on them; and we eat our bread, wear our linen, or sail on the ocean in our majestic vessels, without a recollection of the corn, the flax, or the oak."

How many of us are born, pass through the term of mundane existence, and die without having felt to the full the beauty, harmony, and order which exists in the world around us. To a properly-tempered mind, one open to the influences of these qualities, there is not a subject more pregnant with interest than that offered by the vegetable kingdom. Compared with the dullard, of whom Wordsworth says, that

> A primrose on the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him;
> But it was nothing more—

how enviable is his condition! There is no plant, nor flower, but has a charm for him; there is a propriety in its very locale, and the uses, peculiarities, or associations appertaining to each afford to him subject for agreeable thought.

The author of this book has divided his subject into five parts. In the first he shews the structure and properties of plants, such as the cellular tissue, vessels, fibres, and skin; and their peculiarities, as extensibility, elasticity, and the power of imbibing moisture. In the second he treats of the nutrition of vegetables, and the organs by which this necessary function is performed. The third chapter is devoted to the growth and secretions of plants, with the beautiful physiology of these acts. In the fourth, the modes of re-production in plants is set forth. The fifth chapter contains a comparison of vegetable with animal physiology, one of the most interesting, curious, and instructive afforded in the whole range of the physical sciences. From this we make no apology for extracting the following passage on the

REPRODUCTION OF CERTAIN PLANTS COMPARED WITH INFUSORIA.

Perhaps, however, the most curious analogy between animal and vegetable organization is that which relates to the process of reproduction—which in some of the lowest tribes of animals approaches more nearly to identity with that of plants than in any other function. In several of the most minute of the infusoria, in which, nevertheless, small as they are, the patient investigation of Ehrenberg has discovered a series of stomachs, we meet with frequent examples of multiplication by the spontaneous division of the body of the parent into two or more parts. "Many species of *monads*, for instance, which are naturally of a globular shape, exhibit at a certain period of their development a slight circular groove round the middle of their bodies, which by degrees becoming deeper, changes their form to that of an hour-glass; and the middle part becoming still more contracted, they present the appearance of two balls united by a mere point. The monads in this state are seen swimming irregularly in the fluid; as if animated by two different volitions; and apparently for the purpose of tearing asunder the last connecting fibres, darting through the thickest of the crowd of surrounding animalcules; and the moment this slender ligament is broken, each is seen moving away from the other and beginning its independent existence." Now although we have not in the vegetable world any instance of this voluntary division, yet, in the all but spontaneous action, the reproduction of plants by the division of their parts bears a strong analogy to it; and in the cases to be further mentioned, the resemblance is still stronger. The Hydra, or fresh-water Polype, "is capable of indefinite multiplication by simple division. Thus, if it be cut asunder transversely, the part containing a head soon supplies itself with a tail; and the detached tail soon shoots forth a new head, with a new set of tentacula. If any of the tentacula, or any portion of one of them be cut off, the mutilation is soon repaired; and if the whole animal be divided into a great number of pieces, each fragment acquires, in a short time, all the parts which are wanting to render it a complete individual." In this same animal (the Hydra) which is thus capable of being increased by what would in a plant be *slips* or *cuttings*, the natural method of propagation is analogous to that of many plants—such as the duckweed: "At the earliest period at which the young of this animal is visible, it appears like a small tubercle, or bud, rising from the surface of the parent hydra; it grows in this situation, and remains attached for a considerable period; at first deriving its nourishment as well as receiving its mechanical support from the parent, . . . this mode of multiplication, in its first period, corresponds exactly with the production of a vegetable by buds; . . . although at a later stage, it differs from it in the complete detachment of the offspring from the parent." An instance of reproduction occurs in the sponges, which bears a near resemblance to the spontaneous fructification and bursting of the theca of many of the Cryptogamic plants. "The parts of the *Spongia panicea*, which are naturally transparent, contain at certain seasons a multitude of opaque yellow spots, visible to the naked eye, and which, when examined by a microscope, are found to consist of groups of ova, or more properly *gemmules*, since we cannot discover that they are furnished with any envelope. In the course of a few months these gemmules enlarge in size, each assuming an oval or pear-like shape, and are then seen projecting from the sides of the internal canals of the parent, to which they adhere by their narrow extremities. In process of time they become detached, one after the other, and are swept along by the currents of fluid, which are rapidly passing out of the larger orifices." "When two gemmules, in the course of their spreading on the surface of a watch-glass, come in contact with each other, their clear margins unite without the least interruption—in a few days we can detect no line of distinction between them, and they continue to grow as one animal. The same thing happens, according to the observations of Cavolini, to adult sponges, which, on coming into mutual contact, grow together, and form an inseparable union. In this species of animal grafting we again find an analogy between the constitution of zoophytes and that of plants."

We have all heard of wheat and other grain, inclosed in the cerecloths of mummies of the time of the Ptolemies, having preserved its vitality during three thousand years, and fructifying in our own climate; even yet more wonderful is the case of the animalcule, which, living in water, if deprived of that element dries to dust, and revives at a future period when water shall be supplied to it.

The power of vitality, so wonderfully conspicuous in the vegetable kingdom, which enables a seed to retain its vegetating power though dormant for many years, has a remarkable analogy with the revivification of some of the anamalcules. "The *Rotifer redivivus*, or wheel animalcule, can live only in water, and is commonly found in that which has remained stagnant for some time in the gutters of houses. But it may be deprived of this fluid, and reduced to perfect dryness, so that all the functions of life shall be completely suspended, yet without the destruction of the vital principle; for this atom of dust, after remaining for years in a dry state, may be revived in a few minutes by being again supplied with water."* Other anamalcules exhibit the same phenomenon; and the analogy is still further carried on by the fact well known to gardeners, that seeds which have been long kept, will vegetate more surely if soaked for some time in water before they are planted.

Every discovery, in whatever science, seems more and more clearly to point to simplicity of design and unity of purpose in nature:—Where the same course and method will accomplish a similar end, a different one seems never to be adopted. All the researches of modern physical science, though they may place new objects and new substances within our view, tend to lessen, not enlarge the list of elementary bodies;—and all investigations into the organized parts of creation teach us to refer more and more to a few simple principles, modified, indeed, by the nature and requirements of each species, but all pointing to the same law, which appears to prevail throughout the universe, that nothing shall be unnecessarily complicated.

From the chapter on "the Reproduction of Plants," we take the subjoined account of experiments to ascertain the cause why the plumules of plants invariably ascend, while the radicles descend.

* Roget, Anim. and Veget. Phys. vol. i. p. 62.

In whatever manner a seed may be placed in the ground, it invariably shoots forth its pumule in an ascending, and its radicle in a descending direction. Invert it as we may, the result will be the same; but on what vital energy within the plant the constancy of this fact depends, seems yet entirely uncertain. Whether it arise from the tendency of upper portions of plants to seek the light, or from any other cause, the reason is equally obscure, and we can hardly reckon on its being ascertained by the most minute investigation; it seems to belong to that class of phenomena in nature whose ultimate principles are too subtle for our grasp, and *appear* to depend on that *vitality* which we can indeed perceive most palpably in its effects, but whose cause is known only to the Creator: whether modern science will be permitted to approximate nearer to the truth on this and some few similar subjects must remain at least doubtful: at all events, we are not now in possession of any wholly satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

That gravity is an important agent in determining the difference between the directions taken by the root and stem, is shewn by an ingenious experiment of Mr. Knight. He placed some French beans on the circumference of two wheels, and so secured them that they could not be thrown off when a rapid rotatory motion was given to the wheels. One wheel was disposed horizontally, the other vertically, and both were kept in constant motion while the beans were germinating. The radicles of those beans which germinated on the vertical wheel extended themselves outwards, or from the centre, and the plumules inwards, or towards it. Those which were placed on the horizontal wheel pushed their radicles downwards and their plumules upwards: but the former were also inclined from and the latter towards the axis of the wheel. This inclination was found to be greater as the velocity of the wheel was increased. Now in the vertical wheel the effects of gravity were nullified; since the beans were constantly changing their position with respect to those parts which were alternately uppermost and lowermost, in each revolution. The only cause which could have produced the effects described must be the centrifugal force, which has here replaced the effects of gravity, compelling the root to grow outwards and the stem inwards, instead of downwards and upwards. The effect produced upon the horizontal wheel is evidently the result of the combined action of the forces—gravity inclining the root downwards, and the centrifugal force propelling it outwards; and the reverse with regard to the stem. Although it is plain that gravity is the efficient cause in establishing the directions of the stems and roots of plants, it is not so easy to understand the manner in which it produces opposite effects on these two organs. Various theories have been formed to account for this, and the most plausible is that which ascribes it to the different manners in which the newly-developed tissues are added to the root and stem. In the root the addition is almost entirely confined to the very extremity, while the stem continues to increase for some time through its whole length. Hence it is supposed that the soft materials continually deposited at the extremity of the root must ever be tending downwards from the effect of gravity alone.*

In the reflections with which the author concludes his book there is so much beauty—so high and holy a train of thought, that we cannot forbear gracing our pages with a part of them:—

Who can look on the principal constituents of plants, *i. e.* carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and contemplate their gradual transformation into vegetable albumen, and vegetable caseine, or on any of the elementary forms of the nitrogenized compounds, so absolutely essential, directly or indirectly, to animal life, without feeling that nothing stands alone in this world, but that "the chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown." And even should it also occur to the mind, that the same process ceases not with us, but that these human bodies, thus marvellously made and nourished, are, even the organs by which the high functions of the brain are performed, material and perishable, and that "we feed ourselves to feed the worms," and, being *dust*, return literally to that dust again; let us not pause on the threshold of the argument, where despondency might await us, but go boldly on through the portal, and calmly consider what deduction we may draw, by the simple light of reason, from this undeniable truth. We see that every thing around us here, when it has accomplished the end of its being, is not annihilated, but only transformed into some other state, in which it still continues to work out the will of Him who created it: every *material* thing *perfectly* fulfils its destined purpose; but Man has that within which assures him that here he neither *is* nor *does* all that the soul could be and perform, were it disencumbered of the body in its present grosser state. Has he not, then, the strongest reason to confide in Him who gave that body for good purposes here, that He will, at its dissolution, still make it subservient to his wise intentions, and after he separates it from its present union with the soul, will assuredly place his rational creature in a condition to be and to do all for which that creature was made? Man would then no longer be the exception to the rest of sentient beings; *their* wishes and desires are so arranged, that the means of their gratification are within their reach on earth; *we*, on the contrary, feel aspirations which never can be fully gratified here, and whose very existence foreshows a time when they *will* have their fruition. The moral consequence we may draw from this is almost too obvious to require notice. If we look forward to a state in which the body shall be so changed that its present enjoyments can exist no more, while those of the soul shall last for ever, how important is it that the Will, which triumphs over every thing that is material in us, should be so regulated, that when that state arrives, it may not long for those earthly pleasures which are gone to return no more, but may have already anticipated in hope the reality it shall then experience. The wise of old, though but dimly perceiving what is assured to us under the pledge and seal of God himself, could yet draw the right inference from those dim perceptions. When in the varied phases of the butterfly's frail life they saw prefigured their own future destiny, they could urge their disciples to purify the soul, and fit it for companionship with eternal Love. In the grain of wheat apparently perishing in the earth, but springing up in due season in a form "the same, and yet another," the Apostle found a similar correspondence with out lot: all can see the appropriateness and beauty of the comparison, may all likewise take to heart the Apostle's argument, and having this hope, may they continue "steadfast and immoveable," in all that is good, knowing beyond all doubt or cavil, that their labour shall not be in vain.

* Henslow's Prin. of Botany, p. 292.

Every one who has read the preceding works of this invaluable series will of course read this also; but to such as are unacquainted with the sound and sterling character of these books, and especially to all who, ignorant of the physiology of plants, desire to have their eyes opened to the beauties that surround them, or wish for fresh evidences of the power and beneficence of the Creator, we strongly recommend this unpretending, though comprehensive and popular work.

FICTION.

The Foster-Brother; a Tale of the War of Chiozza. Edited by Leigh Hunt. 3 vols. London. T. C. Newby.

This is a cleverly written historical romance by Mr. Thornton Hunt, a son of the graceful writer who here lends the attraction of his name to a work which, were it merely for its intrinsic merits, should have an extensive currency.

As an introduction for the book to the public, and to ensure for it, as far as may be, a favourable reception, the father has written a candid and critical preface, wherein he deals almost as disinterestedly by the author as if he had not been his own son. A nice discrimination of beauties and defects pervades this; censure and praise are dealt out indifferently, and the natural partiality of the parent is but seldom visible. A neatly-turned and conciliatory apology for what the editor considers defects in his son's work, especially excusing some things on the score of haste, is given in the following passage:—

I confess I think so well of *The Foster Brother* that I do not hesitate to mention a circumstance which might otherwise have told against it, at least with such as are accustomed to confound rapidity of execution with badness of it; and this is, that it was composed at hasty though earnest intervals, during a pressure of work already too much for the writer's health, and only carried to that extreme from a sense of duty.

The period in which the events took place, on which Mr. Hunt has founded his romance, is the fourteenth century, and the scene is laid for the most part in Venice, when the proud mistress of the seas was besieged by the allied forces, and the stern Genoese commander, Peter Doria, refusing to capitulate, swore to bridle the bronze horses of St. Mark with his own proud hand. A time so eventful as this—Venice in a state of siege, distracted by cabals within and with an implacable foe without, the stirring incidents of war, the popular feelings, and their results in eventful acts, all combine to afford picturesque and exciting subject-matter for a novel. And that out of these Mr. Hunt has produced a striking and successful work, we with pleasure admit. Perhaps the most obvious of the author's peculiarities displayed in the romance is the tact

with which he has throughout preserved the idiom and antique style of the Italian at the period when the events he describes took place. In few works of this nature are these unities so faithfully observed. The author must have thoroughly saturated his mind with the literature of that day, and indeed with the history of it also, since there is an air of authority and propriety stamped on the meanest accessory he has introduced. His descriptions are animated and life-like—sometimes perhaps too minute; his characters clearly drawn and thoroughly national, his plot is artfully constructed, and the interest is well sustained to the end.

As this is a novel we are justified in recommending to our readers, who we conclude will read it, we will not rob them of the charm of novelty by giving a sketch of the plot, but content ourselves with offering an extract or two, which shall convey to them a fair idea of Mr. HUNT'S manner and matter, and be an incentive to send to the library for the novel itself.

During the siege of Venice, the return of a cotton ship belonging to Aluise della Fornasi gave occasion for a bloody contest between the Genoese and Venetians. There is much spirit in the following description of

A SEA-FIGHT.

A ship belonging to Aluise dalle Fornasi, laden with cotton, approached the port of Malamocco, from Syria; and a crowd of people, swelled by those engaged in completing the works of barrier and fortification, and others who had come to the shore to see their progress, stood to witness the entry of one among the many ships that used to bring riches to the city; now, in times of war and trouble, a rare sight. But the ship was not alone: behind it were three others; they were Genoese war-galleys. The bold and fiery Aluise stood to see his ship chased. Two galleys that had been so hastily prepared were now all but unmanned, and were at a distant part of the lagune. Shouts arose to summon them; men ran hither and thither with loud cries; every body urged others to do something, as if helplessness were a mere weakness of his own. Amid the noise and tumult, the vessels neared the shore. Those in the cotton-ship were evidently on the alert: it suddenly turned, and awaited the approach of its pursuers: Giacomo Vendramini was preparing to fight. A loud shout arose on the shore; but the wind beat it back, and in the crash against the first of the Genoese galleys, Vendramini and his men heard it not. The watery joust was not in favour of the Venetian: the beak of his galley missed his foeman, whilst the Genoese came against his side with such force that the timbers crackled and started, and in an instant a stream of fighting men ran along the flat though narrow bridge of the beak. Six of them fell dead as they leaped on to the deck, but some behind succeeded in engaging the foremost of the Venetians hand to hand: a little space was made behind the boarders—more rushed in; and though one fell now and then under the shower of arrows which swept the prow of the galley, the number of the Genoese on board soon equalled that of the Venetians. Vendramini burned to signalize his young prowess, no less than to save the treasure of his friend and patron Aluise; and the Genoese felt all the force of his desires. But suddenly a shout arose behind him—the second galley had approached unobserved on his other bulwark, and already were a crowd of fresh swordsmen making havoc in his rear. Inch by inch he fought, as he was driven to the stern: some of his men were urged into the water by the press, which he in front could not resist; until, sinking with a mortal wound, he could no more head the resisters, and the crew yielded. A short time sufficed to carry their treasure, the profits of their voyage, into the Genoese galleys, with part of their cargo; a smoke rising from the hold spoke the fate to which the rest was doomed, as the Genoese, with shouts of scorn and triumph, rowed off from the burning ship. With desperate energy the disabled crew manned a few of their oars and pulled for the land. Black smoke and lurid flames rose from the wreck, as the bleeding mariners bore their dead captain on shore among the angered and shame-stricken multitude who had witnessed the fight in helpless impatience. Many and deep were the murmurs heard, that Vittor Pisani was in prison, because he had been conquered by the weather, while the citizens were left to be conquered by the more terrible Genoese. The report that Pietro Doria had dragged in the water at his galley's stern the flag of St. Mark, taken from Pisani, less shamed them than that rout before their eyes.

A picture of a different nature—one more after the character of the Dutch masters—is that of Rosa, the peasant girl, beloved by Alessandro Padovano, the *Foster-brother* of the novel, looking with satisfaction on a fishing-net, the work of her own hands:—

Rosa had just finished her net. A large part of it lay in a heap, while a portion was spread out upon the floor, and raised by two chairs, so as to shew the girl the work of her hands. She had spread out all that she had done since Alessandro had visited her after his so long absence. For some hours she had worked hard, that she might complete her task before dark; and as the last gleam of daylight shone upon the fruit of her industry, her grave face was not devoid of satisfaction. The symmetry of the lines as they crossed in forming the meshes, the newness and stoutness of the cord, the pleasure that it would give to old Pierotto, the use that he would make of it, were thoughts that pleased her. How the green and blue waters would dance and play in and out of the supple trellis! How the silvery scales of the fish would glisten! Poor things! their captivity would be fatal; yet are there worse sorrows than fatal thraldom. Thus much work, she bethought her, had been done in her solitude: the time might have been worse employed. Even life that is not as we wish it need not be fruitless of good; and if not fruitless of good, it is not without a happiness.

The release of Vittor Pisani from prison, unexpected by the populace who loved him, is effectively, and even dramatically told:—

Contarini again came forth, and, raising his voice, cried, "Venetians, the Senate desires to pleasure you in these times of our common trouble: Messer Vittor Pisani will lead you. He is free!"

Long and loud was the shout that burst upwards: a solid mass of sound, in which the words that made it—"Viva Pisani, Viva Contorini!"—could scarcely be heard. As the Doge again retired within the palace, a rush was made to it, and habitual respect for the abode of power could scarcely restrain the people from forcing their way up the great stairs. The loud buzz of voices was hushed. A man appeared on the stairs alone—a square-built man, in clothes of soberest hue, carelessly put on. He wore a grave and thoughtful countenance, like one who could bear all things with equal mind—triumph to the full as well as defeat. He came slowly and steadily down the stairs; but at the first glimpse of him the shouting renewed; it glanced hither and thither in the multitude, as those at a distance in the piazza knew what it was those in front saw; others filled up the intervals, until at last the whole city seemed shouting in chorus "Vittor Pisani!"

Pisani stopped before he descended the last few steps, and, stretching forward his hand, with the broad palm towards the people, he hushed the storm of welcome. As it died away towards the skirts of the multitude, his well-known ample voice came forth—"Venetians, you have mistaken: the only cry for Venetians is 'Viva San Marco!'"

Mr. HUNT has given evidence in this historical romance that he inherits the genius of his father. We hope that now he has entered upon the field of novel writing, his reception will be what it deserves to be—a warm and welcome one—and that we shall have frequent occasions to meet with him as a writer of fiction hereafter.

POETRY.

The Ballad Poetry of Ireland. Edited by CHARLES DUFFY. Dublin, Duffy.

IF we remember correctly, it was FLETCHER who said that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make all the laws of a nation." This is strong praise for ballad poetry, but perhaps not more than character is entitled to. In tracing the history of a nation, the ballad forces itself on the attention, and even in its most crude and inelegant form it must not be looked upon as the least operating power which shapes and controls the genius of a people. Let us throw the laws in the balance against the ballads of a country, and thus explain FLETCHER'S observation. Legislative laws appeal to the understanding. They are authoritative, and compel men to keep in a given path. Ballads, on the other hand, have a language which is only understood by the heart. Unlike legislative law, the ballad *leads*, and the people *follow*, from a natural philosophic principles that whatever speaks to the affections receives a quicker reply than that which speaks to the understanding. Though SOLON should be forgotten, the Greek sailors will still remember some fragments of HOMER, and the collected ballads of PERCY will be read and sung around the rustic fireside, and in the workshop, when the wisdom of PEEL is not remembered.

Our information with regard to the ballad must necessarily be very contracted beyond the time of James I. because in the less extensive use of the printing press, the single sheets on

which songs and ballads were printed have for the most part been lost to the world. Still in the ballads since known, we can detect their unhealthy tendency, mingled with great beauties. Like Pandora's box, ballad poetry has at times had all manner of diseases, with just enough of redeeming grace to represent the *hope* of its final purification. Jacobite and anti-Jacobite used it for the stirring up of bitter animosities; CASTLEREAGH hired ballad-writers for his party purposes, and thus the dignity of poetry was sacrificed to the bickerings and jobbings of politics.

Mr. DUFFY has collected the ballads of his country to shew their nationality. "We possess," he remarks, "a popular poetry, less ancient and precious, but not less instinct with the *spirit of the country* than the venerable minstrelry of England and Scotland. Our Anglo-Irish ballads grew to be *national*, gradually and without effort." But what is this same nationality, that poetry should be called upon to perpetuate it? Does it not want that magnanimity which a more world-like extension of feeling undoubtedly possesses? Our reply is, that the ballad, when most worthy the title of nationality, is still cosmopolitan in feeling. LYSAGHT'S song of "Our Island" inspires a love of Irish freedom; but such kind of love is not limited by the boundary of a country. The song that utters a word for the freedom of a particular people, utters the same word for the freedom of every people. DIBDIN exulted that his songs were "considered an object of national consequence." But what did they teach? They taught "English" rights and "English" liberties, and the chorus, like a response to all good hearts, was "foreign" rights and "foreign" liberties. What poetry does for a country it does for the world.

We shall not make much extract from this collection of Irish ballads (although their excellence almost induces us to copy largely), because of the cheapness of the book, which every library should possess. Yet "The Woman of three Cows" is so fine a picture of many who instead of three cows possess houses and lands, that we transfer it to our pages.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

O, Woman of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Movrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

We think Mr. DUFFY has done enough to convince certain mistaken critics that Ireland is not poor in ballad minstrelsy. There was no sectarian object in the collection of the ballads before us, which is a strong recommendation. "Whatever," says Mr. DUFFY, "could illustrate the character, passions, or opinions of any class of Irishmen, that we gladly adopted. Our business is to know each other. To learn how much is mutually to be loved, that we may love it; how much is mutually to be forgiven, that we may forgive it."

With such generous sensibility, a portion of the best ballads has been compiled, and such will have a great influence on Irish literature. Genuine poetry is likely to take the place of street and pothouse doggrel. The ballad, from its simplicity, is always a cultivator of pure poetic taste. Only to ill-judges and uneducated minds does this simplicity appear like "childish prattle." It required a magic rod to make the poor Irish emigrant say:—

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies.

If it required the genius of HOMER to write thus grandly:

The illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to seize his lovely boy;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the glittering helm and nodding crest;

it required no less the genius of GERALD GRIFFIN to write in the artless language of love:—

Gille machree,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own
Our hearts are one
And peace is ours for ever!

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain,
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, 'To other lands I'll roam,
'Where Fate may smile on me, love;'
I said, 'Farewell, my own old home!'
And I said, 'Farewell to thee, love!'
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force

That have been blest in heaven.
But then, I said, 'In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her!
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her.'
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

Oh, no, I said,
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn, for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though wandering far
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I'd rather live in endless war
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love;
Sing *Gille machree*
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

Had we space, we could trace step by step the influence which good ballads have had in moulding the poetic genius of all countries—Germany and England especially. We cannot but hope that Mr. DUFFY may be the unconscious instrument in modelling some future poet of Ireland. We know of nothing more likely than the advent of a great poet in a land so beautiful in scenery, and among a people so sensitive and energetic.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster Review.—This is an unusually good number of not the least practically *useful* of the quarterlies. The first article, called "Shaksperian Criticism and Acting: Romeo and Juliet," contains some deserved strictures upon the loose and superficial criticisms which have been made upon this most beautiful play, and the erroneous impressions, on the part of actors as well as critics, of the poet's "mode of conceiving and method of combining the leading elements of tragedy." The next is a review of "Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century," which contains some fine writing, and is marked by the bringing of a comprehensive knowledge of men and things, during the period treated of, to bear upon the history under notice. The third article is upon "Fresco Painting." It goes freely into the history of the art, examines into its value, which it does not rate very high, and offers some judicious remarks and suggestions upon the three successive national competitions in Westminster. Next comes a notice of "Sybil," in which Mr. D'Israeli gets (and we confess not without deserving it) a somewhat rough handling. The fifth article is one of great interest—a review of "Humboldt's Kosmos; and Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." A vast fund of learning is brought to bear on these works. The reviewer gives continually evidence of a penetrating and sifting mind; his remarks are sagacious and truthful, and his objections well founded. He places the work of the German philosopher high above that of the Englishman. The sixth article is a light and agreeably written one on "Popular Works on Natural History," which affords some interesting anecdotes, and pays a justly-merited compliment to the memory of the late Mr. Loudon, and his deserts as a naturalist. The last article, "On Railway Improvement," is, to our taste, the least satisfactory in the number. It is too discursive to be effective, and too visionary in its suggestions to be sound and valuable.

George Cruickshank's Table-Book.—The number for this month is scarcely up to the average of preceding numbers. Nevertheless it contains some very humorous illustrations, and a good story or two, among the *best* of which is "The Enthusiast in Anatomy," by BALZAC D'ANOIS. "A Legend of the Rhine" is continued, and is as full of grotesque fun as ever.

The Travellers' Magazine, No. IV.—The contents of this number are—"My first Pilgrimage and last Tour;" "Random Recollections of New South Wales," which have at least a colouring of nature to recommend them; "The Syro-Egyptian Society of London;" "Travellers' Tales;" "Scrip Song;" and "Angelique, or the Yachtsman Magnetized." It is a number of full average merit.

The Philathenic Literary Magazine.—This is a new sixpenny monthly periodical. It seems to address itself especially to Mechanics' Institutions and the young men in houses of business, though of course it holds out temptations to all classes of supporters. It will comprise original articles on the literature of the time, historical and biographical essays, and reviews of new books. There is variety, and a fair share of merit in the articles offered in this first number; the best are, perhaps, "An Essay on Burns," and "The Supremacy of the Press." The last sets out with an apostrophe of a nature so transcendent as to be fairly beyond our comprehension. The writer, however, sobers down as he proceeds, and, when the phrenzy of inspiration has left him, writes pleasantly, and produces an agreeable paper.

The Balloon, or Aerostatic Magazine. No. II.—The title of this periodical sufficiently explains its nature. The present number contains all the information on this subject the past month has afforded, with some useful papers on the science of Aerostation.

Dolman's Magazine continues to be valuable as the exponent of the views of the English Roman Catholics, as well as for its intrinsic merit. The present number contains the conclusion of the articles upon "Pictorial Art in its Christian Devolopment," which is an earnest protest against the paganism and naturalism of so many of the Italian painters. The subject, however, is too vast to be disposed of in a few articles; and the moral history of art, as we should term it, yet remains to be written. The individuality of this magazine is illustrated in the indignant denial of the doctrines put forth by Lord CLIFFORD and Mr. J. O'CONNELL, that the opinions of the Roman Catholic bishops were conclusive upon the Catholic laity, with reference to the Irish education question. A new feature in this number is, the collection of intelligence relating to the Roman Catholic religion in all parts of the world, which cannot fail to be welcome to its readers.

The Cabinet History of England is brought down in the 9th volume to the account of the gunpowder plot. When completed, this will be the best popular history we possess.

The Ecclesiologist.—We have received No. 5 of the new Series, published by Rivingtons. The fault of the old series is still, we think, here—we mean, too great a tendency to overrate the religious usefulness of certain forms, because the effects of such forms can be well described by a vivid imagination, and also somewhat too much of veneration to the *altar*, which we believe borders upon, and must degenerate into, superstitious substitution of the ideal for the actual. But we value too much the services such a publication as this is calculated to do in the preservation of existing architecture, and still more in the destruction of that anti-Christian distinction between the rich and poor, which is too prevalent throughout our present church arrangements, not to wish it may attain a wide circulation.

From *Simmonds' Colonial Magazine*, which contains the usual amount of matter interesting to all connected with our colonies, we learn that an attempt will be shortly made by the "Nova Scotia baronets" to assert the validity of the charter under which they were created by James I. and Charles I. and to carry out the objects of those charters by a systematic colonization in British North America. The "Contributions towards the Geography of Africa," by James Macqueen, and a reprint of the "Report of the Committee appointed by the General Assembly of Newfoundland, upon the Newfoundland Fisheries," and "A Description of the Murichi, or Ita Palm of Guiana," may be mentioned as valuable papers in this number. From a notice of the population and trade of Canada, we extract the following account of spearing fish upon Lake Erie:—

"The fishermen being previously prepared with a small house, from four to six or eight feet square, mounted on runners, to make its removal easy, and so constructed as to exclude all light except what comes up from the ice below, arms himself with an ordinary fish-spear, an axe, and an assortment of small decoy fish, and proceeds to some part of the bay where the water is from three to six feet deep, cuts a hole in the ice, adjusts his house directly over it, and with his spear in one hand, and the line attached to the decoy fish in the other, awaits the coming of his prey. Every object in the water is seen with entire distinctness, though, from the exclusion of light in the house above, the fisherman is invisible to the fish beneath. The decoy is simply a small wooden fish, loaded sufficiently with lead to cause it to float naturally, and which, by drawing upon the line attached, is made to imitate the motions of a fish playing in the water. Sometimes the fish comes up slowly, as if suspicious that the decoy was not exactly what it appeared, and passes near by, as

if to make a more accurate observation. It is then he is struck with unerring aim. At other times a streak is seen to flash across the opening, a quick jerk is felt upon the line, and away goes the decoy, beyond recovery. If, however, the line is not broken, the fish usually returns more slowly, as if to ascertain the cause of his disappointment—he is then easily captured."

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Miller of Angibault. By GEORGE SAND. 3 vols. 1845.

THIS last work of Madame DUDEVANT has fairly taken us by surprise; and we at once admit, that neither from its style nor from its subject should we have recognised the author. Instead of the free-thinking, infidel, and loose writer, whom we have too frequently encountered under the *pseudonyme* of GEORGE SAND, we have here a healthy, honest, nature-loving, and unaffected novelist, telling her simple tale of country life without exaggeration or false colouring; laying bare the secrets of an uncorrupted female heart, without maudlin sentimentality or unwomanly coarseness, and avoiding all display of those extreme opinions in religion and morals, which render many works of undeniable talent inadmissible in families. Praise must ever be a pleasant task to the critic, who feared that he should be condemned to silence, or compelled to blame; and thus the *Miller of Angibault* comes before us with a double welcome. No one can lament more honestly than ourselves, that so large an amount of the literary talent of France must ever remain unappreciated by the English public, from the fact of its irreverence and licentiousness. The independence of mind which suggests only a corruption of morals is somewhat like the emancipation experienced by a felon, who exchanges the prison-cell of the city for the brand and fetter of the gallies—a more blighting and long-enduring bondage.

It may, perhaps, be objected to us as critics, that we deal out blame sparingly, and are ever prompt to praise; but our readers must remember that, in reviewing the literature of another country, we are not condemned, like our coadjutors in the English portion of the journal, to give some notice of every work which comes to hand, however slender may be its merits; we seek only to offer to the notice of our friends such books as possess a claim to attention; and thus we occasionally labour through dozens of volumes, and reap only a scanty harvest—*ex nihilo nihil fit.*

The whole action of the tale now under notice is confined to a small isolated village and its immediate neighbourhood. The Baroness de Blanchemont, a young and beautiful woman, the widow of a month, is its heroine. She has been the victim of what is denominated in France "a marriage of reason," and which, in nine cases out of ten, is the most unreasonable arrangement in the world. The fair baroness is an example of this fact. United, when a mere girl, to her own cousin, a *blasé* man of fashion, twice her own age, a spendthrift and a profligate, she most unexpectedly finds herself, upon his demise, reduced from a state of affluence to comparative poverty; her only remaining earthly possession beng the ruinous old Château de Blanchemont, and the small estate upon which it stands. She has one child, a boy of four years of age, to whom she is tenderly attached, and who will, as she anticipates, inherit the property of his grandfather; but, meanwhile, she is anxious to convert the wreck of her fortune into money, to enable her to support and educate him. With this laudable intention she at once leaves Paris for the obscure hamlet which bears her name, and which she has never seen; but she does not quit the scenes of her splendour heart-whole, having become attached to "a man of the people," who has neither name, nor rank, nor wealth, to render him a fitting match for the high-born baroness, and who, with a self-abnegation which is, unfortunately, seldom to be met with in real life, refuses the hand which she promises to bestow upon him at the close of her widowhood, because he considers her to be still too rich to render the happiness of their married life feasible. In order not to destroy the probability of this proud resolution, however, we must mention that Henry Lémon is the son of a man who had become very wealthy in trade, and who had sent his only child to college, with all the advantages which gold could secure to him; but on the death of his father, Henry discovers that the fortune which devolves to him has been built up upon fraud and dishonesty; when he calls around him all who have been the sufferers either in purse or person, and ransoms his parent's memory with his own ruin. Madame de Blanchemont accidentally encounters him at the bedside of a dying child; and the acquaintance which is there formed ripens, as we have already stated, into a deep attachment. Nevertheless, true to his principles, Lémon takes his leave of the baroness before she quits Paris, with the firm intention of never seeing her again; and the young widow, heart-sick and desolate, starts upon her melancholy pilgrimage, accompanied by her child, and attended by two trusty servants. Arrived within five or six leagues of Blanchemont, no one in the little inn, at which the baroness halts for the night, can give her any information as to the situation of the château; all know it by name, but none have ever visited its neighbourhood; and the delicate Parisian finds herself as thoroughly *désorientée* within a day's journey of her paternal home, as though she had just dropped from the clouds. In this dilemma, it suddenly strikes the ostler that there is a man at that moment in the stable-yard who is familiar with the country for leagues round; and he, accordingly, with the permission of Madame de Blanchemont, goes in quest of—

THE HERO.

The specimen of country growth who presented himself to Marcella was five feet eight inches tall; a remarkable height in that neighbourhood, where the inhabitants are generally small in stature. He was proportionably stout, well-made, free from awkwardness, and very good-looking. The young girls called him the handsome miller; and this epithet was as applicable as the tall miller, his usual appellation by the other sex. When, with the back of his sleeve he wiped away the flour which generally covered his face, he exhibited a rich brown complexion, regular features, strongly developed, like his limbs, black and finely-cut eyes, dazzling teeth, and long masses of chesnut hair, undulating and crisped, like those of a man of great muscular strength, and forming a luxuriant framework to his broad and well-shaped forehead, which revealed more good humour and good sense than quickness of intellect. He was dressed in a purple blouse, with pantaloons of grey linen; short stockings, coarse shoes, well furnished with nails, and carried in his hand a heavy crab stick, fashioned into a sort of bludgeon.

This formidable individual becomes thenceforward the good angel of Madame de Blanchemont; he acts as her guide to the castle; and is ultimately the means of saving the wreck of her fortune, which is coveted by M. Bricolin, the land-steward or middle man of the baron, who has grown rich upon his master's ruin. The poor young widow, on reaching the hamlet, sees the crumbling, but still stately walls of her family castle, floated by the red and glaring tiles of the new château, as the purse-proud *parvenu* has christened his comfortless but extensive house; and is compelled to accept his proffered hospitality during the settlement of her affairs. The following picture is admirably and graphically drawn.

AN INTERIOR.

The domestic arrangements were precisely on a par with those without. Economy, combined with apathy, delayed every improvement, and deferred the moment when the inmates could enjoy the luxury which they desired and might have commanded, but which they did not yet dare to exhibit. The dark and smoky room into which the baroness was first introduced was the most inconvenient and uncleanly throughout the house. It was at once kitchen, dining-hall, and parlour. The poultry had access to it through the open door; the care of chasing them out again being one of the incessant occupations of the farmer's wife, as though the anger and violence excited by their pertinacious intrusion had been necessary to her love of perpetual tyranny and restlessness. It was here that the labourers came at all hours to report their operations; and as their muddy feet and free-and-easy habits must inevitably have destroyed every thing in the shape of clean floors and decent furniture, nothing was to be seen on any side but straw-bottomed chairs and wooden benches standing upon the bare flags, which were uselessly swept about ten times a day. The flies, which were free of the place, and the fire, which was constantly burning in the wide chimney, decorated with cooking-hooks of all dimensions, made the place almost unbearable during the summer months. Nevertheless, this was the common sitting-room of the family; and when Madame de Blanchemont was shewn into an adjoining apartment, she saw at once that this species of drawing-room had never yet been used, although furnished a year previously. It was ornamented with the vulgar pretension of an inn parlour. The printed cotton curtains of glaring co-

lours fell from gilt cornices conceived in the vilest taste. The chimney decorations were similarly selected. A very expensive stand, intended for the coffee apparatus, had its legs of gilt bronze still enveloped in paper and string. The furniture was protected by cases of red and white cheque, beneath which the cushions of worsted damask were destined to wear out without once seeing the light; and as in farm-houses they have not yet learnt the distinction between a sitting-room and a sleeping-chamber, two mahogany bedsteads, still uncurtained, were placed with their feet towards the window, one on each side the door of entrance.

M. Bricolin was a man of about fifty, robust, and with regular features; but obesity had so invaded his dwarfed limbs, as is always the case with wealthy agriculturists, who pass their time in the open air, generally on horseback, and live an active although not a laborious life, with just fatigue enough to keep up the exuberance of their health and the vigour of their appetite. Thanks to the stimulants of pure air and continual exercise, they support for a time without inconvenience a daily excess of diet; but although in the fields they are clothed almost like the peasantry, it is impossible to confound the two together, even at a first glance. While the peasant is always slight, well-proportioned, and of a ruddy complexion, which is not without its own beauty, the prosperous farmer, from the age of forty, becomes afflicted with a large stomach, a heavy gait, and a vinous tint, which vulgarizes and deteriorates the finest organisation.

Madame de Blanchemont finds her position so unendurable in the "new château," that she determines on endeavouring to occupy a couple of apartments, which had been arranged in one of the turrets of the stately old castle for the convenience of the baron during his occasional visits to the estate to raise money; and accordingly, much to the annoyance of Bricolin, who fears to suffer her out of his sight until he has become the proprietor of Blanchemont, she takes possession of these dreary rooms, with her child and his maid.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Fatigued by her journey, the baroness slid softly into bed beside her sleeping boy, and, drawing the curtains close, fell into a light slumber, without thinking of the ghosts which were indispensable to the old building, when suddenly an incomprehensible noise caused her to listen in some agitation. The sound was like that of a body passing to and fro behind the door of her room, with a pertinacity and an awkwardness equally remarkable. The touch was too abrupt and too unintelligent to be that of a human hand endeavouring to find the lock in the dark; and still, as the noise did not resemble that which would have been made by rats, Marcella knew not what to conjecture. It was possible, she thought, that one of the farm servants might sleep in the old castle, who, being intoxicated, had mistaken his room, and was endeavouring to find his way by feeling along the walls; when, remembering that she had not removed the key, which was on the outside of the door, she rose from her bed with the intention of repairing this omission so soon as the intruder should have passed on. The noise, however, still continued, and Marcella did not dare to open the door for the purpose, lest, on shewing herself, she should be subjected to the insult of some drunken clown. Her suspense began to be distressing, when suddenly the uncertain hand moved more resolutely and scratched against the door so sharply, that the baroness thought she could detect the claws of a cat; and smiling at her own agitation, she determined to admit the intruder, or to drive it away. Scarcely, however, had she turned the handle of the lock, which she did with some precaution, when the door was violently thrust against her, and she saw a tall female figure standing upon the threshold. * * The stranger crossed the floor precipitately and approached the window, which, after considerable difficulty, she succeeded in opening; the weakness of her emaciated hands and the length of her nails rendering the attempt painful. When her purpose was accomplished, she leaned out, and in a carefully-suppressed voice she called "Paul!" * * This lamentable cry having awakened no echo in the silence of the night, she sank upon the stone window-seat and remained silent, appearing to be waiting resignedly for a reply. At the end of about ten minutes she rose and called again, still in a low voice, as though she were summoning a lover who was concealed among the brushwood in the moat, and were fearful of alarming any of the inmates of the farm.

For more than an hour the ill-fated creature continued thus; at one time calling "Paul!" and at another waiting with extraordinary patience and resignation. The moon fell full upon her haggard face and bent body. There seemed to be a vague feeling of happiness in her vain hope; and she appeared to deceive herself into the belief that he whom she summoned was near, that she heard his voice, and that he answered her appeal; and again, as the delusion wore away, she renewed it by once more calling upon the name of the absent one.

The baroness felt her heart bleed as she watched her movements; eagerly did she long to know the origin of her madness, hoping that thus she might be enabled to relieve a suffering so bitter; but maniacs of this description never have power to explain their state; and it is impossible to ascertain whether they are wholly absorbed by the idea which destroys them, or if the action of thought is occasionally suspended.

When the unfortunate girl ultimately left the window, she commenced walking slowly to and fro in the chamber. She no longer appeared to be thinking of her lover; and her face, of which the muscles were powerfully contracted, resembled that of an old alchemist lost in pursuit of the philosopher's stone. This monotonous march continued for a sufficient space of time to become extremely fatiguing to Madame de Blanchemont, who dared not venture either to return to her bed, or to leave her son while she awakened Fanchon. At length the mad woman appeared to have decided on her line of action; and, ascending the stairs which led to an upper story, she established herself once more at a window, at intervals calling upon Paul, and at others traversing the room slowly, while awaiting his arrival. * * * Marcella at last fell asleep to the sound of the regular footfalls of the maniac, which she heard above her head, shaking the joists of the old castle.

This miserable creature proves to be the elder daughter of the Bricolins, who, having bestowed her affections upon a peasant, had disappointed the ambition of her *parvenu* parents. Enraged at her want of pride, and resolved to prevent what, in his rising fortunes, he saw fit to consider as a *misalliance*, the farmer caused the young man to be drawn for the army, where, within a year, he lost his life; and this fact, abruptly and triumphantly announced to his betrothed bride by her stern mother, had at once bereaved the poor girl of her senses. Harmless, and self-centred, she wandered about the neighbourhood day and night, never visiting the farm save to purloin food, with which she fled into the woods or among the ruins of the old castle; but this quiescent state of mind was not to endure for ever. On one occasion she experienced a severe fall which confined her to her bed, whither she was carried while insensible; and, during her convalescence, a glimmering of lucidity gradually awoke amid the darkness of her mind a thirst for vengeance upon the iron-hearted parents who had destroyed her, and who, still unwarned, were endeavouring to prevent the marriage of her younger and favourite sister with the miller of Anjibault, as equally unworthy the daughter of a landed proprietor, who hoped to be, at no distant day, thanks to the misfortunes and necessities of the baroness, the master of Blanchemont. He ultimately, for reasons which we cannot detail here, succeeds in this attempt, by purchasing the castle and its dependencies for a sum considerably below their value, on their being suddenly offered to him upon those advantageous terms by the lady herself. The whole plot of the story is admirably interwoven; and while the handsome miller figures throughout as its Jupiter, Madame de Blanchemont most gracefully enacts its good genius, and succeeds in securing her own happiness by bringing her peasant-lover to reason, and that of her rustic friend by securing for him the hand of Bricolin's pretty daughter Rose. With a couple of extracts calculated to display the talent and power of Madame DUDEVANT, we shall conclude our notice.

A VILLAGE FETE.

The maniac slept throughout the day. She was suffering from fever, as she had indeed been for the last twelve years; but her present state of weakness led those about her to hope for a favourable result. The doctor, who had been sent for from a neighbouring town, considered her no worse, mentally, than she had long been. Rose, consoled by these assurances, and restored to the gay instincts of youth, dressed herself slowly, and with great care. She endeavoured to adorn her person with simplicity, in order not to alarm her lover by appearing to make a display of her riches, and yet becomingly, that he might admire her. She therefore invented the most ingenious combinations, and succeeded in making herself a type of modest beauty. * * After the mass, Rose cleverly possessed herself of the arm of her grandmother, as, by so doing, she hoped to escape during the day from the watchfulness of Madame Bricolin and her assembled relatives.

Under the old trees in the *place*, commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country, a crowd of pretty girls were collected round the fiddlers, who, placed two by two on their trestles, at no great distance from each other, were labouring hard with

arms and lungs, the one party jealous of the prowess of the other, and all working zealously and independently in his own way according to his respective ability, without regard to key or measure, and totally indifferent to the abominable discord thus collectively produced. In the midst of this musical chaos, each quadrille resolutely maintained its position, never confounding the particular instruments which had been hired by its dancers with those which were squeaking or groaning two paces off, and never missing time amid the confusion, thanks to habit and a correct ear. The arbours were loud with equally heterogeneous noises; from some issued boisterous songs, from others came the accents of vigorous courtship; some were pledging healths under the green boughs, and some were threatening violence; and all this confusion was overlooked by two native *gendarmes*, who walked amid the crowd with an air of paternal benignity, and sufficed by their presence to keep the peace among a simple population, which, however loud in words, seldom came to blows.

The compact circle which had formed about the dancers became still more dense when the charming Rose took her place as the partner of the tall miller. They were the handsomest couple at the fête, and the lightest and most active of all the votaries of Terpsichore.

Meanwhile the maniac escapes from the house, and twilight arrives without witnessing her return. Little surprise is, however, excited by so common an occurrence, and gradually the guests take their departure, leaving the farmer and his wife the only tenants of the cheerless drawing-room of the new château.

A MANIAC'S REVENGE.

M. and Madame Bricolin had talked together for a long time in the kitchen. The farmer had resumed his pitcher, which he filled from time to time from an enormous jar that he tilted with a shaking hand, and whence he drew a provision of frothy wine of a violet colour. This was his nightcap, the strongest wine of his vintage; a detestable beverage, but preferred by the natives of the province to every other liquor in the world.

Several times his wife, seeing that neither the delight of being the proprietor of Blanchemont, nor the pleasant dreams of his worldly success, had any longer sufficient power to light up his dull eye, or to unclose his discoloured lips, had entreated him to seek his bed. "Presently—I am just going—here I am," were his only answers; but he never left his chair. At length, having satisfied herself that Rose was asleep, Madame Bricolin, who was fairly worn out, went to rest, still vainly urging her husband to follow her. He had no longer, however, the strength to stir; nor did he hear her summons. Completely drunk, and prostrated, like a man who has sought to sober himself suddenly, and then fully taken his revenge, the farmer, with one hand on the pitcher and his head leaning over the table, snored energetically an accompaniment to the deep-breathing and weary slumber of his wife in the next room.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when M. Bricolin felt suffocated and fainting. He had some trouble in rising from his chair. It appeared to him as though his lungs required air, that his smarting eyes had lost their power of vision, and that he was struck with apoplexy. The fear of death gave him strength to stagger to the door, which opened into the farm-yard; the candle had just burnt down in its tin socket.

Having succeeded in opening the door, and reaching the bottom of the steps without falling, the farmer gazed around him vacantly, without understanding the nature of any of the objects by which he was surrounded. An extraordinary glare which filled the yard obliged him to screen his face with his hand, for the abrupt transition from the dark room to this bright light renewed his sensation of faintness. Ultimately, when the air had in some degree dissipated the fumes of the wine, the species of vertigo which he had experienced was succeeded by a convulsive shiver, which was at first purely mechanical and physical, but which soon became the result of an uncontrollable terror: two huge bursts of flame forcing their way through clouds of smoke, were issuing from the roof of the barn.

Bricolin thought that he was under the influence of a bad dream; he rubbed his eyes and shook himself, but still the wreaths of flame rose nearer to heaven, and spread with frightful rapidity on all sides. Vainly did he strive to cry "*Fire!*" his tongue was paralyzed, and his throat parched. He endeavoured to return to the house, from which he was distant only a few steps, but he could not find his way. He saw, on his right, torrents of flame bursting from the stables; on his left another body of fire crowning the towers of the old castle; and before him his own house illuminated within by a fantastic light; and the door, which he had left open behind him, vomiting forth billows of smoke like the mouth of a forge. All the outbuildings of Blanchemont were the prey of a conflagration very skilfully organized. The fire had been laid in more than a dozen different places, and the most appalling feature of this frightful scene was the death-like silence which pervaded the whole place. Bricolin, destitute alike of strength and energy, contemplated in solitude this work of destruction of which no other inhabitant of the farm was yet aware. All its inmates had passed from the deep slumber of fatigue, or the deathlike sleep of intoxication, into the suffocating inertness produced by the smoke-laden atmosphere. The crackling of the fire alone began to make itself audible, and the tiles to fall with a harsh noise upon the pavement. Not a shriek, not a groan replied to these awful sounds. It seemed as though the conflagration had nothing more to destroy than empty buildings and lifeless bodies. M. Bricolin wrung his hands, and still remained mute and motionless, as if, weighed down by nightmare, he had vainly made internal efforts to arouse himself.

At length a piercing scream was heard, and Bricolin, as if delivered from the spell under which he had laboured, answered by a savage howl to this cry of human terror. * * * Soon nothing was to be seen but scattered masses of blackened fragments, the soil inundated with water, which looked like a lake of ink, and a crowd of workmen, exhausted, dripping, scorched, and wearing the semblance of spectres, but who were nevertheless called upon to make fresh exertions. The fire had just caught a small isolated chapel, situated between the farm and the old castle.

This new accident appeared incomprehensible, for the building had hitherto remained intact; and if any portion of the burning timber had fallen upon it, during the first violence of the fire, it must long before have ignited the stacks of dry peas with which it was filled. The flames, nevertheless, issued from the interior, as though some merciless hand had boldly, under the eyes of all the crowd collected on the spot, resolved to destroy the only edifice still standing upon the property. A circle was formed round the chapel, and the pumps were preparing to act, when M. Bricolin, who had approached the arched doorway, drew back horror-stricken, and fell into the arms of one of his labourers. This chapel, which had formerly been attached to the old castle, still exhibited some fine remains of Gothic sculpture; but the decay of so ancient a construction rendered it impossible that it should long resist the action of a dense body of heat. Flames gushed from the widows, and the delicately-sculptured ornaments began to fall in fragments with a crashing sound, when the half-opened door was suddenly flung back by some one within. In another moment the horrified spectators saw the maniac come forth, carrying in one hand a lantern, and in the the other a wisp of burning straw. She was departing quickly, after having completed her work of destruction; and walked through the crowd with a stately step, and her eyes bent upon the earth, seeing nothing around her, but gloating in silence over her long-meditated and fearfully-executed revenge. A too zealous gendarme seized her by the arm, when for the first time she became aware that the eyes of many were upon her, and, dashing the blazing straw into the face of her captor, in order to compel him to remove his grasp, the mad woman, with a gesture of furious hate, bounded away, and rushed back into the chapel, as if to conceal herself, muttering, as she did so, a string of incoherent curses. An attempt was made to follow her, but none dared do so. She passed through the flames with the swiftness of a salamander, and bounded up the little spiral staircase which led to the roof. There she shewed herself at a small window, and she was discovered to be exciting the fire, which soon surrounded her on all sides. The pumps were directed to the roof, but it was in vain; the water ran off, scarcely penetrating to the interior, where the fire was raging. Thus it was evident that the unfortunate maniac, placed above the whole body of heat, must be burning slowly, and suffering the most frightful torture. She did not, however, appear to feel it, for she was heard singing the air of a dance to which she had been partial in her youth, which she had probably often danced with her lover, and which had recurred to her memory at the moment when she was about to expire. She did not utter a single groan. Deaf to the screams and entreaties of her mother, who was wringing her arms in agony, and with difficulty restrained from an attempt to rescue her, she still sang on, until, as she once more looked from the window for the last time, and recognised her father, she suddenly exclaimed, "Ah! M. Bricolin, this is a pleasant day for you!" These were her last words. When the fire was at length extinguished, her blackened and calcined bones were found upon the pavement of the chapel.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

I THOUGHT that I had sent you an account of a tolerably singular autograph a week or two back, when I translated the gallant distich of Robespierre; but I have now to acquaint you with the discovery of another infinitely more remarkable. An amateur antiquary, and collector of ancient chronicles and documents of interest, was, a few days ago, at Liége, in the house of a person of similar tastes, when he stumbled upon an au-

thenticated list of the numerous wives of a certain M. Hansac, a wealthy inhabitant of Antwerp, in the handwriting of his cousin-german Madame Poelmann, who drew it up for the edification and amusement of Count Duhan de Martigny, a noble of Lorraine, then resident at Nivelles. As some of your readers may be as curious as M. de Martigny to see this list, I shall transcribe it.

M. Hansac, of Antwerp, had thirteen wives. The first was the widow of an Italian artist, who became his bride at the age of 70, and died ten months afterwards.

The second was the widow of a notary, whom he also married in Italy. She only bore his name for thirteen months.

The third was Mdlle. Canot, the daughter of an advocate at Antwerp. She bore him three children, who, as well as their mother, died within four years of the marriage.

The fourth was Mdlle. Polis, of Malines, who was his wife only ten months.

The fifth was a young lady named Pelle, the daughter of a merchant of Lille, who died at the end of the second year.

The sixth, who was Madame Hansac, only ten months, had been Mdlle. Loise, of Malines.

The seventh was the daughter of an apothecary, residing at Brussels, near St. Gudule, of whose name we are ignorant; she and her two children were dead three years afterwards.

The eighth was Mdlle. Veters, of Antwerp. She became the mother of one child and died.

The ninth was the daughter of a high-born gentleman of Antwerp, Mdlle. de Stebert. She bore four children, and in the fifth year of her marriage she died, having previously buried all her offspring.

The tenth was the daughter of the Baron de Dimmes, of Ghent, and expired at the end of the nineteenth month of her marriage.

The eleventh was Mdlle. Vilgasse, of Bruges, who lived only thirteen months after her union.

The twelfth, who was the daughter of a physician at Brussels, named Hesete, did not live eight months; her father made a *post mortem* examination from suspicion of poison; but no trace of foul play was discovered.

Finally, M. Hansac bestowed himself, for the thirteenth time, upon Madame Mulard, of Tiers, in Brabant, whose father was the commandant of the town. This poor lady, feeling symptoms of indisposition, and remembering the fate of her twelve predecessors, at once quitted her husband's roof, and retired to a convent (where she was still living when Madame Poelmann wrote the letter containing these extraordinary facts), upon a pension accorded to her by the deserted benedict.

Madame Poelmann facetiously adds, by way of *post scriptum*, that as her worthy cousin had been a great traveller, and had resided for a considerable time in the Levant, it is possible that he may have had other wives with whom she was unacquainted. One thing at least is certain—that the history of the pertinacious M. Hansac verifies two of our national apothegms—that "Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," and that "Nothing is a warning to women."

Peace be to the manes of the Belgian Bluebeard!

I must now pass "from gay to grave," and inform you of a melancholy occurrence, which has created a great sensation in the fashionable world. The Baron Achille de Maynard, a young man of fine fortune, only 25 years of age, who, about three weeks ago, married the daughter of the Count d'Espagne, threw himself from the top of one of the towers of Notre Dame, and was killed on the spot. No hope is possible that the fatal event was the effect of accident, as in his pocket were found a coil of new rope and a piece of soap, evidently intended to be applied to a deadly purpose, should his attempt to destroy himself at the cathedral be thwarted. It is a singular fact that such was nearly the case; for, on applying to the guardian for admission to the tower, the man objected to allow him to do so while he was alone, alleging that such were his orders, the number of suicides which had taken place having alarmed the authorities. To this announcement the baron made a laughing rejoinder, assuring the *custodier* that he was not yet weary of his life, and at the same time declaring that he was ready to place himself under the protection of any guide whom he might see fit to give him; upon which the official pointed out the way, and rang the bell which is habitually answered by a man who conducts strangers to the tower. This functionary, however, chancing to be absent from his post, the baron unhappily encountered no obstacle to his melancholy purpose, and of the result I have already informed you.

M. de Maynard was the author of two volumes of poems, and had for the last few years been an occasional contributor to both the *Gazette de France* and *La Nation*.

All Paris is lost in wonder and in conjecture; but no tangible or even probable cause can be assigned for the desperate act.

JOURNAL OF ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

Il Conte Ugolino della Gherardesca e i Ghibellini di Pisa. Romanzo Storico, di GIOVANNI ROSINI.

To say that the modern Italian literature is equally rich and important with that of France or Germany, would be absurd. But it is scarcely less so to pass it over with the slight notice which it obtains among us. If there be no longer a DANTE, a PETRARCA, or an ARIOSTO, modern times have seen poets of no small merit, and the mantle of DAVILA and GUICCIARDINI has fallen upon SISMONDI and his fellows. But as Italy took the lead in romance at the revival of literature, and under the guidance of BOCCACCIO, BANDELLO, and others, gave laws to the novelists of all lands, so now, under a new dynasty, she has become a not unworthy disciple of the *Ariosto of the North*. Compared with French romance, that of Italy is marked by a calm and strict adherence to nature; we meet with fewer of those monsters of crime which startle us in every page of French fiction; there is less exaggeration, less straining after effect, a far purer tone of morals, and a deeper search after truth. A romance, therefore, of ROSINI may seem tame and poor to the reader accustomed to look at vice through the Claude Lorraine glasses of EUGENE SUE or FREDERIC SOULIE, but it is not, therefore, the less worthy of his attention, nor will he regret the time which he bestows in examining it.

Professor ROSINI, occupied on his great work, *The History of Italian Painting illustrated by its Monuments*, had, during his hours of leisure, found time to add another historical romance to those by which he was already so favourably known; and having not sufficient leisure to attend himself to its publication, he gave it into the care of his friend M. PEROTTI, under whose auspices it now appears. The subject is one which required no small daring as well as no mean skill; to take a theme which had been already treated by DANTE was to any writer, much more to an Italian, an attempt which would not admit of mediocrity; but Professor ROSINI has regarded his subject in the right point of view, and has made the catastrophe of Ugolino the briefest portion of his narrative. The tale opens heavily; it describes the situation of the Pisan republic just before the tremendous battle of Melloria, in which the Genoese gave so severe a shock to the rising power of Pisa; it introduces us to the families of the Visconti and the Lancia, to the celebrated Count Ugolino himself, to the Archbishop Ruggieri, to the Count di Montefeltro, and other personages already familiar to our ears in the verses of DANTE.

At the period at which the tale commences, the preparations were making for the sailing of the Pisan flotilla, and the Guelfs and Ghibellines, who divided the city, were offering up contrary prayers, the former for its success, the latter for its destruction. Ugolino, who, as "captain of the people," was the chief military authority, and who therefore commanded the fleets as well as the armies of the republic, was of a Ghibelline family, and had been himself in the early part of his life an ardent Ghibelline; but afterwards, intriguing with the Guelfs, he was banished, and only returned to Pisa by reason of his numerous and powerful friends. After this, though he had no more dealings openly with the Guelfs, he was always suspected to be devoted to that party; and the overthrow of the Pisan fleet was anxiously looked for by the Pisan Ghibellines as the means of destroying the power and popularity of Ugolino. Yet this great man must not be considered as a mere partisan. It was by his exertions that the Guelfic League, into which Florence, Pistoja, Lucca, Genoa, and many other cities, had entered, and into which arrangements had been made for the reception of himself and his family, was dispersed. The object of the league was the destruction of the Ghibelline city of Pisa; and Ugolino, though a Guelf in heart, was sufficiently a patriot to prefer his country to his party. And here, perhaps, it may be well to quote the brief account given by ROSINI of the origin of these two parties:—

THE GUELFS AND THE GHIBELLINES.

It was in Florence, in the year 1215, that the fatal discord arose, which under the name, first of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and then of Neri and Bianchi, so long distracted the whole of Italy, and gave origin to the most cruel wars and the most fearful crimes which ever stained her annals. One Buondelmonte, a man of a noble and powerful family, had engaged himself by a

contract of marriage to a lady of the Amidei, a family as noble and powerful as his own. Struck, however, with the greater loveliness of a daughter of the house of Donati, he broke through his engagement and married this latter. The Amidei swore to be revenged, and on Easter Sunday they attacked Buondelmonte as he went on horseback to the church of St. Stephen, and slew him. His death at once divided the city into two parties; and as of the hostile families, that of Buondelmonte had the greatest following, it happened that their party took the lead, and assumed the name of Guelfs, from Guelfo, Duke of Bavaria,—not so much because they claimed any connection with that magnate, but because, in the disputes which were then rife between the papacy and the empire, they, like Guelfo, who fought against the emperor Conrad, took part with the papacy; while, on the other hand, the partisans of Conrad, who had been brought up in a castle called Guibelingh, or Waillingen, were from that circumstance in his life called Ghibellines. Afterwards, when private interests gave place to public ones, the family of the Uberti, of which the great Varinata was a member, declared itself head of the Amidei or Ghibelline faction.

The narrative of ROSINI proceeds to shew that between Ubaldino dei Ubaldini, the nephew of the Archbishop Ruggieri, and Bianca dei Visconti, the niece of the Count Ugolino, there had been for some time an attachment, which was looked on favourably by the heads of both families; but the course of this true love is rendered, as usual, rough, by the advent of Federigo dei Lancia, with his lovely niece, Ginevra, in whom centre at once all the affections of Ubaldino. This contrariety occupies much of the books, and drags languidly on through many chapters. At length, while the fleet is yet away, and all minds are anxiously occupied with the anticipated event of the battle, the news is brought in a way, and at a time, altogether unexpected. The following is a fine picture:—

PISA AFTER THE BATTLE.

Those who had whiled away the evening in the dance at the palace of the Visconti, and those who had accompanied Montefeltro to the Lion's-gate, had scarcely passed through their first slumber, when the whole city was unexpectedly awakened by the mournful tolling of the death-bell from the steeples of all the churches.

The deep booming of the bronze bell which summons aid when any part of the city is on fire, and the loud tocsin of the martello tower, certain herald of misfortune, were nothing in comparison of the terror that these numerous knells occasioned. All the inhabitants, leaping from their beds, and opening their windows, listened attentively to discover what could have occurred, and as it sometimes happens that those objects nearest to our eyes are not the easiest to be discerned, so few or none on this occasion could imagine what kind of misfortune had overtaken the city.

The sun had scarcely risen, the streets were empty, so that there was no means of making inquiries; but the uncertainty was soon over, and the terror and anguish redoubled when the brethren of the religious orders, wrapped in garments of penitence, paced in long order from their chapels along the streets, crying as they went, "Pray for the souls of your fathers and children dead in battle." This new and unlooked-for mode of announcing a great disaster had been devised by the archbishop to turn the minds of the faithful to heaven. After the first loose had been given to grief, the inquiries commenced, which had no success. No one could give information, for no one really knew any particulars; the only thing certain known was, that the battle had been adverse, and the disaster immense. Little by little, however, clues began to be given, and a few particulars ascertained, but no general account of the engagement, no reports as to the number and names of the slain.

And thus slowly, mournfully, and in the greatest impatience which can fill the human heart, passed away that whole day without a single report, a single messenger, a single relic of the battle appearing in Pisa, to afford to those suffering from suspense the miserable comfort (for even this is something in so great a disaster) to see with their own eyes and hear with their own ears one who was present and was saved. * * * Sorrow and terror, with the same fatal uncertainty, continued all the night—all the night long was there a confused wandering about the quays and landing places, until the moon shed her last rays from the distant horizon. Then only, and then not for long, weariness overcame grief, and when the morning broke all was quiet and sad repose, and solitude and deep silence.

When the particulars of the battle were publicly known, and it was ascertained that half of the Pisan fleet had been destroyed, but that the remaining half was approaching them safe, and, though much damaged, capable of repair, the mind of the people began to recover its tone, and when they found how carefully Ugolino laboured to remedy the mischief which had been done, how sedulously and benevolently he supplied the wants of the wounded and the families of the slain, his popularity increased to a greater height than before the misfortune, and he was finally elected *potestà* as well as *capitano del popolo*, and thus united in himself the supreme civil as well as the supreme military authority.

Thus the Pisans, in the ardour of their gratitude, forgot the principles of their own constitution, which not only contemplated the perpetual severance of the civil and military, as of the legislative and executive authorities; but also that which required a foreigner to be *capitano del popolo*, lest he should make himself a party in the state, and thus render it incapable of dismissing him in case of need.

In the mean time the activity and prudence of Ugolino gradually restored safety and tranquillity to the city; but scarcely had its effects begun to be felt, when a new danger menaced the very existence of the Pisan republic. This was the Guelphic league, to which we have already adverted, and the manner in which Ghirardeschi accomplished his object of drawing away Florence from the confederacy was worthy of his fame and character. Raising by way of loan on the estates of the Visconti the sum of 6,000 Venetian florins of gold, he bribed each of the six priors, as they were called, who were at the head of the Florentine government, with 1,000; but as in those days letters of credit were unknown, it was necessary to transport the gold itself from Pisa to Florence. A lay brother of a Dominican monastery was chosen by Ugolino to be his confidant and companion on this occasion; by his means the negotiation was secretly carried on and the money obtained from a Jew named Barnabas; in the saddle of his horse it was sewed, to go safely to Florence, and he was employed to be the bearer thereof to the priors. But alas! for human precautions; on the way, Fra Bonifazio fell a little in the rear of his companions, and at Malmantill, he and Ugolino's house steward were seized upon by banditti and carried into the mountains. It was the Robin Hood of Italy, that Ghino di Sacco immortalized by DANTE, into whose hands they had fallen, and he having been once cured of some disorder by the skill of the lay brother, let them go without ransom and with but little delay. But a very interesting episode is that in which the reader is conducted into the castle of Ghino, and familiarized with the robber-life of Italy in the thirteenth century. As soon as Fra Bonifazio arrived in Florence, he was despatched with the florins, slightly bent, and put into bottles of choice Vernaccia; nor are we informed that the flavour of the wine was at all injured by the golden mixture. Saltarello, however, a spy employed by the Lancia family, and who, by means of a bear and a couple of monkeys, passed unquestioned everywhere, had made himself acquainted with all the proceedings of the lay brother. Watching him from the house of one prior of Florence, to the convent where Ugolino was lodged, and then to another prior, he met the friar, by accident, as it appeared, and so violently and closely embraced him that he broke the bottle of Vernaccia, and wine and money both made an unexpected appearance.

Ugolino, however, succeded in his object, and on his return to Pisa became as absolute as though he had been a Roman emperor. His popularity began to fail, and his repeated exactions of money, as well as his banishing all the Ghibelline families of rank, at last drove the people into rebellion. His fall was however *immediately* occasioned by his slaying with his own hand Ubaldino dei Ubaldini, the nephew of the Archbishop Ruggieri.

THE ARCHBISHOP RUGGIERI.

The news of this death soon reached the archbishop; his secretary, as soon as he heard of it, appeared stupified, but having examined and re-examined the messenger, and ascertained that not a few had seen the body, he felt it to be his duty, though uncalled, to enter into the prelate's chamber to inform him of this melancholy event. The archbishop was reciting his breviary; when the secretary appeared, he lifted up his eyes, but made a motion with his hand not to be interrupted.

"But it is a matter of importance," said the secretary.

"Great?" demanded the prelate.

"Great indeed," replied the other, sighing and holding down his head.

At these words Ruggieri placed a mark in his breviary, closed the book and placed it on the table before him, then, manifesting in his countenance how great an anxiety the perturbed air of his secretary caused him, he motioned him to proceed.

The young man, in his utter confusion, knew not how to begin. He spoke hesitatingly of the tyranny of Ugolino, a thing unusual *with him;* of the hatred the people bore to their ruler; of the sorrow prevailing among all good men, so that the Count Anselmo, Ugolino's own nephew, had found it necessary to remonstrate with him.

"Well, well," interrupted the archbishop, impatiently.

Proceeding as well as he could, and dilating on the wound which Ugolino had inflicted on his nephew Anselmo with his dagger, he hardly knew, nor could imagine, how to carry on his tale so far as to say that "Ubaldino—"

"Ubaldino?"

"Was with the Count Anselmo."

"And what did he do?"

"But having made up their minds—"

"What had he to do with it?"

"In short, he—"

"Well?"

"Ugolino—"

"Well—Ugolino—"

"Ugolino, with his own hand—killed him."

On hearing these last words, Ruggieri gave one bound from his seat and stood upright, and for a few moments, with his left hand on the table and his right pressed on his forehead, remained mute and motionless. Then, opening wide his eyes, and deadly pale in countenance, he struck so violently on the table, that the secretary, who had always seen him grave and tranquil, was alarmed at his emotion. For a few minutes more he stood silent, and then, his natural colour returning and his aspect becoming once more calm, he coolly demanded for what purpose such a wild fable was related to him?

"Fable!" said the astonished secretary.

"Yes, fable—and under pain of disgrace, I command you to go and deny it everywhere."

These last words were accompanied by a gesture that he would be left alone; and when the door was closed, those eyes, which had hitherto been only open to penetrate the hearts of men, now for the first time gave a free course to tears; but these tears were not tears of mere sorrow, but of fury. He had measured with the rapidity of a lightning-flash the possibility of vengeance, and having found it, he became calm again.

The junction of the archbishop with the heads of the Ghibelline families, the bad success of the short civil war in which Ugolino plunged his country, fill up the remainder of the work; and it closes with the imprisonment of Ugolino in the Torre della Muda.

The noise of hammers driving the bolts through the gates found a melancholy echo in the heart of the count. He saw the keys thrown into the Arno. But after the verses of Alighieri, who could be so rash as to conduct the reader into that sepulchre of the living?

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN THE TYROL.

(*Continued from page* 383.)

AFTER resting at this village (Fend) for the night, the tourist should procure a guide, and ascend still further up the valley. In half an hour he will reach Rofnerhof, two houses at the very head of the valley. We expected to get a guide here, but all the men were absent. We, however, went forward alone to see the great glacier. We followed the right path for about half an hour, when we ought to have left the path and ascended the mountain on our right by the side of a torrent; but instead of doing this, we still followed the path, which led us too low down the side of the mountain, and which ended at last among rough rocks and precipices; we, however, persevered in going forward, hoping that as the path had taken us there, by persevering we should find the passage improve. It grew however worse, and, after passing round the sides of some awful precipices with great difficulty, on account of the slippery footing, we at last got completely entangled; to advance further was impossible, and to retrace our steps extremely dangerous. We were, however, compelled to do the latter for a short distance, and then, after several unsuccessful attempts and many hair-breadth escapes in scrambling over loose gravel and slippery rocks, we succeeded in scaling the top of the rocks higher up the mountain, and got on better ground. There was a very deep gorge below us, into which we must have fallen had we lost our footing. In this gorge, in one place, the river forced its way under a bed of snow, which had apparently fallen in an avalanche some time before. We walked back until we came again to the torrent, having lost an hour by following that treacherous path. I have given this account, that the future tourist may take warning and avoid getting into the same difficulties. We then ascended the mountain, at first walking by the side of the torrent, and then turning a little to the left; and, after a heavy climb of one hour, we reached the top of a ridge about 9,000 feet above the sea. Here we had a splended mountain view, including several glaciers, or parts of the great glacier called Vernagtferner, the most extensive one in the Tyrol. We could see on the right the Wildspitz (11,600 feet) and the Wild Eispitz, and on the left the Fenarlspitz. We then descended and returned to Fend, where we arrived at 12 o'clock, and were agreeably surprised to see set before us soup made of goat's milk and bread, and some *Mehlspeisen*, for we had anticipated a very long walk before getting any thing to eat. The women we saw this day wore a large blue, conical, grenadier-looking cap of wool, and blue petticoats; many of the women we saw working hay in the Oetzthal wore very clean white or blue aprons, and, at the lower part of the valley, instead of the heavy wool caps, conical black hats like those of the men.

The tourist, having viewed the sublime scenery at the head of the valley, may return to Innsbruck by the route he came. He will be able to reach Sölden on the evening of the same day he ascended to the head of the valley. The next day he may dine at Umhausen, and will reach Silz early in the evening, where he may stay all night or advance further down the Innthal, as he feels ability or inclination. We reached Telfs on the same day we left Sölden, walking the whole distance, nearly forty miles. He may join the *Stellwagen* next morning for Innsbruck. Thick, handsome, and expensive fur caps are worn by many of the women in the Innthal, and of which they seem not a little self-satisfied. The next excursion the tourist may make from Innsbruck may be over the Stelvio. This passage of the Alps, for sublimity of scenery, can hardly be excelled by any other part of the whole chain, and, as a work of art, the road far surpasses any other over the Alps, and in altitude exceeds the Simplon by about 2,300 feet, and the Great St. Bernard by 1,000 feet. It may be crossed over in a carriage, but the pedestrian can alone properly enjoy the sublimity of its scenery. He may, however, take the benefit of the *Stellwagen* in proceeding up the Innthal; it stops for the passengers to dine at Silz; but if he should happen to arrive there on a fast-day, as was the case with us, he will not be allowed any meat; we had for dinner soup, potatoes, and eggs, sallad and pudding. He may so travel as far as Landeck, passing Imst, where the Imst Spitz is a fine object; it is a regular, sharp-pointed cone. He will afterwards pass Mils and the castle of Kronberg. The road is in many parts supported by a wall, and carried along the edge of precipices, out of which it is cut, and the scenery is very picturesque. He will arrive at Landeck about 8 in the evening; and early on the following morning he may take an *Einspännig* to Reid, one post, nine miles and a half. He will continue his advance up the valley, which is narrow all the way to Prutz, where a small plain is formed. The view here is very fine.

In approaching near this place he will pass under the precipices where the Tyrolese destroyed 10,000 French and Bavarians by letting the rocks fall down upon them. A little before reaching Reid, a very fine view may be had up the Innthal, with the statue of St. John Nepomuck in the foreground. At Reid he should commence his march on foot, and continue his route up the valley, still narrow and picturesque, with a fine mountain behind him, covered with snow. In about two hours he will reach Pfunds, and soon after enter the celebrated pass of the Finstermünz, a magnificent defile. The entrance to it, where there is a bridge over the Inn, and some old houses, is very narrow; the precipices on both sides are high, and approach very near together, having a fine effect. From here is a steep ascent by a road carried, at a great expense, along the side of the mountain, and part of it is covered by a strong roof, to protect it from falling rocks, and over the top of this roof runs a small mountain torrent. At the point where the road turns abruptly to the left, is a magnificent view, and the river Inn (here very small) running at the bottom of the gorge, and of a beautiful bluish-green colour, contrasted with the high and precipitous mountains, which approach close to it, has a very pretty effect. In the middle of the narrow part of the pass, after turning to the left, and leaving the banks of the Inn, stands a new fortress, commenced by Francis I. in 1834, and finished by Ferdinand I. in 1840, as appears from the inscription upon it. It completely commands the pass, and is built close against the rock, with a torrent between it and the road, except the middle part of it, which stands out over a bridge to the road, and which is intended for large guns. In looking back at the pass, when through it, it appears like a cleft in the mountain. The tourist will probably arrive about one o'clock at Nauders, a small town

about eighteen miles from Reid. Here he should dine, and may there wait for the *Stellwagen*, in which he will reach Mals in the evening. He will pass near the source of the Adige, and three small lakes formed by it, and over a barren and uninteresting country. If clear, he may have a fine distant view of the Orteler Spitz. Next morning he may take an *Einspännig*, and have a very beautiful drive to Prad, along a fine valley, with splendid views, and the infant Adige running below him, through level meadows, the sides of the valley being well cultivated, having several fine old castles, and numerous villages and churches, and bounded by lofty mountains, with their summits covered with snow. He will cross the valley to Prad by a *chaussée* over a very level plain. From Prad he must set out on foot to climb the pass of the Stelvio. We left Prad for this purpose at twenty minutes past eight o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of September. There had been a heavy fall of snow on the mountains during the preceding night; we found it had fallen about fourteen inches deep on the Stelvio. In two hours we reached Trafoi, a very small village, the road several times crossing the stream.

We observed the village of Stelvio on the right, perched high above us. The first view of the snowy mountain and beautiful glacier which unexpectedly burst upon us, close before us, with the contrast of the dark firs below the pure white, fresh-fallen snow of the mountain, yet with some of the snow of the preceding night still hanging on the branches of the trees, was very striking and impressive. At Trafoi we had some bread and wine in a snug room well heated by a stove. We rested here about half an hour, and then commenced the steep part of the ascent, wading through the snow, which grew thicker as we advanced, until we met a snow-plough half-way up, which cleared the road for us. The heat of the sun's rays, as they fell unobstructed through a clear atmosphere upon, and were reflected from the dazzling white snow through which we were wading, was intense; it was, indeed, for a while, perfectly scorching, and burnt the skin off our faces. We had a fine view of the Madatsch glacier, close before us, on the opposite side of the gorge just beneath us. The views at different points of the road were very magnificent, and increased in grandeur as we ascended, until we reached the summit of the pass, from which the view was inexpressibly sublime. The giant Orteler (14,400 feet high) rising immediately from the deep, dark gorge below, stood in full view in front of us in all his splendour, his head and minor peaks covered with snow of a dazzling brilliancy, and also low down on his side the snow was resting, of a beautiful whiteness, and glaciers were hanging upon him. We could see down the valley we had ascended as far as the valley of the Adige, and the magnificent mountains which inclose these valleys were spread out before us. The ever-changing forms of the flying mists, as they passed over the mountains, had an effect at once grand and beautiful. The road is a wonderful work, and a triumph of engineering art. Near the top are a number of galleries for sheltering the road from the avalanches. They are formed of very strong wooden frame-work, covered with wood at the top and open in front. These galleries, on this side of the pass, if united, would perhaps measure a mile and a half or two miles in length. The line of road near the top becomes very zigzag, on account of the very steep ascent it has there to surmount. The summit of the pass is 9,272 feet above the sea. Here there is a house of refuge, the highest permanent habitation in Europe. The view of the Swiss mountains from this is splendid. The frontier line between Tyrol and Lombardy is marked by an obelisk near the house. At half-past three we reached Santa Maria, a post-house and custom-house on the Italian side, a short distance from the summit. Here we rested half an hour, and had our passports examined. We then descended at a quick pace, and having passed a deserted hospice and small chapel near a lake, and some very zigzag terraces, built up to support the road, we reached the first of the eight stone galleries, built of great strength, to protect the road. They are arched, and have walls of great thickness (4 to 6 feet); yet notwithstanding all the protection they can give to the road, it is frequently broken down by falling rocks, &c. and requires a great annual expenditure to keep it in repair. The stone galleries are in all about half a mile in length, and are situate in a savage-looking, rocky, and barren gorge, called Sponda Lunga, down which we walked for a considerable distance, seeing the source of the Adda.

We arrived at the town of Bormio about seven in the evening. The Stelvio road was completed in 1824, by the Austrians, for a passage into Lombardy. The distance from Prad to Bormio is about thirty-five miles. The tourist, having reached Bormio (where he may procure some excellent honey in small wooden boxes), may continue his progress down the valley of the Adda, very narrow and picturesque, and in about three hours and a half he will arrive at Bolledore, a post-house in the Valteline, where he may procure Strachino cheese and grapes very cheap. The valley here begins to open and Indian corn to be cultivated, and as you proceed further down, much Indian corn and millet, or buck-wheat, &c. are to be seen on the level part of the valley, and on the north side the slopes are covered with vines to the height of perhaps 1,000 feet above the river, and snow is seen on the tops of the mountains above. This valley contains a great number of churches, with steeples in the Italian style; we counted thirteen churches, all seen together from one point of the road, scattered over the valley. Several small towns will be passed, poor-looking places, and four or five old castles, one large one built square, with a tower at each corner, and a high keep in the middle. Near Tirano, the whole breadth of the valley is cultivated as vineyards; the vines are trained in festoons, from one stool to another, somewhat after the manner in which raspberries are sometimes trained. When we saw them, small dark grapes were hanging from them in plentiful bunches. This valley (the Valteline) is very fine and rich; millet is grown under the vines. The peasants were very busy with their harvest, the men wearing red waistcoats, and the women red stockings; they are a darker-looking and smaller race than the Tyrolese. The tourist will arrive at the town of Tirano, about twenty-four miles from Bormio, early in the evening, and may there halt for the night. On the following morning he may resume his progress down the valley, which he will find to present a similar character to what it bore on the preceding afternoon. The men we saw during this day's walk wore low hats with broad brims, long red waistcoats, and coats with long broad skirts, and the houses were all of the Italian character, with low gabels and flat roofs. We found fruit very plentiful and cheap in this valley. The tourist will, about the middle of the day, reach Sondrio, the capital city of the Valteline, and seventeen miles from Tirano, and will find the Albergo Nuovo della Madelena a very good inn. He had better take a carriage here to carry him to Morbegno; he will perhaps meet with a party who will join him. The valley below Sondrio becomes very marshy. He may pass the night at Morbegno, where he may procure a carriage in the morning to take him as far as Colico, on the banks of the lake of Como, and about two hours' drive. The valley all the way between these two places is very swampy and unhealthy. At the foot of the Valteline he will see the castle built by the Spaniards. From Colico he may walk by the side of the beautiful lake of Como to Varenna, which will occupy about four hours; or, if he wish to cut short his tour in the Tyrol here, he may proceed at once over the Splugen into Switzerland. We were favoured with a splendid view of the head of the lake. The tops of the moutains, nearly 8,000 feet above the level of the lake, were covered with snow, and the mist that was hanging upon them greatly increased the grandeur of the view.

(To be continued.)

ART.

CASTING OF THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

On Saturday afternoon a number of scientific and literary gentlemen, together with several ladies, witnessed the casting of seventeen tons of metal at the *atelier* of Mr. Wyatt, Dudley-grove, Paddington. The bronze casting was for the fore-part of the colossal horse intended for the Wellington statue at the West-end. The hinder part has already been cast, and is now in progress of being finished. The immense body of metal was occasionally seen through the iron door of a huge furnace; it was intensely brilliant, and perfectly fluid. A deep "run" led from the door of the furnace, and conveyed the liquid metal to a large pit wherein the model was deposited. At a given signal an aperture in the front of the furnace was opened, and a hollow noise like that from a volcano was heard. The metal then in a complete state of fusion glided forth like a stream of lava, hissing and spitting as it went along to the model-pit. A thick whitish smoke, like that from burning arsenic, and nearly as mephitic, entirely filled the *atelier*, to the roof, making it dark—a darkness which might be felt below, while the red burning river of metal continued to send forth an almost insupportable heat. In about half an hour the whole seventeen tons had run into the pit in a continuous even flow, giving indication that all was right below. It will take five weeks before the mass can be sufficiently fixed and cool—a period of considerable excitement and suspense to the artist. It is curious that the two principal workmen employed on the occasion are Frenchmen, chosen by Mr. Wyatt for their knowledge in bronze casting. They are two hearty fellows, and stirred up the liquid metal with perfect *nonchalance*, apparently heedless about its having originally been cannon taken from the armies of their country in order to form a statue of Wellington. The coincidence afforded subject for remark among the ladies and gentlemen present.

The Frescoes for the Houses of Parliament.—The first essays in actual decoration will take place in the waiting-room of the House of Lords; and in a portion of the House of

Commons, to be painted entirely by Mr. Dyce. The other artists are Messrs. J. R. Herbert, A.R.A.; Severn, and Tenniel. Mr. Maclise was among the number to whom a commission was proposed, but he is understood to have declined it.

WESTMINSTER HALL.—The Cartoon and Fresco Exhibition closed on the 29th of last month. The influx of visitors has not, by any means, been equal to that upon the occasion of the first exhibition, though quite as numerous as last year. The hall was daily thronged with a crowd of persons of all grades; but since the opening of the exhibition, there has been no complaint of misconduct; on the contrary, the works are examined with interest, and evidently visited for their own sake. Thus, among the many thousands who have visited the hall it cannot be doubted that thousands have departed more or less instructed.

RECEIPTS AT WESTMINSTER HALL.—The receipts for admission to the Cartoon Exhibition in 1843, amounted to 2,472*l.* In 1844, those of the two exhibitions, at Westminster and in King-street, were 1,259*l.*; and up to the 28th of July last the amount yielded by the present exhibition is 638*l.* 8s. 6d. The estimates and expenses of Government for the present year contain a few items of interest connected with art:—

Paid on account of the Expenses of the Commission for the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the Rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament for the purpose of Promoting and Encouraging the Fine Arts . .	£ 750	0	0
The Expense incurred for fitting up Premises in St. James's-street for Exhibition of Works of Art, and also in fitting up Westminster Hall for Exhibition of Sculpture and Fresco Paintings .	1,123	16	10
To W. Essex, for an Enamel Portrait of her Majesty, sent as a Present to the Pacha of Egypt .	36	15	0
To A. Bryant, for a Portrait of Speaker Boyle, for the Official Residence of the Speaker of the House of Commons	26	5	0
For the Purchase of Messrs. Smith's Collection of Prints of the Early German Masters . .	2,830	0	0

THE LIST OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF FINE ARTS receives an accession to its number in the name of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.

MUSIC.

CALCUTTA CATHEDRAL ORGAN.

A trial of the capacities of this fine instrument took place on Wednesday at Guildhall, in the presence of the Lord Mayor and a numerous company. Mr. Thomas Adams presided, and gave, as he usually does, several extraordinary instances of his skilfulness as an extemporaneous player, disclosing the greatest fertility of fancy, and the most varied erudition. The powers of the instrument were fairly tested under his hands, for he took occasion to exemplify, as far as the opportunity served, the individual beauties of the solo stops, as well as the best effects of combination. The great organ is rich and broad, but the lack of brightness in the mixtures is occasionally felt, a defect—if defect it may be called—peculiar to the "school" in which the instrument has been erected. The miscellaneous selection performed by Mr. Adams consisted of extracts from Winter, Sebastian Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Handel; and the occasional airs which were thus introduced were submitted to the audience under the most captivating circumstances of delicacy and expression.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COLOSSEUM.—Though this is the least favourable season of the year for places of amusement, it gave us pleasure to find, on the occasion of a late visit, that this, the most intellectual of the exhibitions of the metropolis,—we believe we may say without extravagance, of the world,—continues to attract a large concourse of visitors. It is an evidence, in the present depopulated condition of town, that the superlative merits of this place of entertainment are becoming more widely known than heretofore they have been. We can, most conscientiously, recommend every reader of this journal to visit the Colosseum, in full confidence that he who does so will bear testimony to the fact that we have been fully justified in the encomiums we have from time to time bestowed on it. An alteration of the hours for the morning and evening exhibitions has been made, which, for the information of our readers, we may state, is now—for the morning exhibition, from ten till five; and for the evening, from seven to half-past ten.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—In addition to the very great number of model-carriages and machinery connected with railways and with steam-power and propulsion, locomotive engines, &c. in the museum of this excellent institution, the directors have procured the model of a novel invention recently brought from America, which is exceedingly ingenious, and calculated to be of much service in enabling trains to ascend acclivities, or steep gradients on railroads. It has an Archimedean screw between the axles of the carriage, which comes in contact when required, with a series of friction-rollers placed between the rails, and by the means of this contrivance the carriage and train attached to it are forced up the incline. This apparatus, which is certainly worthy the inspection of scientific men, draws a very numerous company daily, who seem highly pleased with its performance. Doctor Bachoffner continues his admirable lectures on Natural Philosophy, and by his agreeable and comprehensive delivery rivets the attention of his auditors, and leaves nothing wanting. Numerous amusements of all sorts are daily and nightly in operation, including the celebrated young diver and swimmer Captain Stevens's son, the dissolving views, &c. There is also a most splendid collection of tropical fruits which we cannot pass over in silence; they are such beautiful copies from nature as to deceive numbers of the visitors. Our limited space will not allow our doing to these the justice they merit; but among them we may mention the bread-fruit, guava, pomegranate, citron, lime, papaw, plantain, banyan, shadock, &c. &c.

ROYAL ADELAIDE GALLERY.—We are glad to find the spirited proprietor of the above gallery of arts and sciences continues to enjoy so fair a share of public patronage, the favourable result of judicious management. After a concert very ably supported throughout, we were gratified on hearing another lecture from the New Zealand chief, Pahea-Range, in which he introduced much new matter, together with a very intelligible chart of the islands on which he resided, describing the territories of the different tribes, with the localities of several of the battles he was engaged in. Few Englishmen have met with such remarkable adventures as this chief; still fewer have become so immediately associated with savages, and certainly he appears to have spared no exertions to acquaint himself thoroughly with their manners and customs. Mr. J. Russell continues to "throw out his hints," and give "sketches of character," which have the great merit of being true to nature; most of his hints, too, are well worthy acceptance. Pilbrow's Atmospheric Railway Carriage has lost none of its attractions, either as a subject of science or curiosity. We have not space to mention the many other deserving exhibitions and performances, but recommend our readers to visit the Gallery.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE following beautiful translation, from the pen of a Wrangler at Cambridge, will be read with interest:—

THE SOLILOQUY OF MARCO.

[In Manzoni's tragedy *Il Conte di Carmagnola*, translated from the Italian, Marco, a Venetian senator, the Count's intimate friend, is confidentially informed by the Council of Ten that an order has been despatched recalling Carmagnola from the command of the army, with a view to his trial for alleged treasonable designs against the state. He is then induced to sign a paper, pledging himself to impart to no one the secret which has been thus communicated to him. His weakness of mind, infirmity of purpose, and treachery to his friend occasion a soliloquy, of which the following is a free translation.]

A villain I—the die already cast—
Virtue's broad line irrevocably pass'd—
Tempted and fallen—ere this morning's light
How little knew I mine own soul aright!
Oh! what a secret have I learnt this day;
And could I then my trusting friend betray?
Mark yon assassin lure him to the snare—
Yon flashing blade, yet whisper not "beware?"
I *might* have saved my friend—he now must bleed—
And heav'n, which I invoked, shall watch the deed.
This hand hath sign'd his doom; if blood be spilt,
I am the damning cause—be mine the guilt.
What have I done? why fear'd? had I forgot
That life is oft preserved when virtue 's not?
Whence, then, this treacherous oath, and whence this fear?
Were these grey hairs, or was my friend most dear?
All-seeing God! vouchsafe thine high control;
Purge Thou my mental eye—lay bare my soul,
That I may know what caused this abject state,
Whether 'twas dulness, cowardice, or fate.
When thou, my friend, shalt see (how deep the shame!),
Mid yon vile signatures, thy Marco's name—
That *he* invites thee—doubt shall yield to joy—
Mistrust to faith—O God! 'tis I destroy;

Yet spoke they not of mercy—such, forsooth,
As reckless power awards to naked truth.
Mercy to him! 'twas named because this heart
Sought noble pretext for its treacherous part;
Fear had done much, perchance without avail—
Mercy's brief mention turned the trembling scale;
Fool did I trust, but villain did I not,
Or reason's rule or virtue's was forgot.
To each these traitors have his part assigned
By the dark guilt inherent in his mind—
To this the wreathed smile—to that the steel—
The third in brutal threats enured to deal;
My part to make the tragic game complete,
Was base submission and most vile deceit;
And I sustain it—baser far than they
Whom, whilst I scorn, I fear to disobey.
I sought him out—was dazzled by his fame—
His lofty genius and commanding name.
Oh! wherefore thought I not what onerous woes
Strict ties of friendship with the great impose?
Why did I seek up Fame's rude height to toil,
Partake the danger and divide the spoil?
My proffered hand he grasped, and now betray'd—
Beset by foes—that hand withdraws its aid.
Waking, he seeks his friend, and where am I?
One look of quiet scorn—he turns to die.
What have I done? nought yet; yon fatal scroll
Bears a deep oath—'tis graven on my soul;
Yet if that oath were wrongful, Conscience' voice
Bids me abjure it—such be then my choice.
A vast abyss yawns darkly 'neath mine eyes.
One step, and I am lost; then hold, be wise;
Is there no *middle* course, my friend—mine oath?
One word of warning shall destroy us both.
'Twas a mere threat perchance—perchance 'twas true.
The dreadful truth breaks flashing on my view;
No righteous council left. Mid your dark spell,
Dissembling knaves, one thing at least is well;
Yourselves have shaped the course that I shall go;
Yours be the obloquy, be mine the woe.
Nought will I do—enslaved and fettered still,
To your vile keeping I submit my will.
Land of my birth, adieu! I ask no more
Than speedy death ere tidings from thy shore.
Here—urgent dangers mock my ling'ring stay,
And heaven's especial grace ordains my way;
I may not die for thee, most cherish'd lot,
And all thy pride and fame avail me not.
Integrity and friendship once were mine,
Both these I yield—rare offerings—at thy shrine;
Do thou benignant teach me to control
The deep misgivings of a guilty soul!* H. B.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, on Monday, the 1st inst. M. Laborde read a description of a new electrical telegraph, the signals of which are made by sounds. There is nothing very novel in this modification, and we may offer nearly the same remark relative to a system of electrical telegraph presented by M. Garnier, which, however, has one remarkable feature, viz. a double dial-plate for letters or signals, arranged in such a way as to prevent some of the confusion that exists in the present system. M. Garnier has also laid before the Academy a modification of Watts' dynometer, for indicating at every instant the degree of force developed by the steam-engine, the tension of the steam in the cylinder, and the degree of vacuum produced by the condenser of each point of the march of the piston. Up to the present time the dynometer has had only one spring compressed by the tension of the steam, and distended by the effect of the vacuum, and in such a way that the two opposite actions soon destroyed its efficacy. M. Garnier places two springs, each acting by compression, and in such a manner that the paper upon which the curves of tension, &c. are marked, may slide easily, and denote clearly the successive figures.

A paper was received from M. Dujardin, announcing what he conceives to be an important improvement in electro-magnetic machines. Instead of causing a horse-shoe magnet to turn above a horse-shoe of soft iron, he, on the contrary, gives the motion to the soft iron affixed to one side of an axis, whilst a piece of lead is placed on the other side. In this way the iron is sometimes near and sometimes distant from the magnet, and the result is two currents more powerful than with the ordinary machine.

M. Petit de Maurienne presented a copy of his report to the Minister of the Interior, on his mode of ventilation of hospitals and prisons, by means of metallic wire gauze applied to openings in the walls. This system of ventilation does not, however, appear to us to be very new. Of all the systems of ventilation that we have seen, that which struck us as being the best was the plan proposed by Mr. Wroughton, and which consists of a mercurial valve acting upon a spring, and opening a portion of a window in such a way that the room will always remain at the temperature desired, and the foul air be replaced at every instant by a supply of pure air from without. Mr. Wroughton's plan, which we have seen at work, is indeed but an extension of the principle of the mercurial self-acting valve of Dr. Arnott's stove, but the application of it to the purposes of ventilation is a very meritorious one, and we could wish to see it adopted in the hospitals and in the theatres also, in which the system of ventilation is so imperfect that there is no medium between a blast of cold air from without and the noxious emanations within. There is, in fact, nothing more destructive to health than to remain for two or three hours in one of the public theatres, alternately exposed to the suffocating and poisonous heat of the gas, and the thousand pourings out from the lungs and pores of the multitude, and the rush of cold air from the opened doors, which are, in fact, the only effective means of ventilation now used; whereas, if the system of which we speak were adopted, there would be no necessity for this rush of cold air, and the atmosphere would always be pure.

M. Arago again alluded to the important discovery made by M. Ebelmen, of the means of producing an artificial quartz. It appears that, by a slight modification of his process, M. Ebelmen has succeeded in producing the hydrophane, a very rare variety of quartz, which becomes transparent when placed in water. This modification consists simply in leaving a little more of the chloruret of silicium in the silicic ether exposed to slow evaporation by the prolonged contact with damp air. If the ether be placed in contact with a small quantity of creosote, it coagulates, and gives a quartz of rather a yellow colour, which is not the hydrophane.

Dr. Leuret, one of the physicians of Bicêtre, communicated to the Academy an improvement that he has made in the construction of the instrument by which insane persons who refuse to take food have it administered to them by force. By M. Leuret's improvement this tube is made so flexible that there is no longer the least danger in its use.

ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS.—The model of a very simple but ingenious contrivance for the purpose of enabling the guards of a train to instantly communicate with the engine driver, in case of any danger being perceived, was exhibited on Saturday evening at the Bristol terminus of the Bristol and Birmingham line, by its inventor, Mr. J. K. Williams, the superintendent of the line. The machine consists of a large box, having on its top a large and sonorous bell, which is struck like the bell of a clock. Within this box is a piece of clock-work, precisely similar to that of an alarum, and a red lamp for foggy weather or night; and from the box, which is intended to be affixed to the nearest carriage to the engine, ropes proceed over the roofs of the various carriages to the guard's box, who, upon perceiving any signal of danger or obstruction on the lines, has only to pull the cord, and the large bell is instantly rung, and the red lamp shewn, if at night; or a large board with the word "stop" upon it flies up. So that the engine-driver's attention is attracted both by sight and sound to the impending danger. The model was highly approved of by scientific persons who viewed it, and is to be shewn to Mr. Hudson, on Wednesday next, on the occasion of his visiting Bristol.

STUTTGARDT.—The era of miracles being over, we had still to look for that of wonders, in the supposition that Arkwright or Watt, &c. &c. have not fully succeeded in giving their time the name of "an age of wonders."—A Wurtemberg lieutenant-colonel, M. Von Hamel, has *invented a horse*, of full size, of the self-acting principle,—a mechanical horse,—for the benefit of the living animal of the same species, which, the world knows, has so long been forced to submit to the maltreatment of unskilful pupils in the art of horsemanship. The honourable gentleman has certainly acted on the views of the Humane Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The German papers say, what noise would inventive England have made, if she had made that invaluable invention! *Tempus et laborem perdidit*, M. von Hamel. Finally, the great invention is out: the novel creator of the horse has surpassed all mechanism in the world; but has

* It must be confessed that there is nothing which corresponds to the two last lines in the Italian.

not said if his horse also exhibits the obstinate feats and tricks of a living horse, which is commonly made so ungovernable by them.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—As I conceive the most efficient means of furthering the investigation, and promoting the interests of Mesmerism, is to bring before the public a body of facts illustrative of the practical utility of the science, I beg to forward for your perusal and that of your readers, the following little incident, which, though of almost every-day occurrence amongst practisers of the art, is nevertheless peculiarly interesting, as exhibiting the extreme simplicity of the agent employed, its easy applicability, and the readiness with which it might at all times and in all places be employed in a certain class of cases. Having yesterday taken advantage of the present very beautiful weather to enjoy a day's trout-fishing, I repaired to Wellow, a village six miles from this place. At the conclusion of my day's sport, I called at the cottage of old Mrs. Francis, whose family I had long known. I there found that her eldest daughter (Mrs. Swift) was suffering acutely from rheumatism in the head and shoulders; indeed, so great was her agony, that (as she informed me) she had had no sleep for a whole week; the pain was almost intolerable, brought about, as she thought, by great exertion and exposure in leazing (gleaning); she had tried various remedies, but to no purpose, and was seriously afraid that she should lose her sight (a similar occurrence having taken place in the village to a man, apparently from the same cause). I told her I thought she would derive benefit from being mesmerised. She had never heard of the term before, but expressed herself ready to try any thing which would relieve her; but when I informed her that the operation would be the sending of her into a sleep, she said, then it would be of no use my trying, as it was impossible she could sleep, the pain in her head being too violent to permit it. I requested her to hold out her right arm as well as she could, and after I had made about twenty or thirty passes down it from the shoulder, she declared that the pain there was almost entirely gone. I then sat in front of her, and by my fixed gaze endeavoured to send her to sleep; this I effected in three or four minutes. Having got her into this condition, I made a number of appropriate passes over the head and down the person; this I continued for about five minutes, and then woke her up, when she informed me that the pains were entirely gone, and that she was perfectly well; she said that the sleep which she then had was exceedingly pleasant, and the first she had enjoyed for a week. She thanked me most heartily for curing her, and hoped she should have no return of her disorder. I requested her, however, in the event of any further attack, to come to my residence, and I would again mesmerise her.

Here, then, was a case in which, by a process to be understood and practised by any one, a painful malady—one which caused ceaseless suffering and sleepless nights for a week—was removed (at least for a time), in a few minutes, without expense, pain, or any inconvenience whatever. Surely such a fact as this speaks volumes in favour of Mesmerism, and ought of itself to silence those shallow twaddlers who can see nothing in the science but fraud, deception, and folly.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T. W. SAUNDERS.

Ivy Cottage, Bath, Sept. 10, 1845.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.

WE were so anxious to convey to our readers last week early information of the leading particulars of the laying the first stone of this most humane and excellent institution, that we overlooked in our haste some details of interest, which we therefore now subjoin:—

The style of the architecture accords entirely with our idea of what is most suitable in itself and agreeable to English landscape. The design, in the Tudor line, is by Mr. H. Cooper, and does credit to his ability and taste; this, the first distinct elevation, consisting of seven comfortable domestic dwellings (with every conveniency), a central hall on the ground-floor, 18 feet 6 in. by 17 feet; and a committee-room above, a common sitting-room, 12 feet 1½ in. by 12 feet, and a kitchen 11 feet by 10 feet 3 in. Plots of garden will be laid out for the inmates; and should it be required in the progress of time, there is sufficient space in the endowment of Mr. Dickenson to permit of the building of similar abodes for from thirty to forty additional members. The estimated cost of the "present commencement" is 2,600*l.*; and it is most satisfactory to state, that though the sum required to complete the design was, when the company met, deficient by no less than 600*l.* or 700*l.*, it was amply sufficient when they left, only a few hours later.

Much of this gratifying result must, we think, be attributed to the manner in which the Earl of Clarendon discharged the duties of president throughout the day. Every thing being prepared, his lordship deposited, in the usual way, a crystal bottle, in which silver and copper coins of the current date were inclosed, and also the following scroll, previously read aloud by Mr. Ives, the secretary, commemorating the event:—

"The foundation-stone of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat was laid by the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, G.C.B. P.C. on Wednesday, September 3, 1845. This Retreat, to be erected upon ground presented by John Dickenson, esq. is intended as a comfortable asylum for aged and infirm members and the widows of members of the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

LIST OF THE COMMITTEE FOR 1845.

James Nisbet, esq. 21, Berners-street, Chairman.
Thomas Brown, esq. 39, Paternoster-row, Treasurer.
Cosmo Orme, esq. 15, Bryanstone-square.
Bevis E. Green, esq. 39, Paternoster-row.
Ant. K. Newman, esq. 33, Leadenhall-street.
Thos. Kelly, esq. Ald. 17, Paternoster-row,
Edmund Hodgson, esq. 192, Fleet-street,
James M. Richardson, esq. 23, Cornhill,
R. Marshall, esq. 4, Stationers'-hall-court,
} Trustees.

Messrs. Robert Baldock, 85, High Holborn; James Bigg, 53, Parliament-street; George Copland, 17, Paternoster-row; Geo. Greenland, 38, Poultry; John Hearne, 81, Strand; George Lawford, 6, Saville-passage; Sampson Low, 42, Lamb's Conduit-street; Frederick Malcolm, 8, Leadenhall-street; Charles Reader, 39, Paternoster-row; Thomas Rodd, 39, Great Newport-street; Thomas Sanderson, 2, Amen Corner; William Sharp, 39, Paternoster-row; Thomas B. Sharpe, 15, Skinner-street; Alfred Taylor, 187, Piccadilly; Henry Wix, 65, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Auditors.—Messrs. Jas. Eden, 39, Paternoster-row; John Morris Jones, 8, Paternoster-row; Samuel Sharwood, jun. 120, Aldersgate-street.

Honorary Secretary.—Mr. Samuel Ives, 14, Paternoster-row.

W. H. Cooper, esq. Architect. Mr. William Trego, Builder."

The reading of the subscription-list by Mr. Hodgson naturally excited enthusiastic plaudits, and the presence of some of the most liberal friends of the asylum, connected with "the trade" (and convincing proofs of not being forgotten by others who could not attend), gave much additional *éclât* to the meeting. But whilst we offer this tribute to the house of Messrs. Longman, nearly every member of which was at the table, to Alderman Kelly, and to all who have distinguished themselves in this good cause, we trust we shall not be thought to overstep our province, if we earnestly exhort others who have not yet joined in the support of these institutions, to lose no time in doing themselves that service and honour. In our humble opinion, there is not one assistant in the London trade who ought not to avail himself of this auspicious institution, and not one principal whose bounden duty it is not to afford it a liberal aid. In those who are most exposed to fall into the need of such help for old age or disease, it is inexcusable to neglect the provision; and in those most removed from the chance of such misfortune, "'twere good to do so much for charity."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In pages 339 and 367 of THE CRITIC you truly remark that "a very inconvenient mode of publishing has of late grown into favour. The plan is, where a work consists of more than a single volume, not to bring it out entire, but to publish the several volumes at intervals."

Allow me to add two instances of this kind to those already referred to in the pages of THE CRITIC.

The 5th vol. of the *Diary and Letters of Mdlle. D'Arblay* was published in 1842 by Mr. Colburn, who still continues to advertise the 6th vol. to be in the press.

A more flagrant instance occurs in the *Biographical Dictionary* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the 7th part of which was published in 1844 (comprehending only the letter A), at which point it would appear to have stopped in the

issue of its quarterly parts. When this work numbers on its committee so many eminent literary men, added to Lord Brougham as its chairman, the public would naturally feel confident that a sufficient guarantee was thereby afforded them for its completion, particularly when undertaken under the auspices of a society like that of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Should there, however, be no intention on the part of the committee to proceed with this work, the very least that they can do is to offer any subscriber to return his imperfect work, for which he shall be repaid on its receipt at the society's publishers.

The independent course pursued by THE CRITIC will, I am convinced, insure the insertion of this letter from a constant subscriber. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

L. L. H.

P.S.—Allow me to point out an error in pp. 342, 343 of THE CRITIC, which has been copied from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The memoir of Mr. Mitchell was not borrowed from the *Quarterly Review*, but from the *Classical Museum*, vol. iii. p. 213.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I took leave some time since to suggest that you should state your advertising terms, and that they should be on a moderate scale, in order that you might *double* or *treble* your advertisements. I am glad to see an increase of advertisements in the modern class of books, and hope to find that followed by those of the "olden time." THE CRITIC is read with increased interest in these parts. We are gratified by your notices of such sales as the library of the Duke of Sussex, and we rejoice to hear that there are still purchasers of the labours of WILLIAM CAXTON. Your account of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat was quite a *treat* to us, but what may we not expect when we have such men as DICKENS and DICKENSON among us. We know many of those worthy bibliopolists contributors to and receivers from the fund, whose ancestors have

Pored
Upon a huge romantic tome,
Imprinted at the antique dome
Of Caxton or De Worde.

We trust that the antiques and the moderns may unite for the benefit of all. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Brighton, Sept. 6. ANTIQUARIUS.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE TOMB OF CHAUCER.

PUBLIC attention has been invited, through a letter in the *Times* of Saturday, to the dilapidated condition of the tomb of CHAUCER in Westminster Abbey. It appears that such is its present condition, that it is only by means of a tracing in chalk over the letters that the inscription can be deciphered. Sharing equally with the writer the wish that something should be done towards renovating the present monument, or procuring a new one, we gladly give place to some of his remarks, in the hope that eventually the subject will be taken up by persons of leisure and influence, and that the name of the Father of English Poetry will still hang upon the walls of the Minster, as it has a place in the hearts of all who set a value on British Literature.

"Few persons are aware," says the writer, "when loitering through Poets'-corner, that they are treading over the ashes of one whose memory ought to be respected by all his countrymen; and foreigners visiting England must feel surprise in viewing the ruinous appearance of the grave of our oldest English poet. Were the tomb only repaired in some degree, that is, cleaned, and a slab of marble inserted in the wall, with the old inscription, which is extant, cut neatly upon it, this would be something, and might be done at but a trifling cost. Many would subscribe to such a good work, and if it were done publicly, more than enough would soon be raised. The shilling of the admiring peasant or artisan should be accepted for such a purpose with the larger donation of the more affluent, but still poet-loving individual.

"The tomb of Edmund Spenser was restored by private subscription in 1778. Shall we feel less alive than our forefathers seventy years ago, to the claims which these fathers of verse have upon our loving and respectful memory? The tomb of the great father of poetry was erected by N. Brigham, who, in the year 1556, 'in the name of the Muses,' placed the present inscription (now by the hand of all-devouring time rendered almost illegible). Let us then entertain a hope that very shortly, in these days of light and knowledge, some respect will be shewn to the mighty dead, and that the author of the *Canterbury Tales* will not be suffered to lie in a spot unmarked, and with scarcely his name discernible, except to some inquiring antiquary. Let us in this imitate the excellent feelings of our continental neighbours, who treasure up with the most sacred love the tombs, inscriptions, &c. relating to their poets and statesmen. Let us then be able, when walking through the beautiful Minster, to point our children to the place where repose the ashes of our great English poet, whose lovely tale of the patience of Griselda has often drawn tears from our eyes."

We should rejoice to see a subscription raised as suggested by the correspondent of the *Times*, and would give such a movement all the assistance it may be in our power to render.

SALE OF RARE AND COSTLY BOOKS—THE MOST SPLENDID MISSAL IN ENGLAND.—A sale by auction held a short time since, by Messrs. Evans, the well-known book auctioneers of Bond-street, of a portion of the library of a nobleman, consisting of many rare and curious books. The sale excited an unusual degree of interest, in consequence of there being included in the sale one of the most splendid missals extant, with other books of costly value. It was entitled "Officium Christeferæ Virginis Mariæ secundum Usum Ecclesiæ Parisienses," a manuscript of the sixteenth century, in vellum. This most beautiful volume is written in Roman characters, the paintings being most exquisitely finished, and the borders ornamented in the best style, with the devices and the mottoes of the family for whom it was executed. This *bijou* formerly belonged to Mr. Edwards, and was by far the most elegant and delicate of the illuminated offices he was ever able to procure. Dr. Dibden has given a very elaborate description of this gem, which is also noticed by Decameron, vol. i. p. 180-1, as matchless. The bidding for this rare gem was most spirited, and eventually it was knocked down for 135*l.* to Mr. Rodd, as was understood, for the British Museum. The Pentateuch (Tindal's version), newly corrected and amended by W. T. The last leaf inlaid, but a very fine copy, with plates, 1534, extremely rare, sold for the large sum of 121*l.* The Psalter, translated into English metre by Archbishop Parker, very rare, imprinted by J. Day, 1557, sold for 20*l.* The New Testament, in Englyshe and in Latin of Erasmus, imprynted by W. Powell, 1549, sold for 40*l.* The sale lasted three days, and realized a large sum of money.

THE GRAVE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—We are happy to learn that a monument at Dryburgh Abbey, to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, will be immediately commenced. Various obstructions and delays have occurred to interfere with this pious and patriotic duty, contemplated shortly after the death of the great minstrel. Sir Francis Chantrey had promised a design, but died ere he carried his intention into effect. Mr. Allan Cunningham, the friend and assistant of Chantrey, knowing what was proposed, drew a sketch of a monument; and it is a melancholy and interesting fact, that the last letter ever penned by "honest Allan" was one transmitting this sketch to Mr. Cadell, Edinburgh. The same day that he sent off his design for the tomb of Scott, Mr. Cunningham suddenly died, and followed his illustrious friends, the poet and the sculptor, to the grave. After a delay of thirteen years, the original object, however, will be attained, and beautiful as is the poet's tomb at St. Mary's Isle (where nature has decorated the Gothic ruins with a profuse and picturesque variety of foliage, and the murmurs of the Tweed are heard in the distance), the spot will be rendered still more impressive by this external commemoration, the offering of gratitude and affection, combined with those higher and more solemn feelings which consecrate the grave of genius.—*Inverness Courier.*

A correspondent informs us that the Rev. Doctor Joseph Wolff has taken up his residence at Malines, and has accepted the chaplaincy of the English Protestant Chapel there.—*Brussels Gazette.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Sept. 6 to Sept. 13.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Book of Fashionable Life, 2nd edit. 32mo. 1s. 6d. sd.

Christian's Day (The), by Paget, sq. 32mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Cosmos; a General Survey of the Physical Phenomena of the Universe, by Alexander

von Humboldt, Vol. I. post 8vo. 10s. cl.—Corner's (Miss) History of Scotland, with Questions affixed, plates and map, 12mo. 3s. cl.
Drew's (John) Manual of Astronomy, royal 18mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Edward's (T. W. C.) Latin Delectus, 8th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Evans's (Rev. R. W.) Parochial Sermons, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Family Prayers, by the Rev. J. J. Plumer, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Geijer's History of the Swedes, translated by J. H. Turner, Vol. I. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Gift to Young Friends, 12mo. coloured plates, 1s. cl.—Gray (J. T.), Exercises in Logic, for the Use of Students in Colleges, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Hassall's British Algæ, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 5s. cl.—Holmes (W. R.), Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian, 1 vol. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Hymns for Infant Minds, by Ann Jane Taylor, 36th edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Keane's Court of Requests, 12mo. new edit. 3s. 6d. bds.
Letters and Passages from the Life of the late Rev. Robert Anderson, by the Hon. Mrs. Anderson, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Luke Sharp, by Paget (Juvenile Englishman's Library), 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Malby's Celestial Globe Atlas, 1l. 1s.—Master Passion (The) and other Tales and Sketches, by Thomas C. Grattan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Murray's Colonial and Home Library, Vol. XII. "Darwin's Naturalist's Voyage," square crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—My Razor and Shaving Tackle, by John Zeetfen, 3d.
Nimshi; the Adventures of a Man to obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. cl.—Norfolk's (W. J.) General Principles of Banking, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Parnell's (Edward A.) Elements of Chemical Analysis, 2nd edition, enlarged, 8vo. 14s. cl.—Practical Christian's Library, "Companion to the Prayer Book," 18mo. 1s. cl. swd.—Practical Christian's Library, "Andrew's Parish Sermons," 18mo. 2s. cl. swd.—Prideaux's Practical Guide to Churchwardens, new ed. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Poems, by A Father and a Daughter, 1 vol. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Poems, by Allen Park Paton, crown 8vo. 5s. cl.—Pyne's Vital Magnetism, 3rd edit. royal 18mo. 2s. cl.
Sermons for Sundays, Vol. I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Swiss Family Robinson, 12th edit. with Notes and Illustrations, 12mo. 6s. cl.
Treatise on the Use of the Globes, by Professor de Morgan, 5s.—Turnley (Joseph), The Spirit of the Vatican, illustrated by Historical Dramatic Sketches, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language, new edit. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 3l. 3s. cl.—Wild Flowers and their Teachings, illustrated by 36 real specimens of Flowers, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Wiley and Co.'s Library of American Books, "Big Abel and the Manhattan," by Cornelius Matthews, crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Wilkes's Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, with 300 wood engravings and 7 maps, 5 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Dupotet's English work on Animal Magnetism, 1838.
Dr. Robertson's Works, edited by D. Stewart, exclusive of Vol. IX. and the Vol. on Scotland.
Vols. I. III. IV. and VI. History of Modern Europe, in letters from a nobleman to his son.
All the Vols. of Dobb's Universal History, exclusive of Vols. VII. and VIII.
Affection's Gift to a Beloved Godchild.
Treasures of Thought.
Manual of Astronomy.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

PRESENT FROM THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—Through the medium of the Russian Ambassador, Baron Brunow, his Imperial Majesty has recently sent to Mr. W. Snow Harris, of Plymouth, a handsome porcelain vase, in token of the great estimation his Majesty entertains of Mr. Harris's ability in the construction of lightning conductors for shipping. The vase is a superior specimen of Russian skill, and is reported to have been made in a native manufactory under the especial care of the Royal Family. It stands twenty inches high, and is nineteen inches diameter at the mouth. The body is of a very rich blue; the base is of burnished gold, and bears the following inscription:—

To W. Snow Harris, esq.
From H.I.M. Nicholas Pawlowitch,
Emperor of all the Russias,
January, 1845.

The pedestal is of burnished gold and blue; the bowl and handles of elaborately figured burnished and dead gold, tastefully mingled; and on one side of the body, between the handles, is a very clever and appropriate marine painting, representing in the centre a ship in full sail, on the left a landing-place, and to the right fishing-boats, &c. The execution of the painting shews the advance of art in the north. The selection of this specimen of native Russian skill, as a fitting compliment for the acknowledgment of English talent, is highly creditable to the taste and discrimination of the Emperor of Russia, and must be most gratifying to the feelings of our ingenious countryman.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—The journals mention the discovery of a Roman theatre and temple, and many coins, vases, images, Samian vessels, &c. of much antiquarian interest, in the department of Nievre.

A STRONG BREEZE AMONG THE HOLY FRIARS.—A student belonging to the Convent of St. Augustine (one of the wealthiest monasteries) was sentenced last week to two months' imprisonment, by the Judicial Court of Police, for having given a severe thrashing to the prior or abbot of his convent. It is fortunate for the culprit it did not happen in a country where the convents exercise their own jurisdiction, otherwise he would have fared much worse.

READERS.—Coleridge divided readers into four classes; the first compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand, it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge, which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class he compared to the diamond miners in Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.

To Readers and Correspondents.

J. A. (Subscription Library), Accrington.—*We should recommend as the best for the purpose "Knight's Pictorial History of England."*
A Reader of THE CRITIC.—*We are unable to give the required information. Astrology is a subject quite without the limits of our reading.*
E. C.—*We agree with our correspondent as to the indelicacy and coarseness of the extracts he has taken from the last number of the* Athenæum; *but in his zeal to hold up for censure the improprieties he points out, he has overlooked the fact that, by the insertion of his letter containing the indelicacies, we should ourselves give currency to what is objectionable and in the worst taste, and therefore guilty of the offence he condemns in the* Athenæum.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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London: Bruce and Wyld, 84, Farringdon-street; Watson, Edinburgh; Macleod, Glasgow; Le Messurier, Dublin; Philip, Liverpool; Heywood, Manchester; and sold by all Booksellers.

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THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Letters of the Marchioness Broglio Solari, one of the Maids of Honour to the Princess Lamballe, containing a Sketch of her Life and Recollections of celebrated Characters. London, 1845. Pickering.

THESE letters form a disjointed and imperfect autobiography of the lady whose name they bear. On sitting down to them, misled by her statement *in the introduction* that she had lived much in the society of the most illustrious statesmen and diplomatists of Europe, whom she names, we thought that, with the opportunities she professes to have enjoyed, she had gathered a variety of useful and valuable matter, and that we might even hope for something of historical value from her pen. Our disappointment in this particular was complete; for there is scarcely a single paragraph of worth concerning them or the times they moved in; and the little that incidentally relates to them is unauthentic, and may only be relied on so far as it is corroborated by other evidence.

It is to *herself* these letters are mainly devoted; and the vicissitudes of her life, her adventures, and the scenes in which she mingled, rival in strangeness and variety those of Miss Cunigund and the old woman—the pope's daughter, in that text-book of optimists, *Candide* by VOLTAIRE. The Marchioness was the daughter of GEORGE AUGUSTUS HYDE (a son of Lord HYDE CLARENDON, by a Polish Princess named SCHAVORINSKA) and the Countess BRANIZKY, sister to STANISLAUS PONIATOWSKI, King of Poland. Mr. HYDE was then resident at the court of AUGUSTUS III. and carried on an illicit amour with the Countess BRANIZKY, who, in the event of a divorce from her husband, had promised to marry him. This ended in the Countess leaving her country on the excuse of ill health, and coming to London, where she was delivered of a daughter—the writer of the letters—who was privately baptized by one PLUNKET, an Irish priest, then a dependant of the Duke of NORFOLK, and placed in the charge of a Polish Jew, named HYAMS, whose wife had an infant of the same age. On the return of the Countess to Poland, she found Mr. HYDE had been assassinated; and for some unaccountable reason we are told that the Countess was never afterwards able to obtain any direct knowledge of the child she had left in England.

The Jew in whose hands our authoress had been placed, finding his wife sickly, sent her infant and the subject of this memoir away to be suckled. The Jew's child died, "and the mother not being at that time in a state to receive the news of her loss, and having requested that her child might be brought to her, the nurse (by the Jew's order) produced the infant of the countess," and presented it to her as her own; nor did HYAMS ever undeceive his wife (who went to the grave in the belief that it was her own child she had nursed), or inform the authoress herself of it till a few months previous to his death.

While living with the Jew as his daughter, the future marchioness had the good fortune to secure, by her musical abilities, the patronage of Lady MARY DUNCAN, who induced some noblemen, among whom was the Duke of NORFOLK, to contribute to her education. The duke sent her to France, where she embraced the Catholic religion. Being a pupil of SACCHINI'S, the musician, proud of her talents, introduced her to the ill-fated Princess LAMBALLE, with whom, in after-years, she became on the most intimate terms. SACCHINI next brought to her an Englishman named PLOMER, a handsome, captivating man, who passed much of his time with *Egalité* ORLEANS and other profligate French noblemen. With this *hopeful*, who afterwards proved a complete adventurer, she fell violently in love; and, at the very time when she well knew the good Princess LAMBALLE was meditating how to provide for her, she planned a secret marriage, and eloped with him from the convent in which she had been placed. The ceremony was performed in the convent, in the presence, we are told, of two persons, whose names are unknown, and whom she never saw before nor since! So much for the proof of this marriage! Here commence her troubles. Up to this time the world had been all sunshine for her; thenceforward she had to endure its frowns.

The marriage proved an unhappy one. The husband, who had represented himself as the son of a member of the English Parliament, turned out a liar and impostor, and the duped wife at length "determined to leave him and come to England, as the idea of returning to Paris chilled her very soul with self-reproach." To enable herself to do this, she went to a jeweller's, intending to dispose of her diamonds, but found to her chagrin that her husband had forestalled her by selling to this very jeweller the diamonds, and replacing them with false ones. We transcribe her own remarks on this occasion:—

Judge, my dear friend, what must have been my sensations on such a discovery! after what I had suffered, and the forlorn situation I was then in; in an unknown world—unprotected—without friends; a wife without a husband—a mother, childless; and all my capital *a box of false jewels!* A pretty capital to begin the world with! The feelings of my mind can be much better felt than described; and even *now*, after so many years, I cannot look back but with horror on the conduct of him who precipitated me into an unfathomable sea of misfortunes. How I envied the stars in the sky—the feathered creation—the fishes under water—the worms in the earth, as they in a certain degree were not subjected to human depravity. * * My husband endeavoured to make every atonement (as far as words could admit of) for what had passed, with a most sacred promise that "if I would return to live with him, and forget the wrongs he had caused me to suffer, his future life should bespeak his gratitude." I could only reply with my tears, and they did not flow sufficiently to relieve the anguish of my heart; but the situation I then found myself likely to be exposed to, from the cruel circumstances my own folly had thrown me into, without a friend in whom I could confide (having never received any answer to the letters I had written to my supposed parents), had so powerful an influence on my mind, that I complied with his wishes, and as soon as I was able to bear the motion of the sea, we returned to France.

Shortly after this rupture and reconcilement, PLOMER abandoned her in childbed, friendless and destitute of resources, in an obscure village; and it subsequently turned out that he had been previously married to a woman by whom he had a family, and who harassed him by continual demands for money. Upon her recovery, after experiencing the most humane and considerate treatment of the people of the village, she found that a gold chain and diamond ring, which had been given her by her benefactress, the Princess LAMBALLE, formed all the valuables she had in the world; these she converted into money, which enabled her to reach London, where, after an introduction to Dr. ARNOLD, she was engaged by COLMAN the Elder as an actress at the Haymarket Theatre. Her first appearance on the stage was as *Euphrosyne* in MILTON'S *Comus*, and her success so great that she was sought and engaged by DALY, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, to appear on the Irish stage. This man fell in love with her, and because she thwarted his inclinations, did all he could to harass and annoy her. She tells of him the following anecdote:—

THE MANAGER AND THE ACTOR.

There was the part of a Roman senator in a play that was to be performed. The actor came to the rehearsal in a little bob wig, and had to shew the hairdresser how to make him another like it. He went into the wardrobe to order also a tunic, and the tailor not understanding him, he informed him it was "something like a petticoat." Mr. Daly coming in, and overhearing the order given, exclaimed, "What, Sir, do you mean to *revolution* Dublin by coming on the stage in a petticoat and a blackamoor's hat? I *insist*, Sir, on your putting on a rich embroidered suit of velvet, and a full-bottomed powdered wig."—"That's the senator's dress, Sir," replied the actor; "there were no such dresses worn at the time of the Romans."—"So much the worse," said Daly; "and besides, what's that to *me?* I am the manager, Sir, and ought to know best how to dress my actors as I think proper. Do you hear that, Sir?"—"Yes,

Sir, I do; but there is also another circumstance which it is necessary to observe, that as I am to enter Rome in triumph—" "And who hinders you? Why, Sir, you think yourself in one of the little towns in England. I am the manager of all the theatres out of his Majesty's dominions in Ireland."—"Yes, Sir," said the actor, "I don't doubt all you say; but it will also be necessary that you should order the painter to prepare the scene of the Capitol."—"Why, Sir, are you not in the *capital* of Ireland, Sir?"—"Yes, Sir; but if every thing is not in character—"—"Take care that you know *your character* to-morrow night, that's what I wish; that the bottles of whisky may not fly about your ears and ruin my velvet suit the night of your performance."

Being released from her Irish engagement, she returned to London, having met during her stay in Dublin, the Irish friar who had married her. He informed her that the Princess Lamballe was daily expectvd in England; and a few weeks afterwards our authoress joined her benefactress, the princess, at Bath. By the latter it would saem she was intrusted with a mission to the royal family of France, then beset by the wretches who eventually murdered them, which she faithfully executed. After describing the scenes in which she took part up to this period, her letters break off suddenly, and the sequel of her history is supplied by the editor of the work; it is briefly as follows:

From various documents in the possession of a friend, it appears that she rendered some important services to the royal family at Paris during the revolution in 1791. She had offered to watch (with her servant) the apartment of the Princess Lamballe in the Pavilion of Flora (into which combustibles had been thrown), to discover, if possible, the perpetrators of this outrage; and whilst the princess was expressing her fears of allowing her to be engaged in a service so dangerous, a crowd of ruffians rushed into the apartment, and the marchioness received a wound in the hand from a sabre, in warding off a blow aimed at her head. She fainted, and was conveyed to the upper part of the palace, and afterwards sent off to England, but was ere long recalled to Paris, where she was an eye-witness of many of the revolutionary meetings and scenes of horror, an account of which she afterwards published. The unhappy queen, Marie-Antoinette, intrusted her with letters, to be delivered to various members of her own family, resident at different continental courts. Before her departure, she kissed the queen's hands, and that of the Princess Elizabeth, and received their blessing and good wishes. This was her last interview with the royal family.

When the queen and the Princess Elizabeth had quitted the apartment, the Princess Lamballe, who remained with the marchioness, said, "Now we are alone, I will tell you what her Majesty has commanded me to signify to you in her name; that *you are provided for for life*, and that she intends appointing you to the first vacancy which shall occur at court. In this mission you are not to write to any one. No one is to be made acquainted with your object. You are not to leave Paris in your own carriage. I am also directed by her Majesty to place on your neck this watch." This was a beautiful gold watch, with chain and seals. The Princess Lamballe also presented her with a beautiful pocket-book, the covers of which were of gold enamelled, with the word "Souvenir," in diamonds, on one side, and the princess's own initials. The names of her Majesty and the Princess Elizabeth were written on the first page, in their own handwriting. It contained also a cheque on a banker at Milan. The marchioness started on this mission August 2, 1792. On reaching Naples, she heard of the fate of the royal family, and the murder of the Princess Lamballe; and knowing that she had now lost every thing she possessed through the liberality of the unfortunate queen and princess, and that she could be of no further service to them, she did not return to France till after her second marriage with the Marquis Solari, several years afterwards. The letters of introduction given to her by the royal family, and the confidential position in which she had been placed, gained her many friends; and, by occasionally getting up concerts, &c. which were patronized by the nobility, she obtained a respectable income for some years. While at Venice, she became acquainted with the family of the Marquis Solari, a Venetian (father of her second husband), who treated her as one of his own family; and, when about forty-four years of age, became the wife of his son, Anthony Broglio Solari, being married at Venice, October 2nd, 1799, and lived with him at Venice, and his country-seat at Treviso, as she states, "in ease and splendour for many years," the marquis having a handsome income, and holding a lucrative situation under the Venetian government, which he long enjoyed, until the downfal of that government. He is described as "a highly talented man, of very portly figure, rather above the common height;" and appears to have been strongly attached to her, and she always spoke of him most affectionately. With him, in his official capacity as ambassador from Venice, she was presented to most of the courts of Europe. At length, Napoleon Buonaparte (under whom also the marquis held some office) upset the Venetian Republic, and suspecting the Solaris of corresponding with some influential characters in England, deposed the marquis, confiscated his property about the year 1812, and afterwards banished the marchioness from Venice, and she was obliged to become a teacher in languages and music, in both of which she excelled. The marquis died in great poverty at Venice in 1828; Napoleon having, amongst other depredations, seized the funds of the Venetian post-office (in which the marquis had a large sum invested), which was not a government concern, but a private chartered company, called "Veneta Carreria," or the "Company of Venetian Couriers," in which shares were bought and sold. The marchioness ultimately succeeded (after the death of her husband, through repeated petitions, and the kind intercession of Prince Esterhazy) in obtaining from Austria a pension of about 3s. per diem, and returned to England in January, 1820, being shipwrecked in the port of Boulogne. On her arrival in London, she took a residence in Air-street, Piccadilly, and, after a short time commenced again giving lessons in music and languages, and thus supported herself, with trifling remittances from her husband (who never came to England), which of course ceased at his death. She resided in different parts of London till her decease (with the exception of a visit to some relations in America, in 1835 and 1836), being greatly assisted by kind friends, presents having been made her by the queen and many of the nobility,—and employed herself of late years principally in writing and reading, being in the habit of noting down her opinions on politics, and whatever came under her notice.

She quietly breathed her last on Sunday morning, 7th of January, 1844, at a very advanced age.

Such is the eventful history of the Marchioness Broglio Solari.

Now that she is dead, and her ear cannot be shocked with the undisguised truth—for truth, though wholesome, is often unwelcome—we do not scruple to say that she was a woman of great weaknesses and inordinate vanity; one who supposed herself of far greater consequence than she really was. During the early part of her life she appears to have acted wholly from impulse, and dearly did she pay for the experience her thoughtlessness procured her. In her old age her sin of exaggeration appears to have grown and strengthened; her delight has been to dwell upon the past, to magnify its events, and heighten its colouring. The marchioness has drawn herself in *profile* instead of full feature; nor is the outline always clear. There is so much of mystery, such an air of improbability, and such an evident distortion of facts throughout her narrative, that small reliance can be placed on the best of it. We copy one or two anecdotes she has given us of distinguished individuals with whom she has conversed.

CANOVA.

Canova having been commissioned by an English nobleman to make a statue like the "Hebe," which he had just finished, the block from which he had chiselled the same was of a most beautiful piece of Grecian marble, *white* as the snow itself, until he had chiselled one of the legs, when, behold! a *large black vein* unexpectedly made its appearance (which naturally very much diminished both its value and beauty), forming something like a garter below the knee, or, as if the leg had been broken. Canova (not for the value of the price of the statue, being naturally very disinterested, but having been limited to time as to the delivery of the same) felt so *completely mortified* that he left his study, and, as we were upon very friendly terms, came to breakfast, where he found us engaged in a musical morning party, with the late beautiful Duchess of L——, &c. When the concert and refreshments were over, he invited our party to visit his study, which was a treat not generally granted, in which were a considerable number of ancient Grecian female statues, most of which had either collars, beads, or a kind of string round their necks. He accounted for this by saying, that most of these statues had been originally deprived of their heads, which (when the Romans conquered Greece) had been *sawed off*, and those of their empresses, mothers, daughters, and other relatives placed in their stead, as a mark of respect and veneration to their own kindred, and to cover the joined heads, the statuaries had thought proper to hide the same, by putting on the above ornaments; consequently we *have* seen "modern heads upon ancient shoulders."

Canova when at Vienna, and in the zenith of his celebrity, courted and fêted by all distinguished for birth, rank, or talent, being one day at Prince Rezzonico's, was asked why he appeared so low-spirited; "I do not know," said he, "what is the reason; but when I am in my *studio* at Rome, working all day long, with my paper cap on my head, and my apron round my waist, I

feel my lungs expand, my heart at ease, my spirits light as air, and my vigour increased by contemplating the surrounding objects. These delicious sensations keep the body and mind in harmony with each other. Since I have been here, though I have certainly met with nothing but what has been calculated to flatter, in the highest degree, my *amour propre*, I am nevertheless like the unfruitful soil of the north, sterile in genius, in health, and in spirits, and feel as if I had the seven mortal sins on my shoulders."

The following is her description of TALLEYRAND, that prince of diplomatists, who, under three dynasties and through the Revolution, continued with admirable tact to preserve his head, while those of his compeers fell thick and fast around him :—

The Catholic ex-bishop of Antun is now acknowledged a French dubbed prince by the revolutionary sword, and confirmed by the manarchical sword of justice, which too often is raised *over* the head, instead of *taking off*, to purify a polluted body; however, it will not be unacceptable to readers to form their own judgment on the *real* character of such men in office, from the following anecdote :—

After having been the most humble slave of democracy, under the banners of the Directory, and the complete tool of Barras, when the Pope was present at one of the private fêtes given by Napoleon at the Thuilleries, this *most holy* ex-bishop, in the presence of all the company, threw himself at the feet of Pius XII. and there remaining, *kissing his feet* (to the great amusement and edification of the Imperial Court) for more than twenty minutes. Is not this a man of "all trades," and perfectly calculated to serve as a model for the credulous !

* * * * *

"*Weathercocks*" are time and tide serving beings. I like to see every man in his station. The priest at the altar, and the lawyer at the bar.

Mother Church has produced *many* statesmen, but *few*, very few, *fit* for the state. The one I mention here is, however, an exception to the general rule.

Talleyrand's mother was the queen's (Marie Antoinette) chambermaid. The Duke of Orleans (Egalité) said aloud while he (Talleyrand) was kneeling in prayer (when Bishop of Antun) "Maurice, don't do that, or you'll make me laugh at your hypocrisy."

Talleyrand having requested some favour at Court of Madame de Staël, which was granted, he, in return, procured an order for her banishment from France.

Here we take our leave of a book, which though it may afford some amusement, in consequence of its defect in the evidence of authenticity, we cannot recommend to our readers.

FICTION.

The Ruling Passion. A Novel. London, 1845. Newby. THE novel reader of the present day, who is familiar also with the fictions of the early part of the eighteenth century, when RICHARDSON, FIELDING, and SMOLLETT gave to the world their entertaining works, must frequently contrast the merits of the modern against the older writers, and lament that the comparison is greatly in disfavour of the authors in our own times. From the period of DE FOE down to MACKENZIE, it was considered essential to have an ingeniously reticulated plot, abundance of incident, a free transfusion of passion, some humour, some pathos, and, throughout, a careful and close imitation of the colouring of nature. The result of this has been, that—as man is always the same, fashion only varying—their works, reflecting truthfully the human heart, will survive and be read with interest so long as English literature shall exist. To construct a novel such as theirs, is obviously a work of time, and of no small labour; hence FIELDING, the most industrious and prolific of this class of writers, produced, at most, not more than seven during a life devoted to the pen. Your modern novelist, however, despises the observances thought indispensable by his predecessors; his genius will not be restrained by such inconveniences; a flimsy plot, a sprinkling of weak sentiment, a few smart dialogues, and an affectation of fashion suffice him, and he throws off his novels by twos and threes in a season. And where lies the sin of this? Where, indeed, but in the public? Were the literary taste but controllable—could it be directed to other and better channels—we should have fewer, indeed, but far better novels (which is what we wish) than have of late years issued from the press. The novel before us is not one we can recommend. The most we can say in its favour is that it is "well got-up." If the author had any share in this, he is welcome to divide the honour with his publisher. Certainly he has failed most signally in his own department. His story is weak and pointless; his dialogue deficient in spirit; his portraiture of character unmarked; there is neither satire nor sagacity in his remarks, and his attempts at the sentimental and reflective are almost always ridiculous. To give an outline of the story would be to profitlessly encumber our columns. We extract, however, a passage selected at random, which will corroborate what we have said of the reflective portions of the novel—a finer specimen of rigmarole, and the would-be-fine, we have met with nowhere but in this work.

Which of all our bounded earthly feelings (except the sublimer virtue of patriotism) is so rare as friendship—true friendship? for truly in the whole circle of human merits, there is not one that must not be ready to welcome and wait upon it ere it deigns to take up its residence in the heart. More unalloyed, more disinterested, are its gifts than even those of its fairer sister. Yes, while pains and torments, and all extreme sentiments are the unresting boasts of love-soothing sympathy, and calm are the joys of friendship—and the congeniality so indispensable, and so wonderfully distinguishing it from love. Hence the proverb, "that you shall know a man by his particular friend;" but how misguiding would be such conclusions applied to love's wild vagaries? Where shall we see ought so incongruous as the compacts of that motley court—the sagest delighting to choose the silliest—the refined linked to all that is coarse—the aspiring soul sighing its adoration to all that is humblest in intellect—but the little deity is infantine and blind, and the blindness is oftener in the mind than in the eyes. Yet is true friendship as exclusive as true love. Like Timon of Athens, the man who flatters himself upon a number of friends will find he has embraced only shadows. "A friend loveth at all times," saith the wise man, inferring the singleness of the gift. The son of Sirach recommends "but one counsellor of a thousand"—and the wisest inspired author that ever bequeathed the treasury of his thoughts to an astonished world, gives the same advice in the words of the Countess of Roussillon to her son, "Love all—trust a few—keep thy friend under thine own life's key." Flimsy natures sporting in the world's sunshine may rejoice in the delusion of a troop of friends; the test that would undeceive them may never come—their connecting bond being the balance of power to give and to receive; they glance not beyond the contracted pale that environs self—out upon such an usurpation of friendships's sacred name! Its gift is guided by desert.

At the close of the *first* chapter the author, withholding a description of Dora's former residence, the Woodlands, for the commencement of the *second*, tells the reader he must "be patient—patient—should he have proceeded thus far; but he will find that virtue still heavier taxed should he chance to pursue the narrative." There is more of sly meaning and truth in this than in any remark making pretensions to originality in the novel.

POETRY.

German Ballads, Songs, &c. London, 1845. Burns. Is there any reader of THE CRITIC going a journey by sea or land; is there any who at home would relax from the anxieties and harassments of business, and drink a refreshing draught from the fountain of beauty, let him lay out half-a-crown in the charming little volume before us. This forms one of Mr. BURNS's admirable series, "The Fireside Library;" an undertaking which, so far as it has gone, is calculated to effect more real and lasting good than all the books issued by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge during the past ten years. It is copiously illustrated with superior woodcuts, from finely-conceived designs by our best artists. The poetry consists of translations from SCHILLER, UHLAND, BURGER, GOETHE, KORNER, FOUQUE, BECKER, CHAMISSO, and others, with some original contributions. Among the former we may specify "The Diver" "My Father-land," "Fridolin," "The Wild Huntsman," "The Fight with the Dragon," "The Lyre and the Sword;" all of which are respectably, and most of them cleverly, rendered into English verse. Most of them are newly executed. The translation of SCHILLER's spirited and graphic poem, "The Diver," is inferior to that by Sir BULWER LYTTON, so well known through the medium of *Blackwood's Magazine*. If this be feebler

than it should be, that of "Fridolin" is the happiest we have yet seen; nor is the translation of the "Fight with the Dragon," that stirring and exquisite poem! surpassed by any in our language.

The space available in this number does not admit of our indulging as freely in extract from this entertaining little volume as its merits would justify; we must, however, make room for a sweet poem by UHLAND (with whose works British readers are less familiar than they ought to be), which is replete with choicely selected and natural imagery, of a touching sentiment and a mournful beauty.

THE MOWER'S MAIDEN.

"Good morrow to thee, Mary! right early art thou laden!
Love hath not made thee slothful, thou true and steadfast maiden!
Ay, if in three brief days, methinks, thy task of work be done,
I shall no longer have the heart to part thee from my son."

It was a wealthy farmer spake, it was a maiden listened:
Oh, how her loving bosom swelled, and how her full eye glistened!
New life is in her limbs, her hand outdoes her comrades all,
See how she wields the scythe, and see how fast the full crops fall!

And when the noon grows sultry, and the weary peasants wend
To sleep in pleasant thickets, and o'er cooling streams to bend;
Still are the humming-bees at work beneath that burning sky,
And Mary, diligent as they, works on unceasingly.

The sun hath sunk, the evening bell gives gentle summons home;
"Enough," her neighbours cry, "enough! come, Mary, prithee come!"
Shepherds, and flocks, and husbandmen, pass homeward through the dew,
But Mary only whets her scythe and goes to work anew.

And now the dews are thickening, the moon and stars are bright,
Sweet are the new-mown furrows, and sweet the songs of night;
But Mary lies not down to rest, and stands not still to hear,
The rustling of her ceaseless scythe is music to her ear.

Even thus from morn till evening, even thus from eve to morn,
She toils, by strong love nourished, by happy hope upborne;
Till when the third day's sun arose, the labour was complete,
And there stood Mary weeping, for joy so strange and sweet.

"Good morrow to thee, Mary! How now?—the task is done!
Lo, for such matchless industry, rich guerdon shall be won;
But for the wedding—nay indeed—my words were only jest;
How foolish and how credulous we find a lover's breast!"

He spake and went his way, and there the hapless maid stood still,
Her weary limbs they shook, they sank, her heart grew stiff and chill;
Speech, sense, and feeling, like a cloud, did from her spirit pass,
And there they found her lying upon the new-mown grass!

And thus a dumb and death-like life for years the maiden led,
A drop of fragrant honey was all her daily bread.
Oh, make her grave in pleasant shades, where softest flow'rets grow,
For such a loving heart as hers is seldom found below!

EDUCATION.

A History of England from the Invasion by the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria. By the Rev. GEORGE AYLIFFE POOLE. Vol. II. London, 1845. James Burns. THIS volume concludes the history undertaken by Mr. POOLE. Without making pretensions to extraordinary research or the presentment of new facts, this is a work we are justified in recommending as the cleverest and most succinct, though compressed, History of England that has been compiled for educational purposes since the time of GOLDSMITH.

RELIGION.

Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia. By CHARLES CHURCHILL, Wesleyan Missionary. London, 1845. Mason. THIS book is intended to convey to the subscribers to the Wesleyan Missionary Society some information concerning the localities, progress, and minutiæ of the missionary stations in Nova Scotia and its vicinity. It is the object of its author to contribute towards the collection of missionary "personal experiences" not only as to the state of district Wesleyan associations, but also as to remarkable instances of conversion, denominational piety, sectional zeal, and the like. These columns are very unfitted for the discussion of such matters, and therefore we forbear to say very much upon this head, or to quote at all from such portions of Mr. CHURCHILL'S Memorials as relate thereto. The members of the Wesleyan sect will find the religious anecdotes and events here recorded quite equal to the average of such "Recollections." One remark often made, but never satisfactorily answered, may be here repeated, namely, that the miraculous instances narrated by dissenting missionaries and ministers of special manifestations of the spirit, are nearly all the instances of young, weak-minded, excitable women. The world, including all who are not of the denomination to which such instances appertain, takes a note of so singular a fact, and draws its invariable conclusion accordingly. Mr. CHURCHILL'S note-book is no exception to the general rule; his saints, three or four in number, are young girls of hysterical, nervous, or poetical temperament, and their conduct and language is charged with a devotion of the most imaginative description. The other parts of the volume contain some statistics of the progress of the Wesleyan missions, which will be interesting to the subscribers, but uninteresting to the general reader, as well as some more readable accounts of what befel the author in his character of traveller rather than of missionary. One or two of these are worthy to be extracted. The first occurs in the course of a journey from Guysborough to Charlotte Town, the capital of Prince Edward's Island:—

The sun had now burst out with surprising strength, so that on the second day's journey the distant forests had a delicate shade of the lightest green, and on the following day they were sufficiently clothed to relieve the eye with a beautiful variety of shades, from the lightest to the deepest hue; while from every grove a thousand welcome notes of wild songsters seemed to join in chorus to say—"The winter is passed, the rains are over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come."

But it is not the singing of birds only—these digressions of ours are like concentric rings on the smooth lake, which even the dip of a swallow will occasion, each succeeding one leads wider from the centre, and so with us—the singing of birds reminds us of another transatlantic peculiarity, the music of the frogs. The term itself may perhaps provoke a smile, but still the frogs are worthy of the provincial designation they have obtained, they are the nightingales of Nova Scotia. I have heard them with all the variety of sounds, and the succession of cadences, so remarkable in the music of the Eolian harp—nor is there any thing overdrawn in this simile—the softness of the flageolet, and the shrillness and clearness of a whistle, might both be adduced as illustrations; but no language can convey a correct idea. Sometimes on approaching the swamp where the concert is held, if in a wheeled vehicle, when the noise of the wheels is heard, a chirp or two like the note of a bird is heard, and this operates as an alarm—in a moment all is still. Then if the auditor will stay his progress and listen, he will be amply repaid—one single note, with a vibration in the sound similar to that which would be produced by putting a small pea into a flageolet will be heard, low in tone, but distinct and musical, in a second or two this will be followed by a higher note, perfectly according in harmony, then another and another until you have successively solo, duet, trio, quartette, and full chorus. The deep hoarse note of the bull frog occasionally heard like the sound produced by twanging with the finger the thick string of the violoncello.

I shall again ask the indulgence of the reader while I refer to another matter, which properly belongs to this place, because its novelty at the time was connected with the same journey, and though not of the pleasing character, as a peculiarity, it is not less worthy of notice. I allude to the plague of the mosquito. On returning from Picton to Truro in the stage, after a weary day's journey, we arrived in the latter place late in the evening, and as our party occupied the whole vehicle, to avoid the necessity of hastening our journey in the heat of the day, we proposed to make a very early start the following morning; accordingly we were on our journey as early as half-past two A.M. It was a mild moist summer's morning, in the third week of June, and our conversation appeared to turn naturally upon the subject of mosquito invasion, for our road lay through a level swampy country, the very place for the insect's wildest ravages. One of our little company had been narrating his sufferings in Newfoundland on one occasion from the same cause, and his account had its effect upon me to make me dread

the impending storm, but in this instance my imagination had not outstripped the reality. As day dawned, the Philistines were upon us, our enemies were numerous and they were lively. I had never felt their sting before, but the recollection of that morning does not fade; had there been on their part as on ours, a simultaneous annual convention, surely we had arrived at the very time of business. For nearly six hours our conversation was restricted to notes of exclamation; cloud after cloud of the invaders entered the open stage; our hands were incessantly employed; our foreheads, faces, head and hands, every accessible part, was assailed without mercy; it was no bloodless war; putting our foes to flight was no conquest; neutrality was impossible, and we were compelled to the encounter until the violence of the attack abated on our reaching higher ground. Our friend from Newfoundland hesitated not to admit his former experience was imperfect, and I was so thoroughly tired, that I tied my head over with a handkerchief, and sank on the rough mail bags at our feet, to seek some relief in broken and disturbed slumbers.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book contains an account of the natural productions of the scene of the missionary's labours. After describing the immense plenty and variety of the summer wild fruits, he proceeds:—

It is almost impossible to form an estimate of the immense quantity of the common blueberry found in a favourable season; I have passed over barrens of vast extent, where thousands of acres would never be touched by the hand of the gatherer; in some parts of the province a day is set apart, a large party collected to go in company to gather the fruit, which, when gathered, is dried in the sun, and used through the winter as a substitute for the Zante currant, but without the pleasant flavour of that fruit; it has, however, a flavour peculiarly its own. In the township of Aylesford, there is a place called Carriboo Bog, apparently the residuum of a former lake, it is surrounded by the wild forest, and is computed to be a thousand acres in extent; this is a perfect level, and is entirely covered with the bushes which bear the blueberry. I have seen in this place, through which the post road directly runs, above one hundred vehicles of all descriptions in the road, and, I suppose, from three to four hundred persons dispersed through the bushes, gathering the fruit. They generally take with them materials for their dinner and tea, and spend the day upon the ground, returning to their homes in the evening loaded with the fruit. Similar excursions, though generally on a much smaller scale, are planned throughout the whole country, and it is to the lover of nature, and especially to those who "look from nature up to nature's God," an innocent and pleasant recreation.

The gathering of May flowers is an earlier task, which demands a moment's notice; it is one which supplies as rich a treat to the smell, as the other to the taste.

The May flower (*epigæa repens*) is to Nova Scotia what the rose is to England, and the shamrock to Ireland; it is its national, or rather its provincial emblem, and is, I believe, confined chiefly to this province, not being found either in Canada or the United States. Like the snowdrop in England, its modest and lovely flower is the first herald of winter's departure and the approach of spring. In the last week or two of April, visitors to sylvan scenes may be seen bringing home a few solitary specimens of the promised bouquet, but immediately after this, especially after the first warm rains of spring, they may be found in all wild lands, and being eagerly looked for by all, are seen as the general decoration of almost every parlour-table in the province. It is a beautiful small flower, most frequently white, but sometimes blushing through every intermediate shade, till it reaches the hue of the rose; it grows close to the ground; like the violet, it is covered almost with its own leaves, but may be detected almost by its rich perfume. It is not the only specimen of wild flower which surprised us with its odour, after all that has been written to prove that the feathered tribes of America are songless, and its flowers destitute of fragrance. The white water-lily (*nymphæa alba odorata*) is found on the fresh-water lakes in the month of September; these are about the size of the dahlia, equally full of petals, sitting on the surface of the water, surrounded by a corollary of green; and a very few of them suffice to fill a drawing-room with an odoriferous perfume.

We have space only for one more extract, containing a reminiscence of the last of the native Indian tribes.

The tribe now alone resident in the province is known as the Micmac Tribe, in number about two hundred and fifty families, or about one thousand souls. Their moral position is very different from that of many of their red brethren in Canada among the Chippeways, inasmuch as almost every attempt to improve their social and moral condition has failed; they are universally attached to the Roman Catholic form of religion externally, and this has either operated as a barrier, or effectually nullified the efforts if made, to bring them under the influence of experimental religion.

The endeavours which have been made among the Canadian tribes of Indians to improve their social condition have been very successful; whole villages being found in the western parts of that province, where they not only live in houses, and are under the influence of Christian principles, but are learning the useful arts, as well as becoming successfully acquainted with agricultural pursuits. It is not so in this province; in very few instances, indeed, have any attempts to induce them to forsake their nomade or wandering habits been successful. I remember in crossing Gold River, between Chester and Lunenburg, passing by a few cottages, surrounded by a small patch of cultivated ground; this was a small settlement of Indians, but the only instance I have heard of. They chiefly dwell in the common wigwam, the frame-work being made of a few poles disposed in a circular form, meeting at the top in a conical shape, and covered with birch bark. In the summer they remove to the neighbourhood of towns or villages, a number of wigwams form an encampment, generally on the borders of a stream, or the shores of a harbour, their canoes drawn upon the beach, their children basking in the sun. They earn a scanty subistence by weaving baskets, ingeniously inwrought with withs stained in different colours by dyes procured from native stores; these they offer for sale from house to house. In the winter they retire into the forest, where they sustain life through that inclement season chiefly by hunting and fishing, again to return in the spring, seeking charity from the white man, or offering ingenious manufactures for a small compensation. Only a few years back there were but few instances in which they were not the slaves of the accursed fire-waters, which they called backtawitch; miserable instances of their depraved habits in this respect, both among males and females, were continually falling before the observation of every passer-by in the public streets; but lately the priests have followed the praiseworthy example of one of their own order at home, and the temperance medal and the crucifix are often seen hanging side by side round the necks of many of these wild children of the forest.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Women's War. By Alexander Dumas. Vols. I. II. and III.

The indefatigable M. Dumas is again before us, and although only the three first volumes of this, his new work, have yet appeared, we hasten to introduce them to our readers. The system now so generally adopted by French writers, of bringing out their fictions in fragments, is an unpleasant one to the reader, and an unfair one to the critic, who is thus called upon either to leave a book unnoticed until it has ceased to be a novelty, or to advance opinions and form judgments prematurely, from the imperfect opportunity afforded to him. In the present case, the circumstance is perhaps the less important, that from the purely historical nature of the book, its matter throughout may be fairly guessed, from its commencement; and consequently it need be commented upon simply as regards its manner. This, we do not hesitate to define as graceful, flowing, and agreeable. The tale is based upon the feud between Anna of Austria and the Princesses of the House of Condé, during the boyhood of Louis XIV., that everlasting hero of French fiction-writers. If Henry IV. be known as the King of the People, so truly may Louis XIV. be classed as the King of the Novelists. So far, however, as we have seen *The Women's War*, he is a perfectly subordinate character, greatly to the advantage of the story, which is rich in historical names and traditionary events.

The heroine of the tale is a young, beautiful, and energetic Viscountess de Cambes, who, when the novel opens, is travelling in male attire to the court of the Princesses of Condé, at Chantilly, from her own estates, which she has visited to raise money for their use, attended only by one male domestic. Here is her portrait, as sketched by M. Dumas.

A DISGUISED BEAUTY.

Leaning from the window of the ion was a young man, of sixteen or eighteen, dressed in black, with full ruffles at his wrists, as was the fashion of the day; a shirt of finely embroidered cambric was ostentatiously displayed at the breast of his close coat, and fell in large folds upon his *haut-de-chausse*, which was elaborately ornamented with ribbons; his small, elegant, and dimpled hand, shewing high blood, was impatiently clutching his gloves, which were worked upon the seams; a grey beaver, pressed down on one side by the weight of a magnificent blue

feather, shaded the long, gold-tinged auburn hair which surrounded his oval face, his fair complexion, ruby lips, and black eye-brows.

This adventurous heroine (who is first lady in waiting to the princess), during her sojourn at the inn in question, detects a party of men, evidently commanded by a person of consequence, forming an ambush near a small villa buried in trees, which she ascertains from the host to be inhabited only by a young widow and her maid, who live in the most jealous retirement. Surmising from the movements of the concealed party that they are awaiting the advent of some guest to the house in question, and judging from their arms that their intention is hostile; detecting also, with true female instinct, that the visitor must be a lover, and the mystery attending the inhabitant of the villa by no means impervious, she resolves to save the victim; and accordingly accosts from the window a young and handsome cavalier, whom on his appearance soon after twilight, she suspects to be the favoured individual. Grateful for the warning, the new-comer at once abandons his intention of visiting the villa, and takes up his abode for the night at the inn, declaring that the Viscount de Cambes, for thus does our heroine announce herself, has probably saved his life, the leader of the party being, as he has reason to apprehend, no other than the Duke of Epernon himself.

The stranger, in his turn, declares his name and quality. He is the Baron de Canolles, captain in Navailles, and consequently in the service of the Queen-Regent, at that moment enjoying the leave of absence granted to him by the duke, at the request of his mistress, the celebrated Nanon de Lartigues. For what purpose it had been sought, the twilight visit of the baron to the lady's villa at once explains.

Startled by the identity of her new acquaintance, whom the pretty viscountess knows full well by reputation, her only anxiety is to rid herself of his society, but this proves to be no easy task. Fascinated, he knows not wherefore, by the boy-traveller, the gay baron, the essence of whose existence is intrigue, resolves to revenge himself upon his first disappointment, by passing the evening in the society of the viscount, who is driven to absolute rudeness in order to disembarrass himself of his proffered friendship. Half angry and half suspicious, he at length retires, but only to have his suspicions verified by the sudden departure of M. de Cambes in the night, and by finding upon the staircase a small and delicately-embroidered glove, dropped by the latter in his hasty flight. The fair masquerader does not, however, by any means escape scatheless from her self-constituted enemy; for the remarkable personal beauty, the high-bred grace, and it may be also the brilliant reputation of the Baron de Canolles, have sadly disturbed her equanimity. Nevertheless, she determines never to see him again; and the resolution was a prudent one, for was he not at once the political enemy of her royal mistresses, and the greatest *roué* at the court of the Queen-Regent?

The baron, however, has decided otherwise from the moment in which he possesses himself of the glove; and he accordingly no sooner ascertains that the young viscount and his retainer have taken the road towards Paris, than he orders his horse and follows them. We will precede him.

A NIGHT-JOURNEY.

The moon was rising when the viscount, followed by his faithful Pompey, left the inn.

For the space of a quarter of an hour the young man remained buried in thought; and the travellers had advanced about six miles upon their way, when he suddenly turned towards his attendant, who was a pace or two in his rear, exclaiming,

"Pompey, do you chance to have my right-hand glove?"

"Not than I am aware of, Monsieur," was the reply.

"What are you doing to your valise?"

"I am looking to see that it is well fastened, and tightening the straps, that there may be no sound. The sound of gold is fatal, Sir, and may bring us into trouble, particularly in the night."

"You do well, Pompey," said his master, "and I am glad to see you so careful and prudent."

"They are qualities natural to an old soldier, my lord viscount, and are quite compatible with courage; nevertheless, as courage is not temerity, I confess that I regret the absence of M. Richon; for 20,000 livres are an anxious charge, above all in such stormy times as ours."

"What you remark is very sensible, Pompey," said the young man, "and I am quite of your opinion."

"I will even venture to add," pursued the retainer, encouraged by the approbation of his auditor, "that it is imprudent to run the risk that we are doing. Let us halt an instant, if you please, that I may examine my pistols."

"Well, Pompey?"

"They are all right, and any one who might venture to attack us would not be to be envied. Hey!—what!—What do I see yonder?"

"Where?"

"In front of us, about a hundred paces to the right; look, in this direction."

"I see something white."

"White!" exclaimed Pompey, "white! some of the buff-coated gentry, perhaps. I am very much inclined, upon my honour, to get under cover of the hedge upon our left; in military phrase, this movement is called forming an intrenchment; let us intrench ourselves, my lord viscount."

"If yonder figures are clad in buff coats, Pompey, they must be king's troops, and the soldiers of the king do not rifle travellers."

"Undeceive yourself, my lord viscount, undeceive yourself; one hears of nothing on the contrary, but robbers who adopt his Majesty's uniform in order to commit a thousand villanies, each more damnable than the other; and lately, at Bourdeaux, two light horsemen were broken on the wheel, for—I think that I recognise the uniform of the light horse, my lord."

"Their dress is blue, Pompey, and what we see is white."

"Yes; but they often throw a *blouse* over their uniform; the wretches who were executed at Bourdeaux had done so. How they are gesticulating! They are menacing us! Those are their tactics, you see Sir; they form an ambush beside the road, and at a certain distance, with their carbines at their wrists, they compel travellers to deliver up their purses."

"But my good Pompey," said the young cavalier, who although terribly frightened still preserved his presence of mind; "if they menace us from a distance with their carbines, do the same with yours."

"Yes; but they don't see me," said the valiant attendant, "and therefore my demonstration would be useless."

"If they do not see you, they cannot threaten you, I should imagine," observed the viscount.

"You understand nothing of warfare," replied Pompey, losing his temper. "My lord, let us be prudent."

"Certainly; that is what I should wish. Nevertheless, the figures appear to be motionless."

"They scent their prey. Let us wait."

The travellers, fortunately for them, did not wait long. In a few moments the moon passing from behind a black cloud, whose edges she fringed with silver, lit up with extreme brilliancy, about fifty paces from the two horsemen, half-a-dozen shirts bleaching behind a hedge. The viscount burst into a hearty laugh, and quickened the pace of his horse; he was followed up closely by Pompey, who exclaimed sententiously, "How fortunate that I did not act upon my first inspiration! I was about to send a ball that way; and I should have looked like a second Don Quixote. See, my lord, how serviceable is one's prudence and experience of war!"

In this timid manner do the disguised lady and her trembling squire pursue their journey, until they are overtaken by Canolles, who, still affecting to be deceived by the masquerade of the viscountess, makes no small progress in her good graces by affording her a safe escort on her way, until he is suddenly met by a courier, with a summons to the court.

As we cannot, of course, venture to give any analysis of an incomplete plot, we will simply select for extract some of the most striking passages in the book, which never fails in interest throughout the whole of the three volumes, and first, *place aux dames!* Here is a masterly sketch of the celebrated and extraordinary

NANON DE LARTIQUES.

Nanon, whatever her enemies may have said or written, and among the number of her enemies must be included most of the historians who have made her their subject, was, at this time, a charming creature of 25 or 26 years old; short in stature, dark in complexion, but with a graceful and elastic carriage, with a rich and lively bloom, with eyes of a deep black, whose limpid cornea became prismatic like those of a cat, and reflected every light upon which they fell. Gay on the surface, laughter-loving by nature, Nanon was nevertheless far from frittering away her mind upon all those caprices and futilities which embroider with mad arabasques the web of silk and gold of which the life of a spoiled beauty is ordinarily woven; on the contrary, the gravest deliberations, calmly and resolutely weighed in her mutinous little head, took an aspect full at once of seduction and lucidity, when imparted in her sweet and earnest voice, and strong Gascon accent. No one could have guessed on the rosy mask, or the

fine and joyous features, that beneath this look full of voluptuous promise and ardent feeling, there existed the indefatigable perseverance, the unconquerable tenacity, and the depth of thought of a statesman. Nevertheless, such were the qualities, or the defects of Nanon, according as the medal was examined on its face or its reverse. Such was the calculating spirit, such was the ambitious heart, to which a person full of elegance served as the envelope.

Nanon was from Agen. The Duke of Epernon, the son of that inseparable friend of Henry IV. who was in his carriage at the moment when he was stricken by the knife of Ravaillac, and over whom brooded suspicions which resounded even to Catherine of Medicis, the Duke of Epernon, named governor of Guienne, where his haughtiness, his insolence and his exactions had caused him to be universally execrated, had remarked this little plebeian, the daughter of an obscure advocate. He paid his court to her, and had great trouble in triumphing over her principles, nor did he succeed, until she had long defended her virtue with the ability of a great tactician, who is resolved to make the victor feel all the price of his conquest. But, as the ransom of her reputation, now lost for ever, Nanon had deprived the duke of both power and liberty. When she had been for six months the companion of the governor of Guienne, she it was who in reality governed that fine province, repaying with usury to those who had wronged or mortified her the losses and the affronts which she had received. A queen by chance, she became a tyrant by calculation, foreseeing with her subtle intelligence, that she must compensate by extortion for the probable brevity of her reign.

In consequence, she possessed herself of every thing, engrossed every thing; money, influence, and honours. She was rich, bestowed places, and received the visits of Mazarin and the first nobles of the court. Combining with admirable address the several elements which she controlled, she made them work together in a manner at once useful to her interests and profitable to her fortune. Every service which Nanon conferred had its stated price. A step in the army or an appointment in the magistrature had each its tariff. Nanon caused rank and employment to be granted, but both were paid for either in the current coin of the realm, or by a rich present; so that, while depriving herself of a fragment of power in favour of another person, she regained it in a fresh shape, yielding up authority, but retaining the money which is its nerve.

This circumstance will explain the duration of her reign; for men, in their hatred, hesitate to overthrow an enemy who still possesses a resource. What is required by vengeance is a total ruin, a complete prostration. The people would expel with regret a tyrant who would carry away their gold, and laugh as he walked off; and Nanon de Lartiques possessed two millions.

Thus she lived in a sort of security above the volcano which unceasingly grumbled around her; she had felt the popular detestation rise like a tide, swell, and threaten with its billows the power of M. de Epernon; who, driven from Bourdeaux in a day of anger, had carried away Nanon with him, as the boat follows the vessel. Nanon bent beneath the storm, certain to rise again when the tempest had passed over. She had taken M. de Mazarin for her model, and the humble scholar practised afar off the policy of the cunning and supple Italian.

The cardinal remarked this woman, who grew great and rich through the same means which had made of him a minister possessed of fifty millions. He admired the little Gascon; he did more, he suffered her to continue the same line of conduct; later, perhaps, we shall know wherefore. Despite all this, and although a few persons who declared themselves to be well informed, affirmed that she corresponded clandestinely with M. de Mazarin, little was said of the political intrigues of the beautiful Nanon. Canolles himself, who, being young, rich, and handsome, could not understand why any one should care to be involved in such intrigues, did not know what to think upon the subject. As to those of an amorous nature, Nanon, whether, being engaged in graver pursuits, she deferred them to a future period, or whether the report of the passion with which she had inspired M. d'Epernon absorbed all rumours of her secondary *liasons*, certain it is that her enemies themselves had not been prodigal of scandal towards her; and Canolles might, with some reason, believe, in his national and personal self-love, that before his arrival she had been invincible. Whether, indeed, the baron had called forth the first ardour of a heart which had hitherto been inaccessible to every thing but ambition, or that prudence had taught his predecessors discretion, certain it was that Nanon, as a mistress, must be a charming woman, and that Nanon offended must be a formidable enemy.

This is truly the way in which history, blended with fiction, should be written. It is peculiarly the province of the traditionary novel to lay bare the small and hidden springs which act upon the vast machine of social government. Events which, in the stately pages of the chronicler, appear at once inconsistent and inexplicable, find their solution under the more searching pen of the novelist. When we are permitted to handle and inspect the tools, we begin to understand how the work was effected; and it is in this point that the French fiction-writers excel—they make a free use of their national history, but they never either abuse or falsify it; and in almost every case the pages which are read simply for amusement, and cast aside only to be forgotten, have been the produce of laborious research and careful study, and may be accepted as authority on the subject of which they treat.

Here is a picture of the Court of Chantilly, which appears to us to be admirable.

THE COURT OF THE CONDES.

Under the beautiful avenues of chesnut-trees, powdered over with a snow-fall of flowers, on the grassy lawns which extend to the blue lakes, a swarm of persons were in perpetual movement, laughing, talking, and singing. Here and there, among the tall shrubs, a few individuals might be detected, half buried amid the masses of foliage, busied in devouring the pages of the *Cleopatra* of M. la Calprenède, or the *Astrea* of M. d'Urfé, or the *Grand Cyrus* of Mdlle. de Scudéry; from within the arbours of woodbine and clematis came the sound of lutes, and the voices of invisible vocalists; and, finally, in the great avenue which led to the palace, a courier might be seen at intervals passing rapidly along to deliver an order. During this time, upon the terrace, three women, attired in satin, and followed at a distance by several silent and respectful equeries, were walking gravely, with gestures full of majestic ceremony. In the centre a lady of noble appearance, despite her fifty-seven years, was declaiming authoritatively on state affairs; on her right a young woman extremely stiff and sombrely dressed, listened with a frown to the learned theories of her neighbour; while, on her left, another elderly female, the most stiff and starched of the three, because she was of less illustrious rank, stalked, listened, and meditated, at the same time.

The lady in the centre was the dowager princess, the mother of the conqueror of Rocroy, of Nordlingen, and of Lens, whom the public, since he had been persecuted, and that the persecution had conducted him to Vincennes, called the Great Condé, a name which posterity has secured to him. This lady, on whose features might still be traced the remains of that beauty which caused her to be the last, and perhaps the most idolized mistress of Henry IV., had just been wounded at once in her affections as a mother, and in her pride as a princess, by *facchino Italiano*, who was called Mazarini when he was the servant of Cardinal Bentivoglio, but who had become his Eminence the Cardinal Mazarin since he had been the lover of Anne of Austria, and the first minister of the kingdom of France.

He it was who had dared to imprison Condé, and to exile to Chantilly the mother and the wife of the noble prisoner. The lady on the right was Clara Clemence de Maillé, Princess of Condé, who, by an aristocratic fashion of the time, was called simply the princess, to signify that the wife of the head of the Condé family was the first princess of the blood royal—the princess *par excellence*. She had always been proud, but since her persecution her pride had grown with her wrongs, and she had become haughty. In fact, condemned to play a secondary part while the prince was at liberty, the prison of her husband had elevated her to the position of a heroine; she had become more desolate than a widow; and her son, the Duke d'Enghien, who had nearly attained his seventh year, more interesting than an orphan. All eyes were upon her; and had it not been from a dread of ridicule, she would have worn weeds. Since the exile forced by Anne of Austria upon these two mourning ladies, their loud outcries had been exchanged for dull threatenings; they were oppressed, and were about to become rebellious. The princess, a Themistocles in a mob cap, had her Miltiades in petticoats; and the laurels of Madame de Longueville, for a brief interval the queen of Paris, robbed her of her sleep. The duenna on the left was the Marchioness de Tourville, who was afraid to write novels, but who composed politics. She had not made war in person, but her husband, who was a good soldier, had been wounded at Rochelle and killed at Fribourg. The result was, that, as the heiress of his patrimonial property, she considered that she had also inherited his military genius. Since she had joined the princesses at Chantilly, she had already drawn up three plans for a campaign, which had successively excited the admiration of the ladies of the household, and which had been, not abandoned, but simply deferred, until the moment when the sword should be drawn and the scabbard flung away. She did not dare to assume the uniform of her husband, although she sometimes longed to do so; but she possessed his sword suspended in her chamber, at the head of her bed, and occasionally, when she was alone, she drew it with a very martial air. Chantilly, despite its festal look, might then actually be compared to nothing more than a vast barrack; and if any one had searched

carefully, powder would have been found in the cellars and bayonets in the attics.

The three ladies, in their gloomy promenade, moved at each turn which they made towards the principal gate of the palace, and appeared to watch for the arrival of some important messenger. Already the princess-dowager had several times repeated, as she shook her head and sighed,

"We shall fail, my daughter—we shall be humbled."

"Great glory must be purchased at some sacrifice," remarked Madame de Tourville, without relaxing her angular rigidity; "there is no victory without a battle."

"If we fail—if we are overcome," said the young princess, "we will revenge ourselves."

"Madame," replied the dowager, "if we fail it will be God who overcomes the prince; would you revenge yourself on God?"

The young princess bent her head before the superb humility of her mother-in-law, and these three personages, thus saluting each other and offering up a mutual incense, were no bad representatives of a bishop assisted by two deacons, who take their Maker as a pretext for the homage which they pay each other.

"Neither M. de Turenne nor M. de Larochefoucault, nor M. de Bouillon," murmured the dowager; "all fails at once."

"Nor money," answered Madame de Tourville.

"On whom can we depend," exclaimed the princess, "if Clara herself forgets us?"

"Who says, daughter, that Madame de Cambes forgets you?"

"She does not return."

"Perhaps she has been prevented from so doing; the roads are guarded by the troops of M. de Saint Aignon, as you know."

"She might at least write."

* * * * * * *

"And all this," resumed Madame de Tourville, "is the fault of M. Lenet—of M. Peter Lenet," she repeated affectedly; "of that obstinate counseller whom you persist in keeping, and who is good for nothing but to thwart all our projects. If he had not rejected my second plan, which had for its design, if you remember, to carry by surprise the castle of Vayres, the island of St. George, and the fort of Blaye, we should now have Bourdeaux in a state of siege, and Bourdeaux would be compelled to capitulate."

"I should prefer, with all deference to your highnesses, that it should offer itself voluntarily," said from behind Madame de Tourville, a voice whose respectful accent was not free from a tinge of irony. "A town which capitulates yields to force, and makes no engagements; a town which offers itself is obliged to adhere to the fortunes of those to whom it has freely pledged its allegiance."

The three ladies turned and perceived Peter Lenet, who, while they were walking towards the great entrance of the castle, upon which their looks were constantly fixed, had left the château by a small door opening upon the terrace, and had approached them in the rear.

What Madame de Tourville had declared was partly true. Peter Lenet, the counsellor of the prince, a cold, grave, and learned man, was commissioned by the prisoner to overlook both friends and enemies; and it must be confessed that he had much more trouble in preventing the friends of the prince from compromising his cause than in combating the evil intentions of his enemies. But, clever and cunning as a lawyer, accustomed to the cavils and the tricks of the palace, he generally triumphed either by some well-conceived countermine or by some immovable inertness. It was, besides, at Chantilly itself that he fought his most resolute battles. The self-love of Madame Tourville, the impatience of the princess, and the aristocratic inflexibility of the dowager, were quite a match for the craft of Mazarin, the pride of Anne of Austria, and the indecision of the parliament.

Lenet, intrusted with the correspondence by the princes, had imposed upon himself as a law never to divulge any intelligence to the princesses until their knowledge of it could be turned to a useful purpose; and he himself also decided upon the fitting moment; for feminine diplomacy not being always very mysteriously conducted, many of his plans had thus been divulged by his friends to his enemies.

* * * * * *

Two cavaliers sprang to the ground, and one of them throwing to the other, who appeared to be his lacquey, the bridle of his horse, which was bathed in sweat, ran rather than walked towards the princesses, who came to meet him.

"Clara!" exclaimed the princess.

"Yes, your highness. Madam, accept my humble respects;" and, bending upon one knee, the young man endeavoured to raise the hand of the princess to his lips.

"To my arms, dear viscountess! to my arms!" cried Madame de Condé, compelling her to rise.

After having suffered himself to be embraced with every possible domonstration of respect by the princess, the cavalier turned towards the dowager lady and saluted her profoundly.

"Quick! speak, dear Clara," said the latter. * * Lenet turned with a smile towards Madame de Cambes. "Now is the moment, Madam," he said, "to prove to their highnesses that you have thought of every thing."

"What do you mean, Lenet?"

"He means, Madam, that I am happy enough to be enabled to offer you a small sum, which I have had some trouble to obtain from my tenants; the offering is a very poor one, but it was all that I was able to effect—twenty thousand livres," continued the viscountess, casting down her eyes and hesitating through shame at tendering so small a sum to the two first ladies in the kingdom after the queen."

"Twenty thousand livres!" exclaimed the two princesses.

"Why, it is a fortune in such times as these," said the dowager.

"Our dear Clara!" continued the princess; "how shall we ever repay her?"

"Your highness must decide hereafter."

"And where is this money?" asked Madame de Tourville.

"In the chamber of her highness, where my servant, Pompey, received my orders to convey it."

"Lenet," said the princess, "you will remember that we owe this sum to Madame de Cambes."

"I have already made an entry of it," said Lenet, drawing out and displaying his tablets, where, dated as received on that day, the twenty thousand livres of the viscountess figured at the foot of a column of similar obligations, whose total would have somewhat alarmed the princesses if they had taken the trouble to add it up.

Our space warns us to conclude, which we do reluctantly; for the scenes in the work are so life-like, the characters so cleverly individualized, and so consistently sustained, and the interest so artistically supported, that we could with ease have selected a score of extracts quite equal to those which we have given. We take our leave therefore of *The Women's War* with congratulations to the author on the production of one of the best works of fiction-history which we have met with throughout our critical career, and an assurance that we shall anxiously look for its conclusion.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(From our Correspondent.)

I regret to inform you that M. ROYER-COLLARD expired on the 4th inst. at his country-seat at Châteauiveux, near St. Aignan, in his 82nd year. This distinguished politician has exercised great influence during the last 30 years—an influence which he owed as much to his character out of doors as to his eloquence in the Chamber. In 1814 LOUIS XVIII. confided to M. ROYER-COLLARD the general direction of the printing establishments and public libraries; he was subsequently grand-master of the university; but in 1819 he resigned his appointments, and fell off from the ministerial benches. At the period of VILLELE's administration he was avowedly a member of the Opposition; but, unlike the rest of his party, he separated himself entirely from the *partie gauche* as from that of the ministers. The former was then reduced to seventeen members. He spoke against the septennality of the Chamber, the laws of exception, those of entail and sacrilege, and in favour of the liberty of the press. M. ROYER-COLLARD by these measures secured immense popularity, and in 1827 was nominated by seven electoral colleges. He was a member of the French Academy, and Professor of Philosophy to the Faculty of Letters.

Our clever countryman Mr. BALFE has, as I am informed, accepted the *libretto* of the *Jew of Toledo*, written by M. HIPPOLITE LUCAS, which was returned by M. HALEVY, under the plea that he could not complete the opera within the seven months specified. What are you about in England thus to expatriate talent which is so thoroughly recognised here? Although "no man is a prophet in his own country," surely your musical *cognoscenti*, who are ready enough to encourage foreign talent, might bestow some portion of their attention and patronage upon native genius in so extreme a case as this.

Our wits are busy here on the subject of ALPHONSO KARR, upon whom the Cross of Honour has just been conferred. They say that he has laughed at it for a long time, and is caught at last; but that it is, at all events, very honourable and very fortunate for the order, and more than it deserves. What would a literary man in England say to such a distinction? Herein the French, and, indeed, all other European countries, set us an example, by which, however, we do not appear anxious to profit.

Although by no means a literary matter, I cannot omit to mention to you the invention of an extraordinary piece of me-

chanism, which, after the persevering labour of fifteen years, has just been perfected by a M. BARTHELEMY THIMOUNIER, a tailor at Amplepuis, in the department of the Rhône, and which is said to be as surprising from its simplicity, as by the vastness of its results, and the revolution which it is likely to effect in needlework. This machine is a sewing-frame. It executes on an average 200 stitches a minute, making them longer or shorter at will, by means of a screw; lends itself to all irregularities of outline, to all sinuosities, and varieties of material, and causes the needle to pass without difficulty, or any danger of its breaking, through the strongest and coarsest stuffs. Such are its incredible results. In making great coats, there is no seam which it cannot sew, and no necessary work which it cannot accomplish, save making button-holes.

I much crave indulgence for this last piece of intelligence, as being somewhat out of my department, but I thought it too curious to be passed over in silence; and the rather as it has, in all probability, not yet been heard of in England.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

GLANCES OF GERMAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

IN our last number we meationed an excellent work on the poets of the present time, *Poeten der Jetztzeit, in Briefen an eine Frace*, including the poets of other countries than Germany. The first part, we stated, is devoted to the Polish poet, ADAM MICKIEWITZ, who is now at Paris, where his talents are lying idle. The second concerns two celebrated names; the first is the Italian poet GIACOMO LEOPARDI, who died in 1837; his poems were about that time translated into German, by R. L. RANNEGIESSER, and published, we believe, at Leipzic. After a short examination into the characteristics of LEOPARDI, the writer comes to PLATEN. He will not, we think, enlist the judgment of many with him when he declares PLATEN to be among the finest poets that Germany has seen. Any one who reads through his poems cannot but perceive that their author possesses the true poetical temperament, and expresses his feelings in elegant and appropriate diction; but the genuine creative power, without which no man is a poet, he does not possess. For this reason PLATEN fell into the habit of adopting foreign forms in his verses—forms in which the absence of this power was less plainly seen; but under this mask it needed not a discriminating eye to perceive the want attempted to be concealed. SCHEER acknowledges, in spite of his overweening partiality for PLATEN, that his dramas all fail in vigour. PLATEN no doubt fancied himself higher than he was, and his failure sufficiently accounts for his bitterness against HONWALD and MULLNER, against IMMERMAN and HEINE. It is to be objected also that the selections from his poems given in these volumes are not the most favourable that might have been made.

The third part leads to the Suabian poets. HERR VON SCHEER, who is thoroughly Suabian, heart and soul, therefore, must be forgiven if affection leads him a little astray in his judgment concerning the poetry of his nation. We can hardly say that there is such a thing as a Suabian school of poets, yet some *have* classed UHLAND, SCHWAB, KERNER, MORIKE, and PFIZER together under that designation. At the conclusion of his character of UHLAND, the writer pens an address to him, regretting that he has now ceased to write, and urging him again to lift up his voice and sing. GUSTAV SCHWAB follows UHLAND. The field in which he has laboured most was scarcely the lyric—it was more a combination of the lyrical and descriptive, a kind of narrative, combining the legend, the romance, the ballad. JUSTINER KERNER is a writer of more individuality. His poems abound in pain and sorrow, and resignation, while his prose works are of a remarkably gay and cheerful spirit—at times they are really humorous; witness his *Barenhäuter in Salzbad*, and the *Reiseschatten*. PFIZER is a writer of great talent, more didactic, perhaps, than poetical.

The fourth part comprehends HEINRICH HEINE alone. The author declares himself to be thoroughly wearied out with the unceasing discussion called up by this name; and doubtless there are very many who are quite of his opinion. HEINE is decidedly wanting in that earnestness of purpose which is equally essential to the successful statesman, the warrior, the philosopher, as to the poet; and of this not a trace is to be met with in him. His late, and most unexpected, union with the spirits of Young Germany was quite a new phase in his character. For the last fifteen years, or about that time, he had exerted no small influence upon that literary clique; now writing in the *Augsburg Gazette*, now publishing a sonnet here and there, when, all at once, he changed his place, and entered boldly upon the struggle. It may be doubted whether his talent will much increase their strength. Some years since, HEINE was the poet of the new generation; since the school of UHLAND had been silent, he had seized upon the mind of the public, and centred its interest on himself alone; and perhaps, for the time, nothing could have been better suited to it. In 1840, when HERWEGH, DINGELSTEDT, and their associates, stirred all Germany with their political songs, HEINE appeared to be quite out of date; the sonnetteer was really lost, and probably would have been utterly forgotten, had he not suddenly determined to join them, and thrust himself at once into the very centre of their ranks. He plunged with such violence into the *mêlée*, as, apparently, to cause as much alarm to his new friends as he had ever done to his enemies. At least, to us, this seems to have been the effect produced by the publication of his *Neue Gedichte*. It is always an advantage when a poet returns to the study of true poetry. HEINE'S first productions appeared in the form of a book of songs. Since then, he has, as we mentioned above, now and then inserted a few verses in the public journals, and last year witnessed the publication of his *Atta Troll*, a work concerning which opinions are many and various, but in our belief it must, at least, be styled clever and amusing. His latest work is the *Neue Gedichte*, of which we may doubt whether the value, a few years hence, will be very great, when the events (sometimes trivialties) on which they are based will have utterly escaped the memory. They contain much that is clever, and even brilliant, though we may be far from agreeing with those who pronounce them to be the most remarkable poems that Germany has seen for a long time. It is quite impossible to deny their originality, particularly after reading a volume either of PRUTZ or of HERWEGH; but, perhaps, they are too bitter, too harsh. HEINE wounds his country too deeply ever to be able to control it. He has evidently lost all confidence in Germany, and therefore she defies him. This is a consequence which he must expect, or, at all events, endure; it may be difficult, perhaps impossible, for him to alter his strain, but remaining as it is, the effects upon the readers cannot be otherwise than they are.

The fifth part of the *Poeten der Jetztzeit* is inscribed "Young Germany." The first violent rush of Young Germanism has passed away. SCHEER does not speak partially—he is no party man—he only writes and describes historically. He is of opinion, and we cannot agree with him, that these lyrical effusions are totally independent of political tendency. Even HOFFMAN, of Fallersleben, himself is not independent of it, and he is the strongest spirit among this circle of singers. DINGELSTEDT and HERWEGH stand indisputably in connection with Young Germany. The revolution of July 1830, and the condition of Poland, gave them their first incentive. They tried every thing, the novel, the political pamphlet, the romance, and, at last, the drama. The experiment with the drama was the most unfortunate. GUTZKOW is the most distinguished among these dramatists, but it is to be hoped he will soon quit a path which is by no means adapted to one of his peculiar talents. WIENBARG is another powerful and industrious author, who often attains the really poetical. MUNDT we spoke of in a former notice; he has been satirically styled, "the clever cook." He composes, or, perhaps, *compounds* every thing, gives it some name high-sounding or peculiar, and it is done. IMMERMAN is rightly described as a man who excites no sympathy. He has not the pliability of GOETHE, and yet he will imitate GOETHE, as, for instance, in his *Epigonen;* he looks down upon SCHILLER, and considers the *Braut von Messina* a total failure. There is, too, a tone of TIECK, if we may so express it, throughout other of IMMERMAN'S works, particularly in the *Munckhausen*.

This work is deservedly thought very beautiful, though if one examines into the admiration it has excited, it will be found to be based only on the episode of the Westphalian "Oberhof;" and that of "Elsbeth and the Hunter"—the history of Munckhausen himself — that of his daughter—of the schoolmaster Agesel—all is in the genuine style of TIECK. The *Tristan und Isolde* of IMMERMAN should not be passed over. It might have been better had this fine old poem been left in its own form. The tales and ballads added to it are good in themselves, but they were not wanted. The unfortunate GRABBE is next treated; he was a poet of much power, almost amounting to violence, but wanting in flexibility and tenderness; so that his mirth rises to bacchantic rage, his melancholy tones become a demoniac laugh, and his very thoughts involuntarily assume the sharpness and poignancy of the epigrammatic form. To him follows FRIEDRICH RUCKERT. His *forte* is the lyrical, as we find even in the dramas he has of late attempted. He is as much at home, too, in the gentle gossip of the child's world as in the depths of the most earnest inquiry.

Another part is devoted to the French. With some few observations, the author passes from "the nightingale with eagle's claws," as BERANGER was named by BORNI, to VICTOR HUGO. The dramas of this latter furnish an abundant matter for discussion, with those of DELAVIGNE, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, &c. Then a short analysis of the characteristics of LAMARTINE, which evidences more strongly to Herr V. SCHEER'S delightful talent for this kind of writing. Then follows a chap-

ter on an Austrian poetical triumvirate. The first of these is, of course, ANASTASIUS GRUN. It was a calumny which was once said of him, that he was an apostate to his own principles. He himself has well said, "When freedom has once cast a beam into the heart, it remains ever warm." The *Nibelungen im Fraek* is a humorous *capriccio;* but many may differ in according the places next to GRUN and NIKOLAUS LENAU to KARL BECK, as the author has done. ZEDLITZ rather deserved it before him. BECK has talent, but not of the first order; his early high-strained admirers have long since left him; his first step was one of much promise, but no after-time has seen him advance. LENAU is a genuine German poet; he has the tenderness and love of a woman, coupled with great power and energy; his *Faust* contains many beautiful things—many deep truths nobly expressed. His *Savonarola*, too, is a poem full of charms, equally admirable in form and invention. An objection to the *Albigensern* may be justly made, that it contains no centre of personal interest, for neither Pope INNOCENT III. nor Count RAYMOND of Toulouse can claim to be such; consequently, the poem is rather a collection of distinct passages than an organised whole. Herr SCHEER is unaccountably oblivious of ZEDLITZ; his poem *Waldfraulein*, which appeared but lately, is really beautiful, and evidences a fine poetical mind.

The next is also an interesting topic, *Dichtende Frauen* (Poetical Women). BETTINA stands foremost among them. Many persons look upon BETTINA as a fanciful visionary; here, in England the mass of readers have not yet learned to appreciate her, but in her own country she ranks high, we believe, beyond any of her female contemporaries. Charming as are the novels of Madame HAHN HAHN, of Frau VON PAALZOW, and FREDERIKA BREMER, none of these women can be placed near Madame VON ARNIM. She possesses a remarkable independence and originality of opinion. One never sees in her any thing repeated as others repeat it, never any thing imitated; every idea bears on itself the stamp of its origin in her own mind. How different is she in this to that highly estimated woman Madame DE STAEL, who just transcribed all that her friend SCHLEGEL told her upon German art, German life, and German philosophy. All that comes from BETTINA comes unconsciously, without affectation, as if she had no conception of the power and importance of her observations; a great evidence of the originality of her thoughts.

FREILIGRATH of course is duly mentioned among the others that follow. The poet of the desert is no favourite with SCHEER; his poems he calls rhymed prose, and his translations of ROBERT BURNS, which on all hands are allowed to be excellent, he declares are not to be compared to many that have been attempted before. MOZEN we have referred to above, so we will not repeat what SCHEER may remark of him here. LEOPOLD SCHEFER, VON SALLET, C. DULLER—SCHEFER in particular, are examined at some length. DULLER perhaps is the greater poet of the three, his *Furst der Liebe* is very fine, and shews the flow of his thoughts, the freedom of his ideas. SPINDLER is a poet of much merit, but better known perhaps as a romance writer. He has, we believe, been lately employed upon some village tales (Dorfgeschichten). The political lyric closes this interesting volume. Of those who cultivate this modern branch of poetry, HOFFMAN of Fallersleben must be ranked the highest, he has the power of penetrating and moving all classes.

This work of SCHEER's shews much critical judgment, and it is particularly praiseworthy that the author does not stand forth as the champion of any individual party. He has of course his antipathies as well as his prepossessions, and is occasionally unjust in his estimations, as, for instance, in the judgment he passes on BECK, ZEDLITZ, and one or two others. It is addressed to a lady, by which the writer doubtless implies that he has undertaken no deeply critical or investigating labour; and according to his intentions, he has done well.

JOURNAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Isabella Orsini, Duchessa di Bracciano. Da F. D. GUERRAZZI. 1845.

THE last work which we brought under the notice of our readers, as having had a great success in Italy, was one which remounted to the thirteenth century for the subject which it selected. The author of the book before us has taken a period still more stirring, though his story is of a somewhat more domestic character. ISABELLA DEI MEDICI, daughter of COSMO, and sister of FRANCESCO, was married at an early age to a distinguished Roman, PAOLO GIORDANO DI ORSINI, Duke of Bracciano. Warlike and ambitious, the young duke plunged into the contests of the period, and wound up the first part of his military career by his skill and valour at the battle of Lepanto. Returning to Rome, and remaining there some time with the Cardinal FERDINAND DEI MEDICI, he left his family at Florence, where since his departure they had remained under the guardianship of the Grand Duke FRANCESCO, and in charge of a cousin of his own, TROILO ORSINI by name. But while at Rome, he received a message from FRANCESCO to repair at once to Florence, for the irregular life of ISABELLA was already a matter of notoriety. Indeed, the Medici family, never remarkable for morality, had now sunk into absolute degradation; and the following conversation between PIETRO, the brother of the grand duke, and that prince himself, will graphically set forth some of the excellencies of the house of Medici.

Francesco, having composed a little the quilt that covered him, said, in a gentle voice,

"Enter, Don Pietro."

"God preserve your serene highness."

"Thanks for your prayers."

"I wait your highness's commands."

"I thought just now that four or five summonses had been neglected."

"I feared to disturb business of state, such as your highness's manufacture of porcelain; and besides, "he comes soon enough who comes in time.'"

"You should recollect a little more frequently than you seem to do, that you are my subject; and if you have no respect for the head of your family, at least you should reverence the majesty of your sovereign. But what are you doing?—why are you walking about the room so? Pray sit down, and listen quietly to me."

"Don Francesco, I came here on the faith of your princely word, and as you know that it is a long while from July to Lent, I pray you not to assassinate me with a sermon."

"Sit down. I sent for you not on my account, but yours. My motives are love for you and care for your reputation and prosperity."

"Indeed! What has caused this sudden fit of fraternal love? Has King Sebastian sent it from Lisbon with a ship-load of pepper? I must really have some reason assigned for these tendernesses, for they are enough to make a dog stare!"

"Do I merit this? have I not given and do I not continue to give proofs of my love for my family, my respect for my blood?"

"I never heard of your trying to slacken its course."

"You are angry at my not shewing you more favour; you fill my court with complaints, and write to the cardinal about it; and suppose I now determine to *discourage* you, and to turn your insolence into meanness?"

"My brother, you will not succeed in making me angry; I am already half of your opinion, but, to save trouble, I will accept the other half too."

"Well, then, you absolve me from ceremony; I will, therefore, tell you plainly, that you are the most abject, vile, and infamous gentleman in all Christendom."

"Very noisy words—pass to facts."

"Your wife is an adultress."

"Well, I know it."

"What! you know it, and remain unrevenged?"

"Why, the fact is, that we Medici are not lucky in our wives."

"What! What do you mean?" exclaimed Francesco, springing up in bed. "Of what crime can you accuse the late Grand Duchess Giovanna?"

"Heaven keep her in peace, she was a saint."

"And Bianca?"

"Oh! Bianca; I know nothing against her since you married her, but before that—"

"Before that she did not belong to me, and I have no right to investigate her conduct before she became mine."

"Others assume it, at all events."

"When we cast over her our grand ducal mantle, the *woman* disappeared—the princess only remained; raising her to our throne, we regenerated her with a baptism of majesty."

"Let me remind your highness also that even alkali will not wash out every thing; that the cloth gives way sometimes before the stain; and you must have a certain red spot on your hands of which not all the water of the Arno can rid you; and this spot is made by the blood of Bonaventuri."

"Who dares to say that I caused the death of Bonaventuri? Even if my own father were to assert it, I would give him the lie in his throat. I did not order it, nor am I at all concerned in it; I can swear it."

"Between ordering, insinuating, foreseeing, imagining, contriving, and the like, if the judges of this world have to decide, your pettifoggers can find so many and such subtle distinctions, that no one will condemn you; but before God you will not be able to plead by procurators or proxies. Do you think you hide the stain from him with your sleeve, or do you give him to understand that it is a ruby?"

"Ingrate and insolent! How much have my enemies given

you to kill me with passion? Are these the manners to adopt towards your lord, who, if he pleased, could cut you down like brushwood? and this, too, when I am seeking your interest."

The conversation goes on with great spirit, and the grand duke informs his brother that he has discovered the paramour of Donna ELEONORA (PIETRO's wife) and has put him to death.

"Poor gentleman! He deserved it—but he was a worthy man."

"And who told you that he was a gentleman?"

"Bernardino Antenori, whom you have had strangled in the prison by Bargello. Who told me? Here's a question! One, it seems, who knew all about it."

PIETRO then lectures the grand duke very severely upon *his* misdeeds, and their interview ends with giving up his wife to death, and receiving 40,000 ducats from his brother.

It will not seem strange after this to find that ISABELLA, the sister of such brothers, has a son, a few months old, by TROILO ORSINI, her husband's cousin. The early part of the work is occupied by the adventures of a page, who becomes desperately enamoured of the beautiful but profligate duchess, and is murdered by TROILO in the act of offering violence to her. Unhappily these adventurers are but too strictly in accordance with the spirit of the age and of the actors.

To return, then, to ISABELLA and her husband. As soon as this latter received the summons from FRANCESCO, which brought him (*secretly* it must be remarked) to Florence, he decided on his course of action. He obeyed the grand ducal mandate, and made his appearance in the palace at the time when FRANCESCO and BIANCA were at supper.

Certainly neither poet nor novelist could have desired a richer opportunity of displaying their powers of description than that which the hall in which the grand duke and duchess were sitting presented. There were few, if any, courts of that period capable of vying with that of Florence in magnificence of plate and furniture, nor was the material so costly as the art. Tables of silver, flagons, cups, dishes, lamps—alike splendid for gold and gems, and for sculpture and chasing, attested at once the riches and the taste of the princely merchants who ruled Tuscany.

The duke, although accustomed to Roman profusion, was struck with surprise at the immense abundance of dishes, and his surprise was even increased at their variety. Sparrows potted with the yolks of eggs, and with flour mingled with saffron and sprinkled with sugar, Indian herbs, red onions raw, with German radishes, centuary, and shallotts, besides large crystal vases filled with pickles, ginger, black and red pepper, cloves, mace, and other then costly spices. In the midst a pyramid of eggs, and on every side ragouts and entrées of strange appearance, and many kinds of cheese placed in ice between plates of silver.

As the dishes which the Duke di Bracciano knew were not much to his taste, he ventured to taste some of the unknown, and very much amazed he was to find them composed of the flesh of partridges, pheasants, quails, and woodcocks, but so spiced that they made the tears start to his eyes. He remembered the history of Porcia, who swallowed burning coals; but he could not comprehend how any man could take such things as ordinary food; frequently did he ask for drink to mitigate the burning which they occasioned, but every beverage presented to him was so iced that his teeth ached and the nerves of his head were shaken. Then came pungent and brandied wines, two cups of which would be sufficient to turn any head. It appeared to him an infernal banquet, and that in order to become accustomed to such aliments, the grand duke and his duchess must have had more difficulty than Mithridates, who ate and drank without danger any poison how strong soever it might be.

In a short time he had rather silenced than appeased his hunger and thirst, and now sat to gaze on his kinsman, who was silently intent on his meal with a species of madness which at last became intolerable to behold;—he devoured strong red onions powdered with ginger, then breaking off the top of a large egg, he poured into it a spoonful of black pepper, and drank it from the shell. Then again he returned to his spiced onions, and from time to time demanded "*drink*." His cup-bearer replied to each of these demands by bringing him a small vessel of wine with a decanter of water, and a vast goblet or rather basin, into which the grand duke poured both wine and water, and swallowed the whole at a draught. All this was not attended with any species of apparent enjoyment, for the perspiration ran down his face, and his countenance became now red, now yellow as the candles of unbleached wax burning before him; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and he looked to Giordano like a man who wished to destroy himself, only it was a question whether throwing himself from the top windows of the palace might not have been a somewhat less uncomfortable mode of doing it.

Another practice of his serene highness will seem strange to English readers. Flushed and fevered with the very extraordinary supper of which we have just seen a description, he ordered his bed to be *cooled*, and accordingly a *cooling-pan* was filled with ice and snow, and passed between the sheets.

In order to understand fully some of the allusions made in the foregoing extracts, we must remember that the manufacture of porcelain with his own grand-ducal hands was a favourite amusement of FRANCESCO DEI MEDICI; that he had monopolized to himself the trade in spices by a treaty with SEBASTIAN, king of Portugal, and that the practice of presenting wine and water in the manner related in the text is also noticed by MONTAIGNE, who, in reference to these very personages, says that FRANCESCO drank a vast quantity of water with his wine, but that BIANCA did not mix it at all.

After the grand duke's bed is *cooled*, he sends for GIORDANO, and relates to him the evidence which he has of ISABELLA's infidelity, advising him at the same time to put her to death. GIORDANO is unwilling to proceed to such extremities without further proof, and the conversation exhibits him in a very attractive light. The means, however, which he adopts to obtain the certainty which he seeks and yet fears, are of the most treacherous description. Two attached servants of his house are despatched to summon Father Marcello, a confessor highly esteemed, and to whom GIORDANO knows that his duchess intends to go the next morning to confess. The men seize upon Marcello whom, under pretext of taking him to a penitent, they have induced to leave his convent, and go with them into a remote part of the city. There they strip him of his priestly robes, and convey him blindfolded into an apartment of GIORDANO's palace. Titta, one of the servants alluded to, attires himself in Fra Marcello's robes, and repairs to his usual confessional in the church of Santa Croce. Here he hears many confessions, and much astonishes the penitents who apply to him. His military morality, and strange notions of penance, make them think the holy father stark mad. He was not long engaged, before ISABELLA and her attendant approached, and from her Titta learns, by much cross-examination, the history of her guilt. He refuses to reply to her demand for absolution, and she, putting her hand into the confessional, is astonished and struck with consternation to find it vacant. The priest has fled!

After an anxious day spent by the brethren of the convent, the true Marcello returns to his cell, and the Duke of BRACCIANO nerves his mind for the execution of his terrible resolution. ISABELLA, from the moment of her husband's return, reads her fate, in spite of his assumed confidence and gentleness, and her deep sorrow and sincere repentance, her too late appreciation of the baseness of her paramour, and her re-awaked love for GIORDANO, make a picture of deep and absorbing interest. GIORDANO takes his family to Ceretto, an estate which he possessed some miles from Florence, and there, in the middle of the night, TROILO, who believes his iniquity to be undiscovered, is summoned to the apartment of his kinsman.

Troilo entering, saw Paolo Giordano seated by the side of a bed, and whether it was fancy, or the manner in which the light fell upon him, it seemed as though in one hour he had grown old. Giordano, without lifting up his eyes, said, "Sit down, Troilo."

These words contained no menace—no rancour; they were calm, sorrowful, and resigned; and yet they did not seem spoken with the lips; they appeared as if they came at once from the heart, as from a sepulchre, and they had power to freeze the very blood in the veins of Troilo.

And now follows a conversation which would have given an additional leaf to the laurel of SCOTT. A dialogue, which for intense dramatic power is scarcely to be paralleled in the compass of romance, but our space will not permit us to cite it. GIORDANO reminds TROILO of all that he has left in his care—of the promises which TROILO had made him—of the trust which *he* had reposed—and then gives a vivid picture of his withered hopes and blighted life.

He represses TROILO's interruptions and expressions of doubt as to the extent of ISABELLA's guilt, and at last tells him that he has had from her own lips the confession!

"Now tell me, Troilo! your name is Orsini. Is it my blood that runs in your veins?"

"Why should I tell you what you know so well?"

"I must hear it *from you*. I am so surrounded by traitors, that by any one save my own blood, it seems to me that I may be betrayed. You *are* my kinsman; tell me then—Isabella—shall I pardon her or shall I ——"

"Alas! what counsel can I give you?"

TROILO counsels GIORDANO to pardon his offending wife; for a moment the base, mean wretch, becomes elevated, he pours forth a torrent of eloquence. GIORDANO draws him on by arguments in favour of death, which he overthrows, and by family reasons of honour, which he combats, till at length GIORDANO, fixingh is hollow and lustreless eyes on TROILO's face, says:—

"And I would do so; but she will not confess the name of her paramour!"

"She absolutely refuses?"

"Absolutely; by no prayers, by no menaces; not even by the fear of infamy, or the hope of pardon."

"And have you tried all possible ways?"

"I have—all!"

"Had I known how far her obstinacy would extend, I would have counselled you differently."

"What—differently!"

"Aye; even the contrary!"

GIORDANO breaks into passionate exclamations as to the depth of the injury which has been done him, and TROILO now unveils the unmeasurable extent of his villainy. Trusting to the lofty spirit of his beautiful and penitent victim, he hopes that if she dies, his miserable secret may die with her, and his worthless life be safe. He hints at her destruction; but GIORDANO starts up from his seat and exclaims fiercely,—

"No hints—tell me plainly your counsel."

"Then in that case, I——"

"Well; why do you hesitate?"

"The jealous honour of the family requires that Isabella should be removed."

"You are right," replied Giordano, and flinging back the curtains of the bed by which he stood, he added, "AND I HAVE SATISFIED IT."

"Oh, the vengeance of God!" shrieked Troilo; and leaping back, with his hands behind his head, he fell violently against the opposite wall. There lay the lady Isabella Orsini, half-reclining, half-seated, her hair loose and dishevelled, her arms bound—her face dark, and matted with blood—her eyes open, staring, and starting from their sockets—round her white and delicate neck was bound a thin cord, the ends of which were lost to sight in the darkness of the room.

The passion which GIORDANO had thus far repressed now burst forth with irrepressible fury. Taxing TROILO with being the author of her death and his misery, the duke places a sword in his hand, and exclaims, "Take it and defend yourself, and though you have lived like a traitor, at least die like a gentleman."

But the craven wretch, springing to a window, threw himself out on the soft grass beneath, and escaped. He was shortly afterwards put to death by one of GIORDANO's agents in France, and the death of ISABELLA was attributed to apoplexy.

And now, before we take leave of a writer of greater power than we ordinarily meet with among novelists, we have a fault to find. These pages will be read in Italy, and will reach M. GUERRAZZI himself, and it is to him, and not to the English reader, that this remark is addressed. We are delighted with the moral purity of modern Italian romance, it forms a pleasing contrast with that of our Gallic neighbours; but there is one blot in this book, which, though it occupies only half a page, is sufficient to make us shudder. Let M. GUERRAZZI cancel as soon as he can the conclusion of p. 311 and the commencement of p. 312, and never, if he wishes to be reputed a virtuous writer, commit such a fault again.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Tales. By EDGAR A. POE.

(*Concluded from page* 381.)

TURNING from these mesmeric revelations, we present our readers with a portion of a tale of a very different character. It is a descent into the Maelstrom. The description is thrilling, and the reader feels a frightful and giddy interest as if he was actually whirling in the "hell of waters."

DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once—for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer, I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-ström!*'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot, as if I had had a most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström channel, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! To be sure, I thought, we shall get there just about the slack—there is some hope in that—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up every thing about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother—but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his figers, as if to say 'listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called riding, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström, than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognised the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe any thing accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which every thing there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious—for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case may be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent—the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere—the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and shewed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did every thing in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I did escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to conclusion."

Although this volume has many redeeming points of goodness, we cannot conscientiously recommend it to the libraries. We have given reasons, and we think strong ones, for this opinion, and if we have erred, it is from our squeamishness in selecting the best works for the librarian and the public.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN THE TYROL.

(*Concluded from page* 403.)

THE tourist will remark, during his walk to Varenna, several old castles, promontories jutting into the lake, rocks, banks richly covered with vines, and at the edge of the lake, olive and fig trees, several villages and numerous houses, built of very small stones of a reddish grey, all which objects will present many beautiful and picturesque views. He will pass through several tunnels hewn out of the solid rock, and about fifteen or twenty feet high. He may join the steamboat at Varenna, and proceed down the lake to the town of Como. During his progress down it, the lake will afford many very rich and beautiful scenes, including many villages and villas. When we saw those scenes, the mountains near the side of the lake were streaming with many silvery torrents in consequence of the rain that had recently fallen, which added much to the beauty of the views. In about two hours after going on board the steamer he will arrive in Como. Here there will be an omnibus ready to start for Milan, and in which he must be quick in securing a place. He will then arrive in Milan after a ride of about four hours and a half, and having travelled over a rich country, producing in abundance maize, mulberry-trees, &c. When tired of Milan, he may proceed to Varona by the diligence, and he will then pass through Bergamo and Brescia, and close to the foot of the Lago di Garda, where there is a strong fortress called Peschiere. If he leave Milan at four o'clock in the afternoon, he will be in Varona at half-past twelve in the morning of the following day. At Varona he may bargain for a carriage to take him to Trent. He will pass over a rich-looking plain until he comes suddenly among the hills again, entering a very narrow gorge where the Adige has made itself a passage through the rocks, which are perpendicular, and like walls on both sides; there is barely room for the river and road, which latter has been in part cut out. Near here is Rivoli. He will then proceed up a narrow defile until he reaches Ala, at which place, if he left Varona about the middle of the day, he will arrive in the evening, and may rest there for the night. He will have passed Volargne and Incaffi; near the latter place is the remarkable convent and church of Madonna della Corona, situate on the steep side of a mountain (nearly 3,000 feet above the river), at about 400 feet from the top, and approached from below by steps cut in the rock, and from above by ropes. He will thence resume his journey early in the morning, and will soon see the Slovino di San Marco, where part of a mountain has fallen, and is now a scene of desolation. He will pass through Roveredo, where a great quantity of silk is produced, and will arrive in the middle of the day at Trent, unless he wish to see the fine scenery at the head of the Lago di Garda, in which case he should proceed from Roveredo to Trent by way of Riva, which will prolong his journey; we had not time for this. The Hôtel de la Rose d'Or, at Trent, is very good.

He should here see the cathedral, a fine old building of the round Gothic or Romanesque style, and should not forget to visit the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where the Council of Trent sat for eighteen years, and see the painting of the Assembly, which it contains. He should also see the Castle of Buon Consiglio, formerly the episcopal residence, and which is of a great extent, but now ruinous, and containing barracks. The situation of the town is fine. The view of it from the banks of the Adige below the town is very beautiful. A pleasant walk may be taken by the side of the river, and through the vineyards, where the vines, when we saw them, were heavily laden with grapes. We bought some at the gate of the town for three-farthings per pound. The tourist may travel by the *Stellwagen* from this place to Botzen. He will pass a great many vineyards, the small town of Lavis, the village of San Nichele, near which he will see the entrance to the valley of the Non Salurn, where there is a castle, situate very high on the face of the rock, seeming almost impregnable, Newmarkt, and Branzoll; and he will see near Botzen, on the other side of the river, the extensive ruins of the castle of Sigmondskrone, situate on a hill. Parts of this valley are very marshy and unhealthy, particularly about Branzoll. The valleys of the Non and Sole are said to be very picturesque, and if the tourist have time, he should not omit to visit them: we had not time to do so. Or, if he wish to shorten this tour, he may proceed at once from Bormio, through these valleys, and join the route again on his exit from them; by this means it will be considerably shortened. We arrived at Botzen at one o'clock, and found the Kaiser-krone an excellent hotel. The view of the mountains from Botzen is fine; those near this place contain much porphyry. The neighbourhood of Botzen is particularly rich in vines, trained on trellises, with yellow pumpkins growing under them. Fig, olive, and mulberry trees are also cultivated here. If the tourist leave this town early in the afternoon, he may walk up the valley of the Eisach, by Deutschen, as far as Kollman, about fifteen miles, where he may sleep. His walk will be up a picturesque narrow mountain defile, with high rocks on each side, and high mountains behind them. He will obtain a glimpse of some of the peaks of the dolomite formation. In the morning he may advance up the valley. He will see near Kollman the castle of Trostburg, at the entrance to the Grödnerthal; he will pass through the town of Klausen, one long narrow street, and will see near it, on a hill 700 feet high, the nunnery of Seben, a fine object in the view, and will reach Brixen after about three hours and a half's walk from Kollman, having walked through picturesque scenery all the way. About Brixen the valley opens a little. There are many convents in this town, three nunneries, one of them for English ladies. From Brixen we returned direct to Innsbruck over the Brenner, having occasion to go there, and came back again by the same route to the point where the road to Brunecken leaves the valley of the Eisach. But the tourist who does not wish to return immediately to Innsbruck may, before he passes over the Brenner, make the detour which we afterwards made, and proceed direct from Brixen to Muhlbach, visiting, however, the very strong fortress called Franzenveste, erected by the Austrian government, when the road from the Pusterthal comes into the valley of the Eisach. He had better take a carriage for part of this day's journey. From Muhlbach, it is about four hours' walk to St. Lorenzen, proceeding up the Pusterthal by the side of the river Rinz. At one mile from Muhlbach the road passes through the two arches of an old fortress in ruins, which formerly commanded the pass. The valley continues narrow all the way, bounded by low, well-wooded hills on both sides. At St. Lorenzen, on a hill by the road-side, and within the walls of a ruined castle, stands the convent of Sonnenberg. The tourist may either stay all night at St. Lorenzen, or go on about a mile further to Brunecken. We preferred doing the former, in order to shorten our next day's walk, which was a long one. The tourist must therefore set forward very early in the morning, and enter the Gaderthal, otherwise Enneberg. At its entrance he will have a very fine view across the Pusterthal, and to Brunecken, having on his right a very picturesque old castle on a hill, and in front well-wooded hills, rising one above another, and backed by mountains partially covered with snow, the convent, at some points of the view, being a fine object. The Gaderthal is very narrow, with banks sloping down to the river, and well wooded; it expands a little before reaching St. Martin's; it again contracts, and continues narrow to La Badia or Abtei, about eighteen miles from St. Lorenzen. A few miles up the valley is seen on the left the valley of Enneberg Proper, a pretty valley, with dolomite

mountains at the extremity. The Wengenthal will also be passed on the left at about two miles from St. Martin's. About the middle of the day he will arrive at La Badia, where he should dine. Here is the church of St. Leonhard. At La Badia he will have a fine view of the mountains of that very singular geological formation called dolomite. Close behind the village is the very precipitous dolomite mountain called Kreuths Kofel, and on the other side of the valley another very precipitous mountain of the same formation. As he proceeds, after leaving La Badia, more dolomite mountains will open out to his view, with fine effect, very precipitous, perfectly barren, and of a pale reddish-yellow colour, with picturesque, serrated outlines, sharp peaks, deep clefts, and chiefly vertical strata; some of the dolomite rocks, when broken, are pure white, and sparkle like loaf-sugar. The valley of La Badia opens considerably. The larches, as we saw them, with their autumnal livery, and mixed with the dark firs, had a rich effect. After he passes Colfosco, he will have to ascend a considerable ridge which separates the Gaderthal from the Grödnerthal, and from which he will have a magnificent view of the dolomite mountains. He will then descend into the Grödnerthal, coming down upon Plana, where he may procure bread and wine, which will help him on his journey. The valley is narrow, and Lang Kofel will soon come into view, a very remarkable mountain, which towers aloft in solitary grandeur, no other mountain being near it, with a high, narrow peak, somewhat round at the top. He will arrive rather late in the evening at Saint Ulrich, after a walk of thirty-eight miles, and without feeling much fatigued, for he will now be well inured to walking. The inhabitants of this valley are celebrated carvers in wood. Soon after leaving Saint Ulrich, early next morning, he must enter a narrow valley on the left, and passing Puffels, cross ober the Seiser Alp (6,500 feet in elevation), from which he will have a splendid view of the snowy mountains at the head of the Zillerthal, and the dolomite mountains near at hand. A little further, a very fine view opens out over the valleys of the Eisach and Adige, terminated by a magnificent range of snowy mountains, including the Orteler Spitz. After descending, by a very rough road, passing Castelruth, with very beautiful views, he will re-enter the valley of the Eisach at Steg. Here he may, perhaps, procure an *Einspännig* to take him to Batzen, where he will arrive in the middle of the afternoon. He should there dine at the Kaiser Krone, and afterwards go forward with an *Einspännig* to Meran. He will pass through the Vintschgau, a valley abounding in vines, but marshy in some parts. He will, perhaps, arrive at Meran about eight in the evening. Before leaving this town, he should walk to the bridge for the sake of the view from it. The town is placed in a very beautiful situation, and is surrounded with vineyards, and a great many old castles are seen on the hills around it. He may then march forward on foot up the Passeyerthal; the lower part of this valley abounds in vines trained on trellises, under some of which this road (a rough cart-road) passes. When we walked along this road, the grapes were hanging in abundance, very temptingly within our reach; we, however, refrained, and purchased a few for a trifle. Higher up, the river spreads nearly all over the bottom of the valley. Fine walnut-trees and white marble are plentiful here. The men wear broad-brimmed hats, jackets, with broad, bright red facings on each side of the breast, and broad leather braces, passing round the neck, and in front cut into three broad divisions. The women wear similar jackets. In about three hours and a half the tourist will reach the house in which the patriot Andreas Hofer was born. It is an inn close to the river side, and called Am Sand, sign, a crown, and now kept by the son-in-law of Hofer, his daughter being dead, leaving three children. He will there see a written book containing some memorials of Hofer. When he has walked forward about a mile from this inn, he will reach St. Leonhard, where he must commence the ascent of the Jauffen. After three hours' hard climbing by a rough mule-path, he will find himself at the Jauffen house, where he may rest awhile. From this house it is another half hour's ascent to the top of the pass (6,400 feet high). He will then descend towards Sterzing, where he will arrive in about two hours and a half, after a walk of about thirty miles from Meran. The Krone, at Sterzing, is an excellent inn. From this place he may, either by the *Stellwagen* or on foot, cross over the Brenner to Innsbruck. He will pass through a narrow valley, with picturesque rocky scenery, and on the top of the pass he will see the sources of the Eisach and the Sill; the former runs into the Adige, and the latter into the Inn. He will also travel through several small villages. At the end of sixteen miles he will reach the town of Steinach, where he may dine. From Steinach to Schonberg the scenery is beautiful and picturesque. Near the latter place, on a favourable day, a very magnificent view may be obtained, including the beautiful Stubeythal, with the gorgeous mountain dazzling with snow at the head of it, and the splendid Solstein and other mountains on the other side of the Innthal, and a richly-wooded country, varied with smaller hills in the foreground and middle distance. A fine new road is now being made from Innsbruck past Schonberg, intended to join the old road near Mattrey. The view of Innsbruck obtained in descending towards it is extremely beautiful. When the tourist is ready to leave Innsbruck, he may now direct his course towards Switzerland. He may again join the *Stellwagen* for Landeck. At Landeck he may take an *Einspännig* for St. Anton, about four hour's ride from Landeck, passing through a narrow picturesque valley, in which he will see the old castle of Wissberg, close to the river Rosana. From St. Anton, he will cross over the Arlberg te Stuben, seven miles, a wild romantic pass; the mountains seen from the top (where is the Hospice of St. Cristophe) are very barren. At Stubea he may take another *Einspännig* for Dalaas—one post. He will pass through Klosterli, whence the valley is called the Klosterthal. At Dalaas, a place prettily situate, he may take another *Einspännig* for Bludens—one post, a town of 19,000 inhabitants; the country around it abounding in fruit-trees. Another *Einspännig* will take him to Feldkirch, one and a half post, where I shall leave him, having conducted him into Switzerland; and I shall be happy if, during his progress, he shall derive the least benefit from my little experience. He may now either turn to his right, towards Breyenz and the Lake of Constance, or to his left, towards Wallenstadt and the Lake of Zurich, as he may think proper. When he arrives in Switzerland it will be with more money in his pocket than he expected; for pedestrian travelling in the Tyrol is remarkably cheap. The Tyrolese have not yet been spoiled by the shoals of English, who have increased the expense of travelling in Switzerland; and I trust that the Tyrolese will never lose their simplicity and uprightness of character by any influx of strangers amongst them. If the tourist should follow the whole of the route I have marked out for him, he will be able to form a very good conception of the glories of Tyrolese scenery, and I think he will then agree with me in what I stated at setting out, that the Tyrol surpasses Switzerland in richness and picturesque beauty, and in some parts at least approaches very near it in sublimity; it is, however, inferior in the beauty and magnitude of its glaciers, as also in the size of its lakes. He will also have laid up for himself a store of food for contemplation for many years, and will return home with invigorated health, and an enlarged mind, yet humbled by an increased sense of his own weakness, when compared with the majesty of Nature, seen, as it were, upon her throne. He will also have learned to look up to the God of nature with a stronger conviction of the truth of the words of the Psalmist: "Oh Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches." "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." A. T.

A Word in Season.—Of late there has grown up on the hotels along the Rhine and in the main route through Switzerland a practice of charging a franc per night for candles. A pretence for this is made by putting one wax candle into your room, of which you burn, it may be, half an inch, of the value of a penny at the most. During a tour I have been taking in the course of the present summer, I was at first induced to pay this charge without objection, though with many inward murmurs. At length, at Lucerne, I was tempted to resist. I would not permit the wax candle to be lighted, but was content with the ordinary mould candle of the bedchamber. The bill containing the usual charge for candle being presented, I remarked that I had not used the wax-light. The charge was immediately withdrawn. I observe that Murray recommends travellers in all cases to resist the charge, but they cannot with propriety do so if they use the candle. The plan adopted so successfully by me may be advantageously followed by other travellers, and thus one of the many growing impositions will be suppressed.—G. R. M.

Lucerne.—During the present summer, a new hotel has been opened at Lucerne. It commands a fine view of the lake, and I found its *table d'hôte* excellent, its apartments comfortable, and its charges moderate. It is called the *Swiss Hotel*. As it is not mentioned in Murray, I avail myself of the columns of The Critic, so useful to tourists, to supply the information to those about to visit that finest of the Swiss lakes.—Viator.

ART.

Art on the Continent.—M. Schwanthaler has received an order from Norkoeping, in Sweden, to execute a statue of the late King (Bernadotte) for that city, of colossal dimensions (twelve feet high), and to be cast in the Royal Foundry. The completion is expected in a few months. In the same establishment the statues of Ziska, the leader of the Hussites, and of several other eminent characters, ordered by a Bohemian private gentleman, are in progress. At the same time the statue of the Duke of Zachringen, for Switzerland, after the model of a Swiss artist, will shortly be executed. A splendid steel engraving, representing Schwanthaler's group of the gable pediment of the

Walhalla, executed by M. Schleich, the celebrated engraver, of Munich, and published by M. Manz, publisher and printseller of Ratisbon, will shortly appear. The above group is of eminent beauty and great interest. The centre figure, Arminius, of colossal proportions, the left foot resting on crushed legion eagles and standards, appears tranquilly to await the approach of the invading Romans. Behind the hero are seen, in emblematic representations, the characteristic features of the life of both the respective enemies—Roman warfare and German patriotism, together with Poetry, Devotion, Veneration of Female Virtue, and Love; the Romans partly advancing, partly retreating; Pharus's suicide; a dying standard-bearer proclaims the loss of the legions; a warrior, perishing in a swamp, alludes to the German morasses. The whole group is executed in beautiful Tyrolese marble, in extent of about seventy feet. The engraver's work is of a beautiful execution, alike soft and bold where these contrasts are necessary. He is at present also occupied on an engraving of a composition of M. Kaulbach, whose subject is taken from Wieland's "Musarion."—In the glass-painting establishment at Munich, will shortly be executed three large church-window paintings, ordered by the chapter of the cathedral of the city of Agram. They represent the "Glorification of the Holy Virgin," and both the tutelary saints of Hungary, Stephen and Ladislaus.—M. Schoenlaub's statues for St. Mary's, at Au (suburb), have been placed in the walls below the nave-windows; they are of a character much superior to the common works of art of that description. Several eminent artists have formed a sort of an Etching Club, and published part of their interesting work, in which a great deal of humorous wit prevails; among those who have already contributed are—Klein, Morgenstern, Neureuther, Heinzmann, Zimmermann, Gail, Eberle, &c., whose likenesses are strikingly represented in the title-page of the first number of the work, in the act of adorning a "Christmas tree."

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The National Gallery closed for the annual vacation on Thursday, and will not re-open for public inspection till the 27th of October next.

MUSIC.

The Songs of Henry Russell. Part II.
London: G. H. Davidson.

THESE songs bear the usual characteristics of Mr. RUSSELL'S music. The airs are generally pleasing; but sadly deficient in variety. Mr. RUSSELL seems to have one ideal melody in his head, which he adapts by inversion to words of every kind, accommodating it as well as he may to the sentiment and feelings which the poetry embodies. In his drinking, hunting, naval, and bandit songs—in short, in all those wherein energy and motion are to be conveyed, he is far more successful than in erotic and plaintive compositions. The songs are clearly printed on moveable types, and, as ten are furnished for half-a-crown, are cheap enough, at least, to become, without obstacle of this nature, popular.

We regret to learn that Donizetti, the celebrated composer, who recently arrived in Paris, is labouring under a severe fit of illness.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—We uniformly feel pleasure on each successive visit to this institution. Genius is progressing at railroad speed, and the proprietors of this useful establishment seem desirous to run neck to neck with the mechanical skill and ingenuity of the day. We trust the support rendered by the public is commensurate at least with the exertions and expense incurred in maintaining this splendid school of science. The lectures of Dr. BACHHOFFNER on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry still continue to attract. The admirable manner in which he delivers them deserves the golden opinions he daily receives. The exhibition of the chromatrope and dissolving views display their wonders in the theatre of the institution, and are particularly adapted to please the young. There is another very interesting instrument, called the physioscope, which magnifies the human face; another called the proteoscope, by which flowers and fruit are also highly magnified. By this instrument it is possible to magnify opaque objects, which is accomplished by the oxy-hydrogen microscope. In this way a small plaster-cast was magnified, and had all the appearance of a well-finished piece of colossal statuary. Another source of amusement, highly gratifying to the visitors, is the music, which, like the painter's last touch, gives a most agreeable finish to the whole entertainment. This department is conducted by Dr. WALLIS.

ROYAL ADELAIDE GALLERY.—It would be out of our province here to comment on the unpropitious events which have lately occurred in New Zealand, but we may call the attention of our readers to the circumstance that a series of lectures are now being given at the above gallery, by a New Zealand Chief. We have had pleasure in attending them. From their nature, and the lucid manner in which they are delivered, the public have the best of opportunities of learning the true character of the New Zealanders, as the Chief (who lectures in the full costume of the country) very fully enters into all their manners and customs, giving anecdotes and detailed descriptions, occasionally exemplified by instruments and models of the modes of tattooing, warfare, domestic habits, and fireside amusements of this extraordinary people. Great credit is due to the Chief (himself an Englishman) for having been instrumental in converting several of the tribes from cannibalism, a conversion, he doubts not, which ere this has become general. The concerts at this agreeable place of amusement are still conducted in the same efficient style as usual. The model of Pilbrow's atmospheric railway continues to attract a vast number of scientific people, anxious to test the comparative merits of this and the principle adopted on the Croydon line.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

MANZONI'S "CARMAGNOLA."

SIR,—You have given a choice extract from this fine tragedy in the last CRITIC, and beautifully translated it is, though I cannot see why the translator has been at the pains of putting into rhyme what is blank verse in the original. From the introductory notice it would seem that the whole tragedy has been translated by your contributor, H. B. I was not aware that an English version had ever been published.* I did one myself some ten years ago, and it still remains a MS. in my portfolio, partly from doubts as to whether it is fitted for the critical eye of the public, and partly from the impression that no one buys or reads modern tragedies now-a-days.

Should you think the following soliloquy of the unfortunate Count worthy of insertion in THE CRITIC, as a *pendant* to "Marco's Soliloquy" just alluded to, you are very welcome to it. I am, Sir, yours, &c. M. H. R.
Translator of *Ettore Fieramosca*, &c.

[Count Carmagnola, General of the Venetian forces, being suspected by the Council of Ten of meditated treachery in not following up some splendid victories in the manner intended by them, is entrapped by an invitation to return to Venice, expecting a triumphant reception, in the place of which he is immediately arrested, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death. The Countess and her only child, Matilda, are about to visit him in his dungeon, having just been stunned with the unexpected and dreadful intelligence.]

Scene, A Prison.

THE COUNT (*solus*).

By this time they have learnt my fate. Ah! why
Could I not far from them at least have died?
'Tis true, with horrible effect such news
Their hearts would then have stricken—yet the hour,
The solemn hour of grief would have been past,
Whilst now 'tis yet to come: and harder still,
Together we must drain the bitter draught,
And drop by drop.—Oh! breezy, open plains!
Oh, cheering, sunny blaze! Oh, mighty clash
Of glitt'ring arms! Oh, joy-inspiring danger!
Soul-stirring shouts of heroes in the field!
My gallant charger! Happiness it were
Amongst ye to have died! But . . . . shall I, then,
Look on my destiny repugnantly?
And, like convicted felon, to the place
Of execution let myself be dragged,
Venting the while vain, useless threatenings,
Or querulous complaints? . . . . Marco—Alas!
Can *he* too have betrayed me? Why suspect?
'Tis a vile doubt. Oh, that before I die
It may be banished from my heart! But no!

* Nor has there. Our correspondent is under a misconception owing to an oversight of the printer in the introduction to the translation in our last number. The words translated from the Italian should have a separate head-line.—ED. CRITIC.

Of what avail to trouble now my breast
With cares of life; and backward turn my gaze
Where 'tis forbidden me to tread? . . . . And thou,
Duke Philip, wilt enjoy my misery—
What matters it? I too have felt these joys,
These impious, earthly joys; and now I know
Their wretched worthlessness. But oh, the grief
Of seeing once again my dearest ones!
To hear their groans of anguish—from their lips
To listen to a last farewell—to find
Myself encircled by their arms, and then
For ever tear myself from their embrace!
Ah! they are here! Oh, God! with pity look
Upon them!

N.B.—The concluding scene which follows the above is, though short, one of surpassing beauty.

BEAUTY.

Every grand and lovely thing
Reigns like an eternal king,
All that's bright, and all that's fair,
Hath its children everywhere.
Where the silken butterflies
Use like fans their painted wings,
Fanning the young summer's eyes,
There the brown bee sucks and sings.
Beauty never comes alone,
But hath beauties in its train;
If it be a music tone,
Echo utters it again.
If it be a star or sun,
Then the stream makes two of one
By the magic of its mirror;
O believe it not an error,
For the soul to cling and linger
Here on earth, and gladness feel!
Beauty is God's mighty finger,
Multiplying beauty still.
Look on night, and look on day,
When they come or glide away;
Sister queens, they often meet,
But we hear no fairy feet.
Though they morn and eve salute,
Like their feet, their kiss is mute,
But, lest beauty should be missing,
Twilight cometh of their kissing.
Though we cannot, like King Midas,
Change to gold all dust and dross,
Beauty ever stays beside us,
And the tiniest bit of moss
That a child's white hand will pull,
Is than gold more beautiful.
Let us not like fools despise,
Earth which is a seat of beauty,
But the love-light of our eyes
Turn unto it as a duty.
Beauty *here* hath done its mission,
When it guides us to death's portal,
For its presence is a vision
Of a *beauty all immortal.*

E. H. BURRINGTON.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

NEW LETTER FILE.—We have been favoured with the particulars of a new letter file, invented by Mr. W. W. Fyfe, of Paisley, which is undoubtedly a great improvement over all articles of the kind heretofore made public. It takes the form of the boards of a book, of which the left hand board is moveable upon a sliding hinge of a simple construction, so as not only to admit of its opening outwards, like its counterpart the corresponding board, but also that it may slide down upon the latter, or remain up from it, at any height requisite to accommodate the "letters received." The construction of the other hinge admits of the sliding-board being turned over free of the points of the files by which it is perforated, leaving space for the operation of filing on letters. When letters are placed upon the points of the files, this board being turned over above them, presses them securely down to their destination on the file. The files are fixed on the under board, and perforate the moveable or upper one. The index is attached to the inside of the sliding-board, fastening up with a catch, just clear of the prongs or files, and jointed to the front of the board inside. It is the usual alphabetical index. This file effectually excludes dust, which is so objectionable in all other inventions of the kind. The file, too, may be secured by a Chubb's lock, or by a chain and padlock. The index renders it of real practical value, as every one who has had to deal much with letters which have been kept in the ordinary way must have frequently felt the need of such an assistant. This useful file we can safely recommend to the attention of the readers of THE CRITIC.

Experimental trips have been made on the Croydon Atmospheric Railway, which, with allowance for the fact that every thing is not yet in complete working order, have been very satisfactory. The line is five miles long, extending from the Dartmouth Arms to Croydon. On Friday week several trains were run; and on Tuesday a number of the proprietors were conveyed upon the line. The average speed, only one engine being employed for the five miles, was thirty miles an hour; the greatest velocity forty-five. A greater speed was attained on the Friday. The train passed up the viaduct across the Brighton line, which has an incline of 1 in 50, at the same rate as the other parts. In a report to the Directors, Mr. Samuda, the engineer, remarks—"A speed of seventy miles per hour has been attained with a train of six carriages, and a speed of thirty miles per hour with a train of sixteen carriages, using only one steam-engine over two sections of main. In a length of five miles we have found it practicable to obtain a vacuum of twenty-seven inches in the whole length, and have run trains at upwards of sixty miles an hour over the five miles, with the aid of one engine only."

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

"Quodcunque utile, omnibus notum esse debet."

SIR,—I send you two cases of *mental travelling*, which may tend to strengthen the facts already known, and at the same time afford an opportunity to others to investigate a faculty which to most is new—at least it is so to myself.

Both patients are relatives—one my sister-in-law, the other my niece; both have been cured of severe illness by Mesmerism, and consequently have been frequently mesmerised: both are good phrenomesmeric patients; but, until the experiment I am about to detail, neither could travel mentally, nor were in the least clairvoyant.

Case the First.

A lady, for whom I had extracted TEN teeth whilst in the mesmeric state, and whose case I enclose, wishing to have a few lessons in Mesmerism, I became her preceptor. On one occasion the lady, having thrown my sister-in-law (Jane) into the sleep, was very desirous to have her house in the country described; and every effort was used by her to induce the sleeper to travel, and for a long time without effect. Almost tired with the affair, I—almost without a thought, certainly without any expectation of a realization of our wishes—placed my fingers upon *locality;* the instant I did so, she began to describe the exterior of a somewhat old-fashioned house; taken by surprise, I removed my fingers, and the patient became silent. Delighted at the discovery, we prepared for our investigation. The lady was placed *en rapport*, and desired to think as strongly as possible, and I placed my fingers again on "locality."

The patient first described the grounds and the different entrances to the house correctly—then said the house was an old one. Here my antiquarian predilections came into play; and, supposing it might be an old manor-house, with possibly a porch and seats, I asked what kind of door there was; she said it was painted like mahogany, and that there were seats—garden-seats on each side: the lady, on being appealed to, said the house was undergoing repairs, and, for aught she knew, it might be mahogany, but she did not know; that they had seats to put out in

fine weather, but they were not out when she left home; but she would make a note of it, and let me know on her return. Jane next correctly described the entrance-hall; staircase; dining, drawing, and breakfast rooms; the situation of the windows, &c.; when the lady asked the patient to go into her studio.

Lady.—What kind of room is it? *Jane.*—O, it's all in confusion. *Lady.*—That I'll be bound it is; I'm very untidy. What do you see about the room? *Jane* (*after a pause*).—Oh, nothing particular, it's all in a litter. *Lady.*—Do you not see a great many pictures on the walls? *Jane.*—There are no pictures about the walls. *Lady.*—There she is not right; the walls are covered with pictures and drawings. *Jane* (*suddenly*).—O, here they are; they are all upon the ground, with the faces turned to the wall. *Lady.*—Then they are cleaning out my studio! Now I'll try her. How many chairs are there in the room? *Jane.*—Two. *Lady.*—That's not right: I never allow a second to be in the room. Are you sure there are two? *Jane.*—Yes, to be sure. *Lady.*—Describe the chairs. *Jane.*—O, one is a large-looking chair; it seems as if it had been cut down at the back. *Lady.*—She is quite right; my chair has been cut down at the back.

Here another note was reserved respecting the two chairs; and I subsequently received a letter from the lady, stating that the description given by my sister-in-law was in every respect correct. Her studio had been cleaned, the pictures were on the ground, and there were two chairs—the second probably brought in to stand upon to take down the pictures.

The patient seeming much distressed, I thought it desirable she should be awakened.

Case the Second.

My niece, Harriett, suffering from severe head-ache, requested I would mesmerise her and remove the pain. Accordingly I put her to sleep in two minutes, and having dismissed the headache by the usual passes, and which was accomplished in less than a minute, I excited several of the phrenological organs, catalepsed the arms, &c. to the infinite astonishment of a party of friends then assembled. At the request of Mrs. P. I endeavoured to get her to travel to *Norwich*, where my mother resides, for the purpose of knowing if she was in good health.

Having placed my fingers upon *locality*, without doing which I could not succeed, we began. She would not go by rail but by coach. I had great difficulty to get her to describe the road; when we arrived at the coach-office, St. Giles, Norwich, she described it accurately; we then came at once to my mother's residence.

Purland.—Where are we now? *Harriett.*—Standing at a door. *P.*—What kind of house is it? *H.*—Very old-fashioned. (*Quite right.*) *P.*—What do you see opposite? *H.*—Nothing. *P.*—Look again; be particular. *H.*—I don't see any thing. *P.*—Nonsense! are there no houses? *H.*—No, there are no houses, I tell you. (*She was correct; it is a churchyard.*) *P.*—Now let us go into the house; what kind of passage is it? *H.*—Passage! it don't look like a passage; it's a curious looking place—it's wide. (*Quite right.*) *P.*—Describe the staircase. *H.*—It's a very funny old-fashioned one. *P.*—What is the colour of the wood? *H.*—Very dark. (*It's of oak.*) *P.*—Any carpet on the stairs? *H.*—No. (*Quite right.*) *P.*—Now let us go into the room on the left side; do you see it? *H.*—Yes. *P.*—Who is there in it? *H.*—There is no one there. *P.*—Let us go up stairs; are we there? *H.*—Yes. *P.*—Any body in it? *H.*—Yes. *P.*—How many? *H.*—Three. *P.*—What kind of people are they? *H.*—O, as old-fashioned as the house. *P.*—Ladies or gentlemen? *H.*—One gentleman and two ladies. *P.*—What are they doing? *H.*—Two are talking, and one lady is standing in the middle of the room. *P.*—What kind of person is the gentleman? *H.*—He's short; very short. (*Quite right.*) I think I have seen him before. *P.*—Where? *H.*—I don't know, but I think I have seen him before. (The patient was quite correct; the gentleman was my mother's brother; he is very short in stature, and I think she had seen him once or twice, when in London, about eighteen months since.) *P.*—What kind of a person is he talking to? *H.* (*suddenly*).—Oh, the lady standing in the middle of the room is *your mother!* *P.*—My mother?—oh no. *H.*—Yes it is; I'm sure of it. *P.*—How does she look? *H.*—Very well indeed.

The patient described the third person to be "very neat and tidy" in her dress. (It was my aunt.)

Now I think every man with "one poor grain" of common sense will come to this conclusion, that the patients certainly saw what they described; that it was not all mental transfer (albeit I take mental transfer to be as wonderful); that is, that in some points, for instance, the *two chairs*, the pictures, the door, and the seats, the patient could derive no assistance from the party *en rapport*, but that they were decidedly cases of clairvoyance. When the patient in case No. 2 exclaimed, "Oh, the lady standing in the middle of the room is your mother!" I was thinking strongly of my aunt, and therefore the patient acted quite independently of mental transfer.

I am aware that I am already recorded in the books of the *wise* (?) as an enthusiast, or something worse, and I am also conscious that this communication will extend my reputation in that particular quarter; but I beg to state that so long as I can alleviate the torment of suffering humanity, I shall patiently bear the contumely of the narrow-minded, the selfish, and the proud; and I take leave to offer this piece of advice (gratis!):—

That instead of M.D.'s and others wasting their time in witnessing and condemning the experiments of others, they would be better employed in investigating this subject themselves.

I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. PURLAND,
Surgeon-dentist to the Mesmeric Institute,
59, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—As you have expressed (in THE CRITIC) a desire for all the *facts* you can elicit relative to mesmeric cures and the phenomena of clairvoyance, I have pleasure in sending you the following account, the result of my own experience; and I am most happy to add my testimony to the truthfulness not only of the *curative* effects of Mesmerism, but also to the more exalted state called *clairvoyance*.

A dear young relative (whose name I forbear to mention, she being ignorant in her natural state of ever speaking while in the mesmeric *coma*, to which she seems to entertain an aversion) suffering from a malady of some years' standing, and whose medical attendants had ceased to visit her, declaring they had done all that medical skill could devise, was, while in a paroxysm of extreme suffering, mesmerised by a gentleman casually visiting at the house, and, after being kept in the trance for an hour, was demesmerised, and awoke *comparatively well*. Our kind friend remained with us a week, during which time he mesmerised her for an hour three times a day, viz. at eleven o'clock a. m., at three, and at at seven o'clock p. m., and each time with an increased beneficial result.

On the evening of our friend's departure, his patient, about seven o'clock, the time she was accustomed to be mesmerised, fell voluntarily into the mesmeric sleep, and on moving her arms, they (as usual) became cataleptic. Her mother, who with another relative and myself were with her, became much alarmed, and entreated me to try if I could demesmerise her (our friend had instructed me how to act, in case I should think it desirable she should be again mesmerised). With a palpitating heart I confess I essayed to restore the limbs to their natural position, and with a thankful spirit saw that I succeeded in so doing. Having now a feeling of confidence in my own powers, I commenced demesmerising her; and, happily, in a short time, restored her to consciousness.

Afterwards, when I saw symptoms of a return of her malady, I induced her to let me mesmerise her, and always succeeded in giving her relief. Her sufferings, mental and bodily, had been very great, and sometimes were so (to all appearance) in her mesmeric sleep, so that all my energy was exerted to soothe her pains and give relief. I never thought of trying experiments either to induce her to speak or otherwise, when, one evening having mesmerised her, and seeing her sleep calmly, I stretched out my hand to take up a newspaper that lay on the table, when in a serious tone of voice she asked "What are you going to do?" I replied I was about to read the newspaper; "Then you will do me no good; *your mind and thoughts must be on me.*" She then proceeded to explain to me, that any other person than her mesmeriser being in the room during her sleep disturbed her; she said their essences amalgamated with mine and hers, and made her uneasy and uncomfortable.

I scarcely need say I was surprised at these manifestations, but happily felt neither alarmed nor flurried, and proceeded to ask why she so *winced* whenever I snuffed the candles. She said "she could not tell why, but when I touched the snuffers she felt *all drawn up*, but that the sensation was only momentary." On another occasion she told me "she knew my most inmost thoughts; that she had never really known me till then." She has also voluntarily told me the dispositions of various persons, some of whom she never saw; and being requested so to do, described the disease of a lady residing more than a hundred miles distant, and whom also she never saw. Having once occasion to mesmerise her before I had breakfasted, I requested my coffee might be brought to me, when, to my surprise, she not only appeared to swallow when I drank, but made a face as though not agreeable to her palate. I asked her what she was drinking.—"Coffee." "Why do you make a face?"—"Because it is too sweet"—(she drank *no sugar* in her tea, and very little in her coffee). When I ate my toast, she also ate; I asked her what she was eating.—"Dry toast."

Amongst other phases of her malady she sometimes had tic douloureux in her face, for which she was in the habit of using creosote. When in her mesmeric sleep, I asked if it did not injure her teeth;—"Yes, and the coats of my stomach also." I then

begged her to promise me not to use it again. "As far as I *can* promise I *will*; but I must not promise unless I am sure I have strength of mind to keep my word—if in my waking state I were as I am now, I should not hesitate to make the promise." Although repeatedly attacked with the same disease, she never used creosote afterwards. She once told me if I would keep her in the mesmeric trance for three whole days I should completely cure her, but her mother's timidity negatived the attempt. Sometimes when I have asked her a question, she has said, "Give me time, *you know not, cannot* know, my sensations; *I feel as though I were buried.*"

Once in answer to a question I put to her, she requested I would not then urge her to speak, "*as her body felt as though it were swollen;*" at the same time a tear stole gently from under either eyelid, and rested on her cheeks. I afterwards knew, had she answered my question, it would have given pain in her waking moments both to herself and others, and though then unable to account for her apparent emotion, subsequent circumstances fully developed its cause.

Many other things I could relate, but trust what I have adduced will sufficiently prove (except to those predetermined not to be convinced) the *truthfulness of clairvoyance.*

The above manifestations were elicited in a private drawing-room (with rarely, for fear of giving the poor sufferer pain, any one present but my dear patient and myself), the clairvoyance arising spontaneously, the result neither of experiment nor the desire to satisfy or gratify either the sceptic or believer.

Anxious only to relieve her sufferings and restore her to full health, my questions, after finding her clairvoyant, chiefly pertained to that end, and for the benefit and relief of others (perhaps I ought to have mentioned she prescribed medicine and treatment both for herself and those to whom I directed her attention); for having in my own person evinced much mesmeric power, I not only became curative Mesmeriser-general to my own family, but to many of my friends; and have happily succeeded (without always putting to sleep) in removing headaches, toothaches, stiff necks, rheumatism, and also more serious and generally obstinate diseases, such as ringworm in the head and inflammation; and if among the manifold cures by Mesmerism you have already received, you should deem my anxious efforts worthy the attention of THE CRITIC, I shall be happy to furnish you with a few cases, and with much pleasure add my humble testimony to the wonderful power of Clairvoyance and the beneficent and curative effects of Mesmerism.

As a guarantee for the truthfulness of my unsupported testimony, I send (for your private perusal, with leave also to give the names of the parties to any person feeling disposed to make inquiry) reference to highly respectable individuals, some of whom have known me upwards of twenty years, and all of whom will, I doubt not, bear evidence to my rectitude and strict integrity.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH NEWMAN WARE.

Liverpool, Sept. 9, 1845.

[The above communication was accompanied by references to parties of very high respectability in London, Birmingham, and Liverpool. Our correspondent, however, seems to have misconstrued the term Clairvoyance. Strictly, it does not apply to the phenomena exhibited by her niece. The case, however, is an interesting one, and bears upon its front the true impress of authenticity.—ED. CRITIC.]

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

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BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY PIRACIES.

The *Journal des Débats* expresses great indignation at a new phase in Belgian piracy—or rather merely a deeper plunge down the "easy descent" of that commercial *Avernus*—in which we see nothing at all that was not certainly to be expected, so soon as the Belgian publisher should feel satisfied that he could bring up from that further depth any thing that would pay. Hitherto, if the Belgian freebooter published an imperfect, ill-printed, or illegible edition of a work, the purchaser of the stolen goods knew, at any rate, that the Belgian was responsible for those defects—not the author or native bookseller. But this shadow of responsibility is beginning to sit uneasily on the Belgian conscience—not for moral, but pecuniary, reasons; and the bait offered by the *Œuvres Choisies de Gavarni*, now publishing at Paris, by Hetzel, has seduced one of the confraternity to produce, in Belgium, a wretched imitation—art and all; on the cover of which he has had the genius to write, instead of his own name and capital,—"*Paris*, Aug. Ozanne, Editeur, Rue Richelieu." The ingenuity of this combination is greater than may, at first sight, appear. In the first place, it is intended to deceive the European market by insinuating that the publication is the "true and original" edition:—then it will necessarily, under that supposition, impede the sale of all other Belgian editions: next, the re-introduction of the work into France, by contraband, is greatly facilitated by this fraudulent cover: and, best of all, the pirate, instead of selling his wares, as usual, 60 per cent. under the price of the French edition, may still secure his advantage over that, in the European market, at a price relatively much greater. But the subtlety of the worthy Belgian is not exhausted by these considerations. Of course, there is no "Aug. Ozanne," a publisher in Paris:—why did not the Belgian complete his theft, in all its parts, by stealing M. Hetzel's name, as well as all the rest?—Why, if he had done so, the foreign orders would have gone direct to M. Hetzel himself, who would scarcely have handed them over to the pirate. So, the latter did all he dared—stopping short just where he should (one of the most difficult tests of genius):—not venturing on the name of the French publisher, he assumed, at any rate, that of the street in which the latter is established as a bookseller. There is nothing in all this which might not have been expected in any country where piracy has been long practised and openly defended. There are reasons for rejoicing in such extreme expressions of the Belgian sin as this last case, because the very excess of the profligacy will, in spite of royal patronage, rouse the morality of nations to the cure. Neither France herself, nor, unhappily, England, has been free from this stain; but the former country has taken so noble a tone and attitude in shaking off the shame, that she is well entitled to give voice to her indignation at this most barefaced attack of all upon her literary property. It is well to echo the denunciation of the *Journal des Débats*, that readers may be put on their guard against purchasing from "M. Ozanne." Meantime, the Madrid papers announce that the booksellers of that capital, encouraged by the lucrative character of the Belgian example, are about to claim their own share in the pickings of the French brain, and have made arrangements for reprints, in the original language, of the works of Thiers, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, D'Arlincourt, De Balzac, Eugène Sue, Jules Janin, and Georges Sand.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Sept. 13 *to Sept.* 20.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anthon's (Chas.) C. Crispi Sallusti Opera, with an English Commentary, &c. new edit. 12mo. 5*s.* cl.

Barnes's Notes on the Epistles (Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, and Philemon), crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Barnes's Notes on the Epistles to the Hebrews, crown 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Biblical Cabinet, New Series, Vol. I. "Hengstenberg on the Psalms," Vol. I. 8vo. 15*s.* cl.—Brainerd's (David) Life, Remains, and Letters, new ed. 18mo. 4*s.* cl.

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Reynolds's Practical Arithmetic, Key to, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Robinson's (R. C.) Tables for Calculating Railway Shares, Stocks, &c. 2nd edit. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.

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Illustrations of Ornithology, by Sir William Jardine, P. J. Selby, &c. 1st series, in 3 vols. royal 4to. extra half-bound, or in parts, royal 4to. or imperial 4to.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE EAGLE-SLAYER.—We think we may very justly apply this designation to Mr. Alexander Lamont, gamekeeper on Corndavon, Braemar, as the following facts will shew:—Since he has been gamekeeper at Corndavon Lodge, he has succeeded in destroying the surprising number of twenty-one magnificent eagles, some of them of enormous size, measuring no less than from eight to nine feet between the tips of the wings. The last, which he killed on the 9th of March, this spring, measured nearly eight feet. Mr. Lamont's most successful method of destroying the "lords of the air" was by trapping; and the place where his traps succeeded best was on a large stone on the top of one of the high mountains on the Invercauld property, well known to the sporting community as the "Brown Cow." Six of these champions of the Grampians were thus caught. On one occasion, on going to look at his traps, Mr. Lamont saw, to his great surprise, an enormous eagle in the act of rising in the air with one of the traps attached to his leg, having succeeded in breaking the chain. By the help of his musket, however, both trap and bird were quickly brought to the ground by the hand of this most determined and successful enemy of the king of birds.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

IRISH HUMOUR.—"Is there a ford here?" asked an English gentleman, who, in making a tour in the west of Ireland, was suddenly stopped by a mountain stream. "Oh! to be sure, your honour," said an honest native, "there *was* a ford." "When was it?" asked the gentleman. "Before the bridge was built, yer honour," replied the good-humoured Hibernian; but after the passengers used the bridge, it got *out of habit*." "Well," said the traveller, "now the bridge is broken down, I suppose the ford may have got *into habit* again. Is it safe?" "To be sure, yer honour; *all but in the middle*. But that is nothing; and *if you can swim*, there is not a better ford in all the country." "But I cannot swim," replied the gentleman. "Then, yer honour," retorted Paddy, "the only safe way that I know of is, as soon as you get out of your depth to walk back again."

A cavern, remarkable in an archæological point of view, has just been discovered at about eight leagues from Guelma, in Algeria, on the side of the Mlaia Mountains. It is hollowed out of an immense calcareous rock, and a circular entrance of seven or eight yards in diameter, is about 400 yards in depth, and runs from 1,000 to 1,200 yards in length; taking an inclined direction, and requires 35 minutes to reach its extremity. A thousand stalactites of various forms adorn its inside, and the ground is encumbered with a prodigious quantity of enormous blocks fallen from the vault. But what gives it its greatest interest is the number of Latin inscriptions at the entrance. They are for the most part illegible, but the name of Donatus is to be deciphered in more places than one. It belongs to the earlier times of Christianity, as the names of unknown martyrs appear, and there is no doubt the cavern was the refuge of the then persecuted Christians. The Arabs have many fabulous legends on the subject, and dread entering it, lest they should be seized and detained for ever by an evil genius or spirit. And yet it was an Arab, the Chiek Deradji Ben Kerad, who led some Frenchmen into this cave, the silence of which has not been before disturbed for ages.

A curious phenomenon has been discovered for some time past at Durham. Carbureted hydrogen, or coal-gas, has risen in considerable quantities from the bed of the river near Framwellgate-bridge, doubtless from the stata of coal beneath. A trial is to be made of collecting it for the purpose of lighting the bridge.

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To Readers and Correspondents.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER (Maxfield).—*The word being a proper name, there is no strict rule for it—the pronunciation is arbitrary; we have heard it given each of the ways named, and, for what we can see, with equal authority. Questions of this nature do not come within our rule of reply; it would open to us a wide and profitless field of occupation.*

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HELEN, A. L. (Stone).—*We are obliged by the verses forwarded. They need but two requisites to be fitted for our columns—equality and finish. The imagery is choice and natural, and the sentiment for the most part appropriate. The fair authoress, however, should be more careful of her quantities and the balance of her sentences. She has also strength enough, if she will exert it, to avoid such hackneyed rhymes as "weep" and "deep," "sighing" and "dying." But for these sins, the stanzas beginning "Late gazing on sweet Deva's stream" would do credit to any one. The best place to procure the works required we should say is Nutt's, in Fleet-street. Mr. Nutt, we have no doubt, will forward a catalogue if applied to.*

ERRATUM.—In review of French Literature, page 398, column 2, for *misalliance* read *mésalliance.*

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THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography and Correspondence of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, bart. during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Edited by JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

IN spite of the extent and intensity of the railroad mania, which would merge all things ancient in oblivion, and sacrifice every memorial of the past that the express train might do the distance from Land's End to John O'Groat's half an hour sooner, we see with pleasure that there is an increasing interest in every thing relating to the antiquities and history of our own country. The efforts of the Camden, Percy, Shakspeare and other societies have been eminently successful in rescuing from time-honoured dust valuable records of the political and social life of our ancestors, and publishers have been zealous and enterprising in the same cause. The stores of family papers, and the collections in our libraries have given up not a few of their treasures to public view, and still the search is proceeding with success. Among the latest and most interesting of these publications is the *Autobiography of Sir Simonds d'Ewes*, the well-known compiler of that most valuable work, *The Journals of all the Parliaments during the reign of Queen Elizabeth*.

This "autobiography" has even more than usual claims to our attention, from the high character of the author. It was compiled by him from his own diary, and presents, therefore, his thoughts and feelings in their original freshness, not tinged with that colouring from subsequent events which is seen more or less when a history of the earlier portion of a man's life is drawn from memory alone.

Sir SIMONDS D'EWES was a formal, precise man, in religion inclining towards Puritanism; in politics belonging to the popular side, because in the ascendancy of the church and king party, he saw danger to the interests of religion, but still anxious for moderate measures, and willing to do justice to his opponents. He was bred to the study of the law, but, after his marriage, he gave up this as a profession, and employed his time in his favourite study of history, amid the musty records and parchments of the Tower, the Rolls, and other public and private collections; for this was to him "the most ravishing and satisfying part of human knowledge." In 1640 he was elected member for Sudbury, mainly on account of his known moderation. CHARLES I. conferred a baronetcy upon him in 1641, but this did not tempt him from the path of consistency, and he sided with the popular party at the breaking out of the war, but was soon got rid of by PRIDE's purge, as an impediment to the hotter spirits of the Long Parliament, and two years subsequently he died. Unfortunately his autobiography ends in 1636, and from this circumstance, as well as from the character of D'EWES, it is more interesting as an illustration of the social and domestic life of that period than of the political; but as a picture of individual character and habits, it will not yield in completeness even to Mrs. HUTCHINSON's Memoirs. It contains also numerous notices of his contemporaries, and not a few incidental indications of the real feelings of the people during the twenty years previous to the actual outbreak, a period which cannot be too much studied by those who seek to appreciate the true nature of the contest and the characters of the opposing parties. His professional studies we shall not notice at length, but the sketch of Cambridge in 1620 is too characteristic of the man to be omitted.

But the main thing which made me even weary of the college was, that swearing, drinking, rioting, and hatred of all piety and virtue, under false and adulterate nicknames, did abound there and generally in all the university. Nay, the very sin of lust began to be known and practised by very boys; so as I was fain to live almost a recluse's life, conversing cheerfully in our own college with some of the honester fellows thereof. But yet no Anabaptistical or Pelagian heresies against God's grace and providence were then stirring, but the truth was in all public sermons and divinity acts asserted and maintained. None then dared to commit idolatry by bowing to, or towards, or adoring the altar, the communion-table, or the bread and wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Only the power of godliness in respect of the practice of it, was in a most atheistical and unchristian manner contemned and scoffed at.

His comments, too, upon the fire which destroyed the greater portion of the Six Clerks' office, shew that the region of Chancery compensation jobs was not even then remarkable for honesty. After observing that it is every man's duty under calamity to consider for what sins he is being punished, he proceeds:—

Two especial sins there were which the Six Clerks were at this time for the most part guilty of: one, first, was their extreme tenacity and love of the world, daily plotting how to keep short the gains of their under-clerks and *to advance their own*, which fault, even after the fire, I heard not that any of them amended. The other was their atheistical profanation of God's own holy day, sitting (except one Mr. Henley, come in but a few years before, that had some religion) in their studies most part of the Sunday, in the afternoon to take their fees and do their office business, many of their under-clerks following their profane example.

As might be expected from one of D'EWES's cold temperament and strict morality, he is somewhat censorious in his observations upon the characters of his contemporaries; but one of his gossiping stories against BACON is too gross to be believed upon the unsupported authority of any one man, however incapable of intentional slander. The faults alluded to in the following passage are more venial:—

LORD BACON.

By letters patent, dated the 27th day of January, was Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, created Viscount St. Albans, all men wondering at the exceeding vanity of his pride and ambition; for his estate in land was not above 400*l.* or 500*l.* per annum at the uttermost, and his debts were generally thought to be near 30,000*l.* Besides, he was fain to support his very household expenses, being very lavish, by taking great bribes in all causes of moment that came before him, so as men raised very bitter sarcasms or jests of him, as that he was lately *very lame*, alluding to his barony of Verulam, but now, having fallen into a consumption (of purse, without all question), he was become *all-bones*, alluding to his new honours of St. Albans; nay, they said Nabal, being folly or foolishness, and the true anagram of Alban, might well set forth his fond and impotent ambition.

Of SELDEN and COTTON he writes thus:—

On Tuesday, September the 28th, going, as I frequently used, to visit Sir Robert Cotton, England's prime antiquary, I there met Mr. John Selden, of the Inner Temple, a man of deep knowledge and almost incomparable learning, as his many published works do sufficiently witness, with whom Sir Robert, our joint friend, brought me acquainted, and we held ever after a good outward correspondence; but both of them being more learned than pious, I never sought after, or ever obtained unto any great entireness with them, yet I had much more familiarity with Sir Robert Cotton than with Mr. Selden, being a man exceedingly puffed up with the apprehension of his own abilities.

But D'EWES's zeal for antiquities more constantly led him to Sir R. COTTON's than would be inferred from this observation. We have said D'EWES was no enthusiast. In his heraldry and pride of family he will yield to none. He gives a "short memorial" of his wife's pedigree, filling twenty pages; and even his father's loss of 6,000*l.* by the fire before mentioned did not afflict him so much as the destruction of a parchment pedigree brought out of Gelderland by his great-grandfather ADRIAN D'EWES. So, also, the chief cause of regret when he anticipated that none of his sons would live was, that his name would not be enriched by the high dignity of the long muster-roll of his wife's ancestors.

Perhaps the most curious portions of this autobiography are the love-passages, or rather the quiet calculations of match-making parents and relations, by which all preliminary arrange-

ments were considered before the parties usually supposed to be most interested in such matters were consulted. A marriage was little else than mere matter of attorneyship, although there were apparently opportunities of drawing back without the fear of eloquent orations about wounded feelings, and the more touching appeals of heavy damages.

D'Ewes's first courtship was unsuccessful, but it did not grieve him much. After relating the progress of the arrangements prior to the interview, he proceeds thus coolly:—

The next day, being Friday, May 25, I arrived at Colchester between twelve and one; and that afternoon saw Miss Jemima with Lady Bingham, her mother (whom, having been the widow of Sir Richard Bingham, Knight, Mr. Waldegrave had married to his second wife), and had some discourse with the old lady, and some short view of the gentlewoman; whom I did not take to be so handsome at this first view as I thought her afterwards. I went not home at this time with the old lady, but lay at a town called Langham, near to Lawford, at one Mr. Littlebury's house; from whence, the next day, I went with him to Mr. Waldegrave's in the afternoon, and had full access in private discourse afforded me with the young gentlewoman. That night I returned again with Mr. Littlebury (who had used a great deal of faithful care to make up this match) to his house; where having staid till Monday, May 28th, in the forenoon we went again to Mr. Waldegrave's, and dined there. After which ended, I had several discourses with the young gentlewoman, and received from her so many remonstrances of acceptation and affection, as her own father acknowledged she never had done before; and we all thought the business in fair forwardness for the consummation thereof. But I, fearing my father's inconstancy, by reason he was to settle above 1,100*l.* per annum upon me, and to receive no portion, had all my expectations even at this present mixed with doubts; which were the more increased upon my return to him next day to Newplace (for, his coach-horses going cheerfully, I went the whole thirty-eight miles from Lawford thither in a day), where, having related to him my unexpected sucess, I found him in some strait, as if he knew not well now how to break it off, or go back.

At my next return therefore thither, he wrote a strange letter to the young gentlewoman, and gave it me in charge to bring him an answer from her. It was penned in a good phrase, but mixed with some unseasonable imperious passages; so as, presaging what effects it would produce, I kept it two or three days ere I delivered it after I was come to Mr. Waldegrave's; but fearing my father's displeasure if I still kept it, and so an abortive issue of this overture, I at last rather chose to put it to the hazard. Truly, both the father and the young gentlewoman, whose affection I had gained very far, were content for my sake to have passed it over; but the Lady Bingham, her mother, told me plainly, my father took so early authority upon him as her daughter should never come under his power; and so, after all that cost bestowed by my father, being near upon 80*l.* and all the travel and pains which had been bestowed by myself and others to effect this business (although it hung in suspense till the 19th day of September next ensuing), yet all was finally dashed.

His courtship with his very juvenile wife is detailed at length, and we have the following euphuistic:—

LOVE-LETTER IN THE REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

Fairest,—Blest is the heart and hand that sincerely sends these meaner lines, if another heart and eye graciously deign to pity the wound of the first, and the numbness of the latter; and thus may this other poor inclosed carcenet, if not adorn the purer neck, yet lie hidden in the private cabinet of her whose humble sweetness and sweet humility deserves the justest honour—the greatest thankfulness. Nature made stones, but opinion jewels; this, without your milder acceptance and opinion, will prove neither stone nor jewel. Do but enhappy him that sent it in the ordinary use of it, who, though unworthy in himself, resolves to continue your humblest servant,

Simonds D'Ewes.

Sundry other passages had we marked for extract, but we must be content with referring our readers to the work itself, as one which should be read by every person who takes any interest in that period of our history, or in the unreserved display of individual character. We conclude with his opinion of James I. which may atone to some for his condemnation of "the men who call themselves Protestants, as Bishop Laud, Bishop Wren, and their wicked adherents," and his high admiration of the emigrants to New England for conscience sake.

THE CHARACTER OF JAMES I.

It did not a little amaze me to see all men generally slight and disregard the loss of so mild and gentle a prince, which made me even then to fear that the ensuing times might yet render his loss more sensible and his memory more dear unto posterity. For though it cannot be denied but that he had his vices and deviations, and that the true Church of God was well near ruined in Germany whilst he sat still and looked on, yet if we consider his virtues and learning on the other hand, his care to maintain the doctrine of the Church of England pure and sound; his opposition against James Arminius, Conradus Vorstius, and other blasphemous Anabaptists, and his augmenting the liberties of the English rather than oppressing them by any unlimited or illegal taxes and corrosions, we cannot but acknowledge that his death deserved more sorrow and condolement from his subjects than it found.

The allusion here to the condition of Protestantism abroad is one among the numberless proofs of the personal interest felt by the parties in England in the religious wars then raging upon the continent. D'Ewes even thought it appropriate to his diary to insert each year an account of foreign affairs; and although these notices do not give us any new information, they increase the value of the work by shewing what was the opinion of cotemporaries of those great events which were then taking place. The indifference of Hume to all religious discussions was his great disqualification as an historian of the 16th and 17th centuries.

The second volume contains some interesting extracts from the correspondence of the D'Ewes family, and a secret history of the reign of James the First, by a cotemporary, which, however, does not afford much additional information. The Editor has performed his duty with great judgment, and no parade of useless notes.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian, Descriptive and Pictorial. By William Richard Holmes. London, 1845, Bentley.

In November, 1843, Mr. Holmes, who occupies a place in the office of our Consul at Erzeroum, resolved to devote a few months to a tour on the shores of the Caspian. The region is one little known to us; it lies out of the ordinary route of travellers; it abounds in material for amusing and instructive narrative, and Mr. Holmes is gifted with so many of the qualifications for the tourist and the tour writer, that the result is a volume full of lively, pleasant, readable composition, so graphic in its descriptions and so abounding in novelty, that we follow him to its close without wearying, and are only sorry when the last page tells us that there is nothing more to be enjoyed.

The region traversed by Mr. Holmes on the Caspian shores extended from the river Astara, on the frontiers of Russia, to Astrabad, the extreme Persian town. Thence he proceeded to Teheran, and returned to Erzeroum by Tabreez.

It is in his sketches of the people that Mr. Holmes's excellence lies. Pictures of towns and buildings and scenery are always dull, because in truth the image in the writer's mind cannot by mere words be conveyed to the mind of the reader. It is to the former, therefore, that we shall for the most part limit the extracts by which we purpose to exhibit some of the more attractive features of this agreeable volume. Indeed it is by extract only that a book of travels can be noticed in a literary journal. It is not a subject for criticism, nor is it capable of analysis; the reviewer has little other duty to perform than to pass a brief judgment on its general character as a composition, and then to cull the most amusing and novel passages he can find for the display of its worth and the amusement of his readers. At this season of dulness with the publishers, we thankfully accept the small boon thus provided, and shall be more lavish of extract than at a busier time.

The starting is thus described:—

On the afternoon of the 4th of November, 1843, we left Tabreez, accompanied by our English friends, who, as is customary in Persia, came a short distance with us before taking leave. The weather was lowering, and a little rain fell, which was considered peculiarly lucky by the Persians; for, as it is of such vital importance to agriculture in this dry climate, they have connected with rain a superstitious idea of general good fortune. Our party consisted of Mr. A. her Majesty's consul at Tehraun, his meerza (scribe), five servants, and a gholaum, Mohamed Rahim Beg,

who had been sent by the prince, Bahman Meerza, as our mehmandar, to procure lodgings and provisions, and to see that we were treated with proper attention. We were all armed, but our servants were so loaded with weapons, than in case of an attack they would have proved more an incumbrance than a protection. Their formidable appearance alone would have sufficed to keep a party of double their number at a respectful distance; and we might reasonably congratulate ourselves on the prospect of travelling unmolested, and arriving safe at our journey's end, provided our followers possessed one tithe of the courage and devotion they boasted while quietly riding through the suburbs of the town. The meerza, however, was essentially a man of peace, and seemed to entertain a profound antipathy to any thing warlike. Instead of sword and dagger, he carried in his girdle a roll of paper and a calemdaun (Persian inkstand), the peculiar type of the professors of the pen. Our baggage had preceded us to the village of Borringe, about six miles from Tabreez, accompanied, and supposed to be defended, in case of need, by four grooms, the cook, and the muleteers.

This is the general aspect of the shores of the Caspian:—

The bushes on the mountain were full of blackbirds and thrushes; and the change from the dreary barren country through which we had passed, where nothing like a bush was visible, was exceedingly refreshing. We continued over these hills on a beautiful smooth turf for about two miles, when we happened to start a hare close to the road-side. Being well mounted, and having a couple of greyhounds with us, we gave chase, when, to our surprise, we found that almost every bush contained a hare; they started out in all directions, and, dodging among the brushwood, completely puzzled the dogs, who could not keep the same animal in view for two seconds. After a great deal of hallooing and scampering about to no purpose—every one calling the dogs to the particular hare he had just started, and they attending to no one, but enjoying a little hunting for their own individual amusement—we thought our firearms were likely to do more execution, and therefore dismounted; several of our attendants who had guns following the example. I had not proceeded many yards before I put up a hare, which I shot, and the report of my gun raised an immense covey of partridges. Meanwhile a very brisk fire commenced on all sides, and even pistols were discharged at the astonished animals. The scene was very animating; and the servants, hallooing and rushing hither and thither, seemed to have gone mad. I found the golaum in a thicket literally filled with hares, blazing away at them sitting, without the least effect on his part, and with as little apparent fear on theirs. This man was a great sportsman in a small way; and on the road, if the report of a gun was heard, it was sure to be Mohamed Rahim Beg shooting at a crow. The meerza, with his mouth wide open in amazement at the uproar, seemed to think it just possible that an odd shot might come his way; and to add to his comfort, being no sports man, he was left in charge of about seven horses, which occasionally exhibited symptoms of pugnacity, and nearly pulled his arms off. Unfortunately we had some distance to go, and it was getting late; so, in about a quarter of an hour, we mounted, and hastened to the village of Meezaum, where we had determined to put up for the night. The abundance of hares was quite inconceivable, and we likewise raised some immense coveys of partridges; these, however, were very wild. Notwithstanding the abundance of hares, we only bagged four, for the bushes were too close to give us a fair chance, and we were distracted by the numbers: our attendants shot nothing. The day had been cloudy and threatening rain; the evening was cold and foggy, and the sun had long set ere we reached Meezaum. The inhabitants vacated for us a most filthy hut, the best, however, the place afforded; and we endeavoured to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. During the operation of removing the furniture, we were sitting outside, surrounded by the people of the place, staring at us open-mouthed. I had ample time to observe their physiognomies, and I think I never before beheld such unparalleled ugliness; some of them were hardly human—one man's forehead being about an inch high, and his chin three or four inches long; there were noses of every shape imaginable, and no one had two eyes looking the same way. Two or three old women were peering over a wall, and their hideous and wrinkled features were perfectly astonishing. This village is about twenty-two miles distant from Ahar: it is mostly in ruins, and appears a miserable place. We passed a sleepless night, but felt thankful that we were not entirely devoured by the vermin with which our room swarmed.

Refinement in eating is a point in civilization not yet attained by the Persians. Mr. HOLMES presents this picture of

PERSIAN FEASTING.

After tea, the Beg left us to ourselves for about an hour; when he returned, accompanied by his two brothers, Nooroollah Beg and Shookroollah Beg, a brother of Mehmet Khan, chief of the Shah-sevens, and some other friends, and dinner immediately followed. A tray containing a chillo and pillo, radishes, fried eggs, a stew of meat, and a bowl of sherbet, was allotted to each two persons; and, at the word "Bismillah" (in the name of God), the company fell to in silence, unbroken during the whole time save by the sound of the various jaws in process of mastication. Hands were thrust deep into the greasy dishes, rice squeezed into balls and swallowed with astonishing rapidity, and in less than a quarter of an hour little remained of the immense piles which had been set before them. Water was then brought in, and each guest slightly wetted his fingers, afterwards wiping them on his pocket-handkerchief or his coat, as the case might be; which ceremony had scarcely been performed, when our Shah-seven friend and one or two others, loosening their belts, immediately lapsed into a state of torpidity. My companion and myself had made a plenteous meal, but our dishes appeared comparatively untouched. The Persians are very large eaters, particularly those of the lower classes. Five of our servants, who dined together, devoured every day about twenty pounds of bread, besides a good allowance of meat and fruit; and one evening three of the grooms ate among them ten pounds of rice, and were grumbling because they could not get any more. The Persians say that the English do not eat—they only play with their food. * * * * About twelve o'clock, the usual Persian time, we were summoned to breakfast, and all returned to the house exceedingly sharp-set. The meal was a repetition of dinner, and the same feeding-scene took place as on the previous evening. I have often heard it remarked with respect to the Eastern custom of eating with the fingers, that it was a mistake to regard it as unpleasant, and that the hands, which were thoroughly washed, were cleaner implements than our knives and forks. In Persia, I can only say that I found the washing a very inefficient ceremony: no soap is used, a little tepid water being merely poured over the hands before and after dinner; and they are oftentimes wiped with a pocket-handkerchief which has not been washed for perhaps six months. The voracious manner in which they swallow their food is disgusting. In general, Persians admire the European custom of using the knife and fork, and confess that it is more decent in appearance, and cleaner in reality, than their own; but Ferrajoollah Beg, while admitting this, observed that after all he preferred eating with the hand, as it imparted a flavour to the food: judging from the colour and appearance of his own hand, I should think the observation correct.

And here is

A ROYAL INTERIOR.

In the evening we went to dine with the prince. We were shewn into the same room as on our first visit, and found his royal highness seated on a small rickety chair, at the head of the Russian table before mentioned. It was covered with various nondescript little dishes, and saucers of pickles, chiefly garlic; there were also two water-bottles of sherbet, two black bottles, conspicuously marked "London Stout," one of which, however, contained rum, and several square decanters of Persian wine. Four glass candlesticks of Russian or German manufacture occupied the corners: they were ticketed just as they came from the shop; the tallow ran in streams upon the table from the candles, which were all of different lengths; and there being no such convenience as a pair of snuffers, Abbas Kooly Meerza, who sat at the shahzadeh's right, occasionally snuffed them with his fingers, which he wiped on the skirts of his dress.

Travellers in Persia, as elsewhere, must submit to some troubles; and it is not in Persia only that the form of nuisance described in the next extract assails the weary but sleepless wanderer.

On an eminence above the village stand the ruins of an old castle which had not been inhabited within the recollection of the natives, who were also ignorant of its history. The houses here are built as usual of mud; but the foundations appeared to be partly of stone. On arriving, wet and cold, we were shewn into a most wretched hovel: the roof was pierced with holes, and the rain trickled through in every direction, rendering it quite uninhabitable. The people, however, solemnly assured us that all the houses were in the same condition. This was consolatory, inasmuch as we were no worse off than others; but, as it by no means improved our situation, we sent our gholaum to find a more habitable dwelling if possible. In about half an hour he returned with the joyful intelligence that he had at last secured a good house, and thither we removed. Though very small, it was at least water-tight, of which advantage hardly any other house in the village could boast. Here, then, we established ourselves; and having with some difficulty procured wood for a fire, we dried our clothes, and after a comfortable dinner hoped to forget the discomforts of the day in the vis of the night. But no: after all the complicated miseries of w water, and cold; after all the fatigues of rocky passes an

long day's journey, we were subjected to a most awful infliction of fleas. We suffered in patience for a long time; but there is a point beyond which no patience will extend; so, lighting candles again, we commenced an attack on the invaders with an ability and enthusiasm only to be acquired by long practice and a thirst for vengeance. But, though thousands fell, thousands still came on with unabated vigour; and my friend declared he could see them charging in heavy squadrons over the carpet. This alarming discovery put an end to the battle: we fairly gave in; and, I need scarcely add, did not close our eyes during the remainder of the night. The first person I saw in the morning, on going out of the house, was our meerza, looking the picture of misery. He shook his head mournfully and exclaimed, "Ah, Sahib, Sahib! this menzil is very bad; it has many fleas; I have not slept." I could not forbear a smile at his woe-begone expression of countenance, and felt a kind of selfish consolation that we had not suffered alone. The quantity of vermin, however, must have been very unusual to have caused him any uneasiness. We left Soomaree at a quarter to ten, in a heavy snow-storm, which soon turned to mist and rain; and passing over some low hills, entered the plain of Ardebeel.

A Persian prince is thus described:—

Ardeshir Meerza is a man of middling size, inclining to corpulency, with a jolly-looking round visage, bearing a strong resemblance to the rest of the royal family. He was dressed in a plain, single-breasted drab-coloured coat, buttoned to the throat by about forty gilt buttons, placed as close together as possible; round his waist he wore a belt of gold lace; and over all a dark plum-coloured cloak. He was very polite and affable; hoped that we had been well treated in his territory, and asked many questions regarding our journey. He inquired after all the English he had known in Persia; and the conversation turning on India and the East-India Company, he begged to know whether the report he had heard that they had killed the "Coompanee" was the fact or not. We presently ascertained that he alluded to the death of Sir William Macnaghten.

We had heard that the shahzadeh was a great drinker; and his weak and bloodshot eyes seemed confirmatory of the report: but I could not suppress a smile, when tea was brought in, to see his servant draw forth from the recesses of his pocket a black bottle of rum; we of course accepted a little in our tea, while the prince held out his already half-empty cup, which the servant filled to the brim.

Ministers in Persia, as in other parts of the world, are accomplished in the art of pleasing, refusing nothing, but never promising—giving hope to all, well knowing that ,when the boon is obtained, instead of a crowd of excellent friends devoted to his service, a many is sure to find "a hundred discontented and one ungrateful."

Behold the picture of

A VIZIER.

Every one in Persia laughs at the vizier; but he is perhaps as much liked as it is possible for a man in his situation to be. He is humane, and often interferes in behalf of those whom he thinks suffer harsh treatment at the hands of the king. One great secret of his popularity is, that he makes a point of never refusing any thing. A man, for instance, asks for a pension: the hadgee grants it in the most gracious and flattering manner; and perhaps immediately gives a government order for the sum on Bahman Meerza at Tabreez. The applicant goes away delighted, while the hadgee secretly writes to the prince not to pay the order. Subsequently, the man finds his beraut useless; but this does not altogether efface the impression originally given of the hadgee's kindness; and the applicant feels much comforted by the idea that the pension has positively been granted to him, and that, though he does not get it, he has a right to it.

The minister has done some good on a small scale in the vicinity of Tehraun. He has built several villages, and has been lately cutting a canal from the river Keredge to Tehraun, where the water is scarce and bad. He lately went there to inspect the works; and, on arriving, was accosted by an Isphahaunee donkey-driver, who had long been employed in the work, but received no pay. "Hai, Aga," said he, throwing himself before the hadgee's horse, "I have been long working here, but I get no wages: I and my asses are starving: do not allow me to be thus treated!" "Dog of an Isphahaunee!" said the minister, "who are you? What dirt are you eating? Go and die—what more is an Isphahaunee fit for?—go, go!" The attendants seized the man, forced him aside, and the party proceeded. The donkey-driver, however, piqued at his abuse as an Isphahaunese, was not thus to be intimidated; and again throwing himself before the hadgee, cried out, "Aga, Aga, listen to me: it is true I am an Isphahaunee, and only fit to die: I am content; but my donkeys, Aga, my donkeys are all Toorks, must they starve too?" The hadgee is of a Toork tribe; and the laugh which this witticism raised was the means of obtaining for the donkey-driver his just demand.

By way of summary, we take from the earlier pages a sketch that includes a variety of objects.

Having a long day's journey before us, we rose early, and left Kerghanagh, accompanied by Ferrajoollah Beg and Shookroollah Beg. The former soon took leave; but the latter continued with us to the village of Jellowdar, where a house had been cleared and a capital breakfast prepared. The house I will describe, as a fair specimen of the dwellings throughout Taulish and Gheelaun, though perhaps rather better furnished than the generality. It consisted of a single room plastered with mud, having two or three arched recesses in the walls. The fire was placed in a shallow semicircular hole in the earthen floor, immediately in front of a projecting mass of clay about four feet in length and breadth, and two feet high, serving to support the cooking utensils. There was no outlet for the smoke except through the door, which was made for this purpose the whole height of the apartment, and had of necessity to be kept open while the fire was burning. The ceiling was formed of square wooden beams packed close together, which had become blackened by the constant action of the smoke. The mudwork of the walls was very neatly executed; and the recesses were edged with white plaster, though this is dispensed with in the poorer cottages. The roof was of good rice-straw thatch, projecting many feet from the walls, and supported by wooden pillars; thus forming a verandah, where in fine weather the women sit and spin. Breakfast being over, we left the village, still accompanied by Shookroollah Beg, and proceeded through the forest towards the seashore. As we went along, he occasionally ordered the men we happened to see in the way to follow him, so that in a short time we had six or eight fellows, armed with rifles and kummers, marching in our train. "My followers are always ready," observed he; "and when I go abroad, I leave home alone, and collect them in this manner as I journey onwards." Having accompanied us some distance, the Beg and his followers took leave, and we continued our march, regretting much that we could not afford time to stay longer with these wild foresters, whose kindness and hospitality had gained our esteem. Their mode of life reminds one of that of the Scotch Highlanders in days of yore; they are divided into clans, each chief having his own retainers, who are always armed, both from habit and as a protection against wild beasts. The kummer is a favourite means of defence, which they are seldom without. It is a forminable two-edged pointed weapon, very much like the ancient Roman sword, with a blade about a foot and a half long and three inches broad, generally very sharp, and capable of inflicting the most deadly wounds. The people consider it cowardly to stab, and use it only for cutting; a thrust would probably be fatal. During our march I perceived a man fishing at the mouth of a small river, and bought from him a fine trout, weighing about seven pounds, for a sahib kurraun (one shilling), though I was afterwards told that this was nearly double the usual price. The flesh was not very red, but proved well-flavoured. At this season these fish quit the rivers, and the fisherman, with a long fork in his hands, was watching on the shore at the mouth of the stream for those which were accidentally thrown within his reach by the surf. They say salmon abound in these rivers from June till the end of October; which, with the sefeed-mahee (white-fish), resembling a grey mullett, and many other kinds of fish, form the chief food of the inhabitants. Further on we came to several small reed-huts, serving as a shelter during the night for men who catch wild ducks. In many places near the coast are extensive swamps, the resort in winter of immense numbers of wild-fowl, where long nets are suspended to high poles in various directions; and below them are placed decoy-ducks, tied by the legs to a short piece of twine, which is fixed by a peg in the bottom. During the night the wild-fowl are attracted by the cry of the tame birds, and flying low, are caught by the neck in the meshes of the nets. Another method is also practised. A large net is fixed upright, and kept in that position by a long cord held by the fowler, who is concealed among the high reeds. Decoy-ducks are placed within its range, and on the wild-fowl alighting among them the string is let go, and the net falling over the birds makes them fly upwards, when they are caught in the meshes. This method is always practicable; but the other only succeeds on dark stormy nights, when one man may sometimes take ten or fifteen ducks. All along the coast, both in Gheelaun and Mauzunderoon, multitudes of these birds are annually thus captured.

The Persians appear to be very curious about our Freemasonry, of which they entertain very magnificent notions.

In the morning we received a visit from the governor, who seemed rather a dull person, though very polite and civil. He asked a great many questions regarding the Feramoosh Khoneh, as they call the Freemasons' Hall in London; which is a com-

plete mystery to all the Persians who have heard of it. Very often the first question we have been asked is, "What do they do at the Feramoosh Khoneh? What is it?" They generally believe it to be a most wonderful place, where a man may acquire in one day the wisdom of a thousand years of study; but every one has his own peculiar conjectures concerning it. Some of the Persians who went to England became Freemasons; and their friends complain that they will not tell what they saw at the hall, and cannot conceive why they should all be so uncommunicative.

But we must pause here, at least for the week. Possibly we may return again to this pleasant work, which we can confidently commend in the meanwhile to the regards of the libraries and book-clubs.

FICTION.

The White Slave; or, the Russian Peasant Girl. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia." In 3 vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

The manufacture of romances has been reduced to so regular a system, that every man who can compose a decent sentence deems himself qualified to undertake the task. It used to be thought by critics and readers that the novelist should have some special aptitude for his vocation. It was demanded of him that he should possess some imagination, much of the dramatic talent, tolerable facility in the conception of character, and power to portray it. Then there was needed the constructive skill requisite for the framing of a plot that should seize upon the reader's attention and carry him forward unwearied to the end. These various faculties were supposed to be the gift of nature, capable of improvement indeed by industry and art, but the absence of which was fatal to the ambitious aspirations of the author.

It is far different now-a-days. Our novelists are not necessarily "to the manner born." They write not from the fulness of their inspiration, nor because of any special fitness for the work, but, as it were, by rule and compass, mechanically and after a model. It is supposed that anybody who can write any thing can write a novel. Accordingly everybody who writes any thing else successfully forthwith sets himself to the writing of a novel. A tourist returns and publishes his diary; it finds favour; then nothing will do but he must repeat the substance of his tour diluted into three volumes of stupid romance. So is it with poetry, history, and even with science itself. Nobody appears to be content with success in any walk of literature, but forthwith he must set up as a novelist and load the shelves of circulating libraries with three volumes of trash purchased by the unlucky speculators on the faith of a name known for some other achievement in another walk.

Such is precisely the history of *The White Slave*. The author, as our readers will remember, some time since published a curious and interesting book entitled *Revelations of Russia*. It was a work that could not fail to please from the novelty of its contents and the apparently intimate acquaintance of the writer with the country whose characteristics he was describing. It was as successful as it deserved to be. But the anonymous author was not content with this legitimate reputation. Nothing will do but he must betake himself to reproducing the same facts under the form of a fiction. Accordingly he hashes up a meagre plot, laying the scene in Russia, and in this guise reiterates the information so pleasantly, because so unpretendingly, conveyed in his original publication, and substitutes for a narrative of facts a mixture of fact and fancy, in which it is impossible for the reader to assure himself how much of the description is due to the memory and how much to the imagination.

The plot of *The White Slave* is sufficiently improbable. The story is that of a Russian slave, who, without being liberated from his serfdom, had been educated like a gentleman and endowed with wealth. He travels, marries a rich and proud Englishwoman, whom he takes with him to his native country. Arrived there, he finds his friend and patron dead, and the estate passed into the hands of Prince Issakoff, with whom he had quarrelled, and who owed him a deadly hate. With the estate passed also the ownership of the slaves belonging to it, and Mattvei, not having been formally liberated, becomes the property of his enemy. The difficulties and troubles that thence arise are complicated with other difficulties and troubles of other personages, all very far-fetched and improbable. As he proceeds, the reader is continually pained by a sense of this, which mars the pleasure he might otherwise glean from some lively writing and clever descriptions. The law of Russia may be as the novelist asserts, and the time may have been when such tyranny might have prevailed. But sure we are, that, whatever be the letter of the law, the practice at the present day could not be as it is represented. And even if such were the practice, the reader feels that no man in his senses would place himself within the power of such a law, as the hero is made to do, nor could any such combination of incidents occur as is here constructed in order to bring about the necessary conclusion when the allotted space of three volumes draws to its close.

In the conception of character, the author of *The White Slave* is utterly wanting. His men and women are all unnatural and impossible beings. They are the creations that figure in the worst style of melodrama—exaggerations of virtue and of vice—unredeemed scoundrels or embodied angels. Accordingly they excite in us no sympathies, for they are not of kin to our human nature.

The merit of the romance, for some merits it has, lies in its pleasant and lively manner, and in the vividness of its descriptions of things which have come within the author's personal experience. This is precisely as might have been anticipated from his previous publication. Its success was due to these very qualities, which are admirably adapted for plain narrative. But many more faculties than keen observation and powers of description are demanded for the novelist; and, wanting these, the author of the *Revelations of Russia* should not have attempted to quit the walk for which he is so well qualified, for one in which the experience of a few pages might have shewn him that he could not hope to succeed, wanting the gifts of nature that distinguish the novelist from the mere narrator.

Such being the character of this romance, we cannot recommend it to *general* patronage. It may be added to extensive libraries in preference to many of the works of fiction that proceed from our prolific press; but all who are required to exercise a choice, whether in buying or reading, whose time or purse is limited, would be wise not to encumber themselves with *The White Slave*.

As an agreeable specimen of the author's better moments, we take one passage, intended to throw ridicule on the taste of the Emperor. It is a clever, but we suspect somewhat exaggerated satire.

"Is the Emperor in town?" inquired the poet.

The senator shrugged his shoulders, as if in pity of such ignorance or affectation.

"Of course," replied Madame de Baval; "and he must have arrived before two, for at that hour the imperial standard was flying above the winter palace, and the telegraph working."

"Do you know," observed Madame de Rudiger to Horace, "that he works the telegraph with his own august hands? When you see its black ladders moving, the Emperor is personally transmitting orders to his fleet in the Black Sea or the Gulph of Finland, or to his representative in Warsaw, or to his lieutenant in the interior of the empire. You have not yet seen our Emperor?"

"Pardon me," said Horace, "I have both seen and conversed with him."

"Conversed with him!" echoed the bystanders with one accord, for they had all been narrowly watching for his presentation. "Pray tell me where and when?" exclaimed Madame Rudiger, half in astonishment, and half in disbelief.

"This morning," answered Horace, "under singular circumstances."

"Oh! tell us all about it," said Madame Obrassoff, in a tone gently insinuating.

"Most willingly. You must know that I was this morning wandering through the imperial picture-gallery of the Hermitage; and I was tempted to visit the atelier of a certain talented countryman of mine, who, making a ladder of his artistic merit, has stepped into the drawing-room from the guard-house, though his manners still savour a little of its coarseness.

"Ah! Lesseps," exclaimed Madame de Baval: but she added, in a tone of profound respect, "the Emperor takes great notice of him."

"Oh, he is a charming painter," chimed in the senator; "there is something very winning in his soldier-like frankness."

"Well," continued Horace, "you are probably aware that

the imperial munificence has set aside a room in the Hermitage for the foreign artists."

"We know, and are proud of it," said the senator again.

"In this atelier, then, I was inspecting one of the painter's pictures—a battle-scene, full of spirit, in spite of all its Dutch minuteness. But Lesseps himself seemed in ecstasies over the very insignificant figure of a drummer in the back-ground. 'I believe,' he observed to me, with immense satisfaction, 'that no man but myself could have shewn so distinctly what that fellow is doing.' I remarked that the action of the drummer was unmistakeable, but that I certainly did not conceive the peculiar merit of its representation. 'Ah!' said the artist, with one of his terrific oaths, 'he is beating the drum—anybody can shew a drummer striking the parchment: but *what* is he beating?

"I suggested that he should have marked the tune with notes and bars upon the drum.

"'So much for fame!' said Lesseps, throwing down his palette with a comic air of desperation: 'paint for a public which thus appreciates your talent! Now, Sir,' he continued, 'this is the most striking part of the picture. No drum-major in the world could look upon the position of that drummer's wrists and not perceive that he was beating the retreat. Just look upon this figure,' he said, 'and then on me;' and he seized a drum and drum-sticks, and began tattooing,—for the atelier was like an arsenal, with instruments musical and warlike. First he beat the 'Diane,' and then the march, and then the retreat; awakening all the echoes of the endless apartments of the galleries. 'Now,' he repeated, 'look first on me and then upon my figure:' but as he paused, we heard, to our utter astonishment, behind another easel, the sudden rolling of another drum; and an officer in uniform, a man of colossal stature and imposing aspect, who had entered unperceived and snatched up another instrument, appeared before us."

"Ah! the Emperor," exclaimed Madame Rudiger.

"Exactly: Lesseps acknowledged his presence by a similar rolling; and for more than twenty minutes I was deafened by their rattling in emulation of each other on the sonorous parchment."

"'Ah, ah! Lesseps; you did not expect to be rivalled thus,' at length said the Emperor.

"'*Milles bombes!*' replied the artist, 'I did not think there was another man in the empire, out of a drummer's uniform, who could have sustained that vigorous *male* and faultless roll! A foot-soldier, Sire, has been made in six weeks; Condé became a general in six months; and in our Revolutionary war we made commanders as quickly as we baked a batch of biscuits. In a word, there have been heaven-born soldiers and heaven-born generals; and to make an emperor, a man has only be born in the purple, as a chicken is hatched in a hen's egg; but who ever saw a heaven-born drummer?'

"'You are right, Lesseps,' replied the Emperor; 'we both know that no man on earth could learn to roll with that perfection under a twelvemonth of assiduous practice.' And then his Majesty took up a musket, and went rapidly through the exercise."

Dr. Hookwell: or, the Anglo-Catholic Family. In 3 vols. London, 1842. Bentley.

THE novel, the title of which is prefixed to this notice, is now some three years old. It has, however, but recently fallen into our hands, and this must be an answer to those among our readers who find a review of such a book at such a time unseasonable. We regard the fact of its having been sent to us for critical purposes as a challenge of our sentiments upon its style and merits; and therefore, although a lengthened notice would be out of place, we shall advert with our usual freedom to certain matters connected with *Dr. Hookwell*, which seem worthy of comment. The first of these is one suggested at once by its name, and is an offence so grievous to good taste and feeling, that we hope never to see it repeated. No one can by any possibility doubt that Dr. W. F. Hookwell, Vicar of Leeds, is intended for the actual vicar of that place, WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D. Few will fail to recognise the very names and circumstances of other living and well-known members of the Church of England. Now, we are aware that it is very common to enliven modern novels by the portraits or the caricatures of living characters. Boz has done it repeatedly, so has SAMUEL WARREN, so have others of less note. But there are circumstances which make the present instance stand upon a very different footing. In the first place, in the cases to which we have alluded, it might fairly be urged that the character was fictitious and a few traits only borrowed: here the circumstances admit of no possible explanation of this kind. In the next place, it is not the same, or a similar thing to depict the peculiarities of conduct and manner, and to represent the whole tone of religious feeling, sentiment, and argument. No man has a right to represent another as holding certain religious doctrines, basing them upon certain reasons and applying them in a certain manner, when all the while the doctrines themselves, or the reasons for or the application of them, may be such as the person represented would disown. Further still, no man ought to be subjected to such treatment as that of being dragged prominently forward in the way that Dr. HOOK is brought forward in this novel. Again, all the world knows that Lord PETRE is one of the leading Romanists of England. In this novel one Agnes Petre, a daughter of a Lord Petre, is made almost to forsake Romanism, and to die wavering in her adhesion to the Romish Church. Perhaps there may be nothing in the history of the PETRE family bearing any resemblance to this. But the feelings of a family like that of Lord PETRE ought to be respected, and it can surely be no pleasing thing for any member of that family to find themselves, and real or imaginary relations, presented to public observation in the manner which we have mentioned. These instances might be multiplied; but we have said enough. Henceforth we say to the author of *Dr. Hookwell*, "We pray you avoid it."

There is another and a much more general consideration that occurs to us upon the perusal of such a book as this, namely, the difficulty of persuading ourselves that the three volume fashionable novel is the best vehicle for conveying religious instruction, or the most desirable peg upon which to hang theological dissertations. It may be alleged, and with much show of truth, that there is a very large class of persons who are only accessible by these means; who read scarcely any thing but novels, and who must be instructed thereby or not at all. But, apart from the question whether such persons would not at once throw *Dr. Hookwell* aside as not possessing those ingredients which make novel-reading so essential to their mental comfort, there is some doubt whether such converts are worth making at all, and whether, when made, their stability can for a moment be relied upon. Perhaps, in some measure, to the influence of *Dr. Hookwell* may be attributed the existence of a set of persons and opinions of late years considerably upon the increase, among whose ranks may be found fair girls who mingle Anglo-Catholic theology with the conversation of a quadrille, and whisper ecclesiastical dogmas in the turns of the polka. We do not decry such specimens of orthodoxy, nor are we sorry to acknowledge that they are in some sort the sign of what is passing in the public mind, an index of the direction in which the sentiments of society are beginning to flow. But we are hardly ready to admit that the good effected by them is considerable, and we are much inclined to think that this *modus operandi* produces infinitely more evil than benefit. Nothing can detract more from sublime truths than that they should be frittered away in the silly talk of silly people, weakened and impaired by the amalgamation with vanity, ignorance, sophistry, and shallowness to which they are thus exposed. It is this sort of thing that has made the Exeter Hall school so contemptible; it would be a great pity that a higher and nobler system should be menaced with a similar fate.

Lastly, we would put it to the author of *Dr. Hookwell* himself, whether it be just to his own powers and to the nature of the cause which he advocates, to dilute himself and it in the manner which in this, we hope his first and last novel, he has done. The arguments and the quotations which form a large portion of these volumes, prove that their author is a man of no ordinary ability, and that his mind is richly stored with the result of a long, indefatigable, and judicious course of study. With such weapons he might enter into the arena of polemical controversy, or he might apply himself to the more tranquil task of solemn and earnest admonition with every prospect that his labour should not be in vain. We would advise, nay, beg him not to lay aside his pen, but to employ it in a nobler field than among the crowd where he will be jostled by the author of *Pelham* and *Ernest Maltravers* and the chronicler of *Jack Sheppard* and *Dick Turpin*. Novel-writing is no task for clergymen, least of all for men who are learned in all the learning of Patristic and Anglo-Catholic divinity. Upon higher ground than where he has now chosen to place himself, the author of *Dr. Hookwell* will find more worthy companions, and he will be less exposed to those temptations, by yielding to which he has admitted into his work so much that is painful and objectionable.

POETRY.

Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, in Prose and Verse; to which are added, Miscellaneous Poems. By ROBERT SNOW, Esq. London, 1845. Pickering.

THE continent is no longer like the Phœnix, a thing to be wondered at. By the "light of his own fire-side" a man may now sit and hear the Alps hold noisy converse with old Jura quite as audibly as BYRON did. Ætna is as familiar to the man who never placed his foot on a foreign strand as a brewer's furnace fire. Neptune's temple, like a fisherman's hut, is a very common thing; and even the washerwomen desecrating the classic fountain of Arethusa are such ordinary facts, that, like the washerwomen of England, we hear the work of their busy hands without a sigh.

When a subject is hackneyed, it requires greater genius to bring it to a reading point. Readers require, and have a right to demand of an author, one or the other of two things; either that he shall develope a new fact, or reiterate in a superior manner facts already developed. When an author fails to do this, then his book is only a numerical addition to a number of anterior books, but it is no intellectual addition to previous knowledge. Such is the volume before us, and its highest value is that of strengthening the memory on topics already in its possession.

Mr. SNOW narrates both in prose and verse, but his prose savours of the petty of composition, and his verse has too much of the mappings of a geographical chart. We take the following from among some lines on Monte Barbaro:—

Beyond
The Monte Nuovo lay the Lucrine Styx,
Avernus, and Fusaro, and the coasts
Of mystic Cumæ. Baiæ and its port;
The Mare Morto, and Elysian fields;
The triple peak of Ischia fiery once;
And in the south, Miseno, classic cape,
Dowered through all ages with a lasting name.
Here lay thy ancient mole, Puteoli,
There in the distance Capri; Nisida
Hard by, and Solfatara; o'er the bay
Sorrento, and the snow-clad craggy peaks
Above Castelamare; whence the eye
Passed over mount Astruni, and reposed
On Naples and Vesuvius.

We assure Mr. SNOW that he need not trouble himself to do the work of a geographer. Such an array of names is likely only to astonish the ignorant; the learned are well acquainted with them through the pages of history. Of what, then, is their utility? They will never become a part and parcel of a reader's life, and it is the fault of all such angular measure that it rather drives away the young enthusiastic reader of poetry than entices him by its flexile beauty.

We remarked that Mr. SNOW's prose savoured of the *minute* in composition, which we could prove by many extracts, were we so disposed. In the "Ascent of Mount Ætna," Mr. SNOW observes, that in setting off from Catavia, "Mr. T——'s mule made a most vicious attack with teeth and heels on the mule of Mr. K——; bites and kicks were exchanged unpleasant even to witness." But what follows? Were the mules and riders thrown down some frowning precipice, or something more horrible to relate? Nothing of the kind; but Mr. SNOW very calmly adds—"*However, the animals were quieted without accident.*"

There is too much of the manuscript journal here. It may be taken as a rule in literature, that whatever is not required by the main thread of the story, or whatever is useless in itself, is inelegant. Elegancy in writing, like the elegancy of physical nature, lies partly in utility. The slender limbs of a fawn would be less beautiful were they less necessary to succour their possessor by flight. Expletives in writing are the synonyms of the "dummies" in Bob Sawyer's apothecary's shop. They are the annihilators of space, but not the creators of intellectual wealth.

Having pointed to the failings of the volume before us, it is but just that we should turn to beauties, if such can be found. PETER PINDAR remarked, that "marriage would be too sweet without some sour," and, by contrary reasoning, a reviewer's task would be too sour without occasionally meeting with something worthy of praise.

Mr. SNOW sat in the sunshine of poetry when he wrote his lines on "Shadows." The "Blind Girl," the "Foster Sisters," and lines on an "Etruscan Vase," are, in our opinion, too good to be in company with many of the stilted, buckram-dressed verses which are found in the volume. On the whole, Mr. SNOW writes better prose than he does poetry, for the obvious reason that his prose has less of the evidences of labour. It requires labour to write good poetry, but the labour must be skilfully concealed. This happy concealment of poetic labour is the secret key to the temple of fame. We should not forget to mention Mr. SNOW's observation on "Imitations in Sculpture." They exhibit the author's observation and critical power, but, like the other parts of the book, are evidences of learning rather than evidences of creative and constructive genius. We cannot with strict honesty recommend *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* to the book-club or circulating library.

Miscellaneous Poems. By ELIZABETH PIDDOCKE ROBERTS. London, 1845. Darton and Clarke.

COMPARATIVELY, we have but few women whose names stand high on the poetic register of our country. This, we think, arises not from an inferiority of mind, but simply because woman is not educated for poetry. It is true, in a worldly sense, that she is educated for it, but she does not exercise that self-abstraction which MILTON and WORDSWORTH used, making poetry the business of a life. Woman is surrounded by poetic influences, and is herself the personification of poetry, as much by innate sensation as by domestic relations, yet she makes the mistake of cultivating poetry only as an accomplishment. She reduces it to the same level as chattering French, or strumming a fantasia on the piano. JOANNA BAILLIE and LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON are very unfashionable poets. Their verses have none of the scent of albums upon them. One had a masculine way of grappling with thought, and the other made poetry the aim and end of life, while both set about writing it with deliberate purpose. Very vulgar this in Miss BAILLIE and L. E. L.! We do not require to be told that such and such a new volume of poems has been written by a female hand. Their character is known by their dress, as a Quaker by his coat. But our figure is incorrect. The peculiarity of a Quaker's coat is its stiffness, while that of a fashionable lady's poems is a marked lightness, as if the writer, when she wrote, had "half holiday," as schoolboys say. The mistake lies partly in this, that Melpomene is looked upon as a hard country girl, while her sister Erato is considered a pink who has blossomed in a boarding-school. Miss BARRETT is the female writer of the year who has bid high for fame; *fame* that is not subject to the hammer of Mr. GEORGE ROBINS.

In contrast to Miss BARRETT we do not place Miss ROBERTS, and say that the poems of the latter are failures,—far from it. "My Highland Brooch," "Our Old Ancestral Home," and "O Hone, or Rie of Glengarry," are in themselves much, and promise more. As a whole, the verses in this volume may have the epithet of *pretty*, but they are not vigorous. Sir WALTER RALEIGH is said to have scratched on glass some lines that met the quick eye of Queen ELIZABETH, and Miss ROBERTS has kept the sense of RALEIGH'S lines in her verse, but changed the words into

To polished verse and phrases fine
My rustic muse could ne'er incline.

But, notwithstanding this, we think that Miss ROBERTS may climb a little higher—perchance much higher. She is perfect in the art of versification, but she requires to cultivate taste so as to discountenance such a piece as the "Rat Hunt." With the advice to Miss ROBERTS that she should study long and earnestly, we close our notice with a poetic tribute of love for Ireland:—

THE LAND OF THE WEST.

There's a sunny isle that is seen to smile—
A gem mid' the foaming sea—
Where hearts are as gay as the sparkling spray,
And each and all with a smile can say
The land of the west for me.

Long time hath been since its emerald green
Hath nurtured the true and free;—
For in slavery's band is that verdant land,—
And ruled with the sway of an iron hand,
The land of the west we see!

Her sons are bold, and their faith untold,
And her daughters fair to see,
And as true and wild as the mountain's child
Whom the world's vain dreams have ne'er beguiled,
The land of the west for me!

'Tis a lovely home, and the day will come
When her sister lands shall see,
That green Erin's isle once again shall smile,
And Liberty reign in her halls the while,
And the land of the west be free!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Women of Israel; or Characters and Sketches from the Holy Scriptures and Jewish History; illustrative of the past History, Present Duties, and Future Destiny of the Hebrew Females, as based on the Word of God. By GRACE AGUILAR. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Groombridge.

MISS AGUILAR is a Jewess, amiable, accomplished, enthusiastic, but steeped in the bitterest prejudices of her race against the religion, if not against the professors, of Christianity. But there is an evident sincerity in her bigotry which commands our respect. Hers is no wavering regard, no doubtful dislike, but a profound and hearty love for Judaism, and a good, honest hatred fo all other opinions. Barring this defect, if such that can be called which really gives an interest to a work, these sketches contain a great deal that will gratify the reader, mingled with much at which he cannot but smile. Miss AGUILAR, resolved to begin with the beginning, opens her memoirs of the Women of Israel with no less important a personage than "our general mother," EVE, to whose biography she devotes just *thirty-six pages!* From this curious document we must take a few passages to exhibit the manner of the authoress and the current of her thoughts. Of the creation of woman she observes:—

The whole creation had had its origin in the Omnific love which, created to enjoy,—called out of darkness and chaos a world teeming with life and beauty, that innumerable sources of happiness might spring forth from what had before been nought; but woman's creation was a still greater manifestation of love than all which had gone before it. She was created not only to feel happiness herself, but to make it for others; and if that was the design of her existence in Eden, how deeply should we feel the solemn truth, that it is equally so now, and that woman has a higher and holier mission than the mere pursuit of pleasure and individual enjoyment!

And again—

Her affections, the impulses of the heart, fresh from the creating hand of love, had full play—created as the perfecting finish to man's happiness, beholding him, the lord of all on which she gazed—earth formed to yield him her fruits—water and air, to unite for his refreshment—every animal obeying his authority—instinctively feeling, too, the mighty power of his intellect, the strength of his mind and frame, the deepest reverence must have mingled with, and so perfected, her love. Nor would this acknowledgment tend to degrade woman in the scale of creation. * * * His mission was to protect, and guide, and have dominion—hers to soothe, bless, persuade to right, and "help" in all things "meet" for immortal beings.

The fall is thus described—

Eve had walked forth, secure in her own innocence, in the consciousness of love lingering within, and all around her; the young animals gambolling about her, calling forth her caresses and her smile; the little birds springing from tree to tree in joyous greeting, or nestling in her bosom without one touch of fear; the gorgeous flowers, in all their glowing robes and exquisite fragrance, clustering richly around her; the very buds seemed to look up into her sweet loving face, to reflect increase of beauty from her gaze—so may our fancy picture her, as she neared that tree under whose fair branches so much of misery lurked. Coiled at its root, or twisted in rainbow-coloured folds around its trunk, lay the serpent. * * * In one brief hour the whole nature of Eve was changed: the seeds of frailty, of whose very existence she had been scarcely conscious before, sprung up into influencing poison. Curiosity, presumption, the overweening trust in her own strength, the desire to act alone, independent of all control. * * * Weak, frail, unguarded—for the still small voice of the soul was lost in that hour's tempest—was it marvel that she fell? Could she have done otherwise? The bulwark of FAITH was shivered; her heart was open and defenceless; she was alone, alone. * * * She was INDEPENDENT, had acted by herself, had shaken off all control; and the full tide of guilty pleasure so swept over her soul, as to permit, for the moment, no thought but of herself.

Then follows a scrap of polemics, in which Miss AGUILAR, proves herself to be no very profound theologian. She denies that the curse of the serpent is to be read in other than its literal sense.

This is not the place to enter into a dissertation on the punishment awarded to the serpent: suffice it that there seems no hidden or allegorical meaning in the inspired historian's simple words. The serpent, as a beast of the field, beguiled, and, as a beast of the field, was punished. Nor can an Israelite acknowledge any allusion to, or any necessity for, a crucified and atoning Saviour in the very simple words, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." For a Hebrew, the words can only be taken in their purely literal sense. We are particular on this point; because, thus early, in the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, the Jewish and Gentile readings differ; and from childish readings of Bible histories by Gentile writers, we may find ourselves giving credence to an assertion for which we have no Mosaic authority, and which, in after years, we would gladly root out from the mystical and contradictory opinions with which it confuses our ideas.

And the results of the fall are painted in such rhapsodical fashion as this:—

The birds flew aloft, trembling to approach that gentle bosom which had before been their resting-place; the young animals fled in terror from her step; and there was that in the changed fierce aspects of the beasts of the field, which caused her heart to sicken with deadly fear. The very flowers hung their heads, and drooped when gathered; they could not bear the touch of sin.

Perhaps we have already given too much space to such a work. But it is a curiosity in its way, and will amuse by its manner, as much as in some parts it will certainly instruct by its matter. There are biographies in the after pages written with excellent taste, glowing with eloquence, and rich in the fine tone of sentiment that distinguishes the true woman. The contrast between these and the passages we have cited is so striking, that it is difficult to believe them the productions of the same mind.

Nimshi. The Adventures of a Man to obtain a Solution of Scriptural Geology, to guage the vast Ages of Planetary Concretion, and to open Bab-Allah, the Gate of God. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 574. London, 1845. Cunningham.

THIS is the maddest of all the mad books that have crossed us in the performance of our critical labours. As such, it is a curiosity; and it is only as an instance of the strange freaks which mind will play when reason is shaken on the throne, that we pause even for a moment to notice the two volumes whose title-page we have copied above. The author's purpose appears to have been to assail every existing system of cosmogony, and set up one of his own—the dream of a maniac! His fitness for entering upon the calm, contemplative fields of science may be judged by the opening.

Perhaps there is not a cardinal thought of sentimental value revolving within the area of human rationality,—nor an intellectual faculty, calculated to influence the local destiny of free and generous thinkers, but what might be moulded, either into an approbative configuration, or an antagonistical formula.

In this strain the author proceeds with the narrative of his adventures, continually interrupting it with rhapsodical interjections. An interview with Moses is thus related:—

"I presume, then, that you are Moses;" and "from you, venerable spirit, upon the invulnerable fortifications of chemical truth, I morally require the solutions of those seven-fold data which you have encompassed as the primitive chronologer of material and immaterial states." "Star of youthful age, of wandering habit! be composed; let serenity pervade thy thinking rationality, and I will lead thee to the first chapter of biblical information. Thou shalt know its datale intention in its septennial arrangements; thou shalt explore its regions of laminated types, and unbosom the fossiliferous relics of past ages, sufficient to convince thee and all the reasoning faculties of humanity of an Intelligent Cause, generating life in the elementalism of infinitude." "Good heavens! O Moses! you have well said, and well begun the interlocution of this conference; and notwithstanding I may not at all times be able to comply with your

laudable imperative on serenity, yet in the pleasurable anxiety of my youthful spirit I will wait the solution of your first datale position; and should you communicate any ideality to me contrary to the geological lamina of planetary concretion, I shall report you to the Moral Court of Consistency."

One other passage, and we close, commending the author to the care of his friends. We hope he may be left at large without danger.

However, I am not to be outdone,—my ascension is still on the right angle, until I pass eight thousand stars of equally distant strata as the former, which makes the length of my angle of ascension two hundred and ninety-six thousand billions of miles,—that is, two hundred and ninety-six thousand millions of millions of miles from the point of the globe I left (296,000,000,000,000,000): and then, even to ascend to this rectangular altitude, I must live—I must experience the age of about forty-eight thousand years, travelling at the amazing rate of about twelve millions of miles per minute! And then, O good God!—am I in the empyrean heaven, where the blessed saints and angels live? No!—the geology of the heavens says No! the astronomical universe of an Eternal echoes No! The concavous firmament is still above me; two hundred and ninety-six thousand billions of rectangular miles is but a thin lamina of stars,—and forty-eight thousand years rushing upwards, at twelve millions of miles per minute, is but a short space of time!

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Géraldine. By Madame Charles Reybaud. 2 vols.

Under the guise of a novel, Madame Charles Reybaud has here produced a well-digested and accurate account of the war of the *Camisards*, under Louis XIV. when that short-sighted and over-estimated monarch sought to extirpate Calvinism from his dominions. Careless of the machinery employed to effect the desired result, the king gave unlimited powers to those who were intrusted with the suppression of the discountenanced religion, without investigating either their capabilities or their discretion; and the natural consequence of this cold-hearted indifference was a series of wrongs and butcheries at which the mind sickens. The persevering industry with which Madame Reybaud has collected her materials, and the talent with which she has rendered them effective, are worthy of each other. In noticing the works of this lady, our task is always a pleasant one, for we are called upon only for degrees of praise, and in the present instance our award is indeed an ungrudging one. The noble simplicity with which she tells her tale; the fearless frankness with which, despite national and sectarian prejudices, she exposes the truth; the total absence of that feverish and forced clap-trap which so many of her contemporaries mistake for eloquence; all combine to give a value to her volumes far beyond any which could attach to them as a mere work of fiction, however cleverly conceived. There is a subdued and sober earnestness about the style of the book well suited to its subject; it is as though the facts revealed themselves; and the author is nowhere prominent, although her spell is over all.

The scene is laid in the department of the Lozère, subsequently to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, while the work of extermination, or, as we should be authorized in saying, of annihilation, was going forward against the persecuted Calvinists. At the base of the wooded mountains which are mirrored in the clear waters of the Tarn, and upon a mass of rock terminating the valley through which it flows, still exist the ruins of the château of La Roche-Champlay, which, so lately as the commencement of the last century, was inhabited by the venerable Count Hugues of that name, who was destined to be the last representative of his ancient and noble family. The grey old man was childless, for his only son had died in the prime of life; but he was not solitary, for the broken-hearted widow of that son had bequeathed to him as she expired three infant children; two boys of tender age and the fair Geraldine, the heroine of the tale. Weary of war, and placing his best ambition in rendering his dependants happy, the count had lived for years in his isolated castle, unmolested, and had at length brought himself to the belief that his harmless mode of existence had purchased his impunity. But it was not so; his time of suffering came at last. Two Romanist priests of rank, the Abbot of Chayla and an agent of Père La Chaise, present themselves as guests on a stormy evening in autumn, and are recognised by one of the household of the count. Aware that the imprisonment of his family would ensue immediately that they were joined by an armed force, which he had already ascertained to be in the neighbourhood, the old nobleman made instant arrangements for a general evasion. The unwelcome visitors had no sooner retired to their apartments than the melancholy little train set forth. A band of freebooters, headed by a certain Captain Poul, had consented to receive the wages of the government, and to assist in the work of pillage and murder which was devastating the country, and writing upon the page of history with a pen of blood. In constant danger of falling into the hands of this bandit, the fugitives endeavoured to make their way to the mountains, amid whose fastnesses the *Camisards* had established their head-quarters; but ere they reached the desired haven, they were met by a party of their own people, who, after placing Geraldine in safety, returned to La Roche-Champlay with the count and his grandsons, in order, if possible, to rescue a portion of the valuable property before the castle should be garrisoned. They arrive too late; an engagement ensues, in which the young brothers fall, and their ancestor is grievously wounded; while, in the *mêlée*, the château becomes a prey to the flames. The heart-struck old man is carried off by his followers to a hut in the woods, where he is for a time tenderly nursed by Geraldine, and where he ultimately dies, at the instant when Captain Poul and a party of his banditti, having discovered his place of retreat, arrive to seize him. The orphan countess and the old steward of Count Hugues become their prisoners; and Geraldine is conveyed to Nîmes by Captain Poul himself, and delivered into the hands of M. de Basville, the commissioner of Languedoc, the most powerful public officer in the province, and the sworn enemy of the Calvinists.

On recovering from the death-faint into which her terror had thrown her, the orphan girl finds herself in a sumptuous apartment, carefully tended, and in the presence of a beautiful young woman, who is the daughter of the commissioner. As the heiress of La Roche-Champlay has become, through the death of all her relatives, the possessor of immense wealth, the whole of which is recoverable in the event of her conversion to the Romish faith, it is considered advisable to spare her life, and to offer her the alternative of recantation and the hand of M. de Basville's only son. Vainly, however, does the Countess de Brasci (his sister) coldly and sternly insist upon her adopting this measure; she firmly refuses to purchase life upon such terms; and it is ultimately decided that she shall, in order to weaken her mental energy, undergo an examination before the commissioner himself.

AN INTERVIEW.

M. de Basville was seated before a tall bureau of walnut wood. He was a man of about sixty. His regular features were stern and lowering, and were singularly imposing in their expression. Beside him stood a young man who was arranging some of the scattered papers which covered the desk. From his resemblance to Madame de Brasci, it was at once visible that they were related.

The commissioner rose when the ladies entered, and motioned them to be seated in two arm-chairs which were placed in front of the bureau.

"Mademoiselle," said he, addressing Geraldine, "I dispense, in your case, with the parade of justice, and those interrogatories to which persons in your position are commonly subjected. I am aware of your name, and I have but few questions to ask. His Majesty inclines to treat you with clemency. His Majesty will have none but Catholics in his dominions; you have embraced the faith of his rebellious subjects; any other than yourself would have expiated this crime with her life; but, in your case, a public attendance at the ceremony of the mass will efface all; this is the sole condition of your pardon."

"I will obey the orders of the king," answered Geraldine in a trembling voice.

"I receive the assurance with pleasure from your own lips," said M. de Basville.

"His Majesty will have none but Catholics in his dominions," she resumed, in an accent which accorded but ill with the firmness of her words. "I will comply with his orders by leaving the kingdom; the only favour which I ask is to be permitted to live in exile."

"Ah! it is thus that you propose to comply with the will of the king!" interposed M. de Basville; "we shall see. Madam," he added, turning to his daughter, "I place Mdlle. de Champlay in your hands. Make her understand her interests, and the necessities of her position; her fate depends upon herself. His Majesty is extremely anxious that the example of an

illustrious conversion should be given to the rebels. He must be satisfied."

"He shall, Sir, I pledge myself," said Madame de Brasci, coldly.

Geraldine had sufficient power over herself to conceal her agitation and terror; she, at least preserved an appearance of calm which deluded those who watched her into the belief that she possessed considerable strength of character. She withdrew in dismay, and with a sinking heart, but her apparent tranquillity deceived even Madame de Brasci, who whispered to her brother, "She is at once obstinate and gloomy, but we will yet see!"

Having afforded an idea of the persons into whose power the unfortunate Geraldine had fallen, under circumstances in which their own interests and hopes were at work, we will now introduce the commissioner as a mere public official, following the bent of his natural tastes, and exerting his frequently self-imposed and self-constituted duties.

A NOBLE GAOLER.

It was midnight; M. de Basville laid down his pen, and hastily collected the papers which were strewn over his bureau. "Is the Abbé Gassard there?" he asked, raising his voice.

The ecclesiastic appeared at the door of the cabinet.

"Come!" said the commissioner, taking a small key from one of the drawers of his desk, "let us go and see what those people are saying, Abbé."

Both then descended the stairs to a hall on the basement story of the hôtel, and the commissioner opened a door which concealed a narrow and steep flight of steps.

"Go down carefully," said M. de Basville, holding out his lamp.

After having gone down about five-and-twenty steps, they proceeded along a vaulted passage, which terminated in a second door much stronger than the first, and thickly plated with iron. The commissioner knocked lightly. The door instantly opened, and they entered a dark, vaulted chamber. A lantern fastened to the wall afforded a feeble light.

"My lord," said a stout man, who held in one hand a bunch of keys, and in the other an old cap, which respect had compelled him to remove from his greasy hair, "My lord, where am I to conduct you?"

"To the condemned cell," said the commissioner. "Where are Robert and the handsome Francis?"

"They are waiting in the large hall for my lord's orders."

"Very well; let them come with us. In which cell are the condemned prisoners?"

"We must go a little lower," said the gaoler, unhooking the lantern; "I have put them down below, my lord."

An iron grating protected the entrance of a spiral staircase, which appeared to descend into a well. At its termination there was a landing-place; then three or four more steps, and finally a second door, which closed the dungeon.

"Listen, my lord," said the gaoler, pausing as he was about to open it.

A dull murmur could be heard within; and then a single voice gave forth these sentences from the Psalms:—

"I have been surrounded on every side by those who seek my ruin.

"They have pierced my hands and my side; my bones might have been numbered.

"They have found pleasure in looking upon my misery; they have shared my spoils, and rent my vestment.

"Deliver my soul from their bloody sword; deliver me, Oh Lord!

"Save me from the jaws of the lion; save me from the fury of the dogs that devoured the impious Jezebel."

"Open the door!" exclaimed M. de Basville.

The gaoler entered first, and, raising his lantern, he threw a light over the frightful cell. The four prisoners whom it contained were ironed both hands and feet, and were seated upon huge stones adhering to the wall. The commissioner glanced around him in search of the victim for whom he came.

"Make this man walk out;" he said, pointing to one of the captives.

The gaoler unfastened a padlock, which secured the prisoner's chain to a large ring in the wall, and the unhappy man rose with difficulty.

"Walk out," said the gaoler, thrusting him towards the door; but the want of nourishment had prostrated his strength, and he fainted.

"My lord," said the gaoler, "if you are going to take him to the hall, he will die under your hands if you plague him much."

"Let him be carried up, and give him some wine," said the commissioner; "the king does not supply the prisoners with food that they should be sent to the gibbet, already half dead with hunger."

"My lord," answered the gaoler, "it was by your orders that I kept back the last allowance. The stronger they are, the more they persist in talking. Moses Dairus sang psalms on the wheel for two hours; and he would, perhaps, be singing still if William had not cut off his words at the same time as his neck."

"Enough," said M. de Basville; "henceforward let them have only half allowance."

The prisoner was carried into the hall which M. de Basville had entered before descending to the dungeons; he recovered consciousness at the end of a few moments, and, gazing around him, appeared astonished to find himself in such society; then, bending his head upon his breast, he remained motionless. The commissioner made a sign to his followers to withdraw, and he remained alone with the ecclesiastic in front of the prisoner.

"Sir," he said to him, "you know your fate."

The captive nodded acquiescence.

"I have come to see if you will save at once your life and your soul," pursued M. de Basville; "I am come to offer you your pardon." As the prisoner did not reply, he added, "You are a gentleman by birth, Sir, although you have committed yourself in this revolt of a rabble. The king will pardon you on conditions which will compensate for your error. Your abjuration will cause all to be forgotten."

The prisoner turned away his head, and exclaimed, as he raised his eyes to heaven, "O God! silence those impious lips; deliver me from the words of the wicked! He utters blasphemies against thee; his mouth is full of lies and perjuries."

"Miserable madman!" murmured M. de Basville with angry contempt.

"My brother," said the Abbé Gassand, "you are at the foot of the scaffold, but you are not yet upon it. Profit by the moments that are left to you; one word will rescue you from death; will you not utter it?"

"My mouth," said the prisoner, "shall only open to pronounce my last prayer; ask me nothing; I belong no more to this world."

"Brother," persisted the ecclesiastic, "your earthly career has scarcely commenced; it might be happy and brilliant; and it is your own obstinacy which is about to bring it to so fatal a termination. Your attachment to the cause of a few miserable wretches is hurrying you to your ruin; open your eyes; do not reject the means of safety which you still possess; in pity to yourself, recant, and you will save your life."

The captive remained dumb and motionless.

"Say no more to him—it is useless," exclaimed the commissioner abruptly; "come, let us go, abbé."

As he was leaving the hall he added, "Master Robert, it shall be at mid-day to-morrow; three gibbets and one stake."

On the morrow, at mid-day, Madame de Brasci was seated in her own apartment. Her old nurse, standing behind her, was arranging the ringlets of her beautiful auburn hair. Geraldine, leaning against the mantel, was absorbed in a melancholy reverie. Her eyes were fixed upon a large portrait of the king, whose stern and haughty countenance appeared to her to be full of menace. Suddenly an uproar was heard in the street.

"What a tumult!" exclaimed Madame de Brasci, moving to the window, to the great annoyance of the nurse, who was anxious to finish dressing her hair.

Geraldine, carried away by an instinctive movement of curiosity, followed her to the balcony. A multitude filled the street, and jostled each other with ferocious anxiety round four prisoners, who were escorted by a troop of mounted dragoons. The mob covered them with insult as they passed along; on every side resounded the terrible cry of, "To the gibbet with the Huguenots!! Blood!—blood! The *Camisards!* To the stake with the preacher!"

"My God! my God!" cried Geraldine, as she started back with a shriek of horror at the sight of the doomed men; "Monsieur de Sauvelet! Is he then going to die?"

The fatal procession was precisely in front of the balcony. Sauvelet (the captive of the dungeon) raised his head, and for a moment stood still. He had recognised Geraldine. "Wait upon the Lord, and continue firmly in his paths, my child," he said in a high voice; "fear not the clamours of this people, for our *God* is not like their idols, and he will have vengeance of all who have persecuted his saints!"

The crowd had listened to these words in gloomy silence; but, awaking from its stupor, it swept the captives forward, uttering the most fearful yells. * * * * * Madame de Brasci, assisted by her woman, raised Geraldine, who was on her knees in the balcony, pale as death, and dumb with terror. They placed her in an arm-chair; and, roused by the motion, she hid her face in her hands, and a torrent of tears came to her relief.

"Let her weep," said Madame de Brasci, returning to her toilette-table; "it was very thoughtless of me to let her see them. Come, Pionna," she added, addressing her nurse; "the wind has blown out all my curls; recommence your task, and give me the third volume of *Cyrus*."

Some one knocks softly at the door.

"Come in, Albert," said Madame de Brasci; "I am just in the humour to receive you this morning."

Geraldine was weeping in silence, her face hidden in her handkerchief. The chevalier looked towards his sister as if to ask the reason of her tears.

"It is nothing," said the countess; "those poor wretches passed under my window; she recognised them, and screamed; but that will go off. After all, justice must be done."

"But why," exclaimed the chevalier, "did you not spare her such a sight?"

"She followed me to the balcony without my perceiving it."

"The negligence was cruel!"

"Chevalier," said the countess in a low voice, "a truce to remonstrances, I request, or I shall interfere no further in your affairs."

"Nay, my fair sister, you well know that I cannot dispense with your influence," answered the young man deprecatingly; "but I do pray—I do entreat——"

"You are about to utter some new folly," said the countess.

"I do entreat of you," he persisted, heedless of the interruption, "to be more merciful."

Despite the caution of her gaolers, Geraldine is rescued by a party of the Huguenots, under the command of their young leader Cavalier, who, in order to release her, venture to the gates of Nîmes, and force their way into a pavilion in which Madame de Brasci has given a brilliant fête. When she is beyond the reach of pursuit, Cavalier resigns her to the guardianship of Lhomond, the old steward, who conducts her to the mountain where her friends have sought refuge. On gaining its summit, the travel-worn orphan is surprised to see among the rocks a small valley rich with vegetation, and in the midst of this oasis, a blue and placid lake, partially overshadowed by the willow and the weeping birch. In five minutes more they reach its bank.

A REFUGE.

"Yonder is Mary the prophetess," said Lhomond, detaining Geraldine, that he might point out to her a woman seated upon a fallen tree, a few paces from them. Her appearance was truly striking. She was extremely tall; a white cap without any border descended low upon her forehead, and partially concealed her hair, which was of a bright red. Her features were handsome and regular, and her complexion of a fairness that was dazzling. She seemed to be about twenty years of age, but all her person had a feeble and delicate appearance, which was the result of her unusual height and excessive thinness.

She rose at the approach of Geraldine. * * * Mary turned towards a huge perpendicular rock, whose base was concealed by a small mass of trees. Geraldine and Lhomond followed her in silence. She led them to the very foot of the rock, which appeared to form a wall in front of them. Then she pulled a little bell suspended from the branches of an oak, whose summit reached a crevice in the rock. Immediately a ladder of cords appeared upon the edge of the cleft, unrolled itself, and fell nearly to the ground. Mary took the lead, and ascended lightly, and then she turned to assist Geraldine, who had some difficulty in following. "Enter there," she said, taking the hand of the orphan, and pointing towards a narrow opening.

Geraldine hastened to obey her, for it was with some trouble that they could both stand upon the narrow ledge; Lhomond followed, and they entered the cavern. The aspect of the place was at once grand and fearful. The vault, at first very low, gradually increased to the height of more than forty feet. An iron lamp, suspended against the living rock, cast a pale light, which only served to make the distant shadows more dense. The bubbling of a spring could be distinctly heard, but the soil upon which they stood was firm and dry.

An aged woman whom Mary addressed as sister Susan took down the lamp, and walked before them. By this flickering light, Geraldine could distinguish a sort of pathway worn in the sand; and beyond, in every direction, windings of which the eye was unable to measure the extent and depth. A confused murmur announced to the orphan the presence of the inhabitants of this melancholy retreat. Old Susan turned an angle, and the pilgrims found themselves in a spot where the declension of the vault and the approximation of the masses of rock formed a species of chamber. In this space were collected a few old men and about twenty women. Some were weaving, others knitting; not one individual was unemployed.

"Sisters," said Mary, "I bring to you the granddaughter of Count Hugues de Champlay. Our brother Cavalier has rescued her from the hands of the Amalekites; let us return thanks to GOD for her deliverance and her arrival among us."

All rose in an attitude of religious thanksgiving; and the prophetess, placing herself in the midst, poured forth a prayer.

"Now," said Mary, "that we have performed our pious duty, we may administer to her bodily wants."

Instantly the women were busied in pressing upon their guests all that might be necessary to their comfort. Geraldine, affected by this welcome, looked around her with surprise mingled with pity. The sort of hall in which she sat was a spacious cavern. Lamps affixed to the rock gave out a sufficient light to reveal all the pale and serious faces of its persecuted tenants. They looked as though, deprived of the invigorating influence of the sun, they had lost in this species of tomb a portion of the animation of life. No exhibition of curiosity, no question, was seen or heard; each resumed her work in silence, and soon nothing was audible but the jarring of the frames.

Mary approached Geraldine. "Come with me," she said, "I will lead you to a place where you can rest more commodiously than here."

They left the cavern, and walked for twenty paces by the light of the lantern which Mary carried; and then they stopped in a little nook formed by an angle of the rock and some stakes resting against each other. A bundle of dry leaves, covered over with a piece of white linen, occupied the farthest corner of the cave; two boards served as a table, and a block of stone afforded a seat.

"This is my room," said the prophetess; "you may, if you please, share it with me."

"How much I thank you!" exclaimed Geraldine gratefully.

"It is to God, who inspired me with the wish to console and assist you, that you must render thanks, my daughter; do not forget, as sleep steals upon you, to give him your last thought."

"Forgive me," said Geraldine, gazing about her; "I do not know how to explain to you what I feel; you will say that I am a child."

"Why?" asked Mary, with a slight smile.

"You are going to leave me alone her;" hesitated the timid girl; "and I cannot suppress a feeling of terror."

"I can understand it. It is impossible to exchange at once a sumptuous dwelling for the depths of a cavern without being sensible of the contrast."

"Oh, of all which is wanting here, I regret only the light of day; it is this eternal night which terrifies me."

"My child, I understand these emotions, they are inherent to our weak nature. Be comforted, I will watch over you."

Geraldine cast herself upon her bed of leaves, and soon slept soundly; while Mary, seated beside her, read earnestly from a collection of manuscript sermons.

The character of Mary, *the prophetess*, is very ably drawn. The daughter of a noble family, murdered by the king's troops, the poor young creature becomes partially deranged, and mistaking religious fanaticism, and a gnawing desire of revenge upon her enemies, for divine inspiration, in which delusion she is strengthened by a prescience for which she is indebted to an extreme acuteness and great powers of combination, she acquires a strong influence over the persecuted Huguenots. The more feeble nature of Geraldine is entirely governed by the exalted enthusiasm of her wild companion, who, amongst other extraordinary caprices, induces the timid girl to become the spectator of a fierce battle between their own soldiery and the king's troops, in which the latter are completely routed. After the engagement, the following scene takes place in the cavern:—

A SURPRISE.

A dull noise, issuing from the extreme end of the subterranean, struck upon the ear of the prophetess; she precipitately quitted the sort of hall in which the *Camisards* were assembled, and then, returning hurriedly, she exclaimed, "We are discovered——we are lost—the enemy are in the cavern!"

She had scarcely uttered these words when the dragoons appeared in all directions. The whole party remained motionless. The prophetess, pale and excited, with her hands raised to heaven, alone prayed aloud. By an instinctive movement, Mademoiselle de Champlay flung herself on her knees beside her. At this moment a cadaverous figure, lean as a skeleton, and covered with a sheet, which looked like a shroud, stationed itself behind Mary.

"We are in the power of the Philistines," it whispered, rolling its haggard eyes; "but there is a method of preventing the egress of any one."

"Which?"

"The powder-magazine!"

The prophetess knit her brows, and remained motionless.

"There is a lamp upon the table in the infirmary," she murmured hoarsely.

Geraldine had heard all, and an indescribable terror took possession of her; never had she dreamt of death in a form so frightful. "In the name of heaven," she said, as she seized Mary by her dress, "do not thus hasten our last moment. Who knows but we may yet be saved!"

The prophetess laid her hand upon the arm of the sinister

figure beside her, and held him fast. All this scene had passed more rapidly than we can repeat it.

"Secure the prisoners, two and two," said Lieutenant-General Lalande to the dragoons who had followed him.

"Listen!" said Mary, moving forward; "the powder-magazine is close at hand; if your people advance one step, I will set fire to the train, and we shall all perish together." The general shrank back; the soldiers made no attempt to obey his order; and for a moment all was silence.

Suddenly Mary raised her head, and appeared to listen attentively to a distant sound which met no other ear; "God assists us!" she exclaimed; "his children are always his children!"

Nevertheless, the general, whom her threat had for a moment startled, resumed his self-possession. "My lads," said he, turning to his men; "it is a bravado. They in all probability do not possess powder enough to make a cartridge. To your duty."

As he spoke he advanced, and laid his hand upon the prophetess. "Approach not!" she exclaimed, and she thrust him back; "the justice of the Lord is about to overtake you—he has opened to us a way of salvation; he does not allow his people to perish under the same ruin as the sinners! In another moment you will recognise the arm that saved Israel!"

"Maniac!" interrupted the general; "if I were capable of making war upon a woman, I would split your tongue with my sabre."

The noise which Mary had heard became more distinct, and regular steps were audible, from the side of the cavern which opened on the plain.

"Who comes there?" challenged an officer gazing anxiously into the darkness without distinguishing an object.

"Cavalier!" answered the leader of the *Camisards*, as he advanced at the head of his men.

A flash of light was followed by an explosion which was echoed back for several instants by the recesses of the subterranean.

"Lie down flat upon the earth if you would save your lives!" cried Mary to the women and the aged men who surrounded her. Nothing could equal the horror and the tumult of the scene that followed. A few torches which the dragoons had stuck into the walls of the cavern at the first moment of their entrance, afforded only an uncertain and lurid light. Cavalier, with his drawn sword in his hand, encouraged his soldiers, who were mercilessly putting to death an enemy who no longer dreamt of either flight or defence. The carnage was horrible; a few of the dragoons succeeded with considerable difficulty in gaining the valley, where the *Camisards* did not venture to pursue them, as the darkness prevented their ascertaining whether there were other troops in ambush to support their comrades. The victors destroyed all the wounded, and the cavern was choked with the dead. A few groans were heard, which blended frightfully with the shouts of triumph and of vengeance. Upright amid the corpses of the slain stood one of the preachers; his sleeves rolled up above the elbow, and his gown rent into fragments; brandishing his weapon, he exclaimed hoarsely, "Here is the sword of Gideon; it has exterminated the Midianites! Israel has overthrown her enemies! Glory be to the Lord."

"Solomon," interposed another, whose wounds had compelled him to remain an inactive spectator of the bloody scene; "Solomon, your arm has missed that child of the devil whom the Philistines call Lalande. He has escaped."

"What say you? He was one of the first who fell."

"Search; you will not find him."

Solomon Codebee took a torch, and examined closely the ghastly faces of the slain.

It was too true that the lieutenant-general had escaped.

We had marked another chapter for extract, but we have already reached our prescribed limits, and must reluctantly abandon it. At this moment of sectarian schism and controversy, it is really frightful to remember the enormities to which the miscalled "religious wars" of earlier times gave birth. These two small volumes contain a solemn warning which ought not to prove altogether useless. They illustrate a passage of history at which humanity shudders; and where the mind, swayed to and fro as each party becomes in its turn the aggressor, ends by loathing the bigoted superstition which seeks to serve a God of mercy by human sacrifices suited only to a pagan deity.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

All fears are at an end on the subject of M. THEOPHILE GAUTHIER, who was believed to have been made captive by the Arabs. He has just arrived *sain et sauf* in Paris, all delight at the results of his voyage, and all admiration of the Moors and Jews of Algiers. He is said to be more convinced than ever that ABD-EL-KADER is not in existence.

L'Esprit Public announces in its first number, just out, that it will publish a novel by M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS. *Le Commerce* and *L'Epoque* continue to put forth the same pledge; while it is asserted that *La Presse*, which has *exclusively* engaged this popular writer, is endeavouring to compel him to sign his works ALEXANDRE DUMAS *Senior*; and that *Le Constitutionnel*, which is equally *exclusive*, puts in its undivided claim to the contributions of the contested author. Poor M. DUMAS! One thing, at least, has been made apparent in the struggle—that there are, at all events, two Simon Pures, a fact which naturally diminishes by one half the miracle of the forty volumes!

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

Alloa and its Environs; a Descriptive and Historical Sketch. Alloa, J. Lothian, 1845.

EVERY tourist whose route lies through Alloa or its environs should make a point of procuring this little work, which will give to him, in a very agreeable form, all that local information which it is so desirable for a traveller to possess, and the knowledge of which adds vastly to the pleasure with which the objects around him are beheld. The author of this hand-book is not a mere catalogue-maker, nor even a mere describer. He is also an historian, and that which is still better, a story-teller. He narrates the legends associated with the various places he paints, and we need not say that a romantic legend attaches more interest to an old ruin or a romantic spot than any number of accurate dates and references. Our author, however, gives both, and hence the worth of his unpretending work.

A SHORT TOUR IN THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

GLASGOW, the commercial metropolis of Scotland, the capital of the West Highlands, and, it might almost be added, of the Irish province of Ulster, the third city in point of wealth, trade, and enterprise, the second, we believe, in respect of population and the first in amount of steam tonnage in Great Britain—is by far the most favourable point from which to start in the exploration of the West Highlands. Glasgow is now very easily reached from all quarters. From London, steamers ply to Leith almost daily; from Hull and Newcastle twice a week; and the communication from Edinburgh to Glasgow, by railway, is cheap and speedy, occupying little more than an hour and a half. From Liverpool, also, there is almost daily communication with Glasgow; the splendid steamers on that line being quite unrivalled in Britain. Then from Dublin by Belfast, the communication is equally regular, speedy, and cheap.

But suppose ourselves fairly landed in Glasgow, and that, after admiring the beauties of its neighbourhood—the picturesque loveliness of its Necropolis, adorned with the statues of John KNOX, M'Gavin "the Protestant," the foolish unknown man who bequeathed 10,000*l.* to build a monument over him, and many other fine works of art; after inspecting the sepulchral gloom of the old cathedral, and peering among the dark pillars where Rob Roy stood listening to the preaching of the Calvinistic divine, after inspecting Baillie Nichol Jarvie's house in the Saut-market, walking through the Candleriggs, peeping into the Tontine and the Royal Exchange, and after viewing the fast-spreading city from the high ground of Blythswood-square, casting the eyes up to the numerous Free Church spires which strive to pierce the heavens in all directions, and then down to the barefooted trottors of the population (none of the cleanest by the way), which run about in all weathers, denuded of external vesture; after promenading the famous Green, now encroached upon by circuses, menageries, and the "Wizard of the North's" theatre;—after all this, and a day is too little to do it in, say that all is prepared for a short tour, and after a sound night's rest, we start by an early morning steamer from the Broomielaw.

Enter any one of them, you can scarcely go wrong. There is one bound for Loch Lomond, by Dumbarton and Balloch, and the fare is amazingly cheap—up this queen of lochs and down again for the cabin fare of 2*s.* 6*d.*! Or, should you choose to cross the country, about three or four miles, to Arrochar, and

return by Loch Long, the cabin fare is only 5s. A whole day's sailing through the most beautiful scenery in Britain—scenery unsurpassed by any on the Rhine or the Danube—and all for 5s. first class! Surely this is the acmé of cheapness.

But perhaps the tourist would wish to take a sail round by Loch Fyne—that beautiful inland sheet of salt water—and here, at the Broomielaw, is a handsome boat, just ready to start. She goes by way of Dunoon, Rothesay, the Kyles of Bute, Loch Gilphead, to Inverary, the capital of "the Argyles'" country; fare also 5s. for the first class. Or, would you prefer a trip to Oban by the short cut of the Crinean Canal, visiting the far-famed Staffa and Iona by the way, inhaling the breezes of the wide ocean, and riding on the backs of the waves that roll in, spent and languid, from the two thousand miles off coast of Labrador?

But no, here is our boat! the steam is up, sputtering and fizzing like fury; the bell has rung, and passengers are stepping on board; she is not too crowded, and looks a nice boat. Come, let's a-board of her. She is the *Loch Long*, and is bound for Loch Long and Loch Goil Head, whither passengers can easily get across the country by coach; the first class fare, all the way to Inverary, is only 5s.

We are now on board, and steaming down the Clyde; passing on either side huge Goliaths of steamers—towering up like huge castles—underneath the shadow of which we pass along like little pigmies. On and on we go, through forests of masts and funnels; past docks, and works, and factories; and though the morning is early, crowds of steamers meet us as they pass down the river. The sun is shining forth, and as the mist is dispelled, the fresh green banks, spotted here and there with the snug little country seats of the Glasgow merchants, look bright and gay as we proceed. Here is a lumbering brig, laden to the water's edge, beating up with the aid of wind and tide, to deposit her cargo of West Indian produce in the Glasgow warehouses; there a huge steamer from Belfast, filled with Irish butter, eggs, and bacon, the passengers on board surveying the scenery around with delighted eyes. Now we pass Blythwood, the seat of the great Glasgow Campbell, a merchant-prince, far more powerful and influential than his feudal lord, the Duke of Argyle, whose glories have dwindled away before the commercial progress of these latter times; then we pass Erskine House, the ancient seat of the Blantyre family, and a little lower down, the more ambitious and aristocratic-looking mansion, the owner of which has lately wedded a daughter of that prince of Highland clearings, the Duke of Sutherland. Further on, near Port Dundas, we pass the mouth of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and then the ruins of the ancient fort which terminated the great Roman wall, built across the island under Antoninus, to prevent the inroads of the wild Caledonians of the north. Where formerly a wall was built to exclude, a canal is now formed to facilitate communication. And on the old ruin of the fort, a monument is reared to Bell, the founder of the Clyde Steam Navigation; Civilization rearing its triumphal monument on the ruins of ancient Barbarism.

The transcendant beauties of the Clyde now open upon us; and nothing can be fairer, more picturesque, more grand, more lovely. All the finest characteristics of scenery are here mingled—the soft, the *riante*, the wild, the beautiful—wood, water, hill, and valley, with beetling crag and frowning portalice. There straight before us, bold and rugged, rises the castle-rock of Dumbarton, almost erect from the bosom of the Clyde: an old and interesting relic, the scene of one of the greatest exploits of the patriot Wallace—a name still fondly cherished by his countrymen.

We have now passed the old rock, at the foot of which we discern a Highland sentry pacing his lonely rounds, for the place is still garrisoned, and now emerge upon the Firth of Clyde, new and beautiful views opening to our vision. Before us, to the right, is Helensburgh, a sweet little bathing village: and Roseneath, one of the country seats of the Duke of Argyle; to the left is Port Glasgow, considerably decayed since the Clyde was deepened, and ships of large burden were enabled to ascend the river. Lower down we see the thriving town of Greenock, and in the distance, closing the view, are the towering hills of Lorn, in Argyleshire.

Nothing can be finer than the view of the Clyde, looking towards Dumbarton. In the centre is the lofty old rock, a most picturesque object, washed by the waters of the Clyde, which extend far and near on every side: the lofty hills behind, here and there wooded to the summit, with knolls of green occasionally peeping forth; and lower down, the grassy lawns sweeping in miles of fresh sward to the water's edge,—the graceful and busy steamers, whose very smoke is picturesque, as if drawn by the magical pencil of Turner; the far-off town, its spire alone distinctly discernible,—the sun glancing in the clear waters, all furnish such a picture of landscape beauty as we have never seen surpassed even in the most famed of continental countries.

Greenock is now passed, and the bathing village of Gourock, and the sloops, brigs, and schooners beating about the bay; and now we stand in for Loch Long, and in another half-hour are steaming up between two ridges of lofty hills in an arm of the sea rather less than two miles in width. The population are here very thinly scattered, only a few fishermen's cottages being occasionally discernible, with here and there a gentleman's shooting-box. We now diverge from Loch Long and enter Loch Goil, a small arm of the same, rocky and picturesque. About half-way up this loch is pointed out the scene of "Lord Ullin's daughter."

> Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
> This dark and stormy water?

There is still the projecting point of land from which the "chief of Ulva's Isle" endeavoured to cross with his bride to the castle on the opposite side of the loch. The boatman's hut is now "cleared off," and the chief's castle is in ruins—and all that remains—more immortal than either cot or castle—is the beautiful ballad of Thomas Campbell.

At Loch Goil-head, the steamer is run up to a rude pier of logs jutting out from the land, and the passengers step ashore. An original description of stage-coach is in readiness to transport us to St. Katherine's Ferry, six miles across the country, opposite Inverary. The passengers were chiefly natives, who, strange to say, were occupied the greater part of the road in canvassing the merits of certain *railways* which had been advertised to run through the very heart of these rocky and muirland mountain districts! Strange—that a country which, little more than a century ago, was inaccessible to civilization—the resort of wild thieves or caterans—the feeder of insurrections and the centre of rebellions—should now be eagerly demanding to have its hills bored, its rivers spanned, and its valleys exalted, to facilitate the incursions of "the Sassenach" upon its simple population. But the Gaels are wise; formerly they sallied forth from their fastnesses to carry off "the geir" of the Lowlanders; whereas now they would invite and allure them into the heart of their country to prey upon them at their quiet leisure! Does it not speak to reason? Is not this a proper illustration of the modern march of intellect.

The mountain road across from Loch Goil-head is at length traversed about six miles, and now we come in sight of Loch Fyne, another long arm of the sea, celebrated all over "braid Scotland" for the fineness of its herrings, which are "better" (the natives say) "than any trout, and far mair wholesomer." The descent to the loch from the hill above Cairndow is very fine, the prospect is really superb; on the other side of the water, about a mile or more across, is descried the pretty little town of Inverary; near it the great Macgillimore's castle of Inverary, and behind and around it the extensive park, finely wooded for many miles, and abounding with deer. The passage across is made in a tiny little steamer, little bigger than a fishing-boat, though big enough for its work.

We are landed at the Inverary pier, for certainly a ducal town is not unentitled to the honour of one, and make our way to Walker's Hotel, an inn which, for accommodation, attendance, and bill of fare, may be pronounced equal to any in Great Britain. The charges are also reasonable, more so than those of many a second-rate inn which we met with in the course of our route. The view from the front windows is exceedingly fine across the loch, land and water embracing each other in all possible attitudes of beauty. Right opposite, the lofty and picturesque peak of Dunniquoich raises its scathed brow into the middle sky, a solitary watch-tower perched upon its top like an eagle's nest, commanding a view, it is said, almost unequalled, even in the Highlands.

After a capital dinner (enjoyed *cum dignitate*, three waiters opening the proceedings with a great display of plate), we engaged a jaunting-car, of which there are always plenty to be had, and started for an afternoon drive to Loch Awe. (It may just be stated here, that the usual charge for a car of this kind throughout the Highlands is 9d. a mile, exclusive of the driver.) The day being fine and the road good, the enjoyment was great. The route was over heath and muirland, by river, burn, and tarn, and often under the shadow of mountains whose heads seemed to touch the sky. Loch Awe at last came in sight, lying in sweet repose at the foot of the gigantic, broad-shouldered, magnificent Ben Cruachan, who needs a base of more than twenty miles to support him! Loch Awe is, indeed, a sweet and lovely sheet of water; more than that, it is surrounded by the majestic and the sublime. In the centre of the loch, near its upper end, which is by far the finest, we observed several wooded islands, on one of which are the ruins of a nunnery, on another those of a castle. One of these tradition points out as the paradise of the neighbourhood. At the upper extremity is situated the fine old ruin of Kilchurn Castle, once a portalice of the Macgregors—afterwards a hunted and proscribed race. A few hours may be spent very agreeably on the lake, and boats are to be had at a reasonable rate. After satisfying ourselves with the beauties of this loch, we returned to Inverary, where we slept.

Next morning we started by coach to Tarbet, by the head of

Loch Fyne and the head of Loch Long. The drive up the banks of Loch Fyne, in the bracing air of the morning, the fishermen drying their nets on the beach, others dredging for salmon, was exceedingly beautiful. About four miles up from Inverary we pass a ruined house, said to have been an ancient stronghold of the Macnaughtons, a race now nearly extinct.

"He was a great man in former days, was the owner o' that castle," remarked the coachman, pointing to the ruin. "A blast o' a horn at ony time wud hae brocht a thousand men around him in a jiffy."

"But there seems very little population hereabouts, my good fellow."

"Ou, very true, Sir; the puir folk hae a' been herried out o' the country—they're a' gane to Glasgo' or to Canada; very few are left noo."

"What is the reason of the people leaving the country in such numbers?"

"Ou, Sir, the lairds dinna like mony folk aboot the land. It was different when they had to fecht for the laird; but noo they cannot pay such great rents as the big farmers, and so they are obliged to leave the country to mak' room for the sheep. There's a farm"—pointing to a farm-house on the opposite side of the loch—"for which the laird gets near 2,000*l.* a year for the sheep-walks."

An interesting conversation brought out the facts, that the shores of this lake, once the most populous in the country, are now comparatively unpeopled; and but for the fishermen, who are able to pay pretty high rents, the shores would be deserted. The men whose ancestors fought for the ancestors of the present lairds with their broadswords, and did not grudge to lay down their lives for them at any time, are now driven out of the country, and, instead of people, we have—sheep!

About eight miles from Inverary we get round the head of Loch Fyne, and breakfast at Cairndow. Glorious herrings, "warstling" out of the loch that morning. Another start, and we enter upon a longer stage and more difficult road. The drive is through narrow gorges and defiles, by tumbling cataracts and mountain tarns. Nothing can be more rugged, wild, and gloomy. Mountains as if tumbled upon each other, their jagged heads projecting into the sky; sometimes huge rocks overhang the road, and seem as if a breath would precipitate them on the passer-by. The road winding down the steep declivity only a few feet between us and destruction,—narrow, dark, and desolate passes, the only living objects to be seen being the distant sheep, which spotted the hills on either side, struggling far upwards in search of the sweet mountain pasture. After emerging from this deep and awful glen, which is about six miles long, and passing the foot of the comical mountain called "The Cobbler," from the exact similitude which its top bears to a cobbler with last on knee, we came down upon the shores of Loch Long, near its upper extremity. The loch lay sleeping in the sun—a heron winging its way across—here and there a fish leaping up into the air, and falling back with a plash, the circling eddies spread far around—the shingle spread upon the beach, for the tide comes partially up to this remote part;—on the other side the little straggling Highland village of Arrochar, in front of which some of the Highland nymphs are disporting themselves in the waters (for this is a fashionable bathing-place among the rural population of the neighbourhood), and, far across the isthmus and loch, we discern the huge shoulder of Ben Lomond heaving himself up into the sky, his head still covered with his morning mist.

The next seven miles were soon passed, the road lying through finely undulating and partially cultivated country. About midway, in a green dell, we perceived a new building of small size, and, on inquiry, were told it was a "Free kirk, Sir," the modern Reformation in Scotland having penetrated into these remote Highland districts, which the first Reformation scarcely touched. Landed at Tarbet, we waited for the steamer on its way up Loch Lomond, on whose shores we now were. The shores, as far as the eye could see, were finely wooded, the lofty Ben towering like a giant above all, and throwing its dark shadow into the water. The jutting promontories here and there run into the lake, green and waving; and behind one of these, far in the distance below us, we discerned the dim smoke of the steamer. We were soon on board, and ploughing up the waves, past rock and glen and cataract. Here, to the right, is pointed out Rob Roy's Cave, a huge rock hanging over the entrance, and in which a party of about fifty persons not long since were accommodated. A little above it is shewn the spot where Robert Bruce slept the night after his defeat in the passes of Glenfinglas by the Lord of Lorn, his implacable enemy.

The loch now becomes contracted and narrow, and the boat at length enters the little river which empties itself into it at the northern extremity, along which we pass to a rude sort of pier, and are landed at the Inn of Invernan, where the coaches from Inverness, Oban, and Killin meet the passengers by this route. After a short stay here, we return down the loch, the principal accession to the passenger party being a family of Highland peasants on their way to the sea-bathing quarters at Arrochar. In a conversation with them we find them lamenting the decay of the old Highland customs, and the modern innovations of "fashion," bustles, Sassenach tenantry, and Sassenach language! Even the Gael in the end cannot withstand the inroads of the persevering Saxon.

At Inversnaid, the steamer puts on shore a number of passengers, and ourselves among the number. "The Lass of Inversneyde" of Wordsworth induced us to make some inquiry about that fair maiden; but, alas! "all that's bright must fade!" We discovered she had grown into a brawny Highland woman, with red arms and sturdy "understandings;" one of her chief occupations being to aid her husband, a hard-handed Highland boatman, in rowing visitors to and fro upon the loch. In the towsy-headed, broad-cheeked, hard-handed, labouring woman, one would have the utmost difficulty in discovering the

> Sweet Highland girl! a very shower
> Of beauty is thy earthly dower!

The road across the country to Coalbarns, at the head of Loch Kateran, is very rugged and uneven; but there are droskies and ponies enough to be had at a cheap rate—a shilling for a ride *in* the one, and eightenpence for a ride *on* the other; and we are piloted by stout Highlandmen, who are ready to carry on their shoulders any imaginable quantity of luggage. On the road we pass the ruins of an old fort, where General Wolfe spent some time before being sent out to Quebec; and a little further on we discover the ruins of the cottage in which Helen Macgregor, the famous Rob Roy's wife, first saw the light. Coalbarns is at length reached, and we betake ourselves to the loch—the celebrated Kateran—a beautiful sheet of water, about two or three miles broad and eleven long. Each passenger pays the small sum of sixpence for being conveyed to the other end of the lake, this marvellous cheapness being the result of a free-trade and competition system, which has just penetrated to this neighbourhood, to the immense saving of the pockets of tourists. A few years ago the charge was five shillings a-head! Those who would have a description of the Trosachs—and beautiful they are exceedingly—must read Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, where they are delineated with the pencil of the true poet. Here we have not room, even had we the ability, to describe the varied loveliness commingled with grandeur of the scenery.

Those tourists who like to pay long bills may stop all night at Stewart's Trosachs Inn, where the charges are high and the accommodation by no means first-rate; but those who do not had better hire a car on to Callendar; or, if they prefer walking as far as the Brig o' Turk, between three and four miles from the landing-place at the Trosachs, they may obtain a drosky or other conveyance at a reasonable rate. Mrs. Ferguson, the landlady at the Brig o' Turk "public," is a buxom, brawny, great flesh-and-blood woman, who does honour to the mountain-dew, if such she should really imbibe. From thence, Callendar, the key to the Highlands of Perthshire, Inverness-shire, Dumbartonshire, and Argyleshire, is easily reached; and there we rested the second night from Glasgow.

From Callendar to Stirling, a beautiful old town, with its interesting old royal palace and castle, which we need not here stop to describe; and then, by the banks of the Forth to Edinburgh—"Edina! Scotia's darling seat"—where we slept the third night, and rested from our labours for a time, ready for another tour, which we may yet find time and opportunity to describe.

Here, then, we have given an outline of a short tour, almost unequalled for beauty and variety, and presenting far more points of interest than many a six weeks' tour on the continent. And then it is *at home*—almost at our own doors—certainly brought within the easy reach of every person of moderate means who would spend a few days pleasantly away from home. But to shew the time and expense of the above tour, it may perhaps be well to sum up by a short table, as follows:—

	s.	*d.*
First Day's Journey.		
To Inverary, 59 miles, fare	6	6
To Claddich (shores of Loch Awe) and back, 18 miles, for a party of three, each	4	0
Second Day's Journey.		
Inverary to Tarbet, 26 miles, fare	9	0
To Invernan, 9 miles, to Inversnaid, 4 miles, one fare	2	6
Inversnaid to Coalbarns, 8 miles, drosky fare	1	0
Coalbarns to Trosachs, 11 miles, boat	0	6
Trosachs to Callendar, 9 miles, from Brig o' Turk	2	0
Third Day's Journey.		
Callendar to Stirling, 21 miles, coach	6	0
Stirling to Edinburgh, 40 miles, steamer	2	6

The expenses of living in inns may be averaged (unless in the case of wine-drinkers) at about 10*s.* a day.

S. S.

THE LAKES.

I HAVE travelled over the northern part of France, Belgium, and Holland, but I have seen nothing in the natural beauties of any of those countries which can be at all placed in competition with the scenery of the north of England, and included in the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire. The routes by which the lake district may be visited are various, each possessing its own peculiar advantage. That by the North Union Railway to Lancaster, and from thence by coach to Kendal, is perhaps the most frequented, and this will be rendered still more expeditious by the completion of the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway to Kendal, and also of that from the latter place to Bowness, both of which, it is expected, will be opened in about a twelvemonth from the present time, bringing the tourist at once to the very borders of Windermere. There are other routes terminating in the same point, in all respects equal, and in many superior, to the first; namely, by railway to Fleetwood, and from thence to Ulverston by sea, also by the steamer from Liverpool direct to Ulverston, and this latter, as far as economy is concerned, is the most practicable. Let us then commence our journey from the latter place. But we must, first of all, make an excursion of seven miles to Furness Abbey, an ancient ruin founded in the year 1127 by Stephen, afterwards King of England, for the reception of monks of the Cistercian order. On returning to Ulverston, Coniston Water, at the distance of nine miles in a northerly direction, ought to be first visited. At the foot of the lake there is an inn from which a boat may be had, or the journey may be continued by land to the Waterhead Inn, where the most comfortable accommodation may be had for any length of time. Coniston Old Man, the highest point of a range of mountains called Coniston Fells, must be visited from here. It is 2,577 feet in height, and commands a fine view of the bays and estuaries of Lancashire, with the Isles of Walney and Man, also of Coniston and part of Windermere, although the prospect is much limited by the mountains rising up on all sides, amongst which are Scawfell Pikes and Bowfell. Having paid a visit to the copper mines and whatever else may be thought deserving of notice in the neighbourhood of Coniston, passing on our way the small lake of Estlewaite, and crossing over Windermere at the ferry, we arrive at Bowness. This is a small village on the banks of Windermere, opposite to Bell Isle, and surrounded by rocks, from the summit of which there are fine views of the whole length of the lake, with the lofty mountains at the head of it, which, together, form a panorama not to be exceeded perhaps by any in England. Every luxury and accommodation are to be met with here on the most reasonable terms. From Bowness we continue our route, either by the steamer which has been lately established on Windermere, or by land, passing the Low Wood Hotel, which is very conveniently and beautifully situated near the head of the lake, to Ambleside. It is advisable to make this place head-quarters for some little time, in order to explore the neighbouring mountains. The Salutation is the best hotel, although there are one or two others little inferior to it. Wansfell Pike is naturally the first, as it is the nearest object to be visited; on the way, we pass the romantic and beautiful little waterfall called Stock-gill-Force, which is half a mile from Ambleside.

Although Wansfell Pike is only 1,500 feet in height, there is a most beautiful view from it of Ambleside and Lake Windermere, together with the small lakes of Rydal and Grassmere. At the distance of a mile and a half north of Ambleside, is the small village of Rydal, celebrated as being the residence of the poet laureate, immediately above which is the steep, craggy rock called Nab Scar, from whence, on a clear day, it is said, eight lakes may be seen. Some minerals and fossils have been found here. Grassmere is a small village two miles further on, on the banks of the lake to which it gives the name.

About twelve miles from Ambleside are the rocky mountains called Langdale Pikes, 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, from which there is a fine view of Lake Windermere and the neighbouring mountains. There is a waterfall here called Dungeon Gill, falling between a huge chasm in the rocks, over which a rock has fallen in such a position as to form a natural bridge. From Ambleside we proceed to Patterdale, a small village on the banks of Ullswater, from which Helvellyn may be visited; the lead mines also in the side of the mountain are well worth seeing. Coniston Water is six miles in length; at the head of it there is a large hotel. From Patterdale, after a beautiful drive through Gowbarrow-Park, from which there are fine views of the lake, we arrive at Keswick; and here we are so completely surrounded with the natural beauties of the scenery, that we cannot but feel some hesitation to which out of the many objects before us we shall first turn our attention. Keswick is situated in a vale perfectly level, and surrounded on all sides by a ridge of mountains, conspicuous amongst which are Skiddaw and Saddleback. At one end of the vale is Lake Bassenthwaite, at the other Derwentwater. The ascent of Skiddaw is so gradual that it is often performed on horseback by ladies, and the extent of the view from it has been thought by some to exceed that of any of the other mountains, Helvellyn alone excepted. On Lake Derwentwater there is a floating island, which makes its appearance every two or three years for a short time, generally after a hot summer, and again sinks to the bottom. The principal objects to be visited from Keswick are Borrowdale, Lowdore, with its black-lead mines, Lakes Buttermere, Crammock Water, Lower Water, and Ennerdale.

Although many of the hotels in the Lake district are on a large scale, the charges are for the most part extremely moderate, and the people generally are not only willing, but are pleased with the idea that they are able to furnish you with any information you may require.

VIATOR.

CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.—Letters have reached us from various parts of the continent, calling attention to the proceedings of a certain military personage, at present travelling in Switzerland or Germany, and levying a species of "black mail" upon the hotel-keepers and others, under pretext of being able to recommend their establishments in Guides, &c. As we never lightly give publicity to charges against any individual, we declined inserting these communications, as they were for the most part anonymous. The following letter, however, from Geneva, written by a known correspondent, enters into such particulars of these widely-practised impositions, that it becomes a duty to publish it, as a caution to those who would otherwise suffer by them, and also as a warning to the offender himself, whose name we refrain from making public at present, in the hope that this significant notice of his proceedings may put an end to them:—"Geneva.—Gentlemen, You would be doing a great service to hundreds of your subscribers in various parts of the continent—namely innkeepers, by putting the latter on their guard against the notorious ———, who has recommenced his system of victimising proprietors of hotels, tradesmen, professors, &c. which flourished so amazingly in 1839, 40-41. You may probably recollect a letter, about eighteen months ago, respecting this person from Mr. Murray, who either did not know, or, more probably, with a good but mistaken feeling of generosity, omitted to give the name of the person of whom he complained. What Mr. Murray stated was perfectly true; going from town to town, obtaining large sums of money from innkeepers, tradesmen, and others, under the plea of recommending their respective establishments; on others he quartered himself, and paid his bills in the same coin. Sometimes he received as much as several hundred francs, and his career may be traced from Antwerp to Naples, where he was arrested at the suit of some deluded victim, and thrown into prison for swindling. I write this to acquaint your subscribers that he is again abroad for the same purpose, and is, or was, at the close of last month at Interlacken. Having passed through Friburg a little time ago, he tried the old game on the proprietor of the Hotel Zahringen, but found that his notoriety had spread further than he had calculated. The captain possesses the peculiar gift of the gab, and is remarkably pompous. In 1837, he kept a lodging house at Baden Baden, and at Geneva in 1838, where he caused to be reprinted, *verbatim*, a guide to Switzerland, to which he attached his name, to be used, no doubt, as a decoy duck, where he found it necessary to appear as an author of a guide-book. The statements herein contained you may rely upon, and the entire responsibility of exposing this most impudent swindler I most willingly undertake."—*Galignani.*

ART.

SILVER EPERGNE FOR THE DUKE OF NASSAU.—Messrs. Emanuel, brothers, the eminent silversmiths in Hanover-square, have just completed a silver centre-piece, or epergne, for the Duke of Nassau, having been honoured with a commission for the same by his Royal Highness. It is a magnificent piece of workmanship, standing about three feet high, and containing 1,500 ounces of metal. The design is remarkably chaste and imposing. Surrounding a centre shaft is a richly-carved group of St. George combating the dragon, executed in frosted silver, with the prominent parts of the armour and accoutrements highly burnished, the effect of which, in contrast with the deadened surfaces, is beautifully sharp and lustrous. The figure of St. George, who is lifting his sword high over his head, is full of spirit and animation, but the muscular substance of the horse, though characteristic of strength and vigour, tends to obliterate the idea of grace and activity. The snorting dragon, pierced with a broken spear, denotes fearful exasperation; and its huge body, adjusted in picturesque folds upon the basement mass of rockwork, seems writhing with agony. This group is overshadowed by a range of branches, upon which baskets for flowers or sweetmeats are supported, alternating with others for wax tapers—the undulating stems of each serving as perches for

a series of Russian eagles. The apex of the shaft sustains a crown and cushion, which, however, can be removed for the reception of a floral vase, or any other suitable decoration. The triangular pedestal is supported by three lions resting on vertical shields bearing the ducal arms of Nassau. The general effect of the design is grand and massive, and is highly creditable to the artist who composed it, as well as to the artificers who have wrought it out. The surface of the silver is principally worked in a deadened hue, as is the case with the figures, relieved with polished scrollwork. Nothing can be more strikingly beautiful than the *coup d'œil*.

Wood Carvings.—We were much gratified the other day by an inspection of some fine carvings in wood, at Mr. Rogers's establishment in Great Newport-street. These works, which are all executed by Mr. Rogers himself, or under his immediate superintendence, are of singular beauty, and display in the most satisfactory manner the progress that has been made in this country in the cultivation of a style of art which was formerly elevated to so great a height by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons. One of these works is a magnificent chimney-piece in carved oak and ebony, nine feet in height and eight feet wide; the double cornice of which is supported by eight fluted columns, highly enriched with festoons of flowers and foliated capitals. Between the upper columns are two exquisitely carved figures of Hope and Prudence, twenty inches high, and, in the centre of the richly-ornamented panel, a figure of Justice. We also observed in the same room a highly-enriched frame for a painting from Spencer's *Faery Queen*. It is composed of the lightest Venetian foliage, bound together with garlands of flowers, in which are gambolling boys with musical instruments. The frame is surmounted with the well-known ruff of Queen Elizabeth, and a gorgeous scarf of richly-fringed brocade. It is to be chased in the manner of the old Venetian work, and gilt in burnished gold. The elaborate nature of this frame may be conceived when it is mentioned that it projects at least sixteen inches, and looks as light and elegant as if really composed of the delicate materials, which are only imitated in wood. We should imagine that when gilt it will be one of the most sumptuous frames in Europe. There are also some light and graceful carvings of an entirely different school—the refined Italian—intended to ornament a cabinet for the new mansion of Signor Mario, the singer, at Paris. The friezes are composed of grotesque masks, and infant genii, sporting in the foliage; the tablets below have boldly sculptured trophies of sports, shields, monograms, &c.; above the cornice are six flamingo-like boys, half-life size, representing the Seasons, &c. The execution of this piece of carving does great credit to Mr. Rogers. But perhaps the most interesting object of the whole is a gorgeous carving on a gold ground about five feet square, which Mr. Rogers is preparing for presentation to the King of the French, as a specimen of the art of wood-carving in this country. It is a trophy, representing the sister arts, insignia of royalty, sports, and state decorations, including medallion portraits, very finely executed, of her Majesty and Louis Philippe. The composition of this trophy displays great taste and elegance, and is a most elaborate specimen of wood-carving. The whole is in pear-tree, softly polished.—*Herald*.

Plaster Casts.—A question has recently been made, by the revenue officers, with respect to the proper rate of duty chargeable on plaster cast figures; being casts of statues, busts, or other figures, which are imported by private individuals and others to some extent—the same being painted or otherwise ornamented—which the parties claimed to have delivered as figures, at the duty of 2s. 6d. per cwt. but which the officers detained, in consequence of having been so painted or otherwise ornamented, as goods manufactured and liable to the *ad valorem* duty of 20 per cent. The party has since made a representation to the Customs Board on the subject for their delivery as requested; and further, in order to avoid their detention in future by the officers on a similar ground, that a general order should be issued directing the admission of all plaster casts of figures at the lower rate of duty mentioned:—and the Board being of opinion that all casts of busts and figures, however ornamented on the surface by gilding or colouring, and not otherwise enumerated in the table of duties contained in the Act relating thereto, are entitled to be admitted at the duty of 2s. 6d. per cwt. the officers have been instructed to govern themselves in regard to future importations of such articles accordingly. It will be recollected that, a short time since, a question was made with respect to the duty chargeable on the different ornamental cups, mugs, &c. made of Bohemian glass, when mounted or otherwise ornamented with ormolu or metal of any kind—in which cases they were directed to be charged with the *ad valorem* duty; and these casts were probably detained on a similar ground for the same rate of duty. But then it should be distinctly understood that these casts must be merely painted, gilded, or otherwise ornamented, to entitle them to be admitted at the rated duty of 2s. 6d. per cwt.; if they be mounted in any way, so as to cause them to undergo a further process of manufacture, they will be chargeable with the *ad valorem* duty. It is considered that it is the evident intention of the Legislature, by admitting the bronze and other works of Art duty free, to be very liberal in the construction of the Act with regard to importation into this country, from abroad, of such articles generally; and hence the reason of it not being strained to meet the detention of these casts, in the instance alluded to.—*Times*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Private Theatricals.—An amateur dramatic performance took place on Saturday evening, at Miss Kelly's theatre, in Dean-street, got up by a party of gentlemen distinguished in the literary world. The play was *Every Man in his Humour*, followed by the farce of *A Good Night's Rest, or Two o'clock in the Morning*. Ben Jonson's celebrated comedy is rarely performed now-a-days. It has not a great deal of what may be called vulgar interest; the chief circumstance, *Kitely's* insane jealousy of his wife, producing no distress or anxiety for the *dénouement*. But it is full of wit, and gives a most lively and amusing picture of manners, and of the prevailing "humours" or follies of the old dramatist's day. From the names of the principal actors we were entitled to expect a thorough knowledge of the author, and intelligence and discrimination in the reading of their parts; and in this we were not disappointed. But what we did not expect was the easy and unembarrassed action which generally distinguishes the professional performer from the amateur, but which, nevertheless, they exhibited in a surprising degree. The part of *Captain Bobadil* was admirably performed by Mr. C. Dickens, whose personation of the cowardly braggart has probably never been surpassed. Mr. Douglas Jerrold entered completely into the character of the "melancholy and gentlemanlike" *Master Stephen;* and Mr. Leech was scarcely less happy in *Master Mathew*. Mr. Mark Lemon was a capital *Brainworn*, supporting the part, under its various disguises, with infinite truth and spirit. Mr. Forster, in *Kitely*, acted with much force and passion; and Miss Fortescue (who gave this performance the aid of her talents) was charming in *Dame Kitely*. The subordinate characters were well sustained, and the play went off with great spirit and the warmest applause. The farce, which has only two characters, was performed by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Lemon, and kept the audience in a roar. All the accessories of the performance were complete. There was some beautiful scenery, painted by Stanfield; and the costumes were rich, and in strict keeping with the period of the play. The elegant little theatre was filled by a brilliant assembly, invited by the givers of the entertainment.—*Chronicle*.

Colosseum.—Among the distinguished persons who have visited the Colosseum during the last week we have noticed the Earl of Denbigh and family; the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury; Princess Czartichoff and family; Lord Lincoln and family; Bishop of Jamaica and family; Lady Elizabeth Lowther and family; Lord and Lady Montague; Lords Beaumont, Rokeby, Wilton, Dudley Stuart, Fielding; Lady Kenmure; the Russian, Brazilian, and Sicilian Ministers, &c.

Royal Polytechnic Institution.—We are pleased to see that the Directors of this national institution have commenced their winter campaign with great spirit and judgment. We are glad to find that Dr. Ryan has returned from the continent with renovated health, and has this week commenced a series of instructive lectures on the laws and phenomena of heat, introductory to an extended popular course, explanatory of the economy and uses of steam as a motive power. As his beautiful illustrations of Boutigny's experiments were somewhat abruptly terminated by ill health in July last, we are glad to find that the Doctor is again introducing them to his auditors; nor could the peculiar phenomena of sensible and latent heat be more strikingly explained than by the strange experiment of freezing masses of water in a moment merely by the process of evaporation either in hot or cold vessels. The subject of manufacture of artificial ice also gives Dr. Ryan an opportunity of explaining Master's very ingenious apparatus for making ice in a few moments, so as to supply, in the hottest season of the year, any required quantity of that refreshing substance. The classes for naval officers and for railway engineers we perceive open as usual in October next, under the direction of Dr. Ryan, who is assisted in the mathematical department by Mr. Hobson, B.A. of St. John's College, thus forming a most complete school for the study of natural philosophy in all its relations and aspects.

Royal Adelaide Gallery.—The New Zealand chief continues to delight the frequenters of this gallery with his varied descriptions of the manners and customs of the New Zealanders; and he is prepared with so much original information concerning this extraordinary and barbarous people, that it is quite miraculous how he could have been allowed to escape to give so much excellent information, as we must bear in mind the horrible state of cannibalism in which they were living when he was

thrown among them. The three islands forming the group inhabited by these tribes have now become an object of great interest to this country, in a trading point of view, and many enterprising speculators have established colonies on them, as it is not only the soil that is so beneficial, but the coast abounds in whales, from which the finest description of oil is obtained; and it has been calculated by scientific persons that a flax farm, 100 acres in extent, would yield a net annual income of 3,000*l*. There are now so many projects for adopting the atmospheric principle to railways, that we strongly recommend an inspection of the model laid down here, which is Pilbrow's patent, that being the plan, as we are given to understand, intended to be applied to many of them. The morning lectures on chemistry, &c. are still given, and exemplified by many interesting experiments.

Herr Staudigl, the famous *basso*, with Madam Staudigl, were among the passengers of the *Antwerpen*, on Sunday last for Antwerp, on his way home (Vienna), where he has accepted an engagement for six months, from the new management of the theatre Ander-wien, as the *primo-basso* and stage-manager. He intends to make his *début* there on the 1st of October next.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

MOULIN HUET BAY, GUERNSEY.

'Tis a scene self-dependent, that recks not of clime,
Nor changes with season, nor lessens with time,
A bare intermarriage of salt sea and stone,
Where Nature stands forth in her splendours alone.

From the gaunt rocks that girdle those emerald bays,
A beauty of steadfastness welcomes the gaze,
While ocean coquettishly fickle in range,
Delights the beholder with beauties of change.

Those minaret crags in the sunshine defined
Are like the bright thoughts on the surface of mind,
Those caverns of labyrinth gloom seem akin
To the secrets of sadness that darkle within.

'Tis a scene that might urge thee, if lone, to repine
That a slenderer arm is not resting on thine,
As the words in which spirit to spirit replies
Are born in the focus of lovelier eyes.

'Tis a scene where the painter for ages might be,
A scene for the bard in his proud reverie;
A vision that fancy might linger upon
Till life with its day-dreams is silently gone.

G. C. SWAYNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VALHALLA FOR ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I cordially approve of your proposition for this establishment, so much wanted in England. Places of worship are not the proper temples for the statues and busts of our men of science or genius,—our poets, lawgivers, and warriors; what we want is something upon a broad and national basis, a delightful and improving recreation for the people, a lounge for the gentleman and philosopher, as well as a refining and elevated enjoyment for the artisan, the shopkeeper, his assistants, and the working man and his family. For years I have been entreating the disinterment of the statue of Lord Byron from its shameful hiding-place. I offered to pay for its removal from the dock warehouses. I wrote to Sir John Cam Hobhouse on the subject, but received no reply to my note. And if we ask where his once friends, Irvine, Rogers, and Hobhouse, are exerting themselves in this business, Echo answers, Where? Had there been a Valhalla, or Hall of Fame, what a triumphant multitude might have followed the procession of the statue to one of its most honoured pedestals. Alas, when I gazed on the original model in the studio of his admiring brother-genius, Thorwaldsden, at Rome, I thought of his generous, noble character, which traits are so much concealed, while his errors are so loudly trumpeted forth. "Men's foolish deeds we write in brass; their noble, brave, and virtuous ones in water." I have been thinking, Sir, you might form a committee, to fix upon a site for this temple of fame, to open subscription-books, to enlist the names of shareholders of 10*l*. as proprietors, with certain privileges, and a share of the emoluments; the entrance-money should be four-pence, with the privilege of admitting one or two children gratis, and half-price on Sundays, instead of double charge, as by omnibuses, which is a cruel tax upon our toiling, ill-paid, industrious classes. I should like some elevated spot, near the river and one of its bridges, easy of access, central, and open to view by all strangers and foreigners visiting London. I have in my mind's eye a very good site on the road to Kew, but I fear it would be too distant; another situation near Battersea-fields. Land might be had cheap, and the new railway to Richmond and Windsor would pass near to such a site. The ground around this Temple of Fame might be laid out with shrubs and flowers, like Kensington Gardens walk; and if cemeteries pay so well, the money-worshipping priests and people of England would not lose but gain by this noble speculation in honour of the great, the mighty dead. I am a leisure man, Mr. Editor, and would cheerfully give my time, and a hundred pounds with it, at four or five per cent. interest, to support so laudable an undertaking, and let the statue of the hater of hypocrisy, Byron, and the persecuted poet, Shelley, be the first tenants of our Valhalla, or Hall of Fame. I wait your opinion, and beg to subscribe myself an admirer of men of genius, whether they be of the Church or the chapel, Catholic or Protestant, the credulous or the freethinking, gentle or simple, a Paley or a Payne; Bacon, Burns, Bloomfield, or Byron, all should have a niche by the will and wish of yours.

E. K.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE PATENT READING EASEL.—Under this title the inventor has patented a very elegant and useful little reading-desk, from the use of which ladies and invalids cannot fail to derive both comfort and advantage. It is easily attached, by a screw, to a chair or sofa, and supports a book at the height and focus that may be desired. The contrivance is at once simple and ingenious, and only requires to be generally known in order to be adopted as a piece of drawing-room furniture. We understand that her Majesty and Prince Albert have patronized this invention.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—THE POTATO DISEASE.—SITTING OF SEPTEMBER 15.—Several communications were received relative to the disease which has this year manifested itself in the potato. The writers who treat on this subject scientifically are divided in opinion as to whether the disease is the result of the invasion of a parasitical mushroom, or solely attributable to the unfavourable nature of the season. One writer thinks that the parasitical invasion alluded to is common to the potato, and that it has been developed more extensively by the coldness and dampness of the summer. With due deference to the scientific gentlemen who have turned their attention to the visitation, we beg to observe that it is comparatively of little importance whether the disease have one origin or the other. The great questions to be considered are, first, whether the diseased potato is, as people suppose, generally poisonous, or in any way injurious to health; secondly, whether, supposing this not to be the case, the disease has deprived the tubercle of its nutritive properties; and, thirdly, whether these diseased potatoes can be used as seed for the next year's crop. M. Philippon and M. Pouchet say that they have eaten potatoes in their diseased state without suffering from them in any way. This is tranquillizing news; but these gentlemen do not tell us to what extent the potatoes which they ate were diseased, or whether, supposing that the diseased potato is not poisonous, it has not in its affected parts lost all its farinaceous character. We have examined diseased potatoes of the present year in all the stages of the disease, and have eaten some of those which were least infected, first, however, removing all the unsound parts with a knife, and certainly we did not experience any ill effects. This shews that the malady has only invaded such parts of the tubercle as give evidence of its existence; and there cannot be the least doubt that such parts as remain sound are fit for food, whether for man or beast. As to the diseased parts, we have no hesitation in saying that they are wholly unfit for food, whether they be poisonous or not, for they can have no nutrition whatever. As to whether the diseased potatoes may be safely used as seed for the next crops we do not think it requires much science to give an answer. If any part of the potato remain sound, it may germinate, and produce as good stock as that from a potato that is not diseased, and it is very improbable that the diseased portion should have the power of propagation, for it

is a mass of putrid matter; but it remains to be seen whether the malady will not continue its ravages between this time and the period of planting, and so deprive the tubercle of all power of propagation. A letter then was read from M. de la Rive, of Geneva, on the possibility of rendering the electric light available for the use of the workmen in mines. This gentleman states that five or six elements of a pile of copper and an amalgam of potassium sufficed to render incandescent two cones of charcoal inclosed in a small glass globe. Messrs. Ledoyen and Raphael informed the Academy that they had obtained a liquid of great utility for the purpose of disinfection in the emanations from animal excretions, by dissolving 125 grammes (4 oz.) of nitrate of lead in two pounds of water. This is a valuable discovery for Paris, half the houses in which are infected by these emanations to an extent which is dangerous to health as well as repugnant to the olfactory organs. There were a few other chemical and some medical communications read in this sitting, but they did not possess general interest.

PATENT SALTING INSTRUMENT OR MEAT PRESERVER.—This instrument, which in appearance much resembles an ordinary force-pump, is the invention of Mr. J. Carson, for the purpose of curing, by an almost instantaneous process, meat of all descriptions. This is effected by forcing the brine into the pores of the meat by means of a pressure of upwards of 1,000lbs. to the square inch, obtained through the action of the machine.

This invention has already been extensively used by the leading butchers and exporters of provisions, who speak highly of its utility; but as the proof of its merits can be best shewn by reference to actual practice, we extract the following testimonial from the respectable agent at Plymouth of the New Zealand Company, Mr. J. D. Haswell:—

"Having given Carson's patent instrument for salting and curing meat a fair trial, I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to this excellent invention, as by it much trouble and expense are saved, in comparison with the old and uncertain mode of attaining the same effect. By this method the juices and flavour of the meat are not destroyed; this, together with the short time necessary to produce a perfectly corned or salted joint of meat, renders it a most valuable addition to the kitchen utensils.

"To ships (especially those proceeding to tropical climates) it will prove invaluable, as formerly it was impossible, in hot weather, to preserve meat even at sea (where the temperature is always much lower than on land) above a day or two. By Carson's instrument I have no doubt it may be effectually done for as long a time as is required. The sea stock of corned beef may, by this process, be perfectly corned in a short time, and the loss that so frequently occurs by the old method, from the want of care and cleanliness, be avoided. I speak from an experience of twenty-five years in command, partly in her Majesty's navy, and partly in the mercantile marine.

"The instrument, I have no doubt, will not only prove useful to every family, but indispensable to every ship, both as regards convenience and economy; and that hundreds of pounds of beef will be saved to every owner who puts one on board his ship. I wish the inventor every success he deserves."

GLOBES OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—In these globes an endeavour has been made to combine a degree of accuracy, such as is only possessed by the best modern maps, with the lowest price at which excellence can be obtained. The terrestrial globe has been compiled from the most recent geographical surveys, with the aid of the accounts given by the best travellers; and there is annexed on the 18-inch globe a table of the population of the different countries in the world, compiled from the latest official returns, and, where these are wanting, the best other authorities which could be obtained, by Mr. G. S. Brent, Fellow of the Statistical Society of London. The astronomical information which has been supplied of late years upon the positions and nomenclature of the fixed stars has rendered a perfectly new celestial globe a most desirable acquisition to the student of astronomy. The labours of Piazzi, Bradley, Lacaille, Johnson, &c. in determining the places of the stars, and those of Baily in the correction of their nomenclature, have been carefully consulted in the celestial globe issued by this society. The stars in the northern hemisphere are all which are given by Piazzi, with the addition of such of Bradley's (from the Tabulæ Rigiomontanæ) as are not in Piazzi. The stars in the southern hemisphere comprise all those given by Lacaille and Johnson. The magnitude of each star is that by which it is designated in the catalogue from which its place is taken: and the several orders of magnitude are so distinguished from each other as to be read, after a little practice, without the necessity of counting the number of points in the star-figure. The double and multiple stars have been marked from the catalogues of Sir W. Herschel and Struve, and Flamsteed's numbers have been annexed as they stand in Mr. Baily's edition of the "British Catalogue;" which work has also been followed in the omission of all letters except those which are found in Bayer's maps. All the positions have been brought up to 1850. The figures of the constellations are printed from different plates and in a distinct colour from that of the more important parts: this, independently of its obvious tendency to prevent confusion, admits of the globe being purchased either with or without the drawings of the constellations.

NECROLOGY.

MR. WILLIAM UPCOTT.

It is with infinite regret that we are called upon to record the death of this well-known and respected gentleman, after a very short illness. The melancholy event took place on Tuesday morning, at his residence at Islington. Mr. Upcott was for many years librarian to the London Institution, for which office he was eminently qualified by his extensive acquaintance with every department of literature. He took an active and leading part in placing before the public some of the most popular and valuable works that have issued from the press during the last thirty years. In the course of his useful career he had felt a pride in collecting and arranging the autograph letters of illustrious persons who flourished during the last and present centuries. The fame of this invaluable collection of documents had rendered his name familiar to every lover of literature, both at home and abroad. His advice and assistance were eagerly sought by all engaged in the preparation of works of historical importance, and he was ever ready to afford to all who applied to him the benefit of his great experience. In every circle Mr. Upcott was a welcome visitor and a universal favourite. His cheerful and agreeable conversation, his profound judgment on all literary matters, his retentive memory, which furnished an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, combined with his kindly disposition and agreeable manner of relating what had passed under his immediate observation, will not easily be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His loss will be long and deeply felt, and the void occasioned by his decease, more especially in the world of literature, will not be readily supplied.—*Globe.*

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A REMINISCENCE OF RABELAIS.—There is at the present moment a house undergoing repairs at Orleans, in the Rue de Gourville, which formerly went by the name of the "House of the Twelve Chandeliers;" on one of the garden walls is a medallion in relief, about a metre and a half in height by one metre in breadth, representing Rabelais, the celebrated satirist of France. The figure is moulded with a composition of plaster of Paris and lime, forming a plastic material, on which the outlines of the model are delineated to perfection. The author of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* is represented wearing a doctor's cap. All around are represented, as attributes, the violin and the bagpipes of the curate of Meudon, four small comic masks, some grapes, a bottle, and the book of the master. The book and the bottle are connected together by bands. Three natural sea-shells are fixed at the base of the socle by iron stalks. This medallion, which formerly surmounted a fountain, long since destroyed, is of a pure design, and very elegant and tasteful. The style is that of the commencement of the reign of Louis XV. Rabelais was born at Chinon, in the Tourraine, in 1483. After his release from the penalties which he had incurred by abandoning his monastic orders, he was appointed in 1542 to the cure of Meudon by his friend the Cardinal de Bellay, in which situation he continued till the hour of his death, in 1553. It is reported of him that he was ever mindful at Meudon to instruct his flock, and made it a part of his business to give their children a knowledge of church music, of which he was himself a thorough master. His knowledge of medicine, too, rendered him doubly useful to his parishioners, and he was the physician no less of their bodies than of their immortal souls.

The mother of M. Arago, the eminent natural philosopher, died at Estagel, in the Eastern Pyrenees, a few days ago, at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—On Monday, pursuant to instructions from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the last portion of the old British Museum, formerly known as Montagu-house, was disposed of by public auction, and which is to be cleared away for the site on which the new front is to be erected. This consisted of the centre building, with the lofty dome, the entrance-hall, the grand staircase, with the various painted ceilings in the different apartments on the ground floor, comprising about twenty tons of lead, the library, the show-rooms, the brick-work, &c. The lead fetched 354*l.* and the entire brickwork 342*l.*; and the whole realized about 1,300*l.* The painted ceilings being executed on the plaster, went for no higher price as a work of art, but the auctioneer offered a guinea for one of the figures on the ceiling in the secretary's room if it could be taken down perfect. The whole of the building must be cleared away in twenty-eight working days, when the new stone front will be put up. This, it is expected, will be shortly raised, as the walls are erected. In the interim the public will be admitted, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at a temporary entrance to the west of the large gates.—*Globe.*

Mr. Lyell has, we understand, left England for another tour of the United States,—having been engaged by the Alpha-Beta-Kappa Society of Boston, and other learned institutions of America, to deliver a new course of lectures on Geology.

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.—Notwithstanding a report to the contrary, we are glad to learn that this venerable relic, to which attach so many interesting associations, is likely to be preserved, a subscription being proposed for the reparation of the decorative portions of the gate—such as tapping or testing each stone in the north and south fronts, carefully rubbing those that are sound, and replacing those which are too much decomposed with new stone, not squared, but inserted so as to conform with the present appearance of the building. The committee recommend carrying up the battlements in stone in front of the angular turrets, to their original height; inserting new labels to the doors and windows—strong courses and bands around; new and proper mullions with cinque-foil heads to the large windows in the north and south fronts; removing the unsightly Roman doorway and shop window on the south side, and placing a new window and doorway in keeping with the old gate; and pointing up the sides of the building with stone or slate set in good mortar, finished with blue ash mortar to preserve a uniform colour.

ANASTATIC PRINTING.—Intelligence has been received from Rome, that this invention, on which Mr. Faraday gave a lecture in the Royal Institution, has already been practised, twelve years ago, in that city, by M. Knecht, a resident in Paris, but originally a German, and nephew of the celebrated Sennefelder. The means and results are asserted to have been quite the same as were shewn by a few specimens executed in the lithographic establishment of Bosio, Via della Croce. At a later period the same gentleman sent to his acquaintances a small French pamphlet of several sheets, which had been reproduced by the same process.

Suffering as the book-interest in Paris has long been from the foreign pirate, its members have just had the further provocation (for it is *that*, even while it is also a good fortune) to discover a nest of pirates at their own door. By the skilful management of M. Bailleul, Inspector in Chief of Libraries and Printing-offices, the detection has been complete of an establishment in which this infamous traffic has been carried on upon a most extensive scale. In the printing-office at Cognac, by a rapid and well-concealed movement, the forms were seized on the press, thousands of sheets half or quite printed, pages set up in the chases, on the stones, and in the galleys, and at the warehouse, in Angoulême, in a space contrived between the exterior and inner walls, upwards of eighteen thousand volumes, principally standard books of education and science, but including also the works of De Lamartine, and even a publication so recent as *Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire.* Printers and proprietors, together with the evidences of their crime, are all in the hands of justice.—*Athenæum.*

LIVERPOOL FIRST IN PHILOLOGY.—It is said that the Collegiate Institution of Liverpool has engaged a Chinese professor, who speaks the purest Peking dialect, to teach the Chinese language there; so that its traders, captains of merchantmen, supercargoes, mates, &c. may be enabled to hold *viva voce* intercourse with the natives at Hong-Kong, Canton, and other ports. This is a very sensible measure, and does credit to Liverpool enterprise.

Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert have been graciously pleased to accept copies of Mr. Nisbet's poetical romance, *The French in Rheinstadt.*

MACREADY IN LIVERPOOL.—This great tragedian, in the course of his dramatic tour through the provinces, has arrived in Liverpool, where he has been performing at the Theatre Royal. He met with such extraordinary success, notwithstanding the rivalship of the operatic and ballet company exhibiting at the Liver Theatre, that Mr. M. H. Simpson instantly entered into a second engagement with him to perform five more nights before he proceeds elsewhere. Macready had already appeared last week in *Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Richelieu,* &c. and this week he agreed to repeat some of his great characters in the following succession:—*Macbeth* on Monday, *Richelieu* on Tuesday, *Lear* on Wednesday, *Julius Cæsar* on Thursday, and *Hamlet* on Friday; which would fill up the time he was able to devote to Liverpool.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Sept. 20 to Sept. 27.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bakewell's (Mrs. J.) Conversation Cards on Intellectual and Moral Subjects, 2s. 6d. in case.—Blencowe's (Rev. E.) Plain Sermons, Addressed to a Country Congregation, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.

Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe, translated by John Harrison, 3 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2s. cl.

Dickson's (Dr. S.) Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine, with the Fallacies of the Faculty, 4th edition, with Notes and Introduction, by Dr. Turner, of New York, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.

Fountaine's (F.) Harvest Surveyors' Best Assistant, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Fox and the Geese, new edit. 4 col. plates, square, 1s. 6d.

Goldsmith's History of England, with Continuation to 1845, by J. Dymock, 12mo. 3s. 6d. roan lettered.

Hand-Book of Horsemanship, by Hershberger, imp. 32mo. 1s. swd.—Heidelberg, and the Way Thither, by Nil, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.

Johnson's Greek Epigrams, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Ladies' Hand-Book of Knitting and Netting, Second Series, 6th edit. imp. 32mo. 1s. swd.—Lee's (J.) Manual for Ship Masters, 12mo. 5s. cl.

Morgan's Memoirs of Elias, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Moor's Greek Grammar, by Tate, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.

Naturalists' Library, People's Edition, Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Robertson (Dr.) On the Nature and Treatment of Gout, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Royal Alphabet, new edition, 24 plates, square, plain, 2s. 6d.; col. 4s. cl.

Scenes from the History of the Christian Church, 12mo. 4s. cl. gilt.—Selectæ e Veteri Testamento Historiæ, new edit. 12mo. 2s. sheep.—Smith's (Rev. James) Common Scenes Improved, 3 Parts in 1 vol. 18mo. 1s. 6d. swd.

Thornton's History of British India, Vol. VI. 8vo. 16s. cl.; 6 vols. 8vo. 4*l.* 16s. cl.—Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence, 4 Illustrations, by Harvey, imp. 32mo. (Clarke's Cabinet Series) 1s. 6d. cl.

Williams (Dr. T.) On Procuring Sleep in Insanity, post 8vo. 4s. cl.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

METEOROLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

(From the *Malta Mail.*)

We mentioned in our paper of the 27th of June, that the brig *Victoria,* on her voyage from Newcastle to Malta, had met with an extraordinary occurrence at 9 30 p. m. on the 18th of the same month, when in latitude 36 deg. 40 min. 56 sec. and longitude 13 deg. 44 min. 36 sec. The circumstances were as follow:—Being becalmed at the time and without any appearance of bad weather, her top-gallant and royal masts suddenly went over the side, as though carried away by a sudden squall. Two hours after it came on to blow very hard from southward and eastward, and whilst the hands were aloft, taking a reef in the topsails, it suddenly again fell calm, and they complained of an overpowering stench of sulphur and an unbearable heat. At this moment three luminous bodies were seen to issue from the sea, at about the distance of half a mile from the vessel, which remained visible for about ten minutes; soon after it came on to blow hard from the S.E. and the vessel ran into a current of air the very reverse of that just experienced.

We have now been favoured with a letter from Ainab, on Mount Lebanon, mentioning, that on the very same day, at about half an hour after sunset (which brings it to very nearly the same time), the heavens presented a most extraordinary and beautiful though awful spectacle; a fiery meteor, composed of two luminous bodies, each presenting an appearance of being at least five times larger than the moon, with streamers or appendages to each joining the two, and looking precisely like large flags blown out by a gentle breeze, appeared in the west, remained visible for an hour, taking an easterly course, and gra-

dually disappeared. The appendages appeared to shine from the reflected light of the main bodies which it was painful to look at for any time.

The moon had risen about half an hour before, and there was scarcely any wind.

We have also accounts from Erzeroum, in Asia Minor, describing a sudden fall on the 21st of June of the thermometer (which usually ranges in the summer at between 20 to 22 degrees) to 5 degrees, and a further fall of two more degrees, during a heavy snow-storm which lasted three days, after which the thermometer as suddenly rose to 21 degrees. The greatest consternation prevailed among the inhabitants, who thought the world was coming to an end; and even accustomed as they are to cold, it was only by kindling large fires that they could keep from falling victims to its intensity.

At Malta for some days past the heat has been excessively oppressive, the thermometer ranging at 87 degrees in doors in the shade, and at 136 degrees exposed to the hot air. We understand that even at St. Antonio, perhaps the coolest spot in the island, his Excellency the Governor has been compelled to rig up Indian punkahs, and order out an extra supply of ice.

Mesmerism.—A girl, named Mary Farriss, aged fourteen, an inmate of the Cork workhouse for two years, was presented to the board on Wednesday. It appeared she had been deaf for four years, and incapable of receiving instruction in the school of the house, owing to the infirmity. She was mesmerised last week, and to the surprise of all present, during the sleep, answered questions asked in the usual tone of voice. To-day she has replied to questions put in a whisper.—*Cork Constitution.*

Supposed Volcanic Eruption.—Our Orkney correspondent mentions a phenomenon of rare occurrence in Britain, which has caused considerable surprise and excitement among the peaceful denizens of that remote region, and which has led to the impression that these islands have just been visited by the effects of a volcanic eruption, although in which part of the world it has occurred they had no other source of information than conjecture, and the remembrance of what had happened a number of years ago. In reference to this matter our correspondent says, "We have been much astonished here at a very extraordinary phenomenon which took place lately; a great fall of dust, which continued many hours. The men at the herring fishing describe it as being like a thick shower of snow-drift from the north-west. It began to fall before daylight, and continued very thick for a few hours, and afterwards more slightly till about midday. Those who had clothes out bleaching had them completely blackened, and it seems very difficult to wash off. The white flowers in the gardens are quite destroyed, and every 'kail blade' is covered. The only way of accounting for it is by supposing that Mount Hecla has had an eruption, as the wind was exactly from that quarter, and it is quite evident the dust is volcanic. Dr. Barry, in his History of Orkney, says that, in 1783, the last dreadful eruption of Mount Hecla, the dust fell here in the same manner, though it does seem surprising that it could be carried so far—upwards of 400 miles. It will be some time before we hear if an eruption has really taken place. The fishermen were so terrified at the uncommon and inexplicable sight, that several of them refused to go out to sea next day, and some believe it may have a slight effect on the herring trade."—*Edinburgh Advertiser*, Friday.

Prodigious Fossil Animal.—The *Mobile Daily Advertiser* of May 23, announces the discovery by Dr. Koch of another prodigious fossil animal in the yellow limestone formation of the county of Washington and state of Alabama. In consequence of the trick he played to increase the stature of the Missourium (now so greatly reduced in size in the British Museum, whither it was taken, with its fraudulent additions, from the Egyptian Hall a few years ago), we are not inclined to pin our faith to this new discovery, to which the finder has given the euphonious name of *Zeulodon Sillimanii*. He describes the skeleton as that of the king of reptiles, in length 104 feet; the solid parts of the vertebræ from 14 to 18 inches long, and 8 to 12 in diameter; its jaws very long, and armed with 40 foreteeth (incisors), 10 dog-teeth or tusks, and 8 grinders, fitting into each other when the jaws are closed, and proving the animal to be carnivorous. The eyes large and prominent, limbs like oars or fins, but small in proportion to the size of the body. The Doctor is putting the parts together, and no doubt it will be a formidable monster.

York.—The great Peter Bell in York Minster is now safely suspended in its own tower. The weight of the bell and its appendages, together with the frame, is calculated to be 29 tons, but the strength of the tower is equal to triple that weight. The bell is the largest in the kingdom, being five tons heavier than "Old Tom" of Oxford, and seven tons heavier than the celebrated "Tom" of Lincoln. The cost of it is above 2,000*l.*; its height seven feet four inches, and its diameter eight feet four inches. It is placed (at a height of nearly 200 feet) diagonally in the tower, for the greater security to the building, and above 300 cubic feet of timber have been used for its support. It may be rung with two wheels, and will revolve entirely, if necessary. *Leeds Mercury.*

Singular Fact.—A somewhat novel incident occurred very recently at the terminus of the South-Western Railway at Vauxhall. A carrier pigeon was seen in an exhausted state; it was caught by hand, but died shortly afterwards. A label was appended to one of its legs, addressed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, which stated that three pigeons were thrown up at the island of Ichaboe, and bore date July, 1845. The distance is computed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 miles from the place where the pigeon appears to have been liberated to its destination in London. The bird, with its appendage, was immediately forwarded to Apsley House, and the Duke of Wellington, by an autograph note, the next day courteously acknowledged the receipt to the party who sent the bird. It has been stuffed, and in the process it has been discovered that the bird was shot, otherwise there can be no doubt that it would have reached home, and it is supposed not to have had strength to cross the Thames.—*Globe.*

The following is an extract of a letter from Beyrout, dated July 31:—"It is well known that the Druses have burnt at Abeza a convent in which was a venerable priest named Father Carlo. The French Consul has taken steps on this subject with the Pacha, who has promised to use his utmost endeavours to bring the delinquents to justice. On Saturday last we were surprised by the sudden arrival of the famous Scheick Hamna at the head of 300 regular troops. He was immediately taken to prison, and it is said that he will very shortly be executed at the demand of the French Consul. Whilst the Christians celebrate this as a triumph, the Druses are becoming every day more and more discouraged, and it is hoped that they will take a warning from this lesson, and refrain from exercising so much cruelty towards the Christians. Thanks to the energetic intervention of the European Powers, tranquillity is completely restored in our mountains, and the effect of the change is already visible in the revival of commercial affairs.

Staines.—Discovery of an Interesting Historical Relic.—On Thursday, the 11th inst. a tradesman of this town observed on a market-stall a small plate, on which was engraved a long but well-executed inscription, which he purchased for twopence. On closer examination, the plate proved to be of solid silver, and the tenor of the Latin inscription was diligently inquired for. From one hand to another it passed, until it reached Dr. Beasley, who found that the plate had been attached to a chest formed from a pile driven by Cassivellanus to prevent the passage of Cæsar and his army across the Thames, at the Coway, Walton. That several of these stakes had been found from time to time in the bed of the river has been long known, and brought as evidence of the length of time which the exclusion of the air by water, &c. will preserve timber. A short notice of the fact relating to this passage of the Thames will be found in Camden, under the head of Walton. The circumstance of a silver plate being purchased for twopence at an old iron stall furnished a subject for gossip, and the person who had sold the plate soon found the "cista," and brought it to the doctor, who lost no time in making the purchase. No doubt of identity was entertained, as the plate had been carefully let into the wood. It remains only that the plate be recovered to make this most interesting relic of olden time once more complete. Of so little value had it been considered by its late owner, that the lid of the chest or caddy, having been split, was burnt, and the chest itself would have speedily followed the same fate, if the Latin inscription had not saved it.—*Windsor Express.*

Battle Church.—Curious Discovery.—On cleansing and scraping the old wash from the walls of Battle church, previous to their being re-washed, the walls have been discovered to be full of paintings, of a very ancient and curious character, some of them very well executed, which appear to have been done during the reign of one of the Edwards, or probably before; there is also some writing, but it cannot (except a word or two) be deciphered. Only a portion of the walls has been scraped. I am fearful the whole will not be similarly treated, as one of the churchwardens appears averse to any more being scraped, and, indeed, annoyed that such operations should have been commenced.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

TO READERS.

AN influx of advertisements has induced us to present to our readers a DOUBLE NUMBER of THE CRITIC without additional charge, rather than trench too largely upon the columns that properly belong to them.

Should the same gratifying proof of the growing confidence of advertisers in the worth of THE CRITIC as an advertising medium recur frequently, as we have reason to hope, the same gratuitous enlargement shall be made to meet the demand.

The great accessions that have recently appeared in our List of Booksellers and Library-keeper Subscribers will more than ever adapt THE CRITIC for the circulation of all those classes of advertisements that are addressed to the trade as well as to the public.

The advertising of entire catalogues of second-hand books is a new but most excellent feature in our pages, and will be found of not a little utility to our readers.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Nature of the Scholar, and its Manifestations. By JOHANN GOTLIEB FICHTE. Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author. By WILLIAM SMITH. London, 1845. Chapman.

AT this moment of wild speculation, when the one thought absorbs the community, how wealth may be obtained without labour; when cares for the material interests of man have expelled all higher and holier regards; when religion is practically neglected, morality dishonoured, philosophy laughed at, poetry despised, right welcome is a book which calls back the errant thoughts to God and Nature, shews us our duty and our destiny, and awakens the literary men, the scholars of the land, to the memory of the task which of right belongs to them, and to the due discharge of the office they have taken upon themselves by virtue of their calling.

The readers of THE CRITIC are acquainted with the principles upon this great subject which it is established to support; how earnestly it has deprecated the tendency of the age to materialism; how heartily it has striven to revive in the young hearts of the country a sense of religion, in its loftiest meaning; a love for philosophy, a regard for poetry, a desire to cultivate the more exalted studies that belong to our spiritual and immortal nature. Nor do these in any manner necessitate a sacrifice of any knowledge of material science. Intimate acquaintance with the laws of hydraulics and mechanics is not incompatible with researches into the laws of mind and thoughts about God and Nature. A man may be at the same time an excellent chemist and a first-rate philosopher. We ask not the sacrifice of a tittle of the one to the other; we but call upon our generation to pay equal honour to both; to give to both the attention that is their due, and in the pursuit of studies that multiply wealth and the material enjoyments, which perish and pass away, not utterly to renounce those researches which affect the undying soul, and belong to man by virtue of the Divinity that is in him.

As aiding to this, the great end and purpose of THE CRITIC, a translation of FICHTE'S Lectures is received with reverence and joy. They are a lofty and eloquent appeal on behalf of the higher philosophy against the materialism that pervades society practically, if not admitted in theory. That appeal is made to the persons whose special vocation it is to lead the straying steps of the community into the better path and to direct their apirations to loftier objects. To the man of letters, says the translator in his preface, "we must look with deep interest and anxiety for the springs of that reformation which is to lead us back from sense and worldliness to completeness and nature. It is his voice which must be raised, amid the clang of our industry and the bustle of our commerce, to re-awaken in men their reverence for the divine —to teach them that there is in the human soul a nobler impulse than self-interest, and that virtue is higher and holier than love of happiness. To do this is the vocation of the literary man in all ages; it is especially his duty to an age in which materialism pervades all existing modes of thinking and acting among men."

To the Lectures that contain this appeal is prefixed a memoir of the philosopher from the pen of the translator. This we propose to notice in a distinct article under its proper classification of biography, and to limit our present notice to the Lectures.

The general plan of the subject is stated in the first lecture: the design is to give "a description of the nature of the scholar, and its manifestation in the world of freedom."

To make FICHTE'S argument intelligible, it is necessary rightly to comprehend the meaning of a term which he uses perpetually to designate a notion for which our language has no name, although the idea itself will be instantly recognised by every person who has ever had a thought beyond the present and the palpable.

The idea to which we refer may be thus described. The wonders of the whole material world, and man more especially, are beheld under two aspects;—that which appears to the senses, as developed in form and colour, and that which appears to the mind, viewing them in their relations to each other and to God; their origin, their functions, their destinies, their duties and offices in time and space. For all this there is a reason; the appearance is only the type or expression of something unseen behind it. This concealed cause of appearance is by FICHTE termed "*the divine idea.*" It is God manifest in his works, and is the foundation of all the higher branches of human knowledge—of Philosophy, Æsthetics, Poetry, which are all tracings of the *divine idea* through the forms and substances of things.

It follows, then, that "the whole of the training and culture which an age calls learned education, is only the means towards a knowledge of the attainable portion of the divine idea; and is only valuable in so far as it actually is such means, and truly fulfils its purpose." He only, therefore, is strictly a scholar "who has, through the learned culture of his age, arrived at a knowledge of the idea." How, then, must he maintain the life of a scholar?

FICHTE answers shortly, "by his inherent, characteristic, and all-engrossing love for the idea." He becomes, in fact, the manifestation, the exponent and interpreter of the idea, which possesses him wholly, speaks through him, is the spring of all his thoughts, words, and deeds; for it he lives, nor can he exist otherwise; it flows forth from him, as it were, unconsciously, and his life and works are embodiments of it.

Such being the high destiny, the grand calling of the true scholar, how shall he attain to it? what must be his bearing? how is he to conduct himself,—first, as the student; secondly, as the finished scholar; thirdly, as the ruler; fourthly, as the teacher; fifthly, as the author? To exhibit this is the purpose of the lectures that follow.

We cannot, within our circumscribed space, pretend to follow the lecturer through all his arguments. The utmost we can hope to do is to awaken in the readers of this notice a curiosity to make further research in the volume itself, after the store of wisdom it contains, and of which we can only cull a few partial scraps, to shew what may be anticipated from the perusal of the whole work.

The second lecture is devoted to a further definition of the Divine Idea, and contains many passages of profound wisdom. Here is one—

LIFE IN GOD.

Man is not placed in the world of sense alone, but the essential root of his being is, as we have seen, in God. Hurried along by sense and its impulses, the consciousness of this life in God may be readily hidden from him, and then, however noble may be his

nature, he lives in strife and disunion with himself, in discord and unhappiness, without true dignity and enjoyment of life. But when the consciousness of the true source of his existence first rises upon him, and he joyfully resigns himself to it till his being is steeped in the thought, then peace and joy and blessedness flow in upon his soul. And it lies in the Divine Idea that all men must come to this gladdening consciousness—that the outward and tasteless Finite Life may be pervaded by the Infinite, and so enjoyed; and to this end all who have been filled with the Divine Idea have laboured and shall still labour, that this consciousness in its purest possible form may be spread throughout the race of man.

In the the third lecture FICHTE discourses of the progressive scholar in general, and in particular of Genius and Industry. Genius he asserts to be the Divine Idea taking full possession of a man, impelling him against the will and wish of his sensual, personal nature, as though he were a passive instrument, forward to universal activity—to the skill which is demanded for its exercise, and to the industry which is necessary for the acquisition of that skill. But inasmuch as it is impossible to ascertain at once whether true genius be in a man, the lecturer offers this sensible advice to all students.

This disposition of things, which is as wise as it is necessary, leaves but one course open to the youthful student, who cannot know with certainty whether or not Genius dwells within him,—this, namely, that he continue to act as though there were resident within him that which must at last come to light; that he subject himself to all the conditions, and place himself in all circumstances, in which, if present, it may come to light; that, with untiring industry and true devotion of his whole mind, he avail himself of all the means which learned culture offers to him. In the worst case,—if at the termination of his studies he finds that out of the mass of learning which he has accumulated not one spark of the Idea has beamed upon him, there yet remains for him, at least, a consciousness which is more indispensable to man than even genius itself, and without which the possessor of the greatest genius is far less worthy than he,—the consciousness that if he has not risen higher no blame can attach itself to him—that the point at which he has stopped short is the place which God has assigned to him, whose law he will joyfully obey. No one need pride himself upon genius, for it is the free gift of God; but of honest industry and true devotion to his destiny any man may well be proud; indeed this thorough integrity of purpose is itself the Divine Idea in its most common form, and no really honest mind is without communion with God.

In the next lecture he treats of integrity in study, meaning by this that the scholar should devote himself to his task with singleness of purpose, for the sake of the knowledge itself, and not for any personal ends to be achieved by it. This is

THE IDEA OF INTEGRITY.

Man shall *be* and *do* something; his temporal life shall leave behind it in the spiritual world an imperishable and eternal result—a particular result arising from the life of each individual, belonging to him alone and demanded of him alone. It is thus that the true-minded man looks upon all personal life in time, and particularly on that life which lies nearest to him—namely, his own. He in whom this integrity has become a living idea cannot conceive of human life in any other way than this;—from this principle he sets forth, to it he constantly returns, and by it he regulates all his other modes of thought. Only in so far as he obeys this law and fulfils this purpose, which he recognises as his being's end and aim, is he satisfied with himself: every thing in him which is not directed to this high end—which is not evidently a means to its attainment, he despises, hates, desires to have swept away. He looks upon his individual person as a thought of the Deity; and thus his vocation—the design of his being—is to him as a purpose of God himself. This, and nothing else, is the *idea* of integrity,—whether he who is ruled by it calls it by this *name* or by another.

And thus will the honest student reason with himself:—

I, this sent, this expressly commissioned individual as I may now call myself, am actually here—have entered into existence for this cause and no other,—that the eternal counsel of God in this universe may through me be seen of men in another, hitherto unknown light,—be made clearly manifest, and shine forth with inextinguishable lustre over the world; and this phase of the Divine Thought, thus bound up with my person, is the only true living being within me; all else, though looked upon even by myself as belonging to my being, is dream, shadow, nothing;—this alone is imperishable and eternal within me; all else will again disappear in the void from which it has seemingly, but never really, come forth.

Thus in this thought does "the student become holy and honourable to himself above every thing else, not in respect of what *he is*, but of what he *should be*, and what he evermore must strive *to become*." How this integrity shews itself is the theme of the fifth lecture. The sum is, that "he shuns the contact of the vulgar and ignoble of soul."

After treating of academical freedom, the lecturer proceeds to review the bearing and duties of the finished scholar, which he concludes with this eloquent exhortation:—

Would that I could make myself intelligible to you,—would that I could persuade you,—touching this one point which we now approach on every side!—Whatever man may do, so long as he does it from himself, as a finite being, by himself, and through his own counsel,—it is vain, and will sink to nothing. Only when a foreign power takes possession of him, and urges him forward, and lives within him in room of his own energy, does true and real existence first take up its abode in his life. This foreign power is ever the power of God. To look up to it for counsel—implicitly to follow its guidance,—is the only true wisdom in every employment of human life, and therefore most of all in the highest occupation of which man can partake,—the vocation of the true scholar.

The eighth lecture considers the scholar as ruler, and the last sentence sums up the requirements:—

It is the business of all mankind to see that the conviction of the Divine Existence, without which the very essence of their own being dwindles into nothing, should never perish and disappear from among them;—above all, it is the business of the rulers, as the highest disposers of human affairs. It is not their part to bring forward the *theoretical* proof of this from human reason, or to regulate the mode in which this proof shall be adduced by the second class of scholars; on the contrary, the *practical* proof of it, in their own lives, and that in the highest degree, devolves peculiarly upon them. If firm and intrepid will—if clear and all-comprehensive vision—if a spirit of order and nobility speak to us in their conduct, then in their works do we see God face to face, and need no other proof;—GOD IS, we will say,—for they are, and He in them.

The scholar as teacher is next examined, and his duties are minutely set forth. One bit of advice may be useful in many quarters.

In every word uttered by the academical teacher in the exercise of his calling, let it be knowledge that speaks,—let it be his longings to extend her dominion,—let it be his deep love for his hearers, not as *his* hearers, but as the future ministers of knowledge: knowledge, and these living desires to extend her dominion,—let these speak, not the teacher. An effort to speak for the mere sake of speaking—to speak finely for the sake of fine speaking, and that others may know of it—the disease of word-making—sounding words, in which nevertheless no idea is audible,—is consistent with no man's dignity, and least of all with that of the academic teacher, who represents the dignity of knowledge to future generations.

Lastly, he reviews the duties that devolve upon the scholar as author, and in this he is especially severe upon booksellers and book-writers, and especially upon reviews and reviewers. He appears to feel a great aversion to Literary Journals, but he mistakes our vocation. It is not so much to pass judgment upon books and authors as to make known to the busy world, who could not possibly read every book that is published, what is doing in the world of mind, what books make their appearance, what is their subject-matter, and generally the manner of their execution, to the intent that the reader may judge for himself, and select from the multitude such as may please his taste or pique his curiosity. Thus do we perform an essential service alike to authors, booksellers, and the public, for without the intervention of the Literary Journal nine-tenths of all the books that appear would perish without so much as their names, much less their merits, being made known to the public.

The first duty of the author, says FICHTE, is to proclaim the truth, fearless of consequences.

He will not allow himself to be restrained, by forbearance towards any person, from demolishing error and establishing truth in its place. The worst insult that could be offered, even to a half-educated man, would be to suppose that he could be offended by the exposure of an error which he entertained, or the proclamation of a truth which had escaped his notice. From this bold and open profession of truth, as he perceives it, without regard to any man, he will suffer nothing to lead him astray, not even the politely expressed contempt of the so-called fashionable world, which can only conceive of the literary voca-

tion by comparison with its own social circle, and would impose the etiquette of the court upon the conduct of the scholar.

Once more we commend these Lectures to the study of our readers. We shall hereafter notice the prefixed memoir in its proper place.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the Reign of King George III. By HORACE WALPOLE. Now first published from the Original MSS., with notes by Sir DENIS LE MARCHANT, Bart. Vols. III. and IV. London, 1845. Bentley.

WE have already noticed the two first volumes of this work, and the remarks then made upon them are amply sustained by the perusal of their successors. HORACE WALPOLE'S Memoirs are not History, but only materials for History. This, however, by no means detracts from their value for the book-shelf, and certainly adds largely to their attractions for the general reader. The best regular history that ever was penned could not so rivet the attention and carve itself upon the memory, as do the easy, rapid sketches from the life, drawn by the careless and elegant courtier, who describes what he saw and is inspired by recollections of emotions he had himself felt. Personal likes and dislikes may somewhat colour his pictures; but that detracts little from their worth, for they seldom lead him to distortion or suppression of facts; and upon the whole we may regard these Memoirs of the reign of the third GEORGE as the best and most correct account we have yet received, for they reveal to us the secret springs of much that we were wont to attribute to causes far different.

But all the worth of these volumes is not comprised in the Memoirs. The Editor has added a profusion of notes, further illustrative of the times and topics treated of in the text, and which he has gleaned from numerous original and authentic sources. Many valuable records have been laid open to him by the kindness of friends. The treasures preserved in the family archives of the Duke of GRAFTON, Lord MINTO, the Duke of BEDFORD, Lady C. LINDSAY, and others, have been freely offered to his investigation, and the gleanings are sufficient in quantity and in interest to have formed a distinct work, instead of being attached as notes to another text. We hope that even yet a volume may be selected by the judicious eye of Sir D. LE MARCHANT, which shall give us the cream of the rich stores that have been submitted to his inspection. It would be a welcome addition to the library, and an attractive dish for the public.

The volumes before us carry on the Memoirs of WALPOLE from 1767 to 1771, and conclude with an appendix by the Editor. The narrative relates for the most part to the second ministry of Lord CHATHAM, that "piece of joinery," that "diversified mosaic," immortalized by the description of BURKE. Its results are shewn in the following extraordinary scene, which took place on the occasion of DYSON moving for leave to introduce a bill affecting certain powers of the East-India Company.

It was on that day, and on that occasion, that Charles Townshend displayed in a latitude beyond belief the amazing powers of his capacity, and the no less amazing incongruities of his character. He had taken on himself, early in the day, the examination of the Company's conduct; and in a very cool, sensible speech on that occasion, and with a becoming consciousness of his own levity, had told the House that he hoped he had atoned for the inconsideration of his past life by the care he had taken of that business. He had scarce uttered this speech, but, as if to atone for that (however false) atonement, he left the house and went home to dinner, not concerning himself with Dyson's motion that was to follow. As that motion was, however, of a novel nature, it produced suspicion, objection, and difficulties. Conway being pressed, and not caring to be the sole champion of an invidious measure, that was in reality not only in Townshend's province, but which he had had a principal hand in framing, sent for him back to the house. He returned about eight in the evening, half-drunk with champagne, and more intoxicated with spirits. He rose to speak without giving himself time to learn, and without caring what had been in agitation, except that the motion had given an alarm. The first thing he did was to call God to witness that he had not been consulted on the motion—a confession implying that he was not consulted on a business in his own department; and the more marvellous, as the disgrace of which he seemed to complain or boast was absolutely false. There were sitting round him twelve persons who had been in consultation with him that very morning, and with his assistance had drawn up the motion on his own table, and who were petrified at his most unparalleled effrontery and causeless want of truth. When he sat down again, Conway asked him softly, how he could affirm so gross a falsehood? He replied carelessly, "I thought it would be better to say so;" but before he sat down, he had poured forth a torrent of wit, parts, humour, knowledge, absurdity, vanity and fiction, heightened by all the graces of comedy, the happiness of allusion and quotation, and the buffoonery of farce. To the purpose of the question he said not a syllable. It was a descant on the times, a picture of parties, of their leaders, of their hopes and defects. It was an encomium and a satire on himself; and while he painted the pretensions of birth, riches, connections, favour, titles; while he affected to praise Lord Rockingham and that faction, and yet insinuated that but parts like his own were qualified to preside; and while he less covertly arraigned the wild incapacity of Lord Chatham, he excited such murmurs of wonder, admiration, applause, laughter, pity, and scorn, that nothing was so true as the sentence with which he concluded, when speaking of Government; he said, it was become what he himself had often been called, a weathercock. Such was the wit, abundance, and impropriety of this speech, that for some days men could talk or inquire of nothing else. "Did you hear Charles Townshend's champagne speech?" was the universal question. For myself, I protest it was the most singular pleasure of the kind I ever tasted. The bacchanalian enthusiasm of Pindar flowed in torrents less rapid and less eloquent, and inspires less delight, than Townshend's imagery, which conveyed meaning in every sentence. It was Garrick writing and acting extempore scenes of Congreve. A light circumstance increased the mirth of the audience. In the fervour of speaking Townshend rubbed off the patch from his eye, which he had represented as grievously cut three days before: no mark was discernible, but to the nearest spectators a scratch so slight that he might have made, and perhaps had made, himself, with a pin. To me the entertainment of the day was complete. He went to supper with us at Mr. Conway's, where, the flood of his gaiety not being exhausted, he kept the table in a roar till two in the morning, by various sallies and pictures, the last of which was a scene in which he mimicked inimitably his own wife, and another great lady with whom he fancied himself in love, and both whose foibles and manner he counterfeited to the life. Mere lassitude closed his lips at last, not the want of wit and new ideas.

WALPOLE'S account of the manner in which the king dealt with ministries to which he was not personally favourable is creditable to his good sense, and somewhat different from the conduct usually attributed to him. Thus writes WALPOLE in 1767.

Nothing now remained but to resettle the administration as we could on its old bottom, no new forces being to be had. But I must make a few observations. In all my experience of the king, or knowledge of his measures, he never interfered with his ministers, scarce took any part in his own business (I speak of the past years of his reign), unless when he was to undo an administration. Whether hating or liking the persons he employed, the moment he took them he seemed to resign himself entirely to their conduct for the time. If what they proposed was very disagreeable to him, at most he avoided it by delay. How far he had entered into his mother's and Lord Bute's plans while they were all-powerful, at the beginning of his reign, cannot be known. Afterwards he had, undoubtedly, confidence in none of his ministers; which, according with his extreme indolence and indifference to all men, his ministers found little obstruction to their views from the closet, till the greater indolence of the Duke of Grafton and Lord North taught his majesty to act on his own judgment, assisted by the secret junto of the creatures of Lord Bute. The sensible disgrace that fell on the crown from so frequent a change of ministries had at last alarmed the king, and made a lasting impression; and yet the ruling principle of the reign—which had been, by breaking and dividing all parties, to draw attention and dependence only to the king himself—had succeeded so happily, that even these storms tended to strengthen the unbounded influence at which the king aspired, and which he pursued invariably on every returning calm. The ductility and congenial indolence of the Duke of Grafton, accompanied with much respect and good breeding, fixed his majesty in preferring him to all the men whom he could employ: and though the duke not long afterwards fell into a connection of very ill-odour at court, yet the tedious tyranny of Grenville, and the inveteracy of Rockingham to Bute, were so much more dreaded, that Grafton did not cease to be almost a favourite; with the additional comfort to the king, that if forced to sacrifice him, it would be the loss of an useful tool, rather than of a minister for whom he had any fondness. Another observation is, that during the whole preceding negotiation the names of Lord Chatham and Charles Townshend were scarce mentioned, so insignificant had both rendered themselves to the nation and

to every faction in it. I cannot help reflecting, too, that had the Duke of Cumberland or the Duke of Devonshire lived, men in the prime of their age, many of the follies I have been recounting had probably been avoided. The excellent sense of the former would have kept Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes within bounds; and the deference of his royal highness for the Crown would have restrained them from the excesses into which they fell against the king, the princess, and the favourite; for though nobody had less partiality to the two latter, he would not have encouraged a useless inveteracy, when himself would have enjoyed so much credit in the government.

Our readers must be sufficiently familiar with the story of the last days of the CHATHAM ministry, when the great orator having, or feigning, illness retired into his chamber, and doggedly refused either his presence or counsel in the urgency of public affairs. It was in these circumstances that an attempt was made to form a new ministry by a union of opposing interests. The meeting and its results are thus graphically described by WALPOLE.

On the 20th, a meeting was held at the Duke of Newcastle's, of Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Richmond, and Dowdeswell, with Newcastle himself, on one part; and of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Weymouth, and Rigby on the other. The Duke of Bedford had powers from Grenville to act for him, but did not seem to like Lord Rockingham's taking on himself to name to places. On the latter asking what friends they wished to prefer, Rigby said, with his cavalier bluntness, "Take the Court Calendar and give them one, two, three thousand pounds a year." Bedford observed that they had said nothing on measures: Mr. Grenville would insist on the sovereignty of this country over America being asserted. Lord Rockingham replied, he would never allow it to be a question whether he had given up this country: he never had. The duke insisted on a declaration. The Duke of Richmond said, "We may as well demand one from you, that you never will disturb that country again." Neither would yield. However, though they could not agree on measures, as the distribution of places was more the object of their thoughts and of their meeting, they reverted to that topic. Lord Rockingham named Mr. Conway; Bedford started; said, he had no notion of Conway; had thought he was to return to the military line. The Duke of Richmond said; it was true Mr. Conway did not desire a civil place; did not know whether he would be persuaded to accept one; but they were so bound to him for his resignation, and thought him so able, they must insist. The Duke of Bedford said, Conway was an officer *sans tâche*, but not a mnister *sans tâche*. Rigby said not one of the present cabinet should be saved. Dowdeswell asked, "What! not one?"—"No."—"What! not Charles Townshend?" "Oh," said Rigby, "that is different; besides, he has been in opposition." "So has Conway," said Dowdeswell; "he has voted twice against the Court, Townshend but once." "But," said Rigby, "Conway is Bute's man." "Pray," said Dowdeswell, "is not Charles Townshend Bute's?" "Ay, but Conway is governed by his brother Hertford, who is Bute's."—"So is Charles Townshend by his brother, who is Bute's."—"But Lady Ailesbury is a Scotch-woman."—"So is Lady Dalkeith." From this dialogue the assembly fell to wrangle, and broke up quarrelling. So high did the heats go, that the Cavendishes ran about the town, publishing the issue of the conference, and taxing the Bedfords with treachery.

We must not omit a specimen of WALPOLE's portrait-painting. Here is his

CHARACTER OF LORD NORTH.

He had knowledge, and though fond of his amusement, seemed to have all necessary activity till he reached the summit. Yet that industry ceased when it became most requisite. He had neither system, nor principles, nor shame; sought neither the favour of the Crown nor of the people, but enjoyed the good luck of fortune with a gluttonous epicurism that was equally careless of glory and disgrace. His indolence prevented his forming any plan. His indifference made him leap from one extreme to another; and his insensibility to reproach reconciled him to any contradiction. He proved as indolent as the Duke of Grafton, but his temper being as good as the duke's was bad, he was less hurt at capital disgraces than the duke had been at trifling difficulties. Lord North's conduct in the American war displayed all these features. He engaged in it against his opinion, and yet without reluctance. He managed it without foresight or address, and was neither ashamed when it miscarried, nor dispirited when the Crown itself became endangered by the additional war with France. His good humour could not be good-nature, for at the beginning of the war he stuck at no cruelty, but laughed at barbarities with which all Europe rung. It could not be good sense, for in the progress he blushed at none of the mischiefs he had occasioned, at none of the reproaches he had incurred. Like the Duke of Grafton, he was always affecting a disposition to retire, yet never did. Unlike the duke, who secured no emoluments to himself, Lord North engrossed whatever fell in his way, and sometimes was bribed by the Crown to promote acts against which he pretended his conscience recoiled—but it never was delicate when profit was in the opposite scale. If he had ambition, it was of very mean complexion, for he stooped to be but a nominal prime minister, and suffered the king's private junto to enjoy the whole credit of favour, while, between submission and laziness, Lord North himself was seldom the author of the measures in which he bore the principal part. This passive and inglorious tractability, and his being connected with no faction, made him welcome to the king; his having no predominant fault or vice recommended him to the nation; and his good-humour and wit to everybody but to the few whom his want of good-breeding and attention offended. One singularity came out in his character, which was, that no man was more ready for extremes under the administration of others, no man more temperate than Lord North during his own; in effect, he was a man whom few hated, fewer could esteem. As a minister he had no foresight, no consistence, no firmness, no spirit. He miscarried in all he undertook in America, was more improvident than unfortunate, less unfortunate than he deserved to be. If he was free from vices, he was as void of virtues; and it is a paltry eulogium of a prime minister of a great country, yet the best that can be alloted to Lord North, that, though his country was ruined under his administration, he preserved his good-humour, and neither felt for his country nor for himself. Yet it is true, too, that he was the least odious of the ministers with whom he acted; and though servile in obedience to a prince who meant so ill, there was reason to think that Lord North neither stimulated nor was more than the passive instrument of the black designs of the Court.

It would be absurd to attempt an abstract of a history so varied as this. A few anecdotes gathered from the Editor's notes will, however, be acceptable. Sir DENIS has collected, under the year 1768, a curious account of some of the political squibs and other partisan publications of the day, from which he has extracted passages of considerable wit and smartness. A mock-heroic poem, entitled *Rodondo*, written by DALRYMPLE, was a bitter attack on CHATHAM. Here is a passage that will exhibit its spirit:—

He raised the nation's apprehensions
With court-corruption, places, pensions:
Words which, when well dissected, mean,
That *I* am *out* and you are *in*;
And which, when properly repeated
In every question that's debated,
Can ope a thousand mouths at once,
And make a hero of a dunce.
Your IF is good at making peace:
Rodondo went to war with these.
* * * * *
The nation knows
My maxim ever was, *Oppose*;
And be the minister who will,
My maxim is, Oppose him still.
For though to Britain necessary,
'Tis good for me that all miscarry,
Excepting *one*—I need not name him,—
Envy herself would blush to blame him.

WALPOLE's summary of the characters of his contemporaries, and of the designs of the monarch, is not calculated to exalt our estimate of the public men of that day:

Let it be observed, however, that, when I impute to the king and his mother little more than a formed design of reducing the usurped authority of the great lords, I am far from meaning that there were not deeper designs at bottom. Lord Mansfield was by principle a tyrant; Lord Holland was bred in a monarchic school, was cruel, revengeful, daring, and subtle. Grenville, though in principle a republican, was bold, proud, dictatorial, and so self-willed that he would have expected Liberty herself should be his first slave. The Bedford faction, except the duke himself, were void of honour, honesty, and virtue; and the Scotch were whatever their masters wished them to be, and too envious of the English, and became too much provoked by them not to lend all their mischievous abilities towards the ruin of a constitution, whose benefits the English had imparted to them, but did not like they should engross. All these individuals or factions, I do not doubt, accepted and fomented the disposition they found predominant in the cabinet, as they had severally access to it; and the contradictions which the king suffered in his ill-advised measures, riveted in him a thirst of delivering himself from control, and to be above control he must be absolute. Thus on the innate desire of unbounded power in all

princes, was engrafted a hate to the freedom of the subject, and therefore, whether the king set out with a plan of extending his prerogative, or adopted it, his subsequent measures, as often as he had an opportunity of directing them himself, tended to the sole object of acting by his own will. Frequent convulsions did that pursuit occasion, and heavy mortifications to himself. On the nation it heaped disgrace, and brought it to the brink of ruin; and should the event be consonant to the king's wishes of establishing the royal authority at home, it is more sure that the country will be so lowered, that the sovereign will become as subject to the mandates of France as any little potentate in Europe.

We now close this work, which is one of the most valuable of modern contributions to the already rich stores of English history.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The World Surveyed in the Nineteenth Century; or, recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions (undertaken chiefly by command of Foreign Governments). Translated and (where necessary) abridged by W. D. Cooley. Vol. I.—*Parrot's Journey to Ararat.* Longman and Co. 1845.

The plan of this publication is excellent. At present the English people have but an imperfect notion of what other countries are effecting in geographical research. The only information that reaches us at all is to be found in the foreign reviews which occasionally notice foreign books of travel. But this affords too superficial an acquaintance with a work abounding in valuable facts to satisfy curiosity. Mr. Cooley therefore deserves cordial support in his bold endeavour to supply, by means of careful translations, the large addition to our store of geographical and ethnological knowledge accumulated by the travellers of other countries.

And a journey to Ararat has been most judiciously selected for the opening of the series. There could not be a more attractive subject. It will interest alike the general reader and the votary of science. It is a region of which our knowledge is singularly deficient, few travellers having devoted so much time to the mountain, although the neighbourhood has been pretty well explored.

Dr. Friedrich Parrot is a Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Dorpat, in the Russian dominions. He had long entertained the project of exploring Ararat and its neighbourhood, but was deterred by the state of the country, then in the hands of the Persians. On the conclusion of peace, however, he resolved to gratify his early wishes; and having been liberally aided by the Emperor Alexander, who sent with him an astronomer named Vassili Federov, and a field-jäger, he set forth in April 1829. Two medical students and a friend versed in mineralogy volunteered to join him, and thus the expedition was swoln to six persons.

On the 10th of May they arrived at New Cherkask, when they found themselves among the Kalmuk Tartars, who inhabit the plains that surround the city, and of whose roving habits M. Parrot gives a minute and curious account. They refuse to live in fixed habitations, but use a sort of portable house, which they call a kibitka, and which they can erect or remove in an hour. They acknowledge a sort of rude religion, and one of their temples is thus described:—

> Here, hang a number of distorted representations of their divinities on the walls; there, is reverentially preserved a brazen idol, cast for their principal god, who is generally represented as a female, like many others among them, and often with four or six arms, and similar hideous deformities of shape. In another place lie piled in chests their sacred writings, obtained from Mongolia or Tibet, and which are intelligible, or rather legible, to none but the initiated; that is to say, their high priest or lama, and the officiating minister or gellong. Their religious service, too, judging from what I had an opportunity of observing, is in no respect more elevating. The priests seat themselves in the kibitka, with their legs bent under them, and the soles of their feet turned upwards, or, as the Mongolians express it, in sceptre fashion, so as to be ranged in two lines opposite to each other from the entrance. In this posture they remain, as immoveable as statues, and chant or sing their prayers on a sort of rosary, interrupted from time to time by the harsh, discordant tones of a peculiar kind of brazen cornets, accompanied with the clang of kettle-drums and cymbals, and the deep but clear bass notes of two straight wooden trumpets, six feet long; which latter, however, I only saw introduced in the elegant stone church built at Astrakhan, by the Kalmuk chief whom I have already mentioned. As for the laity even of the same khatun only taking a part in the daily worship of their gods, they are effectually precluded from that, by the smallness of the kibitka in which it is performed; much less can the inmates of those khatuns which are six or twelve miles distant, catch the sound even of the music. They content themselves with the assurance that the lamas and gellongs are offering up their prayers enjoined by their ritual for the welfare of the Kalmuk community. As the constitution of their church teaches no distinction between Sundays and weekdays, their prayers are limited to a short formula, which they repeat as a sort of charm or spell upon every important occurrence, and without any very clear conception of its import.

But we cannot follow him through his route to Ararat. To do this would occupy half-a-dozen Critics; and justice to other works of equal worth compels us to be brief with this, therefore we come at once to the main object of the expedition, the ascent of Ararat.

> It was early on the morning of the 12th of September that the party began their ascent from the hermitage of St. James. After crossing a deep gorge, they began to climb the rough and rocky sides. They found the task extremely tedious, in consequence of the steepness and ruggedness of the path; and it was not until nearly sunset that they reached the boundary of the snow, where they resolved to rest for the night. At early morning they renewed their journey, climbing now amid snow and ice broken by the projecting points of huge steep rocks. Thus they passed the first glacier, and so wearisome was it, that ere they reached the other side, two of the attendants had turned back in fear. Another glacier was crossed in like manner, and then they reached the edge of the crown of ice that covered the entire head of the mountain. They were now nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent of the sea of ice was a tremendous task; it was difficult to find a secure footing and the small, rough ledges, to which they were compelled to trust, frequently gave way beneath them and they were only saved from slipping down the precipice by the Alpen-stuck, with which they made holes in the ice, and sustained themselves as they advanced from one perilous step to another. By three o'clock they had reached a height equal to that of Mont Blanc, and yet the peak of Ararat was still glowing in the sky far above them. It would have been impossible to reach it before night-fall, so they determined on descending. As usual, there was more danger and difficulty in this even than in the ascent. Nor did they escape without an accident.
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> Satisfied with the result, and with having ascertained that the mountain was by no means wholly inaccessible on this side, and having made our barometrical observations, we turned about and immediately fell into a danger which we never dreamt of in ascending. For, while the footing is generally less sure in descending a mountain than in ascending it, at the same time it is extremely difficult to restrain one's self and to tread with the requisite caution, when looking from above upon such a uniform survey of ice and snow, as spread from beneath our feet to the distance of two-thirds of a mile without interruption, and on which, if we happened to slip and fall, there was nothing to prevent our rapidly shooting downwards, except the angular fragments of rock which bounded the region of ice. The danger here lies more in want of habit than in real difficulty. The active spirit of my young friend, now engaged in his first mountain journey, and whose strength and courage were able to cope with harder trials, was yet unable to withstand this: treading incautiously, he fell; but, as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to strike my staff before me in the ice as deep as it would go, to plant my foot firmly on my excellent many-pointed ice-shoe, and, while my right hand grasped the staff, to catch M. Schiemann with my left, as he was sliding by. My position was good, and resisted the impetus of his fall; but the tie of the ice-shoe, although so strong that it appeared to be of a piece with the sole, gave way with the strain; the straps were cut through as if with a knife, and, unable to support the double weight on the bare sole, I also fell. M. Schiemann, rolling against two stones, came to a stoppage with little injury, sooner than myself; the distance over which I was hurried, almost unconsciously, was little short of a quarter of a mile, and ended in the debris of lava, not far from the border of the glacier.
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> A few bruises, however, were all the injury that M. Parrot received; but the barometer was broken, and that was an irreparable loss. They found their attendant waiting for them

at the foot of the glacier, and on the following evening they reached again the hermitage of St. James.

Undismayed by their narrow escape from destruction, our adventurous travellers resolved once more to make the attempt, and having refreshed the mules by rest, they set forth again upon the hazardous expedition. But this time they availed themselves of past experience, and they enlisted the services of some volunteer recruits. The party now consisted of the three travellers, with the deacon ABOVIAN, four Arminian peasants, three Russian soldiers, and a driver with four oxen carrying provisions, clothing, &c. They commenced the ascent on the north-west side of the mountain. Their way led first over grass land, then came sands and lava, then an extensive plain. From this the mountain rose abruptly, and the climb was steep and stiff, until they reached the ice. So far they were enabled to urge on the oxen, but here it was found necessary to form a sort of encampment, the provisions and clothing being stowed away for use, and the animals turned out to feed. In about two hours they gained the limits of eternal snow.

For an instant we halted at the foot of the pyramid of snow which before our eyes was projected with wondrous grandeur on the clear blue sky: we chose out such matters as could be dispensed with, and left them behind a rock; then serious and in silence, and not without a devout shuddering, we set foot upon that region which certainly since Noah's time no human being had ever trodden. At first the progress was easy, because the acclivity was not very steep, and besides it was covered with a layer of fresh snow, on which it was easy to walk; the few cracks in the ice, also, which occurred, were of no great breadth, and could easily be stepped over. But this joy did not last long; for, after we had advanced about 200 paces, the steepness increased to such a degree, that we were no longer able to tread securely on the snow, but, in order to save ourselves from sliding down on the ice beneath it, we were obliged to have recourse to that measure, for the employment of which I had taken care to equip myself and my companions, namely, the cutting of steps. Although that which is called ice on such mountains is in reality snow converted into a glacier, that is to say, permeated with water and again frozen, in which case it is far from possessing the solidity of true ice, yet like this it does not yield to the pressure of the foot, and requires, where the slope is very rapid, the cutting of steps. For this purpose some of us had brought little axes, some bill-hooks, while others again made use of the ice staff. The general rule in the ascent was, that the leader should only cut the ice, just enough to allow himself to mount, and that each as he followed should enlarge the step; and thus while the labour of the foremost was lightened, a good path was prepared for the descent, wherein much firmer footing is required than in ascending.

It should be mentioned that they had brought with them a cross, which they intended to plant on the mountain top. This, however, they found a great incumbrance in their tedious climbing. Scaling crags and slipping over ice peaks, they gained, after a long lapse of time, a small platform of snow, above which the peak of Ararat was still seen to soar into the sky. They ascertained that they were now 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, the highest point ever reached by man. The night was coming; they were exhausted with fatigue: a damp wind was blowing that betokened a snow-storm. Reluctantly they resolved to proceed no further, but here to set up the cross, and then descend. Having performed the pious ceremony, they turned their steps, and, without accident, regained the point at the edge of the snow where they had left their oxen, provisions, and warm clothing, and on the following day they were again at the hermitage.

M. PARROT, however, was not satisfied. He still entertained a wish to make one more trial. At length an opportunity offered. A few days afterwards, his companions having rambled forth on a botanical excursion, the weather being fine, M. PARROT resolved to make one more attempt. Accompanied by the Deacon ABOVIAN, two soldiers, a volunteer from Dorpat, and a peasant, he started on the 8th of October, and reached again the border of the snow, where they passed the night, almost in comfort, the consequence, he says, of eating profusely of onion soup, which he recommends to travellers on the mountains. This time his perseverance was rewarded. But let us hear his own account of the achievement.

At the first dawn we roused ourselves up, and at about half-past six proceeded on our march. The last tracts of rocky fragments were crossed in about half an hour, and we once more trod on the limits of perpetual snow nearly in the same place as before, having first lightened ourselves by depositing near some heaps of stones such articles as we could dispense with. But the snowy region had undergone a great, and for us by no means favourable change. The newly fallen snow, which had been of some use to us in our former attempt, had since melted, from the increased heat of the weather, and was now changed into glacier ice, so that notwithstanding the moderate steepness of the acclivity, it would be necessary to cut steps from below. This made our progress a laborious affair, and demanded the full exertion of our strength from the first starting. We were obliged to leave one of the peasants behind at the place where we spent the night, as he complained of illness; two others, tired in ascending the glacier, stopped at first only to rest, but afterwards went back to the same station. The rest of us, without allowing ourselves to be detained an instant by these accidents, pushed on unremittingly to our object, rather excited than discouraged by the difficulties in our way. We soon after came again to the great crack which marks the upper edge of the icy slope just ascended, and about ten o'clock we found ourselves exactly in the place where we had arrived on the former occasion at noon, that is to say, on the great plain of SNOW, which forms the first step downward from the icy head of Ararat. We saw from a distance of about half a mile the cross erected on the 19th September, but it looked so uncommonly small, perhaps owing to its black colour, that I could not help doubting whether I should be able to make it out, and to recognise it with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction of the summit we had before us an acclivity shorter but steeper than that just passed over; and between it and the furthest pinnacle there seemed to intervene only a gentle swelling of the ground. After a short rest, we ascended with the aid of hewn steps the next slope (the steepest of all), and then another elevation; but now, instead of seeing immediately in front of us the grand object of all our exertions, a whole row of hills had developed itself to our eyes, and completely intercepted the view of the summit. At this our spirits, which had never fluctuated so long as we supposed that we had a view of all the difficulties to be surmounted, sank not a little, and our strength, exhausted by the hard work of cutting steps in the ice, seemed hardly adequate to the attainment of the now invisible goal. Yet, on calculating what was already done and what remained to be done, on considering the proximity of the succeeding row of heights, and casting a glance at my hearty followers, care fled, and "boldly onwards!" resounded in my bosom. We passed without stopping over a couple of hills; there we felt the mountain wind; I pressed forward round a projecting mound of snow, and behold, before my eyes, now intoxicated with joy, lay the extreme cone, the highest pinnacle of Ararat. Still, a last effort was required of us to ascend a tract of ice by means of steps, and that accomplished, about a quarter past three on the 27th September (9th Oct.), 1829, WE STOOD ON THE TOP OF ARARAT.

The top of Ararat was found to be a platform, nearly cruciform in shape, about two hundred paces in circumference, and sloping off suddenly on all sides—a huge table of ice. The height by the barometer was noted as 17,210 feet above the level of the sea. The view was dimmed by a haze, but still it was magnificent. The mercury stood only at seven degrees below freezing-point. Here they remained about three-quarters of an hour, and then, having erected a cross, they descended, and with much difficulty regained their resting-place.

M. PARROT thus alludes to the event with which the name of Ararat is so auspiciously associated.

Should any one now inquire respecting the possibility of remains of the ark still existing on Ararat, it may be replied that there is nothing in that possibility incompatible with the laws of nature, if it only be assumed that immediately after the Flood the summit of that mountain began to be covered with perpetual ice and snow, an assumption which cannot reasonably be objected to. And when it is considered that on great mountains accumulated coverings of ice and snow exceeding 100 feet in thickness are by no means unusual, it is obvious that on the top of Ararat there may be easily a sufficient depth of ice to cover the ark, which was only thirty ells high.

We are bound to add, that very considerable doubt has been thrown over the veracity of the latter portion of M. PARROT'S narrative, and great controversies as to the practicability of the feat have been provoked among the geographers by the publication of his work. Into this learned quarrel we will not enter. We give the traveller's statements as we have them, and we can recommend his book to our readers or the book-club, as a very interesting and a very instructive contribution to our knowledge of the world we live in.

Journals of Expeditions of Discovery into Central Australia, and Overland from Adelaide to King George's Sound, in the Years 1840—1; *including an Account of the Manners and Customs of the Aborigines and the State of their Relations with Europeans.* By E. J. EYRE, Resident Magistrate, Murray River. 2 vols. T. and W. Boone.

As the title led us to suppose, these volumes are totally different from each other in their aim as well as substance, one being a journal of an expedition into the interior of Australia, and the other containing notes on the manners and customs of the natives of that new and promising colony.

Being more conversant with the land of his adoption, from Adelaide North and West, than any other explorer, the author of these volumes was chosen by his fellow-colonists and the Government to be the pioneer of an expedition to the centre of the Australian continent. At first he bore to the north, and soon arrived at Spencer's Gulf, an unfertile and ungratifying region. Lake Torrens was the next great object in his path. This lake is *apparently* filled with water, though whether it really be so or not, our author's information does not acquaint us, as he saw nothing but a kind of sludge. But let us hear his own description of this

MUD LAKE.

I found Lake Torrens completely girded by a steep sandy ridge, exactly like the sandy ridges bounding the sea-shore; no rocks or stones were visible anywhere, but many saline coasts peeped out in the outer ridge, and upon descending westerly to its basin, I found the dry bed of the lake coated completely over with a crust of salt, forming one unbroken sheet of pure white, and glittering brilliantly in the sun. On stepping upon this I found that it yielded to the foot, and that below the surface the bed of the lake consisted of a soft mud, and the further we advanced to the westward the more boggy it got, so that at last it became quite impossible to proceed, and I was obliged to return to the outer margin of the lake without ascertaining whether there was water on the surface of its bed further west or not. The extraordinary deception caused by mirage and refraction, arising from the state of the atmosphere in these regions, makes it almost impossible to believe the evidence of one's own eyesight: but as far as I could judge under these circumstances, it appeared to me that there was water in the bed of the lake at a distance of four or five miles from where I was, and at this point Lake Torrens was about fifteen or twenty miles across, having high land bounding it to the west, seemingly a continuation of the table land at the head of Spencer's gulf on its western side.

Being thus disappointed, after several other futile attempts in various directions, passing over much country exceedingly unproductive and barren, Mr. EYRE crossed the peninsula behind Port Lincoln, intending, at the first available opportunity, to advance inland in a westerly direction. The burning north-east winds convinced him that the attempt would be vain; and this was borne out by the information of some natives, that no water nor trees could be found inland. The great Australian bight was the next object of his adventurous enterprize; but the loss of his most valuable horses, and other reverses and sufferings, damped his ardour, and forced him to desist. Such an occurrence as the one here related may truly be deemed

A MISFORTUNE.

Leaving my artificial horizon on the ground outside, whilst I remained in the tent, waiting until Altair came to the meridian, I then took my sextant and went out to observe this star; but upon putting down my hand to take hold of the horizon-glass, in order to wipe the dew off, my fingers went into the quicksilver—the horizon-glass was gone, and also the piece of canvas I had put on the ground to lie down upon whilst observing so low an altitude as that of Vega. Searching a little more, I missed a spade, a parcel of horse-shoes, an axe, a tin dish, some ropes, a grubbing-hoe, and several smaller things, which had been left outside the tent, as not being likely to take any injury from the damp. It was evident I was surrounded by natives, who had stolen all these things during the short time I had been in my tent, certainly not exceeding half an hour. The night was very windy, and I had heard nothing; besides, I was encamped in the midst of a very dense brush of large, wide-spreading tea-trees and other bushes, any of which would afford a screen for a considerable number of natives. * * * * As soon as I missed my horizon-glass, and entertained the suspicion of natives being about, I hurried into the tent, and lighting a large blue light, run with it rapidly through the bushes around me. The effect of this was very beautiful amidst the darkness and gloom of the woods, and for a great distance in every direction, objects could be seen as well as by day. The natives, however, were gone; and I could only console myself by firing a couple of balls after them through the underwood, to warn them of the danger of intruding upon me again. I then put every thing which had been left outside into the tent, and kept watch for an hour or two, but my visiters came no more. * * * Rising very early, I set to work with an axe to clear away the bushes from around my tent. I now discovered that the natives had been concealed behind a large tea-tree, not twenty yards from the tent. There were numerous foot-marks there, and the remains of the fire-sticks which they had brought with them, for a native rarely moves at night without fire.

He, however, at length succeeded, and gained the bight, but only to be the more disappointed, for his party and drays were wholly unable to proceed. Our traveller was now in an unenviable dilemma. To advance with his party would be certain death, and to return with them would be the signal for contempt, the result of failure, and consequent disgrace. He therefore resolved to send his companions home, reserving to himself only his overseer and three native lads. The arrival at Adelaide of a detachment of his party gave rise to many unpleasant rumours, and the explorer's determination to prosecute his discoveries was regarded as the freak of a madman. Not so, however; it was the result of cool thought and resolution, founded upon close and scientific calculation. With his train thus reduced, he pursued his onward course. Large tracts of land, on which neither fodder nor water could be found, were now traversed. Hundreds of miles were thus crossed, under a tropical midsummer sun. Nor was this their only suffering. Two of the natives who still accompanied him proved faithless, murdered his overseer, and carried off his fire-arms. His other companion, too, was a doubtful personage. Yet, even in this awkward strait, Mr. EYRE'S philosophy did not forsake him, and his presence of mind remained unimpaired. Resolved to know his companion's purposes, he resorted to the following mode of testing

AUSTRALIAN GRATITUDE.

During the day, Wylie had caught two opossums, and as these were entirely the fruit of his own labour and skill, I did not interfere in their disposal; I was curious, moreover, to see how far I could rely upon his kindness and generosity, should circumstances ever compel me to depend upon him for a share of what he might procure. At night, therefore, I sat philosophically watching him whilst he proceeded to get supper ready, as yet ignorant whether I was to partake of it or not. After selecting the largest of the two animals, he prepared and cooked it, and then put away the other where he intended to sleep. I now saw that he had not the remotest intention of giving any to me, and asked him what he intended to do with the other one? He replied, that he should be hungry in the morning, and meant to keep it until then. Upon hearing this, I told him that his arrangements were very good, and that for the future I would follow the same system also, and that each should depend upon his own exertions in procering food, hinting to him, that as he was so much more skilful than I was, and as we had so very little flour left, I should be obliged to reserve this entirely for myself, but that I hoped he would have no difficulty in procuring as much food as he required. I was then about to open the flour-bag, and take a little out for my supper, when he became alarmed at the idea of getting no more, and stopped me, offering the other opossum, and volunteering to cook it properly for me. Trifling as this little occurrence was, it read me a lesson of caution, and taught me what value was to be placed upon the assistance or kindness of my companion, should circumstances ever place me in a situation to be dependent upon him. I felt a little hurt, too, at experiencing so little consideration from one whom I had treated with the greatest kindness, and who had been clothed and fed upon my bounty for the last fifteen months.

Saint George's Sound was at length reached, being a distance of 1,000 miles from the place of departure. During a considerable part of the journey no vegetables were procurable and water was scarce—so much so, that its discovery once in three or four days by digging in the earth was deemed great luck. Some parts, on the contrary, were exceedingly fertile, and the scenery is described as being often beautiful in the extreme.

Such is an *outline* of the exploring expedition of Mr. EYRE; and that this attempt at discovery was not in itself as promising or definite in its results as was anticipated by its projectors, is perhaps to be lamented. But with this we have nothing to do: the book being the subject of our comments.

That portion of the work devoted more particularly to the natives, their manners and customs, is certainly replete with interest as great as the hair-breadth escapes, the daring and undaunted attempts in search of knowledge, the privations and the misfortunes, which are recorded in the early part of the work.

From his public situation as resident magistrate of the Murray district, Mr. EYRE's testimony as to the natives intellect and character is acceptable, and can be confidently depended upon. It is his decided opinion that the Australians are not inferior to other savage races in mental endowments, and he asserts that a desire for moral improvement is observable in them. It is evident now, we believe, that those of the aborigines who have proved refractory and have become the enemies of the settlers were made so by the aggressions of those who now complain of their conduct. Driving them from their lands, and killing their women and children,—such was the greeting with which the natives were first saluted by the white men. What but pillage and war could be expected in return? But Mr. EYRE shews that a different conduct would have had the contrary effect, and here is his testimony:—

As resident magistrate of the Murray district, I may almost say that for the last three years I have lived with the natives. My duties have frequently taken me to very great distances up the Murray or the Darling rivers, when I was generally accompanied only by a single European, or at most two, and where, if attacked, there was no possibility of my receiving any human aid. I have gone almost alone among hordes of those fierce and blood-thirsty savages, as they were then considered, and have stood singly amongst them in the remote and trackless wilds, when hundreds were congregated around, without ever receiving the least injury or insult. In my first visits to the more distant tribes I found them shy, alarmed, and suspicious; but soon learning that I had no wish to injure them, they met me with readiness and confidence. My wishes became their law; they conceded points to me that they would not have done to their own people, and on many occasions cheerfully underwent hunger, thirst, and fatigue to serve me. Former habits and prejudices in some respects gave way to the influence I acquired. Tribes that never met or heard of one another before were brought to mingle in friendly intercourse. Single individuals traversed over immense distances and through many intervening tribes, which formerly they never could have attempted to pass, and in accomplishing this the white man's name alone was the talisman that proved their safeguard and protection. During the whole of the three years I was resident at Moorunde, not a single case of serious injury or aggression ever took place on the part of the natives against the Europeans; and a district, once considered the wildest and most dangerous, was, when I left it in November 1844, looked upon as one of the most peaceable and orderly in the province.

A slight further proof that the natives have hearts, like other men, is this account of

A WELCOME PRESENT.

I persuaded one of the natives, named "Wilguldy," an intelligent, cheerful old man, to accompany us as a guide; and as an inducement, had him mounted on a horse, to the great admiration and envy of his fellows, all of whom followed us on foot, keeping up in a line with the dray through the scrub, and procuring their food as they went along,—which consisted of snakes, lizards, guanas, bandicoots, rats, wallabies, &c. &c.; and it was surprising to see the apparent ease with which, in merely walking across the country, they each procured an abundant supply for the day. In one place in the scrub, we came to a large circular mound of sand, about two feet high and several yards in circumference: this they immediately began to explore, carefully throwing away the sand with their hands from the centre, until they had worked down to a deep narrow hole, round the sides of which, and imbedded in the sand, were four fine large eggs of a delicate pink colour, and fully the size of a goose-egg. I had often seen these hills before, but did not know that they were nests, and that they contained so valuable a prize to a traveller in the desert. The eggs were presented to me by the natives; and when cooked were of a very rich and delicate flavour. The nest was that of a wild pheasant (Leipoa), a bird of the size of a hen-pheasant of England, and greatly resembling it in appearance and plumage. These birds are very cautious and shy, and run rapidly through the underwood, rarely flying unless when closely pursued. The shell of the egg is thin and fragile; and the young are hatched entirely by the heat of the sun, scratching their way out as soon as they are born; at which time they are able to shift for themselves.

Mr. EYRE, perhaps from a misunderstanding of his meaning by the natives, once or twice was likely to get into difficulties with them. But his skill in quelling any disturbance and silencing complaints without resort to harsh means saved him from many a squabble. A few more extracts from this work, on whose contents we have already feasted so largely, must suffice:—

NATIVE SENSIBILITY.

Upon meeting children after a long absence, I have seen parents "fall upon their necks, and weep" bitterly. It is a mistaken idea, as well as an unjust one, that supposes the natives to be without sensibility of feeling. It may often be repressed from pride or policy, but it will sometimes break forth uncontrolled, and reveal that the best and genuine feelings of the heart are participated in by savage in common with civilized man. The following is an instance in point:—A fine intelligent young boy was, by his father's consent, living with me at the Murray for many weeks; but upon the old man's going into Adelaide, he took his son away to accompany him. Whilst there the boy died, and for nearly a year I never saw any thing more of the father, although he occasionally had been within a few miles of my neighbourhood. One day, however, I was out shooting about three miles from home, and accidentally fell in with him. Upon seeing me he immediately burst into tears, and was unable to speak. It was the first time he had met me since his son's death, and my presence forcibly reminded him of his loss. The same circumstance occurred when he accompanied me to the house, where every thing he saw recalled the memory of his child.

Many of their habits and customs shew a want of moral sense, and such does their mode of taking and treating wives. No marriage ceremony is performed and a wife is regarded merely as a slave.

AN AUSTRALIAN MARRIAGE.

In those cases where I have witnessed the giving away of a wife, the woman was simply ordered by the nearest male relative in whose disposal she was, to take up her "rocko," the bag in which a female carries the effects of a husband, and go to the man's camp to whom she had been given. Marriage is not looked upon as any pledge of chastity; indeed no such virtue is recognized. But little real affection consequently exists between husbands and wives, and young men value a wife principally for her services as a slave; in fact, when asked why they are anxious to obtain wives, their usual reply is, that they may get wood, water, and food for them, and carry whatever property they possess. In 1842 the wife of a native in Adelaide, a girl about eighteen, was confined, and recovered slowly; before she was well the tribe removed from the locality, and the husband preferred accompanying them, and left his wife to die, instead of remaining to attend upon her and administer to her wants.

The bravery of the natives cannot be disputed, but many defects and vices depress them in the scale of humanity. Chastity is unknown, and the aged and useless of their tribes are left in the wilds to die of starvation.

We must now close these interesting volumes, not, however, without expressing our high approval both of the matter they contain and of the manner of their compilation. We rise from the perusal of them with a feeling similar to that which follows the enjoyment of a pleasant work of fiction. The poet with his vaulting imagination, and the matter-of-fact reader in his more circumscribed arena, may alike find much material for meditation. The truth developed is assuredly stranger than any freaks of fancy, and we may at once greet the author as the Mungo Park of Australia.

FICTION.

Marco Visconti. From the Italian of TOMASO GROSSI. London, 1845. Burns.

THIS, we believe, is the first appearance of *Marco Visconti* in an English dress, and wearing the tasteful fashion for which Mr. BURNS is famous; elegantly bound, exquisitely printed, it cannot fail to be welcome to all readers of fiction, and especially to those who love the pure historical romance. The author candidly avows himself a disciple of MANZONI, and an imitation of the defects as well as of the excellences of the style of this latter is vexatiously apparent. We use this term because GROSSI has no need to be an imitator; he possesses powers in himself sufficient to permit him to rely on his own resources, and strike out his own pathway.

The plot is of profound interest; the characters are well imagined and accurately defined: the dialogues are lively, though at times somewhat too much extended, and the same fault is chargeable upon the descriptions. Minuteness is not necessarily accuracy; more effect is often produced by a few bold strokes than by hours of patient stippling. The translator has performed his task with eminent success; he has rendered the Italian into pure English, without sacrificing the peculiar characteristics of the original. He has caught and reflected the manner as well as the matter of the author. The pictorial illustrations are extremely clever. Mr. BURNS is advancing the arts as well as literature by the admirable series of works he is giving to the English public. While on this topic, let us recommend to him a republication of GRIMM'S Tales, similar to those some years since illustrated by CRUIKSHANK. They would be very popular, and the series might be enlarged.

The Levite; or Scenes Two Hundred Years ago. By ELIZABETH MURPHY. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Ollivier.

A CONTEMPORARY has taken the needless trouble formally to anatomize this very worthless production; exhibiting the absurdities of its plot, the stupidity of its characters, the meanness of its dialogues, its sins against sense and grammar, to the mingled laughter and indignation of the reader. Richly as the flagellation is deserved, the object of it was unworthy of the labour bestowed upon the task. It was breaking the butterfly upon the wheel. Miss MURPHY'S pretensions to authorcraft must be apparent to any person opening her volumes at any page. The only wonder is how a person of ordinary intelligence could have seen such trash in the proof without perceiving its worthlessness even in spite of parental blindness. We notice *The Levite* but to warn our readers against the purchase of it. For the same reason we briefly notice many other miserable works, believing that thus we perform an essential service to the members of book-clubs and to the circulating libraries, who are often tempted to order books, and especially novels, on the faith of the mere advertisement, and the name of a respectable publisher appended to it. Such might be the case in the present instance but for this warning. Mr. OLLIVIER is usually choice in his productions; he has brought out some really excellent works, and upon that reliance this might be selected. But the publisher must have trusted the perusal of *The Levite* to some other counsellor than his own good judgment, or he certainly would not have given to it the sanction of his name. We would advise him to be more cautious for the future.

POETRY.

Poems. By WILLIAM ANDERSON. Edinburgh: Menzies.

IN a recent review of Mr. MACKAY'S *Legends of the Isles*, we approved of the philosophy of the author, who concluded from his highly poetic thoughts that "the reward of song is in its utterance." Mr. ANDERSON inquires of the poet,

> And why should he his notes prolong
> If no one listen to his song?

Here is evidently a misgiving as to the purpose of poetry; a misgiving of its hold as a feeling and a sensation in the writer's mind, which is made more certain by this other question,

> Why strike with truest hands the string,
> If all his strains must *die?*

At the moment Mr. ANDERSON penned these lines he had forgotten the object and the power of poetry. Inasmuch as any number of poems written by an individual is sure to contain an infusion of some kind and quality of beauty, so it becomes an impossibility that such can die. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," KEATS remarks, and any thing worthy the name of poetry is such a thing. We are *not* cognizant of all that lives and dies in the world of letters. Men are too apt to think that all compositions die that are forgotten, and that all live which are sung in merry, and repeated in lonely, moments as the means of increasing mirth or solacing grief. Such is not the fact. An Irishman will often sing the songs of MOORE, and a Scot those of BURNS, but the fame of MOORE and BURNS is not limited by the faithfulness of the memory or the readiness of the tongue. Scores of songs that are not known by name, and never uttered, are still imprinted in mind. The recollection knows nothing of their individual existence, but the mind, like a mirror, has caught the reflection of a light and a beauty from the past, and which lives and acts through all future life. We read a poem in childhood, and having passed from such a state of existence to passionate youth, or more sober manhood, some new and glowing circumstance surrounds us. Then after a long life of slumber, there awakens, as the violet does, slowly but beautifully, the remembrance of our having seen, or felt, or read a corresponding circumstance. Of such a scene we had read, but the name of the author and of the poem were forgotten; yet the mind had singled out its more valuable part, and treasured it without the knowledge of the possessor of that mind. It may be that our actions and thoughts are governed in no mean degree by the influence of these unknown impressions. How then shall we decide of what lives or what dies of a poet's compositions? It is highly important that a poet should have a knowledge of the value of his labours. Wanting this knowledge, he can never be a great poet. The celebrated PASCAL dwindled to a puny and ignorant critic, when he said "Poetry has no settled object," and the bard who believes that "all his strains will die," commits like PASCAL an egregious error, and works, as SISYPHUS did, against the hill.

Thus earnest we have been, not so much to give advice to Mr. ANDERSON, as to give it to those timid poets who faint under the idea of oblivion, because their verses are not "familiar in men's mouths as household words." We know that a poet writes from the feeling of the moment, and therefore we are prepared to meet with contradictions. Very unlike the lines that we quoted in the commencement of this review, are Mr. ANDERSON'S high-souled stanzas entitled

THE SUNSHINE OF POETRY.

> Think not the poet's song
> Worthless or idle; do not deem his lay
> Fantastic, that he offers by the way,
> To make it seem less long.
>
> His numbers have their use,
> Though foolish they may sound to wordling's ear;
> His own lot, if no other's, they may cheer;
> His own content produce.
>
> Does he not add a light
> To earth-born beauty, wanting it unknown?
> To bloom give balm, to melody a tone,
> Make brightness seem more bright?
>
> Does he not fill the air
> With sights, and shapes, and shadows?—make the sky
> The dwelling-place of beings, which no eye
> But his can image there?
>
> And more than all, his lay
> Awakes new feelings in the human heart,
> And visions brings that never can depart,
> When once they feel his sway.
>
> To him the power is given
> To soothe the broken heart, the careworn mind;
> And the waked soul in dreams ecstatic bind,
> And bear away to heaven:
>
> For to none else does earth
> Look with so fair a promise; yea, to none
> Speaks she with such an eloquence of tone,
> Or to such thoughts gives birth.
>
> Ah! who may analyse
> The cloistered feelings of the poet's soul,
> When Nature's impulse vibrates through the whole,
> And Truth, that never dies!
>
> Creation's beauties bring
> Renewed enjoyment, and his genius fire;
> For every sight, and every sound, inspire
> His inmost heart to sing!
>
> His birthright is to live
> In citizenship with Nature;—and to hold
> Communion with her mysteries, his old
> And high prerogative!
>
> Seeks he for wealth, denied
> By wordlings, lucre-led, of sordid mind;
> His heritage,—free, fertile, unconfined,—
> Is Nature's pastures wide.

Pants he for peace, to throw
A solace on his soul! The voice that breathes
Its music, 'mong the wild flowers' clustering wreaths,
Does to his heart bestow

A bliss that none can share,
Save him whom Nature to some far-sought wild
Has led, anointed as her chosen child,
And made her sacred care.

Where'er the breezes roam,
The mountains soar, or ocean's wave is thrown,
The poet's spirit, free as Nature's own,
Finds for itself a home!

The above we have copied from *Landscape Lyrics*, which are honoured by a second edition, and which are decidedly the best of Mr. ANDERSON'S compositions. In the midst of verdant fields Mr. ANDERSON has schooled his muse, and therefore we find it speaking with a voice like the music of singing birds and rippling streams. Nature is still fresh and green, notwithstanding all that has been written about her. The gorgeousness of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* did not exhaust, although it drew largely from, her store of description. Nature is a very CLEOPATRA, and the custom of writing cannot "stale her infinite variety." As a volume of miscellaneous poems, we have seen few for the season more creditable. Mr. ANDERSON has the qualifications of a poet. His easy versification is less a recommendation than the earnest manner in which he has set about writing poetry. Walking in meadows, or sitting in the quiet of his study, he has still kept his fancy in subserviency to discriminating thought, without reducing that fancy to a frigidity or a formality. There are two things which poets would do well to avoid. One is, the clipping of fancy until it becomes too scholastic to be natural; and the other is the allowing it sufficiency of rein to make it extravagant. The education of taste is indispensable to a poet. Some of Mr. ANDERSON'S Scottish songs are choice, and marked with genuine simplicity; and we conclude this notice with stanzas contributed to the book of Scottish songs:—

I CANNA SLEEP.

I canna sleep a wink, lassie,
When I gang to bed at night,
But still o' thee I think, lassie,
Till morning sheds its light.
I lie an' think o'thee, lassie,
And I toss frae side to side,
Like a vessel on the sea, lassie,
When stormy is the tide.

My heart is no my ain, lassie,
It winna bide wi' me,
Like a birdie it has gane, lassie,
To nestle saft wi' thee.
I canna lure it back, lassie,
Sae keep it to yoursel';
But oh! it sune will brak, lassie,
If you dinna use it well.

Where the treasure is, they say, lassie,
The spirit lingers there,
An' mine has fled away, lassie,
You needna' ask me where.
I marvel oft if rest, lassie,
On my eyes and heart wad bide,
If I thy troth possessed, lassie,
And thou wert at my side.

EDUCATION.

Notes on English Grammar, for the Use of Juvenile Pupils. London, 1845. Simpkin and Co.

THE peculiarity of these notes on English grammar is their adaptation to the capacities of childhood. The authoress has carefully avoided the use of a single hard word, unless it were an indispensable one, and then it is accompanied with a familiar explanation of its meaning. The teachings are put forth in short and simple sentences, that are readily committed to memory, and will be likely to affix themselves there. We have seldom seen a more practical little book for beginners.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

National Education; with Remarks on Education in general, &c. By Colonel J. R. JACKSON. Second edition. London, Baillière.

THERE is good sense and eloquence in this pamphlet. The author endeavours to lay down the principles that should regulate any system of national education in this country. These he bases upon a view of our mental and social condition, which is certainly too deeply shaded. That many of the faults he ascribes to Englishmen do belong to them cannot be denied; but he does not give to his countrymen sufficient credit for the virtues that are theirs also. As a contribution to the cause of education, his labours are to be applauded; still we cannot but think that there is more strong writing than truth in the following picture of the social state of our country:—

We shall merely observe, that our present social—or, more correctly, unsocial—state is marked by one predominating feature, *the love of wealth*. Money is the god of our idolatry, and in the efforts we make to become rich, we trample upon every principle human and divine. No ties of kindred or of blood are respected; conscience is stifled, and the heart steeled against every noble and generous sentiment. Selfishness is our ruling vice, and never, since the world began, was there seen such an all-absorbing egotism as in England.

Every defect with which we are so justly reproached by other nations, springs from the vile, sordid, money-getting spirit by which we are animated. Our unsociability is notorious—our pride of purse nauseating and intolerable—our arrogance offensive as it is ridiculous—our vanity ludicrous—our general bearing rude and unpolished; and, proud as we are of our country, and of the name of Englishmen, there never existed less patriotism than there now is in England.

Nor are we more free than patriotic. Our railroads, our steam conveyances, our manufactures, our commerce and agriculture may flourish, and individual wealth may be obtained;—our fleets and armies may guard us from aggression, and we may boast the privilege of printing the most scurrilous abuse of all that civilized men have been taught to venerate and respect; we may lavish millions in an ostentatious display of charity, and refuse to the government the few paltry thousands deemed necessary for the maintenance of its proper dignity; we may boast of our modern Babylon and of all the conveniences which calculating interest has devised for the current business of life; we may call ourselves independent, and with all this be, as we are, the most discontented, unhappy slaves that ever walked the earth. Slaves we are to prejudice and money. To owe no man a farthing is, in England, to be independent; to have the command of a large capital is to be little less than a god; to be poor or unfortunate is to be vile; to over-reach is to be clever; to go to church is to be religious; to know Latin and Greek is to be learned; to be hard-hearted is to be prudent; to be morose, suspicious, and unsocial is to keep up one's dignity. In a word, the social state of our country exhibits the strange anomaly of a people having retrograded from real civilization, just as they have made progress in the mechanical arts. That there are many admirable points in our national character cannot be denied, but they are counteracted by the spirit of egotism which pervades all classes from the highest to the lowest. To correct this, therefore, should be the main object of national education.

The Isle of Wight System of Roads and System of Guardians of the Poor not a Model but a Warning to the Legislature, &c. Southampton: Fletcher and Co.

A PAMPHLET which appears to have grown out of some local differences to which an importance has been attempted to be given by converting them into a national question. In the neighbourhood it will doubtless be read with interest and profit, but it will scarcely prove attractive to distant readers, at least it has not to us.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Priests, Women, and Families. By J. MICHELET. Translated by G. COCKS. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

THE reader of this little volume will not be surprised to learn that it has caused a great sensation in France, and indeed in all Catholic countries. In many ways it is a remarkable production. The author is an historian deservedly holding a high station in the literature of his native land. It is a calm appeal to the reason, nay, to the experience of his fellow-men, and in so

far widely differing from the tone of ribaldry or abuse in which such topics are usually treated by the antagonists of existing ecclesiastical institutions. It is marked by sincerity and earnestness everywhere, and at times by a strain of nervous eloquence that carries with it the assent if not the conviction of his audience. A question of vast import to the community, one that comes home to the heart of every man, and upon which even those who dare to think have not dared to utter their thoughts, has been handled with the calm dignity of the philosopher, uttering that which he believes to be a great truth, careless of consequences and fearless of reproach. It will surprise no one to learn, that such a book on such a subject has been eagerly read in France; that it has rapidly passed through several editions, and that it has stirred up the active hostility of those whose practices it assails; that it has been prohibited in other Catholic countries where governments have more power and the people less; but that, in spite of precautions, it is smuggled about and read with anxiety and applause, and that a translation into English has been well executed by Mr. Cocks, in reliance upon its popularity upon the continent helping it to a reputation here.

The mischief against which M. Michelet has thus lifted up his voice needs not to be reprobated among us. It was banished at the Reformation, and it has never yet succeeded in regaining so much as a temporary footing upon English ground. We suspect that something more than accident has produced this marked difference between the influence of priestcraft in this country and in France. We think it will be found to be due to the different characters of the people. It is worthy of remark, as an apparent anomaly, that in France, where infidelity so prevails that it has been not unjustly termed "the religion of the country," priestcraft flourishes in a guise so dangerous, that such a protest against it as this has been elicited from one of the ablest of her historians; while in England, whose people are so religious that it is a characteristic of the country, priestcraft has almost entirely failed to extend its empire. The cause, doubtless, is contained in the fact. It is because the men of France have no religion at all that her women are abandoned to the guidance of the priests; and it is because the men of England share with her women the religious spirit, that their influence takes its natural course, a rational piety is produced by the mingling of the enthusiasm of the one sex with the sober sense of the other, and in minds thus preoccupied priestcraft cannot find room to employ its spells.

This it would appear is M. Michelet's opinion, for he throws out a hint to that effect in the latter part of his essay. And with these preliminary remarks, let us follow him through his argument, and we will do so at somewhat more length than is our wont, the interest and importance of the subject being our excuse with our readers.

The essay is in three parts. The first is historical, and treats of "Direction" in the seventeenth century, that being the name by which he designates the office claimed by the clergy, and which had its origin with the Jesuits. In the second part he considers the present state of this office of "Direction," and in the third, which is entitled "Of the Family," he exhibits the effects of that influence upon the happiness and well-being of families, and thence upon society.

In his preface M. Michelet thus states the evil into which he was about to institute an inquiry.

> The question is about our family;—that sacred asylum in which we all desire to seek the repose of the heart, when our endeavours have proved fruitless, and our illusions are no more. We return exhausted to the domestic hearth; but do we find there the repose we sigh for?
>
> Let us not dissemble, but acknowledge to ourselves how things are: there is in our family a sad difference of sentiment, and the most serious of all.
>
> We may speak to our mothers, wives, and daughters, on any of the subjects which form the topics of our conversation with indifferent persons, such as business or the news of the day, but never on subjects that affect the heart and moral life, such as eternity, religion, the soul, and God.
>
> Choose, for instance, the moment when we naturally feel disposed to meditate with our family in common thought, some quiet evening at the family-table; venture even there, in your own house, at your own fireside, to say one word about these things; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you; your daughter, by her very silence, shews her disapprobation. They are on one side of the table, and you on the other—and alone.
>
> One would think that in the midst of them, and opposite you, was seated an invisible personage to contradict *whatever you may say*.
>
> But how can we be astonished at this state of our family? Our wives and daughters are brought up and governed by *our enemies!*

This enemy, he asserts, is Jesuitism, which he deems to be more dangerous now than at any former period of its history. He proceeds in this strain:—

> That which constitutes the gravity of this age, [illegible] may even say its holiness, is conscientious work, which promotes attentively the common work of humanity, and facilitates at its own expense the work of the future. Our forefathers dreamed much, and disputed much. But we are labourers, and this is the reason why our furrow has been blessed. The soil which the middle ages left us still covered with brambles, has produced by our efforts so plentiful a harvest, that it already envelopes, and will presently hide the old inanimate post that expected to stop the plough.
>
> And it is because we are workmen, and return home fatigued every evening, that we need more than others the repose of the heart. Our board and fireside must again become our own; we must no longer find, instead of repose, at home, the old dispute which has been settled by science and the world; nor hear from our wife or child, on our pillow, a lesson learnt by heart, and the words of another man.
>
> Women follow willingly the strong. How comes it, then, that in this case they have followed the weak?
>
> It must be that there is an art which gives strength to the weak. This dark art, which consists in surprising, fascinating, lulling, and annihilating the will, has been investigated by me in this volume. The seventeenth century had the theory of it, and ours continues the practice.

Full of interest and learning as is his review of "Direction" in the seventeenth century, we must reluctantly pass it by with a single extract, that we may come to the more immediately important portion of this volume. The passage is a brilliant sketch of the character of that century:—

> I cannot help pausing a moment to admire how Equivocation triumphed throughout this age. On whatever side I turn my eyes, I find it everywhere, both in things and persons. It sits upon the throne in the person of Madame de Maintenon. Is this person a queen who is seated by the king's side, and before whom princesses are standing—or is she not? The equivocal is also near the throne in the person of the humble Père La Chaise, the real king of the clergy of France, who from a garret at Versailles distributes the benefices. And do our loyal Gallicans and the scrupulous Jansenists abstain from the equivocal? Obedient, yet rebellious, preparing war though kneeling, they kiss the foot of the pope, but would like to tie his hands; they spoil the best reasons by their *distinguo* and evasions. Indeed when I put in opposition to the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries this Janus of the seventeenth, the two others appear to me as honest centuries, or at the very least, sincere in good and in evil. But what falsehood and ugliness is concealed under the majestic harmony of the seventeenth! Every thing is softened and shaded in the form, but the bottom is often the worse for it. Instead of the local inquisitions, you have the police of the Jesuits, armed with the king's authority. In place of a Saint Bartholomew, you have the monitor of a religious revolution, called the Revocation of the Edict of Nantz, that cruel comedy of forced conversion; then, the unheard-of tragedy, of a proscription organised by all the bureaucratical and military means of a modern government! —Bossuet sings the triumph; and deceit, lying, and misery reign everywhere! Deceit in politics: local life destroyed without creating any central life. Deceit in morals: this polished court, this world of polite people receives an unexpected lesson from the *chamber of poisons*: the king suppresses the trial, fearing to find every one guilty!—And can devotion be real with such morals?—If you reproach the sixteenth century with its violent fanaticism, if the eighteenth appear to you cynical and devoid of human respect, confess at least also that lying, deceit, and hypocrisy are the predominant features of the seventeenth. That great historian Molière has painted the portrait of this century, and found its name—Tartuffe.

M. Michelet deems the source of the mischief to be in the celibacy of the priesthood. He describes its effects thus eloquently:—

> Why torment a blind man by speaking to him of colours? He answers vaguely; occasionally he may guess pretty nearly; but how can it be helped?—he cannot see.
>
> And do not think that the feelings of the heart can be guessed

at more easily. A man without wife or child might study the mysterious working of a family in books and the world for ten thousand years without ever knowing one word about them. Look at these men: it is neither time, opportunity, nor facility that they lack to acquire knowledge; they pass their lives with women who tell them more than they tell their husbands; they know, and yet they are ignorant; they know all a woman's acts and thoughts, but they are ignorant precisely of what is the best and most intimate part of her character, and the very essence of her being. They hardly understand her as a lover (of God or man), still less as a wife, and not at all as a mother. Nothing is more painful than to see them sitting down awkwardly by the side of a woman to caress her child; their manner towards it is that of flatterers or courtiers—anything but that of a father.

What I pity the most in a man condemned to celibacy is, not only the privation of the sweetest joys of the heart, but that a thousand objects of the natural and moral world are, and ever will be, a dead letter to him. Many have thought, by living apart, to dedicate their lives to science; but the reverse is the case. In such a morose and crippled life, science is never fathomed; it may be varied, and superficially immense; but it escapes—for it will not reside there. Celibacy gives a restless activity to researches, intrigues, and business—a sort of huntsman's eagerness—a sharpness in the subtilities of school-divinity and disputation: this is at least the effect it had in its prime. If it makes the senses keen and liable to temptation, certainly it does not soften the heart. Our terrorists in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were monks. Monastic prisons were always the most cruel. A life systematically negative—a life without its functions—developes in man instincts that are hostile to life; he who suffers is willing to make others suffer. The harmonious and fertile parts of our nature, which on the one hand incline to goodness, and on the other to genius and high invention, can hardly ever withstand this partial suicide.

The motive to the exercise of this influence being thus assigned, he examines *the means* by which the desired control is sought to be established. Among the most obvious are the rites of the Church, so well calculated to attract the enthusiastic and the imaginative.

What an immense place is this church, and what an immense host must inhabit this wonderful dwelling! Optical delusion adds still more to the effect. Every proportion changes. The eye is deceived and deceives itself, at the same time, with these sublime lights and deepening shades, all calculated to increase the illusion. The man whom in the street you judged, by his surly look, to be a village schoolmaster, is here a prophet. He is transformed by this majestic framework; his heaviness becomes strength and majesty; his voice has formidable echoes. Women and children tremble and are afraid. * * * Do you see that solemn figure, adorned with all the gold and purple of his pontifical dress, ascending, with the thought, the prayer of a multitude of ten thousand men, the triumphal steps in the choir of St. Denis? Do you see him still, above all that kneeling mass, hovering as high as the vaulted roofs, his head reaching the capitals, and lost among the winged heads of the angels, whence he hurls his thunder? Well, it is the same man, this terrible archangel himself, who presently descends for her, and now, mild and gentle, goes yonder into that dark chapel, to listen to her in the languid hours of the afternoon! Delightful hour of tumultuous, but tender sensations! (Why does the heart palpitate so strongly here?) How dark the church becomes! Yet it is not late. The great rose-window over the portal glitters with the setting sun. But it is quite another thing in the choir; dark shadows envelope it, and beyond is obscurity. One thing astounds and almost frightens us, however far we may be, which is the mysterious old painted glass, at the farthest end of the church, on which the design is no longer distinguishable, twinkling in the shade, like an illegible magic scroll of unknown characters. The chapel is not less dark on that account; you can no longer discern the ornaments and delicate moulding entwined in the vaulted roof; the shadow deepening blends and confounds the outlines. But, as if this chapel were not dark enough, it contains, in a retired corner, a narrow recess of dark oak, where that man, all emotion, and that trembling woman, so close to each other, are whispering together about the love of God.

The confessional is another source of unbounded influence; and scarcely less is the habit of incessantly communicating with the priest, not merely as a teacher of religion, but as a director of the whole mind.

Stand at this window every day, at a certain hour in the afternoon. You will see a pale man pass down the street, with his eyes cast on the ground, and always following the same line of pavement next the houses. Where he set his foot yesterday, there he does to-day, and there he will to-morrow; he would wear out the pavement if it was never renewed. And by this same street he goes to the same house, ascends to the same story, and in the same cabinet speaks to the same person. He speaks of the same things, and his manner seems the same. The person who listens to him sees no difference between yesterday and to-day: gentle uniformity, as serene as an infant's sleep, whose breathing raises its chest at equal intervals with the same soft sounds.

You think that nothing changes in this monotonous equality; that all these days are the same. You are mistaken; you have *perceived* nothing, yet every day there is a change, slight, it is true, and imperceptible, which the person, himself changed by little and little, does not remark.

It is like a dream in a bark. What distance have you come whilst you were dreaming? Who can tell? Thus you go on, without seeming to move—still, and yet rapidly. Once out of the river, or canal, you soon find yourself at sea; the uniform immensity in which you now are will inform you still less of the distance you go. Time and place are equally uncertain; no sure point to occupy attention; and attention itself is gone. The reverie is profound, and becomes more and more so—an ocean of dreams upon the smooth ocean of waters.

A pleasant state, in which every thing becomes insensible, even gentleness itself. Is it death, or is it life? To distinguish, we require attention, and we should awake from our dream.—No, let it go on, whatever it may be that carried me along with it, whether it lead me to life or death.

Alas! 'tis habit! that gently-sloping, formidable abyss, into which we slide so easily! we may say every thing that is bad of it, and also every thing that is good, and it will be always true.

But spiritual despotism is not always the limit of the dominion. If it were, then has human nature ceased to be itself. "Is spiritual dominion complete," he exclaims, "if it does not comprehend the other? Then comes the hideous fallacy—"If the inferior part be without sin, the superior grows proud, and pride is the greatest sin; consequently the flesh ought to sin, in order that the soul may remain humble; sin, producing humility, becomes a ladder to ascend to heaven."

Then comes the question, why do the men, who know better, who feel the wrong of the system, submit so patiently to its existence? There are six hundred and twenty thousand girls in nunneries in France, being trained passive instruments of this system; they, the mothers of the next generation. How is this?

The mother has already succeeded as far as concerns the daughter; by her persevering importunity, she has, at length, overcome the father's repugnance. A man who, every evening, after the troubles of business and the warfare of the world, finds strife also at home, may certainly resist for a time, but he must necessarily give in at last; or he will be allowed neither truce, cessation, rest, nor refuge. His own house becomes uninhabitable. His wife, having nothing to expect at the confessional but harsh treatment as long as she does not succeed, will wage against him every day and every hour the war they make against her; a more gentle one, perhaps; politely bitter, implacable, and obstinate.

She grumbles at the fireside, is low-spirited at table, and never opens her mouth either to speak or eat; then, at bed-time, the inevitable repetition of the lesson she has learned, even on the pillow. The same sound of the same bell, for ever and ever: who could withstand it? what is to be done? Give in, or become mad!

The husband flatters himself with the belief that time and age will destroy the influence of early impressions, so he abandons the education of his daughter to those who, he knows, will make an ill use of their power. Vain hope!

What she heard the first time in that grand church, under those resounding roofs, and the words, pronounced with a solemn voice by that man in black, which then frightened her so, being addressed to *herself*;—ah! be not afraid of her ever forgetting them. But even if she could forget them, she would be reminded of them every week: woman is all her life at school, finding in the confessional her school-bench, her schoolmaster, the only man she fears, and the only one, as we have said, who, in the present state of our manners, can threaten a woman.

What an advantage has he in being able to take her quite young, in the convent where they have placed her, to be the first to take in hand her young soul, and to be the first to exercise upon her the earliest severity, and also the earliest indulgence, which is so akin to affectionate tenderness, to be the father and friend of a child taken so soon from her mother's arms. The confidant of her first thoughts will long be associated with her private reveries. He has had an especial and singular privilege which the husband may envy: What?—why, the virginity of the soul, and the first-fruits of the will.

This is the man of whom, young bachelors, you must ask the girl in marriage, before you speak to her parents.

M. MICHELET'S remedy is, that the husband should avail himself of the ascendancy he is sure to obtain at the beginning of wedded life to link the mind of his wife to his own permanently, by admitting her to a more equal participation of his thoughts and mental existence.

Marriage gives the husband a single and momentary opportunity to become in reality the master of his wife, to withdraw her from the influence of another, and make her his own for ever. Does he profit by it? Very rarely. He ought, in the very beginning, when he has much influence over her, to let her participate in the activity of his mind, his business, and ideas, initiate her in his projects, and create an activity in her by means of his own.

To wish and think as he does, both acting with him and suffering with him—this is marriage. The worst that may happen is not that she may suffer, but that she may languish and pine away, living apart, and like a widow. How can we wonder, then, if her affection for him be lessened? Ah, if, in the beginning, he had made her his own, by making her share his ambition, troubles, and uneasiness: if they had watched whole nights together, and been troubled with the same thoughts, he would have retained her affections. Attachment may be strengthened by grief itself, and mutual sufferings may maintain mutual love.

He confesses that this sympathy is but too rare, and, wanting that of her natural ally, woman will seek it elsewhere, and first where it will be most readily found, and where without reproach she may look for it and receive it, to her spiritual pastor. The fault is not that of the Jesuits alone. "No," he says, "we ought rather to accuse ourselves."

If dead men return in broad daylight, if these Gothic phantoms haunt our streets at noonday, it is because the living have let the spirit of life grow weak within them. How is it that these men reappear among us, after having been buried by history with all funeral rites, and laid by the side of other ancient orders? The very sight of them is a solemn token, and a serious warning. * * * * Modern strength appears in the powerful liberty with which you go on disengaging the reality from the forms, and the spirit from the dead letter. But why do you not reveal yourself to the companion of your life, in that which is for you your life itself? She passes away days and years by your side, without seeing or knowing the grandeur that is within you. If she saw you walk free, strong, and prosperous in action and in science, she would not remain chained down to material idolatry, and bound to the sterile letter; she would rise to a faith far more free and pure, and you would be as one in faith. She would preserve for you this common treasure of religious life, where you might seek for comfort when your mind is languid; and when your various toils, studies, and business have weakened the vital unity within you, she would bring back your thoughts and life to God, the true, the only unity.

I shall not attempt to crowd a large volume into a small preface. I shall only add one word, which at once expresses and completes my thought.

Man ought to nourish woman. He ought to feed spiritually (and materially if he can) her who nourishes him with her love, her milk, and her very life.

Our adversaries give women bad food, but we give them none at all.

To the women of the richer class, those who seem to be so gently protected by their family, those brilliant ones whom people suppose so happy, to these we give no spiritual food.

And to the women of the poorer class, solitary, industrious, and destitute, who try hard to gain their bread, we do not even give our assistance to help them to find their material food.

These women, who are or will be mothers, are left by us to fast (either in soul or in body), and we are punished especially by the generation that issues from them for our neglecting to give them the staff of life.

I like to believe that good-will generally is not wanting, only time and attention. People live in a hurry, and can hardly be said to live; they follow with a huntsman's eagerness this or that petty object, and neglect what is important.

You man of business or study, who are so energetic and indefatigable, you have no time, say you, to associate your wife with your daily progress; you leave her to her *ennui*, idle conversations, empty sermons, and silly books; so that falling below herself, less than woman, even less than a child, she will have neither moral action, influence, nor maternal authority over her own offspring. Well! you will have the time, as old age advances, to try in vain to do all over again what is not done twice, to follow in the steps of a son, who, from college to the schools, and from thence into the world, hardly knows his family; and who, if he travels a little, and meets you on his return, will ask you your name. The mother alone could have made you a son, but to do so you ought to have made her what a woman ought to be, strengthened her with your sentiments and ideas, and nourished her with your life.

The isolation of woman from the pursuits and interests of the other sex is again strongly animadverted upon in another place.

We cannot repeat it too often, for nothing is more true—woman is alone. She is alone, if she has a husband; she is also alone, even with a son. Once at college, she sees him only by favour, and often at long intervals. When he leaves college, other prisons await the youth, and other exiles. A brilliant evening party is given:—enter those well-lighted rooms, you see the women sitting in long rows, well dressed, and entirely alone. Go, about four o'clock, to the Champs-Elysées, and there you will see again the same women, sad and spiritless, on their way to the Bois de Bologne, each in her own carriage, and alone. Others, at the further end, are from their shops; but they are also alone. There is nothing in the life of women, who have the misfortune to have nothing to do, that may not be explained by one single word—loneliness, *ennui*. *Ennui*, which is supposed to be a languishing and negative disposition of the mind, is, for a nervous woman, a positive evil impossible to support. It grasps its prey, and gnaws it to the core: whoever suspends the torment of a moment is considered a saviour. *Ennui* makes them receive female friends, whom they know to be inquisitive, envious, slandering enemies. *Ennui* makes them endure novels in newspapers, which are suddenly cut short at the moment of the greatest interest. *Ennui* carries them to concerts, where they find a mixture of every kind of music, and where the diversity of styles is a fatigue for the ear. *Ennui* drags them to a sermon, which thousands listen to, but which not one of them could bear to read. Nay, evening the sickening, half-worldly, and half-devout productions, with which the neo-catholics inundate the Faubourg St. Germain, will find readers among these poor women, the martyrs of *ennui*. Such delicate and sickly forms can support a nauseous dose of musk and incense, which would turn the stomach of any one in health.

More especially does he plead the peculiar fitness of his own countrywomen for the companionship he demands for them. There is a great deal of truth in the following, which may be advantageously studied here as well as in France:—

Frenchwomen are superior to those of England or Germany, and, indeed, to any other women, in being able not only to assist man, but to become his companion, his friend, his partner, his *alter ego*. None but the commercial classes, generally speaking, are wise enough to profit by this. See, in the shop-keeping quarter, in the dark storehouses of the *Rue des Lombardes*, or the *Rue del a Verrerie*, the young wife, often born of rich parents, who nevertheless remains there, in that little glazed counting-house, keeping the books, registering whatever is brought in or taken out, and directing the clerks and porters. With such a partner, the house will prosper. The household is improved by it. The husband and wife separated by their occupations during the day, are the better pleased to unite together in common thought. Without being able to participate so directly in the husband's activity, the wife might also, in other professions, be able to associate with him in his business, or at least in his ideas. What makes this difficult (I have not attempted to disguise it), is the spirit of speciality which goes on increasing in our different professions, as well as in our sciences, and driving us into minute details; whereas woman, being less persevering, and, moreover, less called upon to apply herself with precision, is confined to a knowledge of generalities. The man who will seriously initiate a woman in his own life, can do it safely and completely, if she love him, but he would require to possess both patience and kindness. They have come together, as it were, from the two opposite poles, and prepared by a totally different education. Since it is so, how can you expect that your young wife, intelligent as she is, should understand you at once? If she do not understand you, it is too frequently your own fault: this almost always proceeds from the abstract, dry, and scholastic forms which you have imbibed from your education. She remaining in the sphere of common sense and sentiment, understands nothing of your formulas, and seldom, very seldom indeed, do you know how to translate them into plain language. This requires address, will, and feeling. You would want, sir, let me tell you, both more sense and more love. At the first word she does not understand, the husband loses his patience. "She is incapable, she is too frivolous." He leaves her, and all is over. But that day he loses much. If he had persevered, he would gradually have led her along with him; she would have lived his life, and their marriage would have been real. Ah! what a companion he has lost; how sure a confidant! and how zealous an ally! In this person, who, when left to herself

seems to him too trifling, he would have found, in moments of difficulty, a ray of inspiration and often useful advice.

M. MICHELET entertains an exalted notion of the power of education, but it is scarcely exaggerated.

Education! a mere trifle, a weak power, no doubt, which the father may, without danger, allow his enemies to take possession of! To possess the mind, with all the advantage of the first possessor! To write in this book of blank paper whatever they will! and to write what will last for ever! And, remember well, it will be in vain for you to write upon it hereafter; what has once been indited cannot be erased. It is the mystery of her young memory to be as weak in receiving impressions, as it is strong in keeping them. The early tracing that seemed to be effaced at twenty re-appears at forty or sixty. It is the last and the clearest, perhaps, that old age will retain. What! will not reading, and the press, the great overruling power of our own days, give a stronger education than the former one? Do not rely on this. The influence of the press partly annuls itself; it has a thousand voices to speak, and a thousand others to answer and destroy what it has said. Education does not make so much noise; it does not talk; it reigns. Look, in that little class, without witness, control, or contradiction, a man is speaking; he is master, an absolute master, invested with the most ample power to punish and chastise. His voice, not his hand, has the power of a rod; the little, trembling, and believing creature, who has just left her mother's apron, receives his weighty words, which enter the soft tablet of her memory, and stick into it, like so many nails of iron.

And there is eloquence and earnestness in his pleading for a prolonging of the period of maternal teaching. Most cordially do we concur with him in this energetic appeal.

When we reflect that ordinary life is so short, and that so many die very young, we hesitate to abridge this first, this best period of life, when the child, free under its mother's protection, lives in grace, and not in the law. But if it be true, as I think, that this time, which people believe lost, is precisely the only precious and irreparable period, in which among childish games sacred *genius* tries its first flight, the season when, becoming fledged, the young eagle tries to fly—ah! pray do not shorten it. Do not banish the youth from the maternal paradise, before his time; give him one day more; to-morrow, all well and good; God knows it will be soon enough! To-morrow, he will bend to his work and crawl along the furrow. But to-day, leave him there, let him gain full strength and life, and breathe with an open heart the vital air of liberty. An education which is too zealous and restless, and which exacts too much, is dangerous for children. We are ever increasing the mass of study and science, and such exterior acquisitions; but the interior suffers for it. This one is nothing but Latin, the next shines in mathematics; but where is the *man*, I pray you? And yet it was the *man*, precisely, that was loved and taken care of by the mother. It was the man she respected in the wanderings of the child. She seemed to depress her own influence, and even her superintendence, in order that he might act and be both free and strong; but, at the same time, she ever surrounded him as if with an invisible embrace.

We conclude with a passage which does equal honour to the heart and the head of the writer. It is a delightful tribute to a mother's love:—

Whilst writing all this, I have had in my mind a woman, whose strong and serious mind would not have failed to support me in these contentions; I lost her thirty years ago (I was a child then); nevertheless, ever living in my memory, she follows me from age to age.

She suffered with me in my poverty, and was not allowed to share in my better fortune. When young, I made her sad, and now I cannot console her. I know not even where her bones are. I was too poor then to buy earth to bury her.

And yet I owe her much. I feel deeply that I am the son of woman. Every instant, in my ideas and words (not to mention my features and gestures), I find again my mother and myself. It is my mother's blood that gives me the sympathy I feel for bygone ages, and the tender remembrance of all those who are now no more.

What return, then, could I, who am myself advancing towards old age, make her for the many things I owe her? One, for which she would have thanked me—this protest in favour of women and mothers, and I place it at the head of a book believed by some to be a work of controversy. They are wrong. The longer it lives, if it should live, the plainer will it be seen, that, in spite of polemical emotion, it was a work of history, a work of faith, of truth, and of sincerity;—on what, then, could I have set my heart more?

We now close this volume, with profound respect for the intellect that inspired, and the courage that prompted its publication. Many of its truths have a wider application than the locality to which they were immediately addressed. The evil here exposed is not confined to Catholic countries; it exists, in a less formidable shape, even among those who call themselves Protestants. The exercise of influence over women is the form in which priestcraft, everywhere, and at all times, has chosen to pursue its path to power. It is something gained to know the tactics of an assailant, for we are not so likely to be taken by surprise. Forewarned is forearmed; and for the service he has done, M. MICHELET will deserve, and doubtless will receive, the thanks of his fellow-men at home and abroad.

Four Years' Service in the East. By Capt. J. M. B. NEILL, 40th Regiment. 8vo. London, 1845. Bentley.

THE greater portion of Captain NEILL'S narrative has been anticipated by many previous publications. His recollections are of the war in Affghanistan, and he describes again the sad scenes so often pictured to our imaginations; but inasmuch as he wants the genius that can give an air of freshness and originality to the most familiar objects, his book is liable to the imputation of tediousness that attaches proverbially to a twice-told tale. Captain NEILL served under General NOTT, in the campaign that succeeded the destruction of the army of ELPHINSTONE. Starting from Deesa, he follows the march to the Indus, and by that highway to Kurrachee. While there a portion of the regiment was commanded to Shikapoor, to suppress some disturbances among the Belooches; thence they proceeded to Candahar, and joined the main body of the army by whom the honour of our arms was restored in Affghanistan.

Captain NEILL writes in a plain, straightforward, soldierly fashion, without any pretensions to elegance or eloquence. He has not the art of book-making. He says his say in the fewest words; but there is a good sense and shrewdness in his remarks which commend them to the man of business, as being more to be relied upon than the laboured narratives of paragraph-makers. As a book for reading it is not so agreeable as it might have been; but as a contribution to our military history it will no doubt be held in esteem by future historians. A few extracts will exhibit both the faults and merits we have noted, and we will seek for such as are likely to be the least familiar to our readers.

His picture of the Khourd Cabul Pass has a simplicity of horror almost amounting to sublimity.

Entered the Khourd Cabul Pass; the road very narrow, but better for marching than the Bolan, being less stony; as in the latter, however, there is a stream, which, in its serpentine course, crosses and re-crosses the road, and which we had to ford upwards of twenty times. On either side of the road, steep, nay, almost perpendicular hills tower to an immense height; in many places the path is overhung by rocks and cliffs, which it would be perfectly impossible to crown from the interior of the pass; and, if well defended, it would require an army not only strong in courage, but in numbers also, to carry it. Even now the cold was intense, the water forming in icicles on the wheels of the guns as they passed through the stream; judge, then, what must have been the sufferings of our famished, disheartened, and devoted troops, who traversed it in the month of January, when the ground was covered with snow, and they were exposed to the heavy and too unerring fire of the Affghans! The path was literally strewed with the horrid remains of men—skeletons they could not be called, for in many the features were so hideously perfect, that little difficulty was experienced in recognising, in this sad and changed state, those who had been known in life. Mingling with the corpses of our comrades were those of camels, horses, &c. In some places the slain lay in heaps, probably marking the place where they had made a gallant but ineffectual stand; in others they were to be seen crowded in the caves and crevices whither they had fled from one sure death to meet another, even more dreadful and lingering. Nor were the evidences of death confined to those whose loss we were here to avenge. Several corpses of the straggling followers of the divisions in front, who had been cut up and plundered, were lying about. All around was horror—the very birds of prey seemed scared by such a sickening, such a revolting spectacle!

> For, oh! to see the unburied heaps
> On which the lovely moonlight sleeps—
> The very vultures turn away,
> And sicken at so foul a prey!

The painful feelings connected with our march through this appalling scene of death were augmented by its being impossible

to avoid driving the guns over the remains of our slaughtered comrades: the wheels crushed the bones of those unburied masses, and the harsh, agonizing sound struck mournfully and direfully on the heart. There was no sun to impart a ray of cheerfulness to the bold and beautiful mountain-scenery around—nothing to dispel the gloom and horror of our associations, and lead the mind to happier subjects for contemplation than the sad, affecting, and humiliating scene through which, in this "valley of the shadow of death," we had passed, and from which at length, in sorrow and in heaviness, we emerged.

And personal perils added to the terrors of the spot.

All the baggage and the old rear-guard having cleared the pass, our companies were withdrawn, and we also retraced our steps. I was ordered to move in advance with two companies; following me were the two guns, and bringing up the rear were the remaining companies of the 40th and the two of the 41st. During our passage through the narrow defile, a continued fire from matchlocks was kept up on us; occasionally the bullets whistled unpleasantly near, but, thanks to the intense darkness of the night, the Affghans could not take good aim. They were completely out of our sight, and it would have been useless attempting to fire at them. One young soldier, notwithstanding the caution to reserve his fire, thinking he saw something moving along the top of one of the ridges, could not withstand the temptation to try and dislodge it: the flash from his musket giving the enemy a correct idea of where we were, brought down upon us a volley, but, strange to relate, only one man was hit. After running the gauntlet between the high rocks for about a mile and a half, we cleared the pass with only one man wounded, although several hundred rounds had been discharged at us: so much for the Affghans as marksmen.

Ten days afterwards we find the following record:—

24th. Sultanpoor, nine miles, road good over a sandy plain; the enemy still continuing to follow us, several of them were cut up to-day, without doing much injury to us. Poor Ravenscroft, 3rd cavalry, died this morning of the wounds he had received in the cavalry affair on the 28th of August last. At night all his old friends attended to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. To guard against the remains of our comrades being disinterred, it was necessary to bury them with the greatest secrecy, the ground being afterwards carefully levelled, and generally a fire lighted on it, to mark, as it were, the spot where some of the soldiers had been cooking. Ravenscroft's grave was dug inside the mess-tent of his regiment. Here we all assembled; a few wax candles glimmered faintly round the grave, and at ten P.M. the solemn service of our church was read over his body, which was lowered by some of his troopers; the grave was then filled up and made even with the rest of the ground. In the morning the tent was struck, and a fire was kindled on another of those graves of the brave o'er which "not a soldier discharged his farewell shot."

In a different strain is the description of the attack on Candahar.

Early on the 10th, large bodies of the enemy began to assemble near Candahar, occupying the gardens in the vicinity, and the cantonments also; during the day their numbers increased, and it was evident that their object was to attack the city. All the gates were shut, and every thing was deemed secure. After sunset, a villager, professing to have come from a great distance, but who must have been well aware that the regulations of the garrison allowed no one to enter after that hour, came to the Herat gate, which was commanded by Lieutenant Cooke, Second Regiment Bengal N.I., and requested permission to take in a donkey-load of faggots he had with him; this of course was refused; upon which the villager said he would leave the wood till the next morning; and, throwing it down against the gate, he departed. Nothing was then suspected; but, about eight o'clock, a party of the enemy stole up unobserved, and, pouring oil and ghee over the faggots, set them on fire; and the flame quickly communicated itself to the gate, which burned like tinder.

The stratagem having proved successful, a most spirited attack was made on the gate; but the measures of the Commissary-General were as admirably devised; seeing the danger, he threw open the stores, and, procuring all the assistance he could, succeeded just in time in forming a barricade on the gateway of the bags of flour taken from thence. The enemy rushed boldly on; the barricade was gained, but they were driven back: again and again they renewed the assault; but the destructive fire kept up by the gallant defenders at length prevailed, and the Affghans retired discomfited over a rampart formed by the bodies of their own countrymen.

It is curious to observe how very often the success or defeat of our plans depends on events in themselves most insignificant—how often the slightest accidental circumstance operates momentously on our destinies. To use a common phrase, our possession of Candahar on the night of the 10th hung by a thread.

The enemy's plan was to have fired all the gates at once, and made a simultaneous attack on them; and that this was not carried into effect was certainly the result of a most fortunate accident.

He thus indignantly vindicates the army from the charges of cruelty preferred by so many of our home critics. It is at least gratifying to be assured that there were no just grounds for such an imputation.

Scarcely (says Captain N.) had we cleared the passes when we were assailed by accounts, in the columns of part of the Indian press, of the horrible excesses we had committed. Enormities unheard or unthought of were most unblushingly laid to our door. Men unprincipled enough had been found to detail the perpetration of crimes which they well knew had never disgraced our army;—individuals there were fiendish enough to seem "loosed out of hell to speak of horrors," which had their existence only in their own black and malignant hearts. Such was the return for our services from a contemptible section of our countrymen!—such the gratitude of a tribe of hirelings, who, perched aloft on their tripod stools, dared to vilify the members and impugn the actions of an army, the meanest spirit in which soared immeasurably superior above their traducers! Well might General Nott with difficulty curb his indignation when he was required to answer queries called forth by the propagation of falsehoods so base and dastardly. "I am desired to state," writes this illustrious man, "whether unresisting individuals were destroyed in cold blood for mere vengeance? and whether women were either violated, or murdered for their ornaments?—I will endeavour to suppress my scorn and indignation while I shortly reply to this charge, or suspicion, or whatever it may be called by the persons from whom it emanated." Our armies had marched to Cabul through scenes well calculated to excite the most revengeful and bitter passions. On the one hand, the walls of the citadel of Ghuznee were written over with accounts of the indignities and ill-treatment our captive countrymen there experienced; on the other side, General Pollock advanced through passes where almost every step spoke of treachery—where the blood of our yet tombless dead was still crying aloud for vengeance. Yet forbearance and humanity undeviatingly marked our progress. The honour due for the practice of that difficult forbearance—the brightest jewel in the crown of glory which our soldiers had achieved—their malicious calumniators would fain have wrested from them; but it was in vain. A nobler and better spirit actuated the people of England! to them the integrity of our actions needed no vindication—proudly and dearly will they cherish the remembrance of our services in Affghanistan. To us the recollection of those services is hallowed by the approbation of our sovereign, and endeared by the admiration of a grateful country!

We now close the volume, which we cannot recommend the the libraries to order.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

We are all alive just now, thanks to the speculators in newspapers, and cannot imagine where the present manía will end. The railroad fever never was more virulent. How, in these "piping times of peace," all are to succeed, is more than any looker-on can venture to determine; but there appears to be little doubt on the minds of the projectors. Each boldly asserts that he is certain of popularity. You good people in England will perhaps tell us, that the pigmy sheets which in France are dignified by the name of public journals require little filling; but even this argument will not avail, for two of the new daily papers, *L'Epoque* and *Le Soleil*, are of gigantic magnitude, while here is the list of the remaining candidates which have just put forth their claim to public favour:—

DAILY PAPERS.

L'Esprit Public; Le Mouvement; Le Monde; La Gazette du Commerce; Le Pays; Le Commerce, and *Le Courrier Français*.

WEEKLY REVIEWS.

Le Dimanche; La Semaine; L'Universel; La Gazette Diplomatique, and *La Revue du Courrier Français*.

The liberty of the press appears to have taken a fresh impetus; and while we are all asking ourselves *à propos de quoi*, Paris is inundated by these Sybilline leaves. I am not yet able to give you a fair "taste of their quality," but hope to do so ere long.

During the late regattas at Venice, two ex-inhabitants of Versailles have been conspicuous; MARIE LOUISE, whose fifty-

five years have made a wreck of the beauties which she boasted when, in 1810, she became the bride of NAPOLEON, and who "assisted" at the fêtes from a balcony; and the Duchesse DE BERRY, who throughout the races remained seated in her gondola. Truly, the royalties are just now as locomotive as a railway engine, and "go to and fro upon the earth" with a security and an absence of all *prestige*, which are, after all, the marvel of the century.

The *Corsaire-Satan* tells a good story—good enough to be true—against M. DE SAINTE-BEUVE. It asserts that a few days ago, in a literary society, he exclaimed with a foppery quite academical, "It is extraordinary what a number of young writers have imitated my style and manner in their critical essays. For example, CHARLES DE MAZADES, who edited the *Revue de Paris* at the period of its extinction, was, if I may be pardoned the expression, merely the reflection of my moon." "He had, at least, one advantage over you in that case," remarked the Countess DE B——; "What was that, madam?" "He reflected."

JOURNAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Nicolò de' Lapi; ovvero I Palleschi e i Piagnoni, di Massimo d'Azzeglio.

Of all modern Italian romances, that which we are about now to introduce to the reader has been most favourably received. More popular even than MANZONI's *Promessi Sposi*, it has almost escaped criticism, and has won for its author a reputation second to none in Italy. The story is founded on events which took place during the memorable siege of Florence in 1529, when the army of CHARLES V. under the command of the PRINCE of ORANGE, invested the city with a view to reimpose on the people the yoke of the Medici. Nicolo dei Lapi, one of the chiefs of the popular party, and who then, at the age of ninety years, displayed undiminished energies as well as unshaken patriotism, as one of the principal characters of the narrative, gives his name to the work. At the period when the tale commences, Baccio, one of the sons of Nicolo, had just fallen in a skirmish, and a description of his funeral in the church of San Marco dei Dominicani introduces the story, Nicolo and his sons, attending the obsequies of Baccio, were made aware by many unmistakable signs that they were in a besieged city; and even while the solemn ceremony was proceeding, a ball from one of the guns without struck a window of the church, and drove inwards with a terrific crash mullions and glass, to the temporary consternation of those within; but one person, viz. the officiating priest, did not so speedily recover his equanimity, and the lay brother who attended him burst out, after many attempts to stifle it, into a most uncanonical roar of laughter. This lay brother, who afterwards occupies a very prominent place in the work, was one of those thirteen Italians who, in the year 1503, challenged as many Frenchmen at Barletta, and remained victors. The contest was considered the most chivalric that had for many years taken place, and those who were concerned in it found no difficulty in placing themselves with the most distinguished captains of the time. Fanfulla, for that was the name of the hero in question, took afterwards a part in every action of eminence that occurred till the sacking of Rome, under the Constable Bourbon, when, struck with remorse at the enormities which he witnessed, and in which he was compelled to participate, he withdrew into the monastery of St. Mark, and assumed the habit of that order. The circumstances however which attended the funeral of Baccio dei Lapi convinced him that he had mistaken his vocation, and he obtained leave from the superior to go out again into the world in a military character. The military leader of the Florentines at that time was Malatesta Baglioni, a man of great astuteness and address, and no small skill in the field, but treacherous, licentious, and altogether unprincipled. It was to him that our soldier-monk applied for a post among the troops of the republic, well knowing that one of the conquerors at Barletta was not likely to be refused. The picture of the general himself is very graphic, it refers to a period early in the morning of the day in which Fanfulla presented himself.

MALATESTA BAGLIONI.

The people of Florence were well prepared for their defence—their walls were strong, their troops were numerous and well disciplined, their treasury was full, their garrison was well victualled; all were full of daring and patriotism; but there was a serpent in the bosom of Florence, and this serpent was Malatesta. At first a mercenary soldier in the service of Venice, and then lord of Perugia, he had become, as we see, captain of the Florentines,—type of those tyrant lordlings that for ages have risen, fallen, and reappeared in the Italian cities—now princes, now leaders in the service of other princes, and not unfrequently captains of freebooters. He was cold in heart, brave in action, and above all things a master in the arts of fraud and dissimulation. Such men usually finished by the hands of more potent enemies, by the dagger of the assassin, or by the contrivance of their own households. It can hardly be expected that among persons of this character could be found much sense of religion; yet there were those among them who built churches and endowed monasteries, and nearly all were believers in witchcraft, alchemy, and astrology. Malatesta was no exception to this rule; he had his Hebrew astrologer, named Barlaam, a native of Hungary, who to his attainments in the occult sciences, united considerable knowledge of medicine. He lived at his ease in the Baglioni palace, followed Malatesta in all his enterprises, and became rich at his expense. It cannot be said that he was altogether a robber, for he certainly gained fairly a part of his large appointment, by the care which he took of his invalid lord. That tremendous malady by which America has so fully avenged itself upon Europe, and which in the sixteenth century was rarely if ever cured, was slowly consuming the life of Malatesta. Naturally of a powerful constitution, tall and robust in person, with thick, black hair and beard, he had been an incarnation of vigour. To what condition now reduced we shall shortly see. He was slowly sipping a large glass of some decoction which his physician had prepared for him, and eyeing with a sardonic grin a person in the dress of a friar seated at some distance from him.

Malatesta was at this time plotting the restoration of Florence to the Medici, and among those who appeared at his levee, were some with whom he was already on correspondence on this subject. Two persons deserve special mention. Benedetto dei Nobili, a monk, and another monk who acted as messenger between them; and when these had left his presence, he cried aloud twice, Barlaam!

A HEBREW PHYSICIAN.

There appeared a little dry old man, with a face so seamed with wrinkles, that it appeared made of skeins of thread. His nose was large and hooked, and his eyes small, bright, and black, like grains of pepper; a mouth ever smiling, but with that smile which is unaccompanied by any joy in the rest of the countenance, completed the picture.

"It seems to me," said Malatesta, peevishly, "that the half of these cursed drugs which you have been making me swallow these three months would have made a pile big enough to burn you alive, and Heaven knows whether I should have been any the worse for it."

"Your magnificence would have had one faithful servant the less."

"But do you not know that I have not an hour's rest in a whole night. My very bones are being bored through with needles. Is there no plant—no powder—no devil that you can find to give me an hour's sleep. By the faith of God, I will not always be paying a tormentor.

"I shall find this summer the celidony, a stone which grows in the entrails of the swallow, and if your magnificence will cause it to be put into a case of cloth, and wear it under the left breast, so that it may touch the skin,—or, stay, there is a mountain in Hungary, where if I could go—"

"Better go to Satan!—but I fear I shall be there before you. Leave me—go, call back Benedetto, and be quick."

The old man retired.

The conversation that took place between these choice spirits, Malatesta and Benedetto, turned upon the mode in which all that took place within the walls was to be related to the Prince of Orange without. And it was resolved that one Troilo degli Ardinghelli, who had, as was supposed, privately married a daughter of Nicolo dei Lapi, should betake himself to Florence—seek to ingratiate himself with the old patriot, and then give intelligence of all that passed within to the prince. But there was some obstacle to this in the capricious character of Troilo, who had no desire to be shut up in a besieged city, and put off so often his departure from the camp, that it was plain he would never go unless obliged. One thing to be done in order to bring about this much-wished-for conclusion was to make Nicolo aware of what had taken place in his own family, and this Benedetto readily undertook to do.

And now we must pass to another person and other adventures, for in this book as in old *Ariosto*, we have half a dozen heroes, and half a hundred adventures, and all wonderfully

connected at last, in this particular differing therefore from *Ariosto*.

In the family of Nicolo was a youth named Lamberto, the son of an artisan, who had, at the loss of his own, saved the life of Nicolo. When dying he bequeathed to his friend the care of his wife and yet unborn child—a legacy which Nicolo cheerfully accepted, and faithfully fulfilled all the obligations it imposed. The young Lamberto, who has only the fault of being a great deal too perfect, falls in love with Nicolo's eldest daughter Laudomia, but his humility prevents him from making to her any acknowledgment of his passion, though, had he done so, it would not have been unreturned; afterwards casting his eyes upon the less perfect Lisa, the younger daughter, he proposes to her, is accepted, and then, feeling a desire to raise himself by his own deeds to an equality with the object of his love, he leaves the house of Nicolo, and enters into the service of Giovanni dei Medici. His adventures in general we shall pass over, merely remarking that he saved from drowning a Swiss foot soldier, who afterwards became his servant, and shall confine ourselves to one person, with whom the whole of the succeeding history is more or less connected. In the camp of Giovanni he met one of those female followers of camps, who differed as much in beauty as in mind from the majority of her unhappy class. His companions in arms, after a few days had passed by, recognised in Lamberto an austerity of virtue not often seen in camps in the sixteenth century; and this, if it made him somewhat less popular, did not cause him to be less respected. But one day, sitting on a bank alone, and meditating on the setting sun, this woman, Selvaggia by name, addressed him. The conversation between them is very dramatic. She relates her history—tells him that she is the daughter of a Hungarian Jew, who sold her in her extreme youth to a captain of banditti (or rather of mercenary soldiers), who was struck by her beauty; that from his hand she passed into those of others, till she became the degraded being she then was. The reader will easily perceive that our friend Maestro Barlaam is involved in this recital. Then, casting herself on the groond before him, she exclaimed,

"Oh, young man! who have no crimes weighing on your soul, who are brave and virtuous, and who, in the midst of wars and labours, can repose your mind on the thoughts of those who have ever loved you—if you knew what it is to be born with a heart, ardent, capable of loving most deeply, and yet fated never to be loved in return, not even by a father—if you knew this, you would wonder that I have preserved in my aspect, and perhaps in my heart, somewhat human; you would wonder that I have not flung myself, like a wild beast, on all of that cruel and perfidious race I could find—that race that has betrayed me—degraded me—driven me out into this abyss of misery. Oh! if I could find one being who would not utterly despise me, who might dry these burning tears, and whose good will—for I ask not love—I might obtain—Oh, God of Heaven! my happiness would be too great; I could not survive so intense a joy. I would go through the world to seek it, and if such a friend I saw, even where a lake of fire separated us, I would rush through it. Oh! if you knew how little would content me—your heart, I know, is fixed on a worthy object—but you love your war-horse;—I ask you to wrong no one for me—you love the hound that licks your hand;—Oh! if after these I might have a place in your thoughts, were it only to say, poor child! I pity thee. Oh, God! he will not reply;" and the unhappy girl broke forth into loud wailing.

Selvaggia afterwards follows Lamberto, in a suit of mail, and unknown to him; she is by his side in battle and in danger, and only loses sight of him when struck down herself by the pike of an enemy. She is obliged to be many months in a military hospital. Ultimately she finds him again in Florence; but seeing that he still treats her with studied coldness, she leaves him in a desperate rage, vowing to be bitterly revenged on him for his cruelty.

To return to the family of Nicolo. Soon after Lamberto's departure, Lisa accidentally sees Troilo from a window of her father's house. She is seen also by him, and this short glance was productive of innumerable misfortunes. Lisa becomes acquainted with Troilo; is induced by him to consent to a private marriage, which marriage is performed by a servant of Troilo's disguised as a monk. She then returns to her father's house, and gives birth in due time to a son, who is named Arriguccio. It was some time after the birth of this child that Fra Benedetto undertook to make Nicolo aware of his daughter's marriage; and this he thought fit to do by an anonymous letter addressed to the gonfaloniere Carduccio, by means of an institution somewhat resembling the "lion's mouth" at Venice, and called at Florence "*Tamburagione*." As soon as this letter came to Carduccio's hands, he sent it by a friend of both parties (Ferruccio) to Nicolo, whose rage at its contents can scarcely be conceived. He rushed to the apartments of his daughters, burst open the door, and found Lisa in the act of suckling her infant. Seizing the unfortunate girl by the hair to the door of her chamber, he finally turned her out of the house. By this act of barbarity, however, he unconsciously frustrated the designs of Malatesta—at least for a time. The family of Nicolo were filled with anguish at their sister's misfortune; and Bindo, the youngest son, left the city to avenge his sister's disgrace, for so they considered it, though they thought the marriage valid. Attiring himself as a girl, he went to the camp of the Prince of Orange, and demanded to see Troilo. This latter, suspecting some adventure which might terminate unpleasantly, called four soldiers to follow him; and when Bindo, violently attacking him, called on him to defend himself, and insulted him by the name of traitor, Troilo gave the youth in charge to the four soldiers, and he was about to pay the penalty of his rashness on the gibbet; but Baccio Valori, the pope's commissary, who knew who Bindo was, determined to save him, and accordingly interposed just as the too daring youth was on the point of being hanged. The saving the life of Bindo, which Valori took care to make appear as the act of Troilo, was a new claim on the family of Nicolo; and thus another reason was given for Troilo to leave the camp, and repair in the character of a spy to Florence.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical Notices. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Philadelphia. Carey and Hart, 1845.*

To the student of poetry, who is not acquainted with the languages of continental Europe, this large and handsome volume will bring a great store of amusement and instruction. Within a moderate compass, it gives him the means of gaining a connected view, and one as complete and perfect as can be obtained without a knowledge of the original tongues, of the poetical literature which exists in ten languages. Six of these, the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, German, and Dutch, belong to the great Gothic family of the North; while the remaining four, the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, are daughters of the Latin. We find here some of the editor's own beautiful translations, most of which, however, had previously appeared in print, from eight of these languages; and in this great crowd of translations by different hands, certainly very few appear equal to Professor LONGFELLOW'S in point of fidelity, elegance, and finish. The work is an honourable memorial of his great attainments as a linguist, in which character, rather than as a poet, his fame will be sustained and advanced by this publication.

The plan of the work, so far as we know, is wholly original and peculiar. The editor's intention was to give as perfect an idea of the poetical literature of modern Europe as could be gained from the rhythmical translations that have been made at divers times by English poets and linguists. The bulk of the volume, therefore, is composed of excerpts from the publications of BOWRING, HERBERT, COSTELLO, TAYLOR, JAMIESON, BROOKS, ADAMSON, THORPE, and a crowd of other versifiers, who have clothed foreign poetry in an English garb. As might be expected from its comprehensive character, "the work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than as a selection," many pieces being admitted without reference to their poetical merit, but as the only versions into English which could be found to illustrate the poetry of a particular nation or age. Viewed merely as translations, some are very literal, others are loose and paraphrastic; many have been worked over into smooth and sounding English verse, while others are mere rough copies, that preserve the sentiment and imagery, but sacrifice entirely the metrical characteristics, of

* It is intended occasionally to extract or translate from the Foreign Reviews the ablest criticisms upon their own literature, as specimens of the state of criticism abroad. The above very beautiful and interesting article is taken from the *North American Quarterly Review*.

the originals. The former resemble foreign coins that have been melted down and stamped anew in the English mint; the latter have merely had the foreign mark effaced, and are here presented only as bullion, or rude material, which may afterwards receive a new form and impression, and circulate again as currency.

The arrangement of these borrowed materials is the distinctive feature of this publication. The translations from each language are brought together, and arranged according to the dates, or with reference to the age of the poets from whom they are taken. The object is not merely to illustrate the literature of another country at a particular time, or during its Augustan age; but to present at least a few specimens from every period in its annals, and thus to give a general idea of the history of poetry in each nation. An introductory sketch is given of the peculiarities of the language, and of the several epochs into which the literary history of the country is divided. These sketches were meant to be brief, but comprehensive; we cannot speak particularly of their merits, because several of them are taken from articles which appeared for the first time in this journal. These are followed by the selected translations from the poets, beginning with the most ancient in each land, and coming down to those who are our cotemporaries, save when, as in the case of the Anglo-Saxon, the history alike of the language and the literature was long since closed. The extracts are preceded by biographical or critical notices of the poets, quite brief for the most part, but sometimes giving occasion for very agreeable excursions into the domains of biography and literary disquisition. Most of these are written by Professor FELTON, to whose taste and learning the merit of a large portion of what is most original and agreeable in this volume is entirely to be ascribed. His prefatory notices form a kind of dictionary of the poets of modern Europe; and though, in many cases, the information given is quite scanty, those only who have had some experience in this kind of work can judge of the amount of labour and research which he has expended upon the undertaking.

Thus far we have considered the book as prepared for that class of English readers who can acquire a knowledge of the poetry of other countries only through the medium of translations. To the scholar who is well versed in the languages of continental Europe, the volume will appear curious and valuable when considered as a collection of specimens to shew the comparative degree of skill and taste of many translators of foreign poetry into English verse. The task of such versifiers seems an humble one, when compared with the high vocation of the true "maker," or poet. The translator is a literary slave; the humblest or the boldest attempt at originality of thought or expression on his part must be viewed as an imperfection or a crime. He is bound to follow his master with servile fidelity, to copy defects, as well as merits, with a kind of Chinese accuracy. He is a dealer in nothing but words, an artist only in style and metrical arrangement; he has no right to any ideas of his own, and it is high-treason in him to alter or modify those of another, though it be only to mend them. Imitation, indeed, is the province of art in general; but it is imitation of a free and daring kind, which superadds grace, beauty, and dignity to the original, which exalts the humble, restores the depraved, illumines the obscure, and animates the dead. This is the work of the sculptor, the painter, the musician, and the poet. The translator labours in a far humbler walk, as he aims at imitation only in the strictest sense of the term. His office, indeed, is rather to transfer than to imitate; like the merchant, he imports goods from beyond sea, allowing them to suffer as little change or loss as is possible during the passage.

This, at any rate, is the theory of translation now most in vogue among the critics. With them, verbal accuracy is the great point; like charity, it is held to cover a multitude of sins. A poetical translation may be harsh, obscure, unmusical, ill-adapted to an English taste, still deformed by idiomatic peculiarities of the language whence it was drawn; but if it be literal, if it render not only line for line, but word for word, it is held up as the only faithful translation, the only copy that gives one a true idea of the original. We do not accept this canon of criticism, as we hold a far higher idea of the dignity and importance of the translator's office. We prefer POPE'S Homer to COWPER'S, and though scholars will scoff at such an avowal, the whole multitude of unlearned readers probably will agree with us in opinion. A mere child is fascinated with the former, to which some of the most remarkable men who have lived during the last hundred years—poets, statesmen, and philosophers—have been indebted for the first decided impulse which their minds received, for the earliest awakening and direction of their genius. No one but a Greek scholar ever read COWPER'S version through, and he not without much labour and weariness of spirit. At most, he is glad to throw it aside, and recur once more to the sounding hexameters of the glorious original; the lagging and heavy translation had pleased him not for its own sake, but because it called more vividly to mind the well-remembered Greek. The first object of the poet, whether trading upon his own stock, or upon borrowed capital, is to impart pleasure; he does not aim primarily to instruct or convince; it is no part of his business to teach another language, or to daguerreotype some work of art in another clime so faithfully that the copy will bear examination under the microscope. As a translator, it seems to us, his first purpose is to produce a beautiful English poem; his second to preserve the lineaments of the original so far as the difference between the two languages and the attainment of the former and higher object will admit.

Of course, verbal accuracy is an excellence, when it is compatible with these ends; but to exalt it over all the other qualities of a translation is to make the business of the translator a mere contest of difficulties with words and idioms. His success is a trial of this sort, like the feats of a juggler or a rope-dancer, we may view with curiosity or astonishment, but with no real pleasure or lasting gratification; the thing done has no intrinsic value or beauty, but we wonder that he should be able to do it at all. An eminent German critic, more remarkable for learning and arrogance, than for taste or sound judgment, once undertook to translate the *Odyssey* into German hexameters, rendering line for line, and cæsura for cæsura, so that the version should be an exact transcript of the original. He began the task, but had not gone over a tenth part of the first book before he stopped short in the middle of a line, and declared that there was not a man in all Europe who was able to finish it. We hope no one was silly enough to make the attempt. This fragment of a version we have never seen; but we think it must be a queer specimen of crabbed diction and halting versification, fit to be locked up in a cabinet of curiosities with a copy of the *Odyssey* written out in so fine a hand as to be all contained on a single sheet of paper; no person who had any regard for his eyes or his patience would undertake to read either the manuscript or the translation.

The German critic MENZEL makes some pungent remarks upon the very literal translations of J. H. Voss from the Greek, which are so apposite, and so fully sustain our views, that we place them before our readers. We quote from Professor FELTON'S translation, which is cited on the 301st page of this volume.

For more than half a century, he undertook the Sisyphean toil of rolling the rough runestone of the German language up the Grecian Parnassus; but

Back again down to the plain rebounded the ragged rock swiftly.

He had the fixed idea, that the German language must be fitted to the Greek in mechanical fashion, syllable for syllable. He confounded his peculiar talent for these philological trifles, and the predilection which flowed out of it, with a universal capacity, and with a universal want of the German language and poetry, as if a rope-dancer were to insist upon everybody's dancing on the rope. The most obvious means of trailing the German language over the espalier of the Greek was naturally translations. Here the German language was brought so near the Greek, that it was forced to follow all its movements, like a wild elephant harnessed to a tame one. Voss is celebrated as the most faithful translator, but only so far as regards the materials of language and its mechanical laws; spirit and soul have always vanished under his clumsy fingers. In his translations he has banished the peculiar character and the natural grace of the German language, and put a strait jacket upon the lovely captive, which allowed her to move only in a stiff, unnatural, and constrained manner. His great merit consists in having introduced into the language of literature a great number of good, but antiquated words, or those used only among the common people. He was forced to this, because it was necessary that he should have a wide range of words to choose from, in order to fill out always the prescribed Greek measure with the greatest exactness. He has, moreover, like Klopstock, de-

veloped the powers of the German language, by these difficult Greek exercises; just as the money-diggers, though they found no money, yet made the soil more fertile. I am very far from denying him this merit with regard to the language,—a service as laborious as it was useful; but his studies cannot pass for masterpieces; they were only the apparatus, the scaffolding, the school, and not the work of art itself. They were distortions of the language, in order to shew how far its capability extended, but did not exhibit the grace of its proper movement. No one could talk as Voss wrote. Everybody would have thought it vexatious and ridiculous who had been required to arrange his words like Voss. They never sound like anything but a stiff translation, even when he does not in fact translate. These translations, however, are often so slavishly close, and, therefore, not German, that they are unintelligible, until we read the original. And yet that fidelity could not express the spirit and the peculiar character of the foreign author, together with the sound of the words. On the contrary, the painful stiffness of constraint is the universal badge of all his translations; and in this they are all alike; this was the last upon which he stretched them all. Whether Voss translates Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Shakspeare, or an old Minnesong, everywhere we hear only the goat-footed steed of his prose trotting along; and even the mighty genius of Shakspeare cannot force him out of his own beat for a moment.—Pp. 301, 302.

When a work of art is to be copied, fidelity to the original includes something more than an exact version of the words. Its spirit, harmony, and grace, its ease and finish, are to be transferred or imitated, or the copy will resemble nothing more than an exquisite piece of tapestry when viewed on the wrong side, every thread appearing in its due place, while the artistic effect of the whole has entirely disappeared. "Poetry is of so subtile a spirit," says Sir JOHN DENHAM, "that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*." The mere verbal copyist strains at a gnat, but swallows a camel; he is a slave to the letter, while he violates the spirit; he preserves the meaning, while he destroys the poetry. WALTER SCOTT, in summing up the merits of DRYDEN, assumes it as one of his highest excellences, that he had assisted "to free translation from the fetters of verbal metaphrase, and to teach posterity the powerful and varied poetical harmony of which their language was capable." Glorious JOHN is the most copious, and, on the whole, most successful, poetical translator that English literarature can boast of; and he shewed, both by precept and example, his careful observance of the precept given by HORACE:—

> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
> Interpres.

The true law of poetical translation we hold to be this: to produce such a work on the given topic, and with the given materials of thought, as the author probably would have written, if he had been of the same country, and had spoken the same language, as the translator. The problem will then be solved, as far as the infirmity of our nature or the smallness of our means will permit,—to enable those who are readers only of the vernacular to derive as much pleasure from the poem as the scholar does who is well acquainted with the language in which it was first written. The scholar, indeed, will always have an additional enjoyment peculiar to himself, founded on the power of comparing the copy with the original. But this is only a secondary pleasure, though the translator who piques himself on verbal fidelity produces this effect and nothing else; the characteristic excellence of his work can be appreciated only by one who understands the original, and who, therefore, has no need of any translation. The word or phrase which may give him pleasure, as a happy rendering of a difficult passage, may only offend the reader who is trying the poem by a taste formed exclusively upon English models. That this law of translation, which appears so obvious and reasonable, should be so frequently disregarded or violated, must be ascribed to the evil habits formed by the petty carpings of small critics, who follow a spirited translation of a noble poem with the original in one hand and a dictionary in the other, ready to pounce on every happy alteration of an epithet as a crime. Neither thought, taste, nor feeling is necessary for such criticism. The most that they gain by it is to display their own knowledge of the language, and to exult in a moment's fancied superiority over the translator.

Mr. LONGFELLOW's theory of translation does not coincide with our own. He belongs to the straitest sect, even to the Pharisees; and if others were as fortunate as he is in reconciling the severity of their principles with ease, grace, and idiomatic finish, we might be tempted to reconsider our position. In this bulky volume, however, filled with translations of every degree of fidelity and poetical merit, we find an abundance of examples wherewith to confirm our doctrine, and even to convict the editor of some inconsistency in the application of his principles. In every case in which he had any choice, he ought to have preferred the more faithful translation; but his good taste has often triumphed over his theory, and compelled him to put aside the literal, but spiritless version, and make room for the elegant or daring paraphrase. Mr. ELIOT's translation of "The Song of the Bell" is one of the most flowing and tasteful, but certainly not the most literal, of the numerous versions of that poem. We find, also, copious extracts from LOCKHART's very beautiful Spanish Ballads, which are so paraphrastic that they can hardly be called translations. More faithful transcripts of these poems were at hand, if the editor had seen fit to adopt them. We do not complain of these violations of his principles, but rejoice over them. We rather complain of the opposite class of cases, in which he seems to us to have followed his theory, in spite of his taste and better judgment. Thus, he has given W. TAYLOR's vapid rendering of BURGER's wild ballad *Lenore*, instead of the fine and bold imitation of it by WALTER SCOTT.

The quantity of material given to illustrate any one period in a nation's literary history is not always proportioned to the richness or excellence of the native mine whence it was drawn. Not professing to give new translations, except in a very few cases, the work is made up of the labours of others, and in its comprehensive survey necessarily passes over some tracts where they have done but little, and where, consequently, but little could be gleaned. Translators have worked in squads, as it were, expending great labour on certain poets and particular epochs, and passing over others very lightly. The earlier and more eminent Italian poets have been done into English by a great number of hands, and with every degree of excellence. So it has been with the later poets of Germany, of whose works translations have been multiplied even to wearisomeness; thus proving that the number of students of the German language is now so much increased, as greatly to diminish the demand for more versions into English. On the other hand, from what we are apt to regard as the Augustan age of French literature, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, judging from the extracts in this volume, there are very few English metrical translations. He who desires to know the poets and dramatists of the age of LOUIS the Fourteenth, who would become acquainted with CORNEILLE, BOILEAU, RACINE, MOLIERE, and VOLTAIRE, must study them in the original. Of the satires of BOILEAU, however, he will find some very elegant and spirited imitations in the earlier volumes of this journal. One of these has been adopted by Mr. LONGFELLOW, and this, with a scene from *The Cid*, translated by COLLEY CIBBER, one from *Andromaque*, imitated by AMBROSE PHILIPS, a brief anonymous translation from the *Misanthrope*, and two short extracts from AARON HILL's version of *Alzire*, is all that one finds to illustrate this remarkable group of satirists and dramatists.

But it is time to take a brief view of the contents of this volume, in the order in which they are presented. First come the translated specimens of Anglo-Saxon poetry, consisting of extracts from the old epic poem of *Beowulf*, the monk CÆDMON's paraphrase of portions of Holy Writ, King ALFRED's version of the metres of BOETHIUS, and a few historic odes and miscellaneous pieces. Most of the translations are by TAYLOR, THORPE, INGRAM, KEMBLE, and LONGFELLOW. The specimens are mostly unrhymed, and more literal than rhythmical, so that they must be read rather as curious illustrations of the age and nation to which they belong, than with any expectation of poetical merit. The short, broken lines and abrupt diction are well suited to the rude simplicity of the narrative and descriptive passages and to the wild and forcibly depicted imagery. The extracts bear about the same resemblance to poetry that the clink of hammers in a blacksmith's shop does to music. Our great ancestors, after all, were a rough and barbarous set,

and the cause of civilization had little to expect from their descendants, till the breed was crossed by the more refined and chivalrous Normans. We have room to copy but a small portion of the old monk's account of the destruction of PHARAOH :—

The folk was affrighted,
The flood-dread seized on
Their sad souls;
Ocean wailed with death,
The mountain heights were
With blood besteamed,
The sea foamed gore,
Crying was in the waves,
The water full of weapons,
A death-mist rose;
The Egyptians were
Turned back;
Trembling they fled,
They felt fear:
Would that host gladly
Find their homes;
Their vaunt grew sadder:
Against them, as a cloud, rose
The fell rolling of the waves;
There came not any
Of that host to home,
But from behind inclosed them
Fate with the wave.
Where ways ere lay,
Sea raged.
Their might was merged,
The stream stood,
The storm rose
High to heaven;
The loudest army-cry
The hostile uttered;
The air above was thickened
With dying voices;
Blood pervaded the flood,
The shield-walls were riven,
Shook the firmament
That greatest of sea-deaths:
The proud died,
Kings in a body;
The return prevailed
Of the sea at length;
Their bucklers shone
High over the soldiers;
The sea-wall rose,
The proud ocean stream,
Their might in death was
Fastly fettered.
The tide's neap,
With the war-enginery obstructed,
Laid bare the sand
To the fated host,
When the wandering stream,
The ever cold sea,
With its ever salt waves,
Its eternal stations,
A naked, involuntary messenger,
Came to visit.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

NEW SOUTH WALES.

AN occasional correspondent has sent us the following account of a first visit to an up-country station in New South Wales.

I left Sydney on horseback alone, and with my valise attached to the saddle, to ride about 230 miles. I rode the first 120 quietly in three days, then called upon a friend, who insisted that I should stay the Saturday and Sunday with him, and this invitation I accepted. On the Monday I rode on 60 miles, and the following day 50 miles completed my journey. I was not the least tired, but my horse began to flag on the last two days. I rode this whole distance of 230 miles, with very little exceptions, through large woods or forests of the never-ending gum-trees, with scarcely a spot which could be called picturesque. In the road there are two or three incipent townships, and many settlers' habitations a few miles from the road. The township of Yass, our post-town, is a miserable place, it is true, but this is not considered as in the bush, Yass being within the boundaries of the colony, and a post or mail cart runs twice a week both to Sydney at the north, and to Port Philip at the south. Demonderil is the name of the country, or station which we have purchased, together with the 7,716 sheep which are now upon it; and, as my previous letter tells you, the estate or *right* of this station extends sixteen miles in length by seven miles in breadth, being almost 70,000 acres, over which large extent we have full right and authority, as much as if it was *bonâ fide* our private property. The country itself is very pretty, and only wants elms, oaks, and other English trees in lieu of the everlasting gum-trees, and it would decidedly be most picturesque scenery. There is a creek or gully runs through the whole length, but there is at present but very little water, and it is only here and there in the deeper holes. There have been no rains here for three months, but this I understand is unprecedented; still, while our neighbours are complaining of want of water and cattle, wild cattle come to our water-holes from a distance of sixty miles. We have quite enough for our own sheep purposes; nevertheless, I have ordered several of the water-holes to be railed round, so that the thirsty and strange cattle must go elsewhere. Of the buildings upon the stations I can give you but a faint idea, living as you are in luxury and comfort in dear old England. I have just now agreed with a man to pull down and again erect the principal building, consisting of the kitchen and servants' room, &c. for the sum of ten pounds; the other principal building, which M—— and I at present inhabit, will require some such similar doctoring, and at no greater expense: it is at present a building of 30 feet long by 20 feet broad, having three rooms and sculleries. We have not had time to get up any furniture from Sydney, so that we are obliged to put up with things as we find them; for instance, our chairs are tea chests, and my bed is a hard mattress laid upon the hard floor in the sitting-room; and as the weather is cold, I put the mattress within a couple of feet of a large roaring wood fire, such a fire as you have never seen in England, and here I lay and dream, and sleep, and roast until awoke at sunrise by the notes of the magpies. We rise with the sun, and our first duty is to mount our horses and hasten to one or other sheep-station, where are one or two flocks of sheep (of about 1,000 each flock) depasturing, and we look at the sheep and perhaps count them before they have left their hurdles to go out and feed; the same is often done at night at sunset, when the sheep come from their day's feed. In this manner a watchful eye is kept over the shepherd, though care is taken that the sheep are out to feed early in the morning, and not brought in before the sun has set; and also, that no sheep are missing or die without our being immediately informed of it. If a sheep is missing, a hue and cry is raised, and it must be found; such a case has not yet occurred here, and as the shepherd is always in fault when it does occur, we intend to make an example of the first man who so far neglects his duties by making him pay twice or thrice the value of the sheep lost.

AN ACCOUNT OF CERTAIN CURIOUS PHENOMENA IN THE TUSCAN APENNINE.

In the summer of 1843, I was going from Florence to Bologna, and had posted in the diligence the main chain of the Apennine. On my arrival at the Albergo dello Vulcano, a small inn situate near the village of Pietramale, at the bottom of the long ascent, the top of which is the frontier of the Papal states, I was induced to leave the dilgence and perform the rest of the journey the next day on foot. The natural phenomena which I then found existed in the neighbourhood induced me to forfeit half my fare. This *albergo* lies about a quarter of the distance up a mountain, whose structure bears a strong resemblance to that of Monti Epomeo, in the island of Ischia, near Naples, being apparently of ridgy volcanic sand. Facing the *albergo*, at the other side of the valley, the traveller who arrives at night sees a clear light, like that of a lighthouse, which appears to be close to the road, though distant from it two English miles. This flame is extremely faint by daylight, and when I proceeded to examine it the morning after my arrival, I had considerable difficulty in finding the spot.

On arriving there, I perceived a bare clayey spot on the side of an easy slope, which seems to be formed of detritus from the mountains above. I formed this supposition from observing the steep banks of a brook which made a geological section just below. On this bare spot, which was slightly damp, several blue flames were playing, particularly in the dampest spots, of different sizes, but of uniform appearance. They burnt with a continuous rushing sound, which increased when the wind blew hard, and resembled alcohol on fire. There was no hole or chink of any kind. The stones which were strown over the surface appeared somewhat calcined and discoloured, and covered with smut on the surfaces most exposed to the flame, and smelt like nitrous ether. When water is thrown on the flames, it puts them out for a time, but they soon burst out again. The peasantry assured me that this combustion is fiercer in rainy weather and when the ground is covered with snow; but the probability of this may be doubted. Paper, being applied to the flames, caught fire; and the stones on the surface were too hot to be touched. The people also told me that there is a phenomenon of the same kind higher up on the mountains above. The mountain which overhangs the inn has a volcanic appearance; but the opposite mountains, on a bed of the detritus of which these flames appear, have a slaty stratification.

On the left side of the Bologna road, a little farther on, at the corner of a grass field between the *albergo* and Pietramale, about 300 yards from the road, and close behind a thatched cottage with a mossy roof, is an insignificant-looking pool, about eight inches deep, with a soft muddy bottom. It appears boiling, as numerous bubbles continually rise to the surface, but is perfectly cold. When I applied a lighted lucifer match to these bubbles, the surface caught fire, and a lambent flame played over the pool till a gust blew it out. The boy who guided me told me that in warm weather and sunshine, the pool took fire spontaneously, but not in damp or cloudy weather, such as that in which I visited the place.

As one proceeds to Bologna, the hills for a considerable distance on the left resemble the country about Solfatara and Poz-

zuoli, near Naples. They appear to be composed of yellow, ridgy, volcanic sand, and occasionally rise in isolated cones, planed flat at their peaks.

These phenomena deserve well the delay of a few hours on the road from Florence to Bologna. The Albergo dello Vulcano is one of the best specimens of an Italian country inn; the hostess is obliging, and the accommodations good. Its position is also commanding, and the surrounding scenery is beautiful. As even the midsummer air is bracing at this altitude, I should strongly recommend the *albergo* as a traveller's home; and in an equal measure to the votary of health, science, and the picturesque.

A GENTLEMAN TRAMPER.

ART.

Peter Parley's Annual for 1846.

WE have had an opportunity of seeing the engravings, and the letter-press so far as printed, of this popular juvenile work, and certainly cannot do otherwise than commend the volume in the warmest manner to the earliest notice of all who take delight in promoting the pleasure and profit of the rising generation. It contains several steel-engravings by GRIFFITHS in an entirely new style resembling mezzotint, but of a much more finished character. The book is further embellished with a frontispiece and vignette-title printed in colours, and contains upwards of 130 fine wood-engravings by the first artists. The binding, we are informed, is to be more than ordinarily attractive. In our own limited circle of friends and acquaintances, we have seen the appearance of this souvenir anticipated by the juveniles with as much delight, and its possession hailed with as much pleasure, as they are wont to feel at the advent of the Christmas vacation. When the complete volume reaches us, we will give a more extended notice, and shall endeavour to find room for an extract.

WOLFF'S CALIGRAPHIC BLACK LEAD PENCIL.—We have received some specimens of this excellent invention, and a portfolio of drawings executed with them has been submitted to our inspection. The effects produced by the rich hue of the lead, and the softness, almost rivalling that of chalk, which the new pencil gives to the drawing, are recommendations which the artist will gratefully acknowledge, and which must secure for the ingenious makers the large patronage they have deserved. These aids to the artists will do much to restore the taste for pencilling, which has somewhat declined of late years.

The workmen employed in the restoration of the Cathedral at Brunswick have made a discovery of great interest. In removing the plaster coating from one of the lateral walls of the nave, they have found the latter covered with fresco paintings in its entire length and breadth. These are divided into compartments—each one containing a subject from the life of Duke Henry, surnamed the Lion, born in 1129, and who died in 1195—the founder of the city of Brunswick and builder of the Cathedral. The paintings are of the highest finish; but have, unhappily, suffered much from the removal of the plaster which overlaid them, notwithstanding the utmost precautions used in the operation. The Government has ordered their careful restoration—as also their publication by engraving. They are supposed to be of the 14th or 15th century. It is hoped that other frescoes will be found in the same edifice—probably on the opposite lateral wall, at any rate.

MUSIC.

Oh! why so cruel, fairest Maid? Ballad. Poetry by Dr. R. M. COLEY; Music by GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN. London, 1845. Prowse.

MR. ALLMAN continues to exhibit signs of diligent study and consequent improvement. He relies more upon his genius and less upon his memory. He ventures to be original, and to depart somewhat from conventional paths. Hence the growing worth of his compositions. The one before us is a decided step in advance of its predecessors; it is considerably above mediocrity. The idea of the air is new, and the music in which it is expressed is at once scientific and bold. This ballad will form an acceptable addition to the portfolio.

STAUDIGL.—Extract of a letter from Vienna:—"On the day of Staudigl's arrival here, from his visit to England, a grand serenade will be given him, before his house; the street will be guarded by police, and a grand *fête* will take place. First will be a chorus, with quartets, a young Englishman (Mr. John Gregg), who is studying the art of singing there, is intrusted with the solo part. The celebrated Strauss, with the whole of his band, about 100. The chorus will be from 50 to 60 persons. Staudigl is to know nothing of this. A friend of his will engage him to his favourite game of *chess* while things are prepared. The serenade will not take place until ten o'clock at night. The whole of the street will be illuminated. There will be an assembly of about 1000 persons. This will be the first serenade ever given to any singer in Vienna. After the serenade there is to be a grand supper, at which will be all the principal singers, in full dress."

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A new apparatus for making ice, in a very few minutes, and in almost any quantity, has been patented. Consistently, therefore, with the spirit of that most excellent institution, which professes to bring before the public all that is new and useful in science, Doctor RYAN is daily lecturing upon heat and cold, and the various methods of producing the latter state in great intensity. The interest occasioned by the Doctor's simple yet lucid explanations of the phenomena of heat and cold is very great, his lecture being crowded daily, notwithstanding the almost deserted condition of town. At the termination of each lecture, Mr. MASTERS'S apparatus for freezing, in two or three minutes, a large block of ice, is amusingly exhibited to the audience. We ought not to forget that, among other means of producing cold, Doctor RYAN performs daily, with great success, BOUTIGNY'S experiment of freezing water in red-hot vessels. The beautiful optical instruments, invented by Mr. LONGBOTTOM, viz. the physioscope and opaque microscope, have lost none of their interest, but continue to elicit constant applause; and, indeed, we feel bound to admit, that it is not more than they deserve, from the intellectual pleasure which all persons must derive from witnessing what is not to be seen at any other exhibition in the metropolis, namely, a man's face twelve feet in diameter. We only wish that there was space to magnify the whole man; but as it would require a room ninety feet in height to accomplish it, we must be content with the face alone. The opaque microscope has been enriched with a new series of living and inanimate objects, among which the colossal gold-fish and the love-bird shine most conspicuously. A new set of dissolving views have been introduced this week, which are extremely beautiful, giving accurate views of the most interesting places visited by her Majesty during her sojourn in Germany; the music has been newly harmonized as an accompaniment for them and the chromatrope, and these alone make the visit well worth the price of admission.

ROYAL ADELAIDE GALLERY.—We have much pleasure in noticing this Gallery. It is still conducted in the same spirited manner, and the amusements are as varied as ever. The lectures of the New Zealand chief deservedly fill a conspicuous part in the entertainments, and from the crowded attendance appear to have lost none of their interest. The manners and customs of the New Zealanders are so totally different (as narrated) to most of the savage tribes, that we think too much encouragement cannot be given to an individual who has been so instrumental in converting them from cannibalism, the main step towards making such valuable soil as the islands of New Zealand are composed of available for cultivation. The chief gives the war-dance—description of warfare—music—and fireside amusements of the natives, in the same animated style and throughout his lectures fully explains the most minute particulars. The atmospheric principle, as about to be applied by Mr. PILBROW to railways, is here shewn by a very large model, and explained by a descriptive lecture and drawings.

MISS CUSHMAN.—This lady has been lately playing at Manchester, where she has made no little sensation. The accounts which appear in the local papers speak in glowing terms of the intelligence, and the delineative skill she displays. The reputation of this actress is travelling far and wide; and in a short time there can be no doubt it will equal that of Miss O'Neill. She is engaged, we have been informed, to appear at the Princesses Theatre in the course of a week or two.

NECROLOGY.

BARON F. THEODORE DE LIECHTENSTEIN.

From Berlin, we hear of the death of another literary veteran, the Baron Ferdinand Theodore de Liechtenstein, a dramatic poet of distinction; to whom the German stage owes a large number of original productions, and many translations from the operatic drama of the French. Possessed of an ample fortune, M. de

Liechtenstein's passion for his art was not restrained by any of those unspiritual considerations which temper the enthusiasm of the less favoured of fortune—"making I *cannot* wait upon I would." For many years he performed gratuitously the functions of manager of the Grand Opera of Berlin,—and subsequently, those of vice-director of the music of the same theatre. —*Athenæum.*

MADAME HOFFMAN.

The ill-starred world of the Polish emigration has to deplore the loss, at Passy, at the premature age of forty-eight, of one of the most distinguished writers of its body, Madame Hoffman, whose maiden and national name was Tanska. Her works were principally directed to the business of moral education; and the first of them, which passed through fifteen editions, was published at the early age of eighteen. The attention of the Government was soon drawn to the value of her productions; and she was still in her youth, when she was appointed inspectress-in-chief of the schools and boarding-houses for young women throughout the now deceased kingdom of Poland. In 1831 she accompanied her husband into exile, and took up her abode in Paris, where she continued her literary labours—publishing at Leipsic and Breslau, and thence circulating her works throughout all the provinces of Poland. At the wish of her friends, she had undertaken an historical work, destined for the especial instruction of the youth amongst her countrymen, when death brought to a close her useful and honoured career.

SIR CHARLES GORDON.

We regret to state that Sir Charles Gordon, the well-known and highly-respected secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society, died at his house, No. 6, Albyn-place, on Thursday evening last. Sir Charles, we understand, was in the fifty-third year of his age, and had held the important situation of secretary of the Highland Society for upwards of twenty years. He received the honour of knighthood from William the Fourth in 1836. He had long been in a delicate state of health, though, we understand, his death was very unexpected at the last.—*Edinburgh Witness.*

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE UNATTAINABLE! Why calleth it,
With never-dying voice, our heart-desires
To languish for the mountain-top, whose fires
Expel harsh ashes from a burning pit;
In whose mysterious womb man's subtlest wit
Faileth to guess the things that hide? Strange lyres
Sound in our ears, that with a martial call
Summon our steps to climb cloud-ladders, where
A visionary banner floats in air,
And conquest crowns a visionary wall!—
Thus mount we all, scaling with hope and prayer
The inaccessible to foot and hand;—
Oh! happy he, who seeketh that safe land
Where prayer and hope do more than toil and mute despair!

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

Mesmeric Experiences. By SPENCER T. HALL, author of "The Forester's Offering," &c. London, 1845. H. Balliere.

THIS interesting little volume advocates the true method by which the study of Mesmerism is to be advanced. It is a plain, unvarnished statement of the experiences of one man, who tells us simply what he has personally witnessed, and for the truth of which he vouches. No hearsay is admitted; there are no second-hand narratives, no stories that somebody has somewhere told the author. All that he has here set down, he has seen and tried; the facts he tells have carried conviction into his own mind, and in the fullness of his faith he addresses himself to others.

The utility of such a publication as this is twofold. To those who are already satisfied that Mesmerism is a fact in nature, it is interesting as a record of phenomena, many of which will probably be new, and as aids to their own researches, and hints upon which thought may employ itself. To the sceptical or uninformed it will serve as a spur to inquiry. They will argue thus with themselves. "Here is the statement of a man of some note in the literary world, whose veracity I have no right to impugn, who was himself, like me, an unbeliever until he made trial and thus obtained assurance that this which he had believed false was a very truth. He describes the process by which he was converted; he records, with the authentication of names, dates, and places, hundreds of instances in which the alleged phenomena of Mesmerism have been exhibited and cures performed, where the skill of the mediciner had wholly failed, of diseases hitherto deemed incurable. All these cases cannot be falsehoods of the author or imaginations of the patient. There are the names and addresses; inquiry may be made by any who doubt, and if he have uttered that which is false, detection is inevitable. Mr. HALL *may* be self-deluded. I am not bound to believe in his assertion; but this I am bound to do; it is my duty to inquire; as an honest man, I have no right to deny facts I have not witnessed, but should go and make trial of the experiments with my own hands and eyes, and then, and not till then, may I fairly venture upon an opinion on one side or the other."

A perusal of Mr. HALL's volume cannot fail to lead the thoughts of any honest and truth-seeking man through some such train of reasoning as this, and that is all the students of Mesmerism demand. They ask not that any man shall believe on their assertion; they request only that judgment may be suspended until trial made, and they tell the sceptic not to take any thing upon trust, but to go and assure himself by personal experiment whether their statements be true or not. The proof is easy, and it is the only rational and satisfactory one; and if it be declined, then certain it is that the opponent is not honest, and the vain attempt to combat him must be abandoned.

Mr. HALL is a practised writer, and the advantage of it is manifest in these pages. As a mere literary work, it deserves high commendation. The style is rich, pure, and vigorous, as befits a narrative, with here and there touches of loftier strain, that betray the hand of the poet. Hence there is none of the dryness that usually marks a collection of cases. Every description is graphic; every sentence pregnant with thought. Although strictly adhering to his topic, seldom or never wandering into disquisition, the book is as readable as any novel, and more absorbing in its interest, as the wonders of nature surpass the marvels of fiction.

It was at M. LA FONTAINE's that Mr. HALL first witnessed an exhibition of Mesmerism; what he there saw made him an inquirer, and inquiry speedily induced conviction. His first patient delighted him by the exhibition of the phrenological phenomena, which were then but just discovered; and it was the more convincing, as the youth was entirely ignorant of phrenology. Everywhere he found the same manifestations; and one case that deserves especial notice, not so much for its strangeness, for we have seen such, but for its beauty.

As time passed on, other evidence of the same character (making allowance, of course, for peculiar idiosyncrasies) became rife enough. By the cottage fire-side, in Sherwood Forest, or in remote Yorkshire valleys, where mesmerism had never been heard of before, and where the parties operated upon did not know the meaning of the word phrenology, I tried the same experiments with analogical results, and found that the most loutish ploughboys, shepherds, smiths, and weavers, could thus have particular faculties so stimulated by these manipulations, as to manifest for the time the most exalted powers of gesticulation, oratory, and song, each according to his natural gift or bent. There was one young man, of the name of Wilkinson, a penknife cutler, of Sheffield, on whom I operated before Dr. Elliotson, and William and Mary Howett and other friends, in London, and who in his somniloquence composed the most beautiful poetry, the theme of which might be changed, or modified, in an instant, as I moved my finger from one part of his head to another; and that without inducing the slightest pause, or a fault in the logic, or without injuring the measure or rhyme of the poem in any degree! On touching a point in the region

marked in the popular charts as *Ideality*, he began to compose. If, in addition to this, I touched *Philo-progenitiveness*, he would discourse of the beauty, affection, and innocence of infantile life; or, under *Inhabitiveness*, of the scenes of home and of domestic felicity. Under the influence of *Causality*, he would inquire in the most philosophical yet impassioned manner into the origin of nature. Add *Wonder*, and he would penetrate into the dimmest regions of mystery; *Self-esteem*, and he would rhapsodise on the natural dignity of man, and his privilege to explore the vast and the marvellous; *Veneration*, and he would bow with submission, and expatiate on the goodness, and majesty, and sufficiency of God; *Hope*, and he would look with delight for communion with supernal intelligences, and sing of heaven—thus developing the poetry that was in him, as I have known others develope, in an equal degree, their mechanical, oratorical, or histrionic powers. Those who know me and my previous writings, will not wonder that with evidence like this to encourage me, I prosecuted my investigations with increasing vigour and delight.

It is not surprising that so thoughtful a man as Mr. HALL should have been startled by the grandeur of the views that opened upon him as he proceeded with his investigations. He found his silent will, nay, his very thoughts, responded to by susceptible patients. It was evident to him that as yet the laws of sympathy are very imperfectly understood. Without being conscious why, how often do the ideas of persons come up in the mind, and we talk of them, and when they are in sight we use the familiar proverb, and call it a coincidence? May it not be an impression received without consciousness of the manner? Here is an instance.

Being called one day to an intelligent young lady, in a very delicate state of health, and who had first been mesmerised by a female friend, I found her so susceptible that I had only to *will* her to be somnolent and she almost immediately became so. Then, whatever I did ideally she represented actually, even to the extent of conversing with one of her acquaintance, who was not present. I thought of creation, Providence, and prayer, when she knelt most gracefully, and lifted her hands in silent adoration. Then of firmness and independence, when she arose and assumed the appropriate attitude of lofty determination. I next willed that she should approach and shake hands with me, which was scarcely accomplished when, on changing my mood to one of scorn, she turned away and looked indignant. Benignity and other sentiments in myself, were all represented with equal truthfulness by her; until, at last, indulging in a feeling of sober cheerfulness, in which of course she joined, I awoke her from the trance by gentle wafting, when she was utterly oblivious of all that had occurred. On a subsequent occasion, she described occurrences at the moment they were transpiring at a great distance, which in due course were proved to have been exactly accordant with her words; and she even went so far as to divine my very thoughts with accuracy. This was altogether without any observable organic excitement.

Other instances of similar sympathy in a waking state are given by Mr. HALL. In one of them, when experimenting with a sceptic upon the head, it was agreed that the organ to be excited should be written, not named, and the paper passed behind the patient's back. The patient, however, instantly read it, and not only that, but he exhibited the expression of the organ intended to be excited at the instant that the thought came into the mind of the experimentalist.

Mr. HALL adds a large collection of cases that have fallen within his own personal experiences. They comprise cures of a multitude of diseases, and some novel and interesting phenomena. His account of "Little Henry" is similar to that already given to the readers of THE CRITIC in the report of the proceedings of the Society for the Investigation of Mesmerism. Among the diseases cured or relieved are Hysteria, Epilepsy, Headache, Tic Doloureux, Spinal Affection, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Inflammation of the Eye, Deafness, Stammering, General Debility, St. Vitus's Dance, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Gangrene, Toothache, Lameness.

Mr. HALL's greatest triumph, however, was the famous cure of Miss MARTINEAU, since so fiercely disputed by her medical attendant, Mr. GREENHOW. But Mr. HALL's statement throws a new light upon the matter. According to this, the application was made to him by Mr. GREENHOW in the first instance, and it is quite evident that he would not have done this had he considered, as now he says, that the cure was already begun. The dialogue that took place between them previously to Mr. GREENHOW informing Mr. HALL for whom his services were required, is decisive against the subsequent assertions of the former, for it proves what were his impressions at the moment as to the desperate character of the case:—

The following, as near as I can recollect, is the substance of our dialogue:—

Mr. Greenhow.—"The experiments I saw you perform the other evening, Mr. Hall, have certainly impressed me as somewhat remarkable; but without any further reference to them, I would like very well to introduce you to a case—that of a lady who has been long confined to the house—in which I think the use of mesmerism, if true, might be tested with great advantage. I have private reasons for not naming the lady until you have given me your answer. But I may go so far as to observe, that if you knew her, you could not fail, from what I judge of your character, to feel highly gratified by such an opportunity of putting mesmerism to the test; and should you succeed, I am sure you will not have reason to regret it whilst you live. The case is one of internal disorder. The chief object in applying mesmerism to it is the superseding of the use of opiates—that being all, I apprehend, you could do for it; and if you knew all the circumstances attending it, and are as enthusiastic as you seem in the desire to advance your cause, I am sure you would not refuse. The patient lives a few miles from the town, and if you think well we can go this afternoon. Yes, or no?"

My Reply.—"Well, Mr. Greenhow, frank and open in all things myself, I do not like ambiguity in others. You talk of *tests*, as though you were still sceptical about mesmerism, to me, who not only believe but practise it, and since I have no more right to have faith in you, who are a doubter, than you have in me, who am an advocate; and since you are so indefinite, that it is impossible for me to know whom you would have me thus go to, blindfolded as it were; you cannot object, if I consent, that we should be accompanied by some other medical gentleman, who is not opposed to mesmerism, that he might diagnosticate the case and watch the result. This would allow me to infer accurately at any given period, if there were any change in the patient's condition, how far that change might be owing to my manipulations. For, although there may be a powerful sanative influence exercised, it is possible we may have no speedy and striking external indication of it. We must remember (I continued) that Greatrakes and Mesmer, in their cures, seldom or never induced that condition which is termed sleep; yet, from the general, but erroneous opinion, which now obtains, you might consider that condition to be the only test of mesmeric power."

Mr. Greenhow (who had been eyeing me very steadily and keenly during this reply).—"What medical gentleman would you think of for this purpose?"

Reply.—"Dr. ——, who has privately avowed to me his belief in mesmerism."

Mr. Greenhow.—"It cannot be. The delicacy and privacy of the case preclude it. The patient herself would object to the presence, or even cognizance, of another party."

My Reply (emphatically).—"Then, sir, I am compelled, in justice to myself and to mesmerism, to decline the experiment. An apparent failure in such a case might not be set down to any peculiar idiosincrasy, or to my own inability, or to any adventitious influence to which it might be justly due, but to mesmerism, which has already suffered too much from tests that were, in reality, no tests at all; and I would not like it to be said, when mesmerism, or what goes by that name, shall be universally recognised, that I was ever one of those who retarded it by indiscretion."

Mr. Greenhow (with a slight indication of displeasure in his manner).—"You form a wrong estimate, Mr. Hall, of my own motives and the case altogether. It is delicacy and duty towards the patient alone that prevent me being more explicit with you. But as the negotiation seems now at an end, I must take your denial, for which I am exceedingly sorry, and bid you good morning."

As Mr. Greenhow moved towards the door, I begged him to remember that it was not from fear of a fair investigation, but of possible misunderstanding, that I had manifested so much wariness, and that if he knew all I had suffered from medical sceptics, he would not think hardly of me for the course I had taken;—when suddenly turning again towards me, he said—"Mr. Hall, my anxiety regarding this case—the fact that the patient herself is desirous of a trial—that she has suffered long—and that not only herself, but humanity, since she is a very kind and superior person, would gain much if you could relieve her—and as I am not myself without hope that your efforts might be of great service—I will, notwithstanding what has passed, ask you again, and I pledge myself as a man who highly values his character, that if you go with me, whatever be the result, nothing shall transpire at all inimical to your own feelings or reputation, or to mesmerism; whilst, whatever good is done, I am quite sure you will have the credit of, and the fullest justice will be done to mesmerism."

Mr. HALL gives in a subsequent chapter an account of a number of experiments made upon himself. He was first affected by a child whom he was trying to mesmerise. On one occasion he was surprised to find, in his waking state, that a patient on whom he was operating possessed the power of exciting his mental faculties. The result is very interesting, as shewing what is the *modus operandi* in Phreno-Mesmerism.

Directing him to apply his finger to the centre of the posterior region of my head, with a view to test, if possible, whether it was the seat of *Inhabitiveness*, or of *Concentrativeness*—I soon found my anticipation altogether over-ruled by the apparition of *two infants*, so palpably present to me, that I felt as though it would be possible to take hold of them. What is more curious, these were mother and daughter—*a dear sister of my own, as I had known her when an infant, and her daughter, then an infant.* This was evidently a manifestation, neither of *Inhabitiveness* nor *Concentrativeness*, but of *Philoprogenitiveness;* and having no children of my own to engage that affection, it appears to have been occupied by such other fitting objects as stood nearest in relation to me.

The effect of this first excitement being removed, the operator next, by my own direction, placed his finger a little higher, when my native cottage appeared quite as palpably before me as though I had really been at and about to walk into it. This must have been *Inhabitiveness.*

On touching another point in the same region—instead of *one* sole spot—appeared to me, as if concentrated in one scene, *all* the remarkable places I had ever visited. Old cathedrals, castles, parks, mountains, forests—every place of note to which I had made a pilgrimage, all seemed to be combined in one idea, mirrored in one glowing affection; and this was no faint vision: it appeared at the moment a striking reality.

A chapter is devoted to cases of Clairvoyance, Mental Travelling, &c. All of the latter recorded by Mr. HALL appear to resolve themselves into that sympathy of mind which is one of the conditions of the mesmeric state. But one is so beautiful and curious, that we extract it. It was the case of a lady.

She had been mesmerised a few times by another gentleman, but no phenomena of a very exalted character had up to that time been elicited in her case. It was not long, however, before I found her to be so susceptible to the most refined mental influences, that I had only to *think*, when she immediately gave expression to a corresponding thought. I imagined a strain of music, and she said it was as if she heard it; then a beautiful landscape, and she saw and described it as accurately as though a picture of it were before her eyes! When the music was changed, she described the difference; and when my ideal of the landscape changed, after the manner of a dissolving view, she described that too! One of the gentlemen present then wrote upon a paper (which she had no opportunity of reading), what kind of a landscape they wished me next to compose. It was to be a plain, without a river. This she described. The next suggestion, made to me in writing, was that the plain should have a river winding through it, and hills in the background, with cattle grazing in the foreground, and a house in a particular direction. Immediately, she defined this, and it was again suggested, in writing, that I should introduce a plantation of pines at a particular bend of the river, when she said, "Stay awhile; I also see some tall dark trees by that beautiful curve of the river!" During the whole of this time the young lady was perfectly awake, and sat at a distance from me of several yards.

A remarkable case of Clairvoyance was attested by many witnesses.

In the winter of 1843-4, Dr. Willson Cryer, a very candid and dispassionate inquirer, at Bradford, and Mr. W. Prest, brought several striking cases to my notice there. One was that of a poor weaver-boy who, notwithstanding his sad deficiency of education, would display, when in the mesmeric trance, as accurate a knowledge of the internal anatomy of the human body, as if he had been a well-schooled physiologist. At times his lucidity was marvellous, even to a mesmerist; and I always noticed that it was much more exalted when occurring spontaneously than when hastened by our own eagerness, and was exceedingly liable to be influenced by the minds of those about him; so that when tested in an improper spirit, he would reflect the impropriety. On one occasion, Mr. Andrews, an eminent architect residing in the neighbourhood, was desirous that I should mesmerise a subject of this class, for the purpose of obtaining a diagnosis of a disease from which his lady had been suffering for a long period, and under which she was fast sinking, without the Faculty being able to relieve, or even define it. We have the most incontestible grounds of confidence that the little weaver-boy, whom I selected for this occasion, knew nothing of Mrs. Andrews or her disease previously; nor of the interior of the house in which she resided: it is even questionable if he had noticed the existence of it before. It was arranged that nothing should be said regarding her disease and its previous treatment, so that it was impossible he could speak by virtue of any inference drawn from that source, but from his own direct preceptions alone; since not a hint was given him as to the seat of pain, either before or while in the sleep. When I had mesmerised him by the ordinary mode of contact, he went immediately towards Mrs. A., and described her condition at the moment with an accuracy that astounded her; nor was her astonishment lessened when he proceeded to tell her, as minutely as if he had kept a regular diary of her case from the first, how her disease began; how it proceeded; how many, and what kind of doctors she had consulted; and what advice they gave her, with the effect of their various treatment, &c., defining, with the utmost accuracy, every feature of the case from first to last, and what course it was necessary for her then to pursue, to prevent an extension of the disorder. Having done this, and being left to himself for a few seconds, he suddenly exclaimed that he could see all that was going on in the kitchen—into which room he had never been—describing the dresses of the people in it, the form and colour of a dog lying near the fire, and various other matters. Next he said he could see every plant in the greenhouse, beyond the kitchen—although the greenhouse had never been named, and Mr. Andrews declared the boy could never have been in or seen it. He described the relative position of all the plants, as clearly as if he had himself been a party to their arrangement; and at last coming to one that especially pleased him, he was expatiating upon it, when Mr. A. asked him what was the character of the plant rising next to that he was so admiring, when he replied, with a smile, "Why, if you'll just grasp it in your hand, you'll know more about it than you wish, without learning of me." "Right, my boy," said Mr. Andrews; "it is a prickly cactus." The same evening, being invited to meet a few of the most respectable residents, at a party given by Mr. Foster (a member of the Society of Friends), I took this boy with me, when he was no less strikingly accurate in his description of the cellars and chambers of the house (in which he never could have been), noting many things accidentally out of place, as well as others not usual in the places they there occupied, so minutely as to leave no doubt in the minds of many who had hitherto remained sceptical regarding the higher phenomena of mesmerism, that he was perfectly lucid.

We now close this valuable contribution to science, heartily commending it to all who seek an insight into the truths of nature. It is a book that must make the most thoughtless think, and startle the most sceptical into inquiry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In the present state of animal magnetism, there are two most necessary works to be accomplished: first, to rescue it from the ignorant contempt of the learned and scientific; second, from the ignorant practice of presumptuous men, who employ it rather as an amusement than a solemn and momentous act of Christian charity.

The only means of rescuing the practice from both these evils (a slow but sure remedy) is, that those who take upon them to magnetise at all, should make a rule of doing it only for serious purposes, *i. e.* the alleviation or cure of disease—and of avoiding curiosity and experiment. I wish every magnetizer would only adopt the rules, and act under the sense of responsibility manifested by M. Aubin Gauthier in his *Traité Pratique*, and the cause would soon stand on a right footing.

And this leads me to ask the aid of any of your correspondents towards improving my own knowledge of the past results of magnetism. First, where is the *Instruction Pratique* of Deleuze to be procured in London? I have tried to obtain it, and the answer of the booksellers is, "out of print." But I know this is often said incorrectly. Can any of your readers inform me where it is to be got?

Again; there is a book repeatedly referred to by M. Gauthier, under the title of *Exposé des Cures:* I am anxious to read this book; can your readers inform me of its full title, and where it is to be obtained? I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A STUDENT.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

THE CRITIC,

And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

A GREAT WORK.

AN advertisement in another column announces the provisional registration of a company for the purpose of accomplishing that which all admit to be wanted, to be most profitable, to be certain of success, but which nobody knew how to perform, because the capital required was more than any private purse would supply.

This great work is the establishment of a daily morning journal, which should, in all its appointments, its writers, reporters, correspondents, expresses, and other machinery of a newspaper office — thoroughly equal the *Times*, and at the same time excel it in honesty, in courtesy, and in regard for the commercial interests of the country.

It is obvious that such a work would be practicable only through the medium of a Joint-Stock Company, in which an union of capital and of interests will permit of competition on equal terms with the giant monopoly of Printing-house-square.

Such a company is now in course of formation. Its capital has been fixed at 400,000*l.* by way of security, but with an almost certainty that not more than one half of it will ever be called for. It is proposed to subscribe this in 40,000 shares of 10*l.* each; the shares being fixed so low in order to give to as many persons as possible a direct interest in the prosperity of the journal.

The strict provisions of the Joint-Stock Companies' Act will be ample security to the shareholders against any misapplication of their moneys, and, indeed, the deed of incorporation will provide for this, and will also limit the liabilities of each shareholder to the amount of his share.

The same statute has fixed the amount of deposit which may be taken on the shares in companies that do not require an Act of Parliament (of which this is one) at 10s. for each 100*l.* Thus by the Act no more than 1s. per share deposit can be required, and no more will be called for until the company is finally formed and completely registered, and surrounded by the securities so abundantly provided by the wholesome law of last year.

As to the politics of the new journal, they must be those of strict independence and neutrality of party, but adhesion to constitutional *principles*, keeping pace with the spirit of the times, but not preceding it. It is another advantage of a large proprietary, that no party influences can prevail to warp it from its path of patriotism.

Its name will be short and expressive of its design—The MORNING MAIL.

To the commercial affairs of the country it will especially dedicate itself, and the fullest and most correct intelligence of all kinds under this branch of news will be collected in its columns.

With ample means, it will be enabled to employ the best heads and hands in every department, and establish a regular corps of foreign and home correspondents.

In the distribution of the shares, the first allotment will of course be made to auctioneers, solicitors, booksellers, directors of companies, and others who can aid the journal by their influence. Then the remainder will be divided among the general public, *in the order of their application*.

The profits of a paper so established and so supported cannot but be very great, and as an investment for money the opportunity is an excellent one. It may be as well to add, that as diffusion of the shares is an important object, not more than 100 will be allotted to one person.

Such is the plan of the company. The promoters are prudently unwilling to incur needless cost until it is ascertained that shares will be subscribed. The Publisher of THE CRITIC has undertaken to receive applications for shares until it may be deemed prudent to take an office for the purposes of the company. As the shares will be allotted in the order of application, it would be well to lose no time in transmitting applications, and it is desirable that the opinion upon it should be ascertained as soon as possible, for the regulation of future proceedings.

We shall probably return to this subject, which is really one of great public interest.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The History of the British Empire in India. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. Author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c. Vol. VI. Allen and Co.

THE preceding volumes of this valuable history have been successively reviewed in the columns of THE CRITIC. The one just laid upon our table completes the work, and, looking at it in its entirety, the judgment pronounced upon it by the reader will be, that while it is wanting in the loftiest qualities of history,—eloquence, philosophy, and that power of word-painting which brings scenes and persons palpably before the mind,—it is nevertheless remarkable for its pains-taking research, for happy selection of the most salient points of the subjects treated of, and for an easy flow of narrative that is less tiresome if less impressive than the stately march usually looked for in the regular history.

The period over which the chapters in this volume extends is from the renewal of the charter to the recall of Lord ELLENBOROUGH through the direct interference of the company. And although Mr. THORNTON was necessarily engaged upon themes of stirring interest, in which his contemporaries have played a conspicuous part, and was called upon to treat of men and measures that belong to our own time and are still within the pale of party politics, he has contrived to preserve the strictest impartiality, and with such rare success, that, on closing the volume, it is difficult to say to which side his personal inclinations lean. This habitual fairness, which must belong to his disposition, adds vastly to the worth of his history; and it is not until the reader has perused a few pages that he learns with how much interest events that have occurred within his own memory may be invested by an impartial narrator; how many prejudices such a book will tend to soften, as he discovers how much of that which at the moment he condemned has proved to have been rightly done, and how, not unfrequently, measures he applauded have failed in practice. This is one of the advantages to be derived from reading a fair contemporary history. It enlarges the mind, subdues prejudices, teaches charity, and humbles self-conceit; and few will rise from the perusal of Mr. THORNTON'S volume without acknowledging some of these benefits to have been produced in himself.

One of its most attractive features is the clear, succinct, and well-connected account of the Affghan war from its inception to its close. Much light is thrown upon the origin of that unfortunate struggle, hitherto hidden under a load of parliamentary blue-books and an avalanche of state papers.

From a volume so varied in its attractions, we might gather much that would interest our readers. But the effect of scraps of history thus taken from their contexts is not a little marred by the isolation, and it is scarcely fair to an historian to permit a judgment to be formed of him upon such garbled

testimony. It is due to Mr. THORNTON especially to make this observation, because the value of his narrative lies in its even current and completeness; and not in brilliant bursts. Hence it is a work that will please more in the reading than in the review, and we hope that a hostile opinion may not be passed upon its character, from the evidence of the few specimens we shall adduce.

The government of Sir CHARLES METCALFE, which preceded that of Lord AUCKLAND, was remarkable for an act the propriety of which has been ever since, and still is, fiercely debated. He established the liberty of the press in India. Mr. THORNTON thus relates an event which, whether for good or evil, is fraught with tremendous consequences to the interests of India.

For a long period preceding the year 1818, the press had been subject to a censorship, a measure first resorted to during the war with France, with a view of preventing the emissaries of the enemy in India conveying intelligence derived from the newspapers published there to the French cruisers in the Indian seas. The Marquis of Hastings was induced to introduce a different system—partly, it may be presumed, by the influence of one of his ruling passions, the love of popularity; but partly, also, by another motive. The editors of newspapers were generally Europeans, and disobedience to the orders of the censurate was liable to be visited with deportation—the Company's government having at that period the power of removing, from all parts of India, any person, not native born, whose residence there was considered dangerous. An Anglo-Indian editor, at length, recollecting that this punishment could not be applied to him, set the government at defiance, and refused to be restrained by the directions of the censor. The government then made a merit of necessity, and removed the censorship, but substituted a set of rules to which they required the conductors of the periodical press to conform. This was regarded as equivalent to the establishment of a free press, or at least it was professed to be so regarded by those who wished to commit the governor-general to such a measure, as well as by the governor-general himself, who uxuriated in the public congratulations poured in upon him with reference to this extraordinary exercise of liberality. The press, indeed, was relieved from the censurate, but editors were enjoined to comply with the rules introduced in the place of that more direct check upon publication—they were rebuked by the government, of which the Marquis of Hastings was the head, when the rules were disregarded, and reproof on these occasions was not unmingled with reference to the power of inflicting summary punishment upon European offenders. The governor-general, indeed, who had eulogised a free press, and taken credit for bestowing this boon upon India, could not, with decency be a party to the infliction of such punishment for using the privilege which he pad professed to grant. His immediate successor, Mr. Adam, was not so shackled; and an editor who persevered, after many warnings, in passing the bounds prescribed by the rules, was ordered to quit the country. The authority of the Supreme Court was subsequently obtained to the passing of more stringent rules, and under these rules one or two newspapers were suppressed. The above were the changes to which the press was subjected in Bengal. At Madras, the censorship had never been abolished. At Bombay, the regulations of the Marquis of Hastings were introduced by Mr. Elphinstone, and the censorship abandoned. The more severe regulations, established in Bengal under the government of Mr. Adam, were subsequently adopted at Bombay; but as the Supreme Court refused to register them their effect was limited. Such was the state of the press when Lord William Bentinck arrived in India, and his lordship, though an ostentatious upholder of liberal measures, made no change. During his administration, indeed, little or no interference with the press took place; either none was needed, or Lord William Bentinck was from principle averse to interference, or it might be that the press was, for the most part, laudatory of the governor-general and his measures. Some attempts were made to induce him to take a more decided course, and his lordship answered, that the subject was under consideration. Consideration, however, was all it received, and it was left to Sir Charles Metcalfe to reap the harvest of popular applause consequent upon removing all restraint upon the publication of opinion. Under his brief and temporary administration, an act was passed repealing the existing regulations, and giving to the press, in regard to the publication of political periodicals, a greater degree of freedom than is enjoyed in England. On this measure, as may be supposed, opinions, both in India and at home, widely differed. By some it was eulogised for its liberality—by others condemned for its imprudence. Of this latter quality it seems impossible altogether to acquit it. Whether the repeal of all restrictions on the press were or were not good in itself, serious objections lay against the time chosen for effecting it, and the circumstances under which it was accomplished. Sir Charles Metcalfe held the reins of government but as the substitute for another. He was aware, not only that his administration was temporary, but that its term would be short. He had reason to believe that his successor was on the sea, and he knew that with the arrival of that successor his authority ended. He might readily imagine that the expected governor-general would be in possession of the views of the home authorities on so important a subject, which Sir Charles Metcalfe certainly was not; and this adds greatly to the amount of his imprudence. He knew that in setting free the press he was binding the government to an act which could not be recalled without multifold inconvenience. The home authorities had indeed the legal power of rescinding the law, but such a step would have been attended by consequences which, to a mind so acute as that of Sir Charles Metcalfe, could not fail to present themselves. He ought not, therefore, to have placed them in a situation which virtually deprived them of the power with which the law invested them. A governor-general permanently appointed ought not to have thus acted—still less should such a course have been taken by a governor-general acting only provisionally. If he thought the press ought to be free, it was his duty to represent his opinion to the home authorities, and to ask their sanction to the passing of an Act to give to that opinion effect. The great danger with regard to governments at a distance from the supreme power at home is, that they should become in practice, if not in theory, absolute and independent. The evidence of history strikingly illustrates this principle, and every advance, in such a direction, should be carefully restrained. These remarks apply especially to the position of Sir Charles Metcalfe. The question, whether or not the press, in a country situated as is India, should be free, is not perhaps so easily answered. It may readily be conceded that in England, and in every country similarly situated, the press should enjoy perfect liberty; that every individual should have the right of publishing, without control, whatever may please him; and that, after publication, he should be liable to no legal penalties, except in cases where he may have offended against the laws of morality, or given utterance to that which is false as well as scandalous. This much may be granted: but then follow the questions—Is India in the same situation with England? and, if not, can the same degree of liberty which may be safely enjoyed in England be safely conceded to India? No one will answer the former question in the affirmative; and before replying to the latter it would be well to bear in mind the many peculiarities of our position in India. A handful of foreigners exercise rule over millions of natives—some of them of warlike habits—many of excitable temperament. We hold our dominion by a native army composed of men such as have just been described. The people of India, too, it should be remembered, have never been accustomed to the use of a free press, nor to any free communication of opinion—they have no experience of free institutions at all; such institutions have not, as with the great Saxon communities, grown with their progress as a people, and gathered strength from their gradual development—they are in India exotics, and like other exotics, are in danger either of perishing from neglect, or, from injudicious culture, of running into wild and rank exuberance.

It is evident that Mr. THORNTON questions the policy of this concession.

It appears that Sir Charles Metcalfe was aware of the dangers attending his favourite measure, and that he knowingly risked those dangers in carrying it out. Alluding to the difficulties of framing a law to restrain the excesses of the press, he expressed his belief that on such a point legislation was set at defiance—that the enjoyment of the liberty of the press involved the necessity of being exposed to its licentiousness. The laws in England, he remarked, had failed in preventing the licentiousness of the press, and he intimated, though with some appearance of doubt, that they could not be made more efficient without endangering its freedom. The expression of doubt was superfluous. Any attempt to give to the law additional means of curbing the licentiousness of the press would certainly destroy its liberty; and in England we must, in the language of Sir Charles Metcalfe, "submit to the attendant evil for the sake of the predominant good." But here the good is predominant. A man in robust health may indulge in exercises which would be injurious to an invalid, and may derive benefit from them. A man of mature age and competent knowledge may direct, to his own benefit and that of society, those powerful elements of nature which, judiciously employed, become useful ministers to the wants of man, but which, in the hands of a child, or of one unacquainted with their management, would produce nothing but mischief. The child in time may become qualified to guide them aright, and India may in time be prepared for an extent of freedom not inferior to that enjoyed by the nations most favoured in this respect. But time is wanting. The freedom of Englishmen is the growth of centuries. Why should it be thought that in India the same results can be suddenly attained by inscribing

words on a piece of paper or parchment? In all colonial communities—or communities which, though not strictly colonial in their origin, are in the position of dependencies—the character of the press is far inferior to that of the parent or protecting country—inferior in talent, knowledge, and high principle. Local squabbles—for it would be wrong to give to such disputes a more dignified name—furnish a large proportion of their material, and local libels supply the place of better sources of excitement. This difference of character Sir Charles Metcalfe seems to have passed over, for he could not have been ignorant of it. With him a free press was a blessing, not only whatever might be the circumstances of the country, but, apparently, whatever might be the character of the press. It is true that, in the course of his address, he did advert to the possibility of freedom being abused, and that he read the editorial world a lecture, by which it is charitably to be hoped they were edified. It is true he warned them that by the abuse of the freedom of the press "its proper influence" was destroyed; but it does not seem to have occurred to him that it still might have an influence which, though not "proper," would be wide and powerful—powerful for evil, though feeble for good. He opened the flood-gates, and then conjured the water to flow softly.

Mr. THORNTON defends the Affghan war with more energy of argument than is usual with him.

In judging of this most important measure, as of all of similar character, two questions occur—Was it just? and if just, was it expedient?

The tenure of sovereign power in the East is for the most part so fragile and insecure, that far less attention is due to hereditary right than might properly be required in Europe. Usurpation is so common, and meets such ready acquiescence, that the possession of actual sovereignty is generally regarded as a sufficient title, if the person in possession be strong enough to maintain it by the only conclusive argument, that of the sword. The family of Futteh Khan, who had usurped the sovereignty of the greater part of Affghanistan, had no very respectable title to boast; neither could their thrones be regarded as possessing any unusual degree of stability. Yet they were treated by the British Indian Government as the rulers of the country which they had appropriated; and as the English were not bound, like knights of old, to enter the lists of mortal combat in defence of all who had been deprived of their rights, they were justified in recognising the authorities (such as they were) which were found in existence, without any very nice inquiry as to their origin. They did thus recognise them, and sought to establish relations of friendship and alliance. Their overtures being rejected, there was no obligation to continue to profess respect for a very bad title, or to abstain from aiding any one who had a better, in seeking to give it effect. Shoojah-ool-Moolk had a better title, for he was a member of the family formerly ruling in Affghanistan, and recently expelled by a violent revolution. No one can say that he had not a right to enforce his claim; *and if this be so, those who aided him could not be wrong*, unless they were involved in some special obligation, which precluded them from lawfully affording him assistance. The English were under no such obligation; for the reigning chiefs of Kabool and Kandahar, when the opportunity offered, had declined to bring them within the operation of any. It cannot be urged that the British Government in India is precluded from interfering in disputes relating to the possession of sovereign authority in other countries; for it is certain that the governments of Europe do interfere on such subjects, and that in our own times many instances of such interference have occurred. Fervently is it hoped that in all cases where interference takes place, those who exercise it have due regard to the question of right; but it cannot be supposed that in any case they altogether overlook their own interest in the success of the cause which they espouse; and it is not too much to believe that a regard to this is generally the chief motive for interfering. The British Government thought it for their interest to interfere in the affairs of Affghanistan for the support of Shoojah-ool-Moolk; but it must not be disguised that his claim to the throne was not indisputable. Mahmood, who like himself had been expelled, was his elder brother: he left a son, who was reigning at Herat: and as Mahmood had been in actual possession of the throne, the title of his son Kamram was valid. As against Kamram, therefore, the title of Shoojah was not unassailable; but in states which would feel it derogatory to be compared with the wild and lawless tribes of Affghanistan, such occurrences as the preference of a younger to an elder branch of the royal house occasionally take place. In France, a prince who has been thus preferred sits calmly on the throne, and is acknowledged by every state in Europe as the lawful monarch of the country over which he bears rule. In Russia, too, which pretends to be a civilized state, the ordinary rule of succession was departed from when its last emperor, Alexander, perished childless. The brother next in age was summarily set aside (for every thing is summary in Russia, even the deaths of its sovereigns), and a younger brother substituted. As the title of Louis Philippe was good against all but the elder branch of his house—as the title of Nicholas was good against all but Constantine—so was that of Shoojah-ool-Moolk against every one but Kamram; and the British Government were not called upon to support a prince who suffered his claim to slumber, and appeared to acquiesce in the diminution to which his dominions had been subjected. If character were admitted as an element of choice, that of Kamram, it may be observed, was by no means calculated to attract. But whether or not the claim of Shoojah was valid against Kamram, was not the question to be settled—it was good against the adventurers who had possessed themselves of the larger part of Affghanistan, and that was enough.

We conclude with his sketch of

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

Of Lord Ellenborough, as Governor-General of India, it is as yet difficult to speak with the freedom which may be used towards the statesmen of a former age. It is certain, however, that his Indian administration disappointed his friends; and if a judgment may be formed from his own declarations previously to his departure from Europe, it must have disappointed himself. He went to India the avowed champion of peace, and he was incessantly engaged in war. For the Affghan war he was not, indeed, accountable—he found it on his hands; and in the mode in which he proposed to conclude it, and in which he would have concluded it but for the remonstrances of his military advisers, he certainly displayed no departure from the ultra-pacific policy which he had professed in England. The triumphs with which the perseverance of the generals commanding in Affghanistan graced his administration seemed completely to have altered his views, and the desire of military glory thenceforward supplanted every other feeling in his breast. He would have shunned war in Affghanistan by a course which the majority of his countrymen would pronounce dishonourable. He might without dishonour have avoided war in Scinde, and possibly have averted hostilities at Gwalior; but he did not. For the internal improvement of India he did nothing; he had, indeed, little time to do anything. War, and preparation for war, absorbed most of his hours; and in a theatrical display of childish pomp many more were consumed. With an extravagant confidence in his own judgment, even on points which he had never studied, he united no portion of steadiness or constancy. His purposes were formed and abandoned with a levity which accorded little with the offensive tone which he manifested in their defence, so long as they were entertained. His administration was not an illustration of any marked and consistent course of policy; it was an aggregation of isolated facts. It resembled an ill-constructed drama, in which no one incident is the result of that by which it was preceded, nor a just and natural preparation for that which is to follow. Every thing in it stands alone and unconnected. His influence shot across the Asiatic world like a meteor; and but for the indelible brand of shame indented in Scinde, like a meteor its memory would pass from the mind with its disappearance.

We have so often before commented upon this history in the course of its publication in volumes, that nothing more remains to be said of it than that it is one which may be advantageously ordered in the book-club or added to the library.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence. By EDWARD HOLMES, Author of "A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany." London, 1845. Chapman and Hall. THIS, we believe, is the first of the Biographical Division of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's monthly series of original works, intended to be published at prices very considerably less than those hitherto affixed to books of such a class. A more interesting subject for an opening volume could not have been selected. Hitherto the only biography of MOZART in our language has been a translation from the French of BOMBET, itself a translation from the German of SCHLICTEGROLL, and at the best a mere sketch, too brief to satisfy the curiosity that attaches to the name of the musician.

Mr. HOLMES, from his acquaintance with the music of Germany, and his personal researches in the neighbourhood where the composer passed large portions of his life, was peculiarly qualified to supply this defect in our literature; and not only has he done it well, so far as sound judgment and literary skill are concerned, but he has enjoyed certain advantages which of themselves would have pointed him out for the task. NISSEN, who married the widow of MOZART, had

made a large collection, in the original German, of the composer's correspondence, intending to arrange and shape it into the form of a memoir. He died, however, before the task of editing was well begun, and the manuscripts were subsequently placed in the hands of Mr. HOLMES, and of course are a remarkable and interesting feature of his Biography.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART was born on the 27th January, 1756. His father was LEOPOLD MOZART, valet-musician to the Archbishop of SALZBURG, who had seven children, of whom two only, *the* MOZART and a girl named ANNA MARIA, survived the period of infancy.

LEOPOLD MOZART was himself a musician of some eminence, and a first-rate violinist; and to his excellent training of the genius of his son the world is doubtless indebted for no small portion of the science that has directed that genius to the noblest triumphs of the art.

Accident, as usual, revealed its presence. The sister, then aged seven, was a skilful player on the clavier. Her brother, then only *three* years of age, would listen with delight, striking the thirds and other harmonious intervals.

At four, he could always retain in memory the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard; and now his father began, half in sport, to give him lessons. The musical faculty appears to have been intuitive in him, for in learning to play he learned to compose at the same time—his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, symmetry, and the art of setting a bass. To learn a minuet, he required half-an-hour; for a longer piece, an hour; and having once mastered them, he played them with perfect neatness and in exact time. His progress was so great, that at four years of age, or earlier, he composed little pieces which his father wrote down for him.

For two years he continued to improve both in play and in composition, and at the age of six it was determined to take him to Munich, and exhibit him to the Bavarian court as a prodigy. His character at this time is thus described:—

The boy was always extremely animated and intelligent. Before he applied himself to music he entered into the usual pastimes of childhood with such interest, that over a pleasant game he would forget every thing, even his meals; but afterwards he lost much of his relish for these recreations, or liked them only in proportion as they were mixed with music. One of the great favourites of Wolfgang, and his especial playmate, was Andreas Schachtner, the principal trumpeter in the archbishop's band; a man of cultivated mind and considerable talent in poetry, the intimate friend of the family. Whenever the playthings were removed from one chamber to another, if this companion were with him, it must be done to music; and he who carried nothing must play or sing a march. Such was the ascendancy that the art had gained.

His disposition was characterized by an extreme sensibility and tenderness, insomuch that he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him, and if they jestingly answered in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears.

His thirst was great for all kinds of knowledge, and he seemed to learn as it were by intuition. Here is a scene at six years old:—

One day as Leopold Mozart, accompanied by a friend, had just returned home from church, he found little Wolfgang very busy with pen and ink. "What are you doing there?" said his father. "Writing a concerto *for* the clavier," replied the boy. "The first part is just finished." "It must be something very fine, I dare say—let us look at it." "No, no," said Wolfgang, "it is not ready yet." The father however took up the paper, and he and his friend began at first to laugh heartily over this gallimatias of notes, which was so blotted as to be scarcely legible; for the little composer had continually thrust his pen to the bottom of the ink-stand, and as often wiped away with the palm of his hand the blot thus brought up, intent solely upon committing his thoughts to writing. But as the father examined the composition more attentively, his gaze became rivetted to the page, and tears of joy and wonder began to roll down his cheeks, for there were ideas in this music far beyond the years of his son. "See," said he, smiling to his friend, "how regularly and correctly written it is; though no use can be made of it, for it is so immensely difficult, nobody could play it." "It is a concerto," returned little Wolfgang, "and must be practised before it can be performed. It ought to go in this way." He then began to play it, but was unable to accomplish more than give a notion of his design. This concerto was written with a full score of accompaniments, and even *trumpets and drums*.

From Munich they went to Vienna, everywhere enchanting their audiences; the talented children were received with enthusiasm, and even the stiffness of Courts was relaxed in their favour, as witness their reception at the Court of Austria, thus described by the happy father:—

At present I have not time to say more than that we were so graciously received by both their Majesties, that my relation would be held for a fable. Woferl sprang into the lap of the empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily. We were there from three to six o'clock, and the emperor himself came into the antechamber to fetch me in to hear the child play on the violin. Yesterday, Theresa's day, the empress sent us, through her private treasurer, who drove up in state before the door of our dwelling, two robes—one for the boy, the other for the girl. The private treasurer always fetches them to court.

The delicate organization of the young musician was shewn in the horror he felt at the sound of a trumpet; it caused him to turn pale, and fall to the ground. On one occasion he observed that a fiddle was "half a quarter of a tone flatter than mine," and on trial it was proved to be so.

The wonder that his talents created, and the applause that he received, had no ill effects; he remained a simple and affectionate child, free from vanity, dutiful to his parents, who governed him rather by looks than words, and so obliging, that how long soever he might have played, he was always ready to return to the instrument without a murmur, if his father desired it. He carried his obedience so far, that he would not accept presents, still less venture to eat any thing offered him by friends, without permission.

When he had reached eight years of age, his father determined to take another musical tour, in the course of which they visited Paris. But though so well received by the nobility and at all the courts, and laden with handsome presents, they reaped but a poor harvest of money, as appears by the correspondence of the elder MOZART, from which extracts are given.

At Paris he writes, "The people are all crazy about my children." At Versailles the children were received with marked distinction. Here the young WOLFANG published his first work. On this the father remarks:—

The engraver has now in hand four sonatas by Mr. Wolfgang Mozart. Imagine the noise these sonatas will make in the world, when people read on the title-page that they are the work of a child seven years old, and one who, if unbelievers demand a proof, which has happened ere now, is in condition to set the bass, or the second violin part, to any minuet that may be laid before him, without troubling the clavier. You will in time hear how excellent these sonatas are; an *Andante* in one of them is of especial taste. I may tell you that God daily works new wonders in this child. On our return he will, please God, be able to do good service in the court music. He now accompanies at all public concerts. He transposes *prima vista* the airs he accompanies, and everywhere plays off at sight whatever pieces may be placed before him, whether Italian or French.

From Paris they proceeded to London, where they remained more than a twelvemonth. His first appearance at the English court is thus described in a letter from LEOPOLD:—

On the 27th of April, five days after our arrival, we were with their majesties from six to nine o'clock. The present we received on leaving the royal apartments was twenty-four guineas only, but the condescension of both the exalted personages is indescribable. Such were their friendly manners, that we could not believe ourselves in the presence of the King and Queen of England. * * * What we have here experienced surpasses every thing. A week afterwards, we were walking in St. James's-park, when the king and queen came driving by, and although we were all differently dressed, they knew and saluted us; the king, in particular, threw open the carriage window, put out his head, and laughing, greeted us with head and hands—particularly our Master Wolfgang.

On the 19th of May we were again with their majesties from six o'clock to ten. Nobody was present but the two princes, the brother of the king and the brother of the queen. Twenty-four guineas again on going away.

We are going to take what they call a benefit on the 5th of June, though the usual concert season is now over, and as the expenses will be forty guineas we cannot hope to get much. *Basta!* We shall do well enough, if through God's blessing we all keep well, and particularly our intrepid Wolfgang.

The king placed before him pieces by Wagenseil, Bach, Abel, and Handel, all of which he played off. He played on the king's organ in such a manner that his hearers preferred him on the

organ to the clavier. He then accompanied the queen in an air, and a performer on the *flauto traverso* in a *solo*. At last he took up the bass part of one of Handel's airs that by chance lay in the way, and upon the mere bass performed a melody so beautiful that it astonished every body. In a word, what he was on leaving Salzburg is but the shadow of what he is at present; he surpasses all that you can imagine.

They quitted London for Holland; when the little Wolfgang fell ill, and was for some time in danger. On his recovery, he wrote a symphony for the Installation Feast of the Prince of Orange, composed a set of six sonatas, and produced an oratorio!

As usual, success produced envy, and envy, lying and abuse. The *established* musicians of Europe and those of Vienna especially, could not endure thus to be eclipsed by a child, and their evil passions knew no bounds. Open hostility, secret intrigue, were directed against him by turns. But as it has been, so it is now, and so it will ever be. All novelties are assailed after this fashion.

The plan of operation adopted by these gentry (clavier players and composers) is to avoid every opportunity of seeing us, and of inquiring into the scientific attainments of Wolfgang. For why? In order that in the many instances in which they are asked, whether they have heard the boy, and what they think of him, they may answer—that they have not heard him; that it is impossible; that it is all quackery and harquinade; that it is got up beforehand; that he has already learned the things put before him; that it is ridiculous to believe he composes.

Now you understand why they shun us. For whoever has seen and heard, cannot thus speak without the risk of losing his character.

Among other forms of hostility, there was a combination to defeat an opera he had composed by performing it badly. "The whole hell of music," writes the angry father, "has bestirred itself to prevent the talent of a child from being known."

Returning to Salzburg they remained there for a few months, and then departed on a tour through Italy. Their reception was most gratifying. The sensitive Italians were charmed with the talent of the boy, and they did not share the jealous heartburnings of his compatriots, so their applauses were unrestrained and enthusiastic.

Amid the many recorded incidents of this memorable tour, we can take only two or three of the most curious. On one occasion he carried away in his memory and afterwards committed to paper the entire of the famous *Miserere*, preserved at the Sistine Chapel in Rome, in MS. and not permitted to be printed. He accomplished this feat in two visits. From Naples he addressed to his sister, for whom his affection was unbounded, this comical letter:—

Make my elaborate compliments to Herr von Schidenhofen *tralaliera—tralaliera*—and tell him to learn the Repeat Minuet on the clavier in such a manner that he do not forget it. And tell him to *do* it soon, that he may *do* me the pleasure of *doing* him an accompaniment. And *do* make my compliments to all other good friends, male and female, and *do* take care of yourself, and *do* not die—that you may *do* me another letter, and I *do* one to you, and so we continue to *do* till we are *done* for;—still I am he that will *do*, till there is nothing more to be *done*. Meantime I *do* remain, W. M.

At Milan he brought out his opera of *Mithridates* which was entirely successful. Indeed his Italian tour was one continued ovation.

Before their return to Salzburg the archbishop died and a new one was appointed, whose character is thus described:—

In figure he was tall and commanding; much devoted to horses and field sports, and fond of being surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of ladies. He had not the least taste for music, and was long before he could be brought to perceive that there was any thing extraordinary in his young concert-master. When it is added that with his singular qualifications as an ecclesiastic, he combined *hauteur* and moroseness of manner, the relation of the parties may easily be conceived; and although their acquaintance seems to have begun favourably, their good understanding was of short duration.

We have not space even to name his journeyings and compositions during the following three or four years. We meet him once more domesticated at Salzburg at the age of 19, where, for his brilliant services, and for his post in the archbishop's household, he received a salary of about 1*l.* 1s. English per annum!

Three years he patiently submitted to this degradation, and then he resolved to throw himself upon the world and seek his fortunes—offering his services to the first prince who would accept them. At this lapse of time the result would appear to be beyond question. Not so in fact. Genius found not in those days the ready reception it meets with now. Why? Because then it relied upon princes, now it appeals to a public. But hear Mr. Hughes.

The correspondence of this period presents a kind of autobiography, in which there is much of that kind of truth which is said to be "stranger than fiction," and which, in some of its phases, can with difficulty be associated with so fascinating a talent. But if the history of the great musician's first practical acquaintance with life raise indignation at the dulness of the age that could refuse shelter and patronage to one as modest in his demands as he was rare in his powers, it is at least consoling to see the triumph of genius over circumstances. Mozart may be seen unworthily treated; he may occasionally appear in a pathetic aspect; but he is never humiliated, nor dispossessed of the bright reward of his own conscious superiority. And it may be here remarked that even the vulgar distresses, which form but too prominent a part in the adventures of genius, acquire, through the softening influences of time, somewhat of the colouring of romance.

For the details of his wanderings from court to court, in the vain endeavour to find a patron, the reader is referred to the volume, which gives many extracts from his correspondence at this period of disappointment. A very sensible letter from his father follows:—

. . . I must now address you very seriously. You know for how many years together they have been trying our patience at Salzburg, and how frequently both you and I have desired to get away. You will remember, too, the arguments which I used, and which prevented our *all* giving up Salzburg at once. They are now put to the test; great expenses on a journey, and few, or at least very slow, receipts to meet them—what would this be to encounter with a whole family? To have suffered you to go by yourself, and to leave the thousand things that are necessary to be looked after on a journey to your care. You who were unaccustomed to do without assistance; little acquainted with the various kinds of money, and totally ignorant of that of foreign parts; without the least notion of packing, &c.; for you to have travelled under such circumstances, was, at that time, impossible. I often represented to you, that even if you should stay at Salzburg for a couple of years over your twentieth, you would lose nothing; for in that time you would have an opportunity of looking into some other branches of useful science, and of enlarging your mind by the perusal of good books in different languages, as well as of practising the languages themselves. I further represented to you, that a young man, though he should have fallen from heaven, and was enabled to see far, far beyond all living masters, would still never get the reputation he deserved, age being essential to that; and while a man is under twenty the envious, the malicious, and the persecuting find the materials of their trade in youth itself, and an easy argument to prove out of few years small experience. Can you doubt that something of this sort has been at work with the elector respecting the teaching of his children? Moreover, I am as little a friend to servility of conduct as yourself, and you may remember what I wrote about Munich, that you were not to *throw yourself away;* and all these endeavours to be able to stay by the aid of a little society of ten persons are, in my opinion, *too crawling*. You have, however, been thus induced, through the persuasions of good-hearted and well-meaning friends; but these are straw fires that quickly burn out, and end in smoke. That I now wish you an appointment is true—but such an appointment only as you might get at Mannheim, or Munich, or some other place, where you would not be refused an occasional tour; but on my account no appointment *per decretum* for life. If you had such a place for a couple of years only, it would not prevent your travelling into France and Italy. You yourself know well enough that it is through years, and through titles, such as composer to an elector, that consequence and respect are obtained. And it was my opinion, with respect to Munich, that there was no meanness or servility in seeking a temporary engagement there, because that alone would afford the opportunity of displaying the extent of your knowledge and ability; there being so many people about courts who are always ready to prevent this, and time and opportunity being essential to it.

By the advice of his father he abandoned his pursuit after the patronage of petty German princes, and betook himself to Paris, where he hoped to find a public more liberal than his countrymen had proved themselves.

The same ill-fortune, however, attended him here. Every body heard and applauded him, but they did not *pay*. One of his letters describes the manner of this profitless honour.

You advise me to visit a great deal, in order to make new acquaintances, or to revive the old ones. That is, however, impossible. The distance is too great, and the ways too miry to go on foot; the muddy state of Paris being indescribable; and to take a coach, one may soon drive away four or five livres, and all in vain, for the people merely pay you compliments, and then it is over. They ask me to come on this or that day—I play, and then they say, "*O c'est un prodige, c'est inconcevable, c'est étonnant;*" and then "*à Dieu.*"

His mother had come to visit him at Paris, and while there was taken suddenly ill, and died. This terrible misfortune was severely felt by the young composer; the more so, as all the family beside were far distant, and days must elapse before they could even be informed of their bereavement. His letters to his father, on the occasion of this calamity, are full of interest, but too long for extract.

In the mean while the archbishop had learned what a treasure he had suffered to escape, and desirous of winning him back, offered a salary of 500 florins. This was accepted; and on the 26th of September, 1778, MOZART quitted Paris to return to his native city. On his way he visited Strasburg and Munich. At the former place his reception was by no means gratifying. At the latter he first met the lady whom he afterwards married, CONSTANCE WEBER, who became his pupil at the pianoforte, and for whom he contracted a warm attachment. Here he lingered for some time, until, urged by his father, he hastened his movements, and reached Salzburg in the middle of January, 1779.

At this point we must pause, reserving the remainder of the memoir for another notice.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Scenes on the Shores of the Atlantic. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Newby.

THIS fine long name means nothing more than a Tour on the Western Coast of Ireland, accomplished by a lady who preserves the anonymous. Gifted with keen perceptions and very considerable powers of description, she appears to have taken note of whatever she witnessed as novel or characteristic in scenery, costume, or manners, and afterwards expanded them to the size and shape in which they are now presented to the public. The result is scarcely worth the labour and cost, but the volumes contain much light, pleasant reading, although not of sufficient value to justify a recommendation of them to our readers. A single passage will suffice to exhibit the authoress's manner, and it will do so in its most agreeable aspect:—

THE DECENCIES OF DEATH.

There is one very striking characteristic of the Irish peasantry, and which I believe they possess in common with other nations in a backward state of civilization, an extreme solicitude about their burial. To have a well-attended funeral, to be a "handsome corpse," and above all to be interred with their own kindred, are objects of the highest ambition. Those who are totally regardless of the decencies of life, hold the decencies of death in such estimation, that to procure a good coffin, grave-clothes, and the wherewithal for a "creditable wake," they will undergo the greatest privations. I have known a poor woman pawn her only flannel petticoat on a bitter winter's day to procure a meal for her starving children reduced to pinching want, rather than intrench on the sacred hoard kept carefully for the funeral expenses. Some there are who keep their coffin at the head of their bed for years, and old persons have generally some good clothes stored up to "dress their corpses in." An old woman applied to us for an under garment, and having received one, together with a cap, exclaimed in the greatest joy—"Oh! such linen, fit for a lady; and a cap with elegant frills to it, bordered all round. The likes of them are much too grand for a creature like me to wear. I'll keep them for the day of my death, and they'll look beautiful at the wake." "But," we remonstrated, "they were not given you for that. They are meant to make you comfortable while you are alive, and you must wear them now." "And not have a decent rag to cover me in the coffin! Ladies dear!" she added in the most appealing tone, "sure now you wouldn't be so onreasonable." But we were "onreasonable," and insisted on the garments being worn; suggesting, however, as a mitigation of the case, that as the old woman was so far advanced in years, they might possibly last long enough to answer the double purpose. This was a bright and happy thought on our parts, and our old friend departed, expressing a fervent wish that she might die before such "elegant clothes" were worn out. When I was a child, we had a house-carpenter named Murphy, a very faithful creature, but one to whom the French saying "*ses qualités surpassent ses charmes*" applied most strongly. He was a most ugly man; big-headed, hard-featured, and forbidding-looking. His person was distorted from having fallen off a high ladder in his youth, which had injured his spine and legs, and made him a cripple for life. In short, to any one not accustomed to his appearance as we were, he must have looked something monstrous. One morning, poor Murphy came limping up with a most rueful countenance, complaining of feeling very ill with "pains in every bone in his body, and such an impression on his heart (the lower orders always call chest affections by this name) that he could scarcely draw his breath." He had evidently caught a violent cold. Various remedies were proposed, and he seemed greatly comforted by the prospect of approaching relief. My dear mother recommended a warm plaster to his chest, and gave him one to put on. He looked very suspiciously at it. "This is a warming-plaster, ma'am, is it?" Yes; a very good thing for your oppression." "May be so. Would it hurt a body, now?" "Oh no; you will find it very comfortable, on the contrary." "Thank you, ma'am; but will you tell me, would it leave any mark behind it?" "It reddens the skin a little, that's all." "Ah, that's what I misdoubted all along, from the looks of it. I'm greatly obliged to you, ma'am, and thank you kindly, every bit as much as if I had made use of it. But (returning the plaster), I wouldn't put this on for the world; no, not if it was to save my life. I wouldn't put a mark or sign on myself for all the gold you could give me, or do any thing that would hinder me from making a handsome corpse, plaze God; and that's what I'd be if I was to die this night, without speck or spot, or any such thing upon my whole skin." And no argument could induce poor Murphy, unsightly and crippled and ill-favoured as he was, to run the risk of spoiling a "handsome(!) corpse" by applying the warm plaster. It was a strange, but, among his class, a very common species of vanity.

FICTION.

Ravensdale, a Tale. By a Lady. In 2 vols. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

THE lady authoress of this tale has prudently concealed her name, probably from a lurking consciousness that no honour would be reflected upon it by the production to which it belonged. *Ravensdale*, indeed, is not a bantling for a mother to be proud of, save upon the parental plea that a sickly child is loved the most. It was not necessary to read many pages in order to discover the character of the volumes submitted to us; "the Lady's" entire unfitness for authorship was apparent in the very first page. She has yet to learn the art of writing. Even were she possessed of the other qualifications of a novelist, she is wanting in that essential one of ability to compose agreeable sentences. We would fain hope that she is a very young lady, for then she may amend with practice, and she may be forgiven for rushing into print so unprepared, on the plea of inexperience. If, however, she have reached that most uncertain period of life called "a certain age," we must look upon her case as hopeless, and the remonstrance of the reviewer will be vain.

In all respects, this is so jejune a performance that we should not be justified in dwelling upon it for a moment. It has no pretensions to a place upon any book-shelf, not even upon that of the lowest-class circulating library. We would advise the authoress, if she be young, to practise and study for half-a-dozen years at the least before she again ventures into print, and if she be *not* young, to betake herself to knitting, fancy work, Dorcas Societies—any thing rather than to novel-writing. In the one she will be a very respectable personage; in the other she exposes herself to the pity of the kind-hearted, and the ridicule of the cruel.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

ANOTHER heap of these having accumulated, we proceed, as is our wont, briefly to notice their various claims to patronage. Periodicals and Serials form no unimportant portion of the literature of the day, and no record of that literature would be complete which omitted mention of them.

First in importance are the Quarterlies, of which two are before us. The first is *The New Quarterly Review, or Home, Foreign, and Colonial Journal*, now in its twelfth number, and therefore almost past the perilous season of youth. Its contents exhibit that improvement which only experience can teach. They are extremely varied and interesting, and some of the articles are remarkable for their learning, and others for their graceful writing. The review of "The Novels of the Past Season," belongs to the latter class, and good taste has presided over the critic's judgment. Another paper that has greatly pleased us, is one on "Living German Poets," which contains some clever translations. In a like strain is the article, on "Goldoni and Modern Italian Comedy," evidently the production of one well versed in the literature of Italy. This Quarterly has been always famous for its commercial essays, and here it preserves its reputation by discoursing of the "Commercial Tariffs of Portugal," and "The Financial Policy of Sir Robert Peel." A charming composition, independently of the profound interest attaching to the subject, is the paper on "The Life and Compositions of Beethoven." In a review of "The Dramatic Works of R. H. Horne," the critic exhibits an appreciation of the loftier walks of literature and art, of which we hope to find him a steadfast advocate, not only in this periodical, but in others of more frequent appearance. "Russian Laws and White Slavery," is an examination of the existing social condition of the vast empire that already throws its shadow over Europe. Lastly, an essay on "Railway Speculation," aims at a loftier view of the question than the mere profit and loss. It views the matter as a social problem, and deeming the mania to be the result of the "*auri sacra fames*," it looks upon it as fraught with future mischiefs to the community, and calls for the imposition of some legislative check. In common with all reflecting men, the reviewer regrets that the Government had not at the first interfered to direct the laying down of railways upon a system; even now he thinks it ought to be attempted.

The government, it is alleged, cannot now interfere; they cannot reclaim their abdicated power, or deny to the many what they have granted to the few. It was on this principle Dr. Dodd was hung, because other forgers had suffered before him. And so future generations are to risk their lives and sacrifice their comfort, because others have submitted to the same hazard, and suffered the same inconvenience. The argument is scarcely tenable. The virtue of parliamentary consistency is not always so delicate. On religious questions it has bowed to the rule of expediency; why not where railways are concerned? The rights of property are too sacred. There is only one right of property, that is the parliamentary right to all property where the public interest is concerned. This, if not the principle, is at least the practice. If parliament can drive through a man's house for the benefit of a company, it can drive through an act of parliament for the benefit of the majority, even though that act secures to a company great and peculiar privileges.

The consequences of the mania are thus prophesied:—

We shall be told that speculators are the glory of England, and railroad companies its most patriotic guardians. Counsel will plead—barristers pocket their fees; for this, if not the golden age, is at least for them the age of gold. And when this fair land has become one vast forum for brokers and usurers, and the fortunes of thousands shall have been swept away in some of those panics which are incident to all extensive gambling transactions; when the wild excitement which follows upon all great changes shall have passed away, and men learn that even railroads cannot cheapen bread, or bid sorrow be still, they will bitterly look back upon the conduct of a parliament which acted as the high priest at the sacrifice of the moral welfare of the country.

The Church of England Quarterly Review for October is a publication that well deserves the support of churchmen; for not only is it moderate and rational in its views, but it mingles with its peculiar theme a great deal of excellent general literature. "Scriptural Geology" is the subject of the first article, and it opposes with some warmth the cosmogony of the scientific geologists, whom it reproaches with teaching scepticism under a mask. The next is a sweeping assault upon that world-renowned work, *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, whose positions, or rather, we should say, whose assumptions, it unmercifully demolishes. But, amid a great deal of mere theory and hazardous conjecture, the work has too much substantial truth to be despised. "Mr. Oakeley, and his claim to hold," is next considered, the reviewer deciding in the negative. A very learned article introduces us to "Hebrew Philology." "Infant Schools and Wilderspin's System," are examined minutely by one who brings experience to the aid of his inquiry. This is followed by a pretty severe exposure of "Socialism in France," as it now prevails. "Sacred and Profane Chronology" are compared with vast learning. Some timely remarks are made upon "Mr. WARD'S Secession." "The Congress of Vienna," and "FORSTER'S Arabia," are the subjects of the two remaining essays; and pleasantly vary the more sober and serious contents.

We turn now to the monthly magazines; and first we take up the *Dublin University Magazine* for October, a periodical which has earned the title of the Irish Blackwood. That name will not be dishonoured by the contents of the present number. In literary articles we have another charming group of poems from the relics of the late lamented Mrs. JAMES GRAY. From these we take one that embodies a sweet thought.

TO A CANARY BIRD.

Sing, little bird with the silken wing,
And tell us where thou hast learned to sing.

Thou wast not nurst in the greenwood free,
Thy birthplace was not in the rustling tree,
Where the leafy whispers around thy nest
Might fill the dreams of thine infant breast;
No echo of the wandering rill
Hath taught thee that melodious thrill,
Yet sweetly and gladly it flows along,
Even as the wild bird's happiest song.

Nor hast thou caught the spring's first breath,
And the summer's smiles on the open heath;
That chirp so clear thou didst not learn
From the grasshopper amidst the fern,
Nor hast thou soared aloft to mark
The rising morn, like the happy lark,
Whose notes of triumph overflow
The heavens above and the earth below.

Sing, little bird, fold thy silken wing,
And tell us where thou has learnt to sing.

'Tis not the memory of hills or woods,
Nor the sounding voice of remembered floods,
'Tis not the sweeping of the wind
That hath left its thrill on thy heart behind;
Ever hath been thy doom
A narrow cage and a prisoning room,
Yet dost thou pour forth melody
As sweet as the songs of liberty.

There's a spirit within that heart of thine
That sends a spell thro' its feeble shrine,
At the tone of love that heart can bound,
And echo back its blessed sound,
And day by day that song hath power
To lighten many a lonely hour;
God is thy teacher—the God of love
Who rules the choiring hosts above;
Perhaps thy voice is as dear to him
As the songs of the holy cherubim,
It may be he hears its gladsome tone
Through the musical thunders around his throne.

Sing, little bird, rejoice and sing,
Thy songs arise from a heavenly spring.

An essay on "The Æsthetical Condition of England" is another proof of a growing party among our writers who aim to exalt the character of our literature, by directing it to a philosophy that concerns itself with the world of mind, and contemplates, as FICHTE says, the divine idea that lurks below the external aspect of all things in this world. After reviewing the present prostrate state of poetry, high art, and music in England, the author, nevertheless, does not despair. He considers that we have reached the lowest depths, and that a reaction is nigh at hand, to aid in bringing about which is the design of THE CRITIC. In this eloquence of indignation he repels the taunt that poetry is dead among us.

Let us not then despair! Though fog and cloud obscure the face of day, above them the sun is still bright, heaven is still serene! Even thus, though veiled for a time by the dense exhalations of materialism, the higher ideas of the soul exist in unsullied brightness. Virtue and beauty have not abandoned this world, and the muse of Poesy* still lives.

* "Poetry" is used here (and elsewhere) by a natural *synecdoche*, for the æsthetical principle generally.

Ay, and will ever live! for, do the proclaimers of her demise know the necessary conditions of the death of poetry? We will tell them. First of all, blot from the heart of man the affections which attach his being to beings other than himself, which call forth the dream-like world of sympathy, which waken the fitful music of love, the pure transports of its meeting, the passionate anguish of its parting; which find beauty in forgetfulness of self, sublimity in self-sacrifice—blot out these, for these are in themselves poetry! Next, take his mind. Tear from it at once the faculty of imagination, and the idea of beauty; let him find in the pleasures of sense the highest object of his desires; let him rest contented with the mediocrity around him, conceiving no greater perfection, and therefore aiming at none; let music be to him a mere succession of sounds; let Raphael rank below Teniers; let the statue be a spoilt block of marble; let the azure heaven suggest no higher thought—let

> The primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose be to him,
> Be this, and nothing more!

Do all this, but think not yet that you have checked the fountain of poesy. No! you must dive still deeper into the mysteries of humanity, you must lay your profane hand upon the *soul*; for there, in that holy place, exists the very spring and centre of the poetic feeling. Quench there the idea of infinity—the vague consciousness of immortality—quench the restless longing for perfection ever wearying of the pleasures of this material life, ever turning "from all that it has brought to all it *cannot* bring"—do this! crush the heart, mutilate the intellect, obliterate from the soul its hope of heaven, its image of God, and then, *but not till then*, will poetry abandon a world which, from a creature overflowing with life and with beauty, has become beneath your suicidal hands, a corrupt and misshapen corse.

In topography this magazine has been always rich, and here we have a delightful paper on "Irish Rivers." "The Whychcots" is an amusing tale. The "Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen," is enriched with a portrait of WM. MAGEE, Archbishop of Dublin. Two political articles are very local in their themes; to wit, "Ireland and her Church," and "Sir Robert Peel and the Protestants of Ireland."

The *Art-Union* for October is a beautiful and attractive periodical. It is devoted exclusively to art, and it adds to clever writing and extensive information, a profusion of pictorial embellishments. A curious article is the opening one—a history of "Head Coverings in England." The variety of forms, when grouped upon the page, makes one smile for their absurdity. Only Prince ALBERT's was wanting to perfect the series. "The Living Artists of Europe" introduces us to CARL HEIDELOFF, of whom a spirited portrait is given. Excellent notices are added of the "Foreign Picture Galleries," and there is a large collection of intelligence relating to art in all parts of Europe.

Dolman's Magazine for September and October continues to be an acceptable addition to Roman Catholic literature, which it ably represents. "Pictorial Art in its Christian Development" is a very fine and thoughtful essay on a noble subject. The tale entitled "The Countess Clemence," by the editor, is also an attractive feature. We much like the gossiping paper called "A Peep at all Things and a few others."

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine for October more than maintains its ground; it improves in popularity and desert. Besides the clever continued articles we have already noticed, the new ones in this number are attractive. "Serving the People" is a useful commentary on railway accidents. "The Philosopher Married," and "Cromwell in the Shades," are lively and amusing, and not too long. "Confessions of a Quack" convey a moral by which the community might profit.

George Cruikshank's Table-Book for October contains a richly humorous frontispiece from the pencil of the artist who gives name to the magazine, on the happy theme of a "Return from a delightful Trip on the Continent." It illustrates an equally clever prose sketch, entitled "Oddities from the Rhine." The rest of the contents offer nothing calling for special notice. They are not above mediocrity.

The Connoisseur for October is a periodical dedicated to music and the arts. Its best features are a portrait of MURILLO, and a piece of music. The articles are tolerably well-written, but they cannot compete with the *Art-Union*.

The Philathenic Literary Magazine for October is one of those publications which always provoke the question, Who buys? They have no positive excellence—no novelty in any shape; wherefore, then, do they appear?

The Local Historian's Table-Book for September and October is a curious collection of remarkable facts, traditions, ballads, &c. in the counties of Northumberland and Durham; just what a local periodical ought to contain, and which must be popular in its neighbourhood, because its information has a direct interest for every resident. It is illustrated by some very respectable woodcuts of local objects. The diary form is adopted, and the annual volume forms a complete and valuable record of the principal events of the year as affecting those districts. The Traditions, Ballads, and Biographies, are paged separately from the local Chronology. We should expect that every inhabitant of the two counties would possess himself of this repertory of facts.

Knight's Political Dictionary, Part IX. has been so often reviewed and recommended, that we have only to observe that this part extends from International Law to Criminal Law, and includes the now all-absorbing subject of Joint Stock Companies.

The O'Donoghue, by HARRY LORREQUER, Nos. X. and XI. hasten forward the tale with abounding interest, and four spirited engravings increase its attractions.

Memoirs of an Umbrella, by HERBERT RODWELL, Part I. is the commencement of a sort of periodical novel. The tale, so far as it has proceeded, promises well; and the illustrations, from the pencil of PHIZ, are really of a very superior class, both in design and execution; another new feature is the introduction of music. Altogether, Mr. RODWELL's idea is a happy one, and is likely to prove very popular.

The 10th Part of *Fox's Lectures, addressed chiefly to the Working Class*, discourses of such interesting topics as "Harvest Time"—"The Use and Abuse of Sunday"—"Historical and Biographical Associations connected with the Month of October"—"Self Culture," &c. The fervid eloquence which distinguishes these effusions is not their sole attraction; they are the vehicle for a fine moral and social philosophy, peculiarly useful, falling upon the ear stunned with the clamorous contentions of speculators and money-getters, not always very regardful of the means by which they attain their ends. In proof, take the close of the lecture on "The Study of Moral Philosophy:"—

> I would only say,—let the aim of each be not to *seem*, but *to be*, that which he appreciates. Let him look to reality rather than to externals. Let sincerity be enshrined in his very heart of hearts; let him learn from all science and arts—from moral or philosophical writers—that truth—truth to one's self—is the great thing to hold most sacred. If every individual were to do this, and speech were ever the representative of thought, it would be a very short time before some of the world's worst abuses would be swept away, never to be heard of more. The genuine voice of truth and earnestness cannot be disregarded by multitudes, by constituted authorities, or by the loftiest in station. They may cherish the dream that intelligence sleeps, that moral principle is dwindling away in the world, that they can reward patriotism with a gaol, if not a scaffold, and yet never be called to account, nor hear the thunders of condemnatory opinion from millions of voices; but whenever the honest mind in individuals acts for itself—when, regardless of conventionalism, heedless whether one's opinions are the same as those around us, we maintain the sacred truth to ourselves—then, indeed, is the triumph of truth at hand in the world, over thrones, dominations, and powers—over whatever ancient bulwarks or modern prejudices or influences may be opposed to its advancement. Be this, then, the aim of each and all: to become virtuous, moral, and excellent. You have only to be human in the fair, natural, and full development of human nature. The sacred impress is on your own hearts—the voice of God is within you, telling you thus to realize all of which your faculties are capable, and towards which your aspirations point; and thus may be won the finest of eulogies which that great and mighty observer of human nature, Shakspeare, has left us—the noblest praise which he has awarded—containing the very pith and essence of all which each should covet for himself as the epitaph which will do his memory most honour:—
>
> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN.

The 11th part of *Mores Catholici* is as curious a collection of extracts from rare old books, strung together by eloquent original remarks, as were its predecessors, which we have reviewed before.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Pasha's Slave. By X. B. Saintine. 1 vol. 1845.

We confess—we who are old travellers and sojourners in the East—that few things surprise us more, in the progress of our literary career, than the temerity with which writers—ay, and clever men, who write advisedly and judiciously upon subjects within their own cognisance—venture on the difficult path of oriental fiction, beset as it is with the most intricate and imperative questions of local costume and manners. It is true that, especially to those who have only looked at the East through the prism of imagination, and who have accepted as authority the wild fancies of others as ill-informed as themselves, there is much tempting fascination in the mysterious and gorgeous visions in which they indulge; and thus, in the very security of their ignorance, they invent party-coloured and distorted fables, replete with oriental names, while sinning against oriental feelings and habits; and, unconscious that they are each moment violating not only probability, but even possibility, they amuse themselves by producing hybrid tales which have no legitimate home or country, and which, consequently, can induce only a sickly and unwholesome interest, instead of putting forth their strength in a healthy attempt to embody the consistent and the true with which they are familiar. Such is our cause of regret in the present instance. M. Saintine is a clever man, whose talent has long been acknowledged. He is, moreover, distinguished by a certain eccentricity of style, which is not without its grace; and thus he might very safely have confined himself to subjects whereon he is competent to write, and at less expense of trouble to himself, and with more advantage to his readers, have produced, instead of the otherwise brilliant tale under notice, an attractive fiction of European life.

Such, however, it was not his pleasure to do; and it is the more to be lamented, that upon the very threshold of his task he makes considerable parade of the oriental knowledge of a travelled friend, from whom he professes to have derived his story, as well as to "have profited by his knowledge of men and places." This objection advanced—and we by no means wish to deny that we consider it to be a very serious one—we are bound to award all praise to M. Saintine for the style and finish of the work, and for the industry with which he has endeavoured to portray what he evidently believed to be the details of Eastern costume and feeling. Were it only *possible*, what can be more gracefully touched than this picture of the Mingrelian heroine?

THE PASHA'S SLAVE.

Towards the middle of the month of June of the year 1841, in the *pashalique* of Sivas, in the vast gardens situated near the Red River, a young girl, dressed in the Turkish costume, her head bent upon her bosom, was walking slowly, followed by an old negress. From time to time she turned abruptly, and when her glance, in the midst of the clumps of maples and sycamores, could distinguish the angle of a large building with gilded gratings, and balconies of finely-chiselled cedar-wood, then her complexion, usually of a dull and transparent white, flushed suddenly, her little foot smote the earth, her chest heaved, and it was not without an effort that she suppressed the sigh which sought to escape from it.

Still silent and preoccupied, she paused, and pointed with her finger towards a palm-tree. The negress immediately entered an elegant kiosque a few paces from the spot, and returned carrying a tiger-skin, which she spread at the foot of the tree. After the negress had made several journeys from the tree to the kiosque, and from the kiosque to the tree, the young girl, seated with her legs crossed upon the tiger-skin, and with her back resting against the stem of the tall palm, from which, however, she was separated by a thick cushion of black velvet, held carelessly in her left hand a *narghilé* pipe, with a tube of Persian cherry-wood, and in her right, in a slight stand of gold filigree, shaped like a cocoa-nut, a little cup of Chinese porcelain, which the old slave filled, time after time, with burning moka.

Baila was seventeen; her black and lustrous hair veiled her temples like the wings of a raven; her slender eyebrows, forming a perfect arch, although of the same colour as her hair, were, nevertheless, as well as her long lashes, and the borders of her eyelids, covered with a preparation of antimony, called *sourmah*; a narrow black line, descending vertically from her forehead, separated her arched eyebrows. Other colours had also been employed in order to give more effect to her beauty. The ruby of her lips had disappeared under a slight tinge of indigo; while, by a contrary process, just beneath her eyes, where the delicate network of her veins would naturally produce a light shade of blue, glittered the purple dye of the henna, a sort of vegetable carmine extremely popular in the East, which also reddened the nails of her hands, of her feet, and even her heels, which were visible in her small open slippers, embroidered with gold and pearls. Thus tatooed in the Asiatic manner, Baila was not the less beautiful. Her dress was simply composed of a caftan of velvet, pantaloons of muslin, striped with silver, and a girdle of enchemire. But all the gewgaws of oriental luxury completed her costume. The double row of sequins which trembled around her head, the large gold bracelets which adorned her arms and ankles, and the chains and jewels which covered her hands and bosom, glittered at the extremities of her long flowing tresses, and even flashed upon her pipe, relieved, by a strange charm, her young attractions.

Here is, as we have already admitted, a very glowing picture; and were it only a *tableau de genre*, or a fancy piece, we should be ready to pardon its incongruities and exaggerations in favour of its bold touches and gorgeous colouring; but alas! for the *local* tinting of the work, as faithful critics we are obliged to condemn it altogether; for scarcely one of of its details is correct. The *narghilé*, which is simply a Turkish *hookah*, instead of having a stick of cherry-wood, has a long elastic tube of gilded leather; and this description of pipe, which requires, when first ignited, a powerful effort of the lungs in order to drive the vapour drawn from the bowl through the cistern of scented water, by which the strength and flavour of the tobacco is modified to the smoker, is never used by Turkish females, whose sedentary habits do not leave them sufficient power of chest to expend upon such an amusement. Where *young* Osmanli women *do* smoke—and the custom is so far from being a common one, that it is, before a certain age, always regarded as an excess—they make use of a small-sized *chibouque*, with a mouthpiece of amber, a stick of cherry or jasmine-wood, and a bowl of gilt clay. Then, again, we must vehemently protest against the idea of the beautiful Baila extending her tiny cup of china porcelain, in order that the old slave might fill it "time after time with burning moka." We will pass over the absurdity of a garden *kiosque*, containing a coffee-mill, coffee-roaster, and heated brazier, all three things indispensable to a woman of Baila's rank, ere she could be provided with coffee that she would esteem presentable; but we must hint to M. Saintine that he has degraded his little beauty into as very a drunkard, as though he were to exhibit one of his European heroines engaged upon her second bottle of claret. A Turkish gentleman will rarely venture upon a third cup of coffee between his repasts; and a woman who should do so would be the theme for conversation in all the harems of the neighbourhood. In costume, our author has been guilty of solecisms as great as those which he has exhibited in manners. The favourite of a powerful pasha, with a string of sequins about her head, would be about as consistent as a peeress in a cotton cap; while the "tatooing in divers colours," to which we are introduced in this delineament of Turkish luxury and taste, is positively laughable. Be it remembered that the scene of the story is laid in 1841, when even the use of *henna* was rapidly declining, and *soormah* had already been abandoned by women of rank. The leg-bracelets, or anklets, are another impossible monstrosity, being adopted only by the *almè*, or dancing-girls, the most impure race in Turkey. We will not, however, pursue our objections further, than to regret that M. Saintine, who gives a very stringent rebuke to divers travellers and artists who have invested, by their details and sketches, the slave-market of Constantinople with a character of revolting indelicacy which it is very far from presenting, and who inveighs upon the unfairness of advancing mistatements based on the ignorance of fact, should himself have fallen into the same error. When M. Saintine talks of the fair Mingrelian attending the Pasha in her *palanquin*, we only feel inclined to laugh, and to regret the absence of the elephants who should bear it company; but when he quietly introduces a man, and that man a Frank and a *Giaour*, into the saloon of the harem, during the Pasha's hours of relaxation, and places him face to face with the Turk and his favourite *Odalique*, then we begin once more to question by what *right* a popular author sits down to confound right with wrong, and to put forth absurd and erroneous notions of other countries. Let those who read to learn as well as to be amused decide the point.

The difficulty of producing correct, as well as entertaining fictions, based upon oriental habits and feelings, is sufficiently

manifest in the fact that England has produced only two first-rate Eastern story-tellers, MORIER and FRASER, while France cannot shew one. Both these gentlemen are acclimated alike to the customs and localities of the country about which they write; are familiar with its language, and conversant with its prejudices; and yet how sparingly do they venture upon sketches of harem life and of Turkish interiors, where they must necessarily write from hearsay.

But to return to M. SAINTINE'S story. The fair slave has not sat very long beneath the palm-tree, nor has she exhausted all her stock of moka, when she is startled by the apparition of a Frank, gazing at her (as well he might!) with eyes full of astonishment from the midst of a group of flowering shrubs. In her surprise the cup falls from her hand; their gaze remains rivetted upon each other; the negress has fallen asleep over the fumes of the boiling coffee; and the stranger ventures to approach, and to address the goddess of the spot in very excellent Turkish. Baila has already drawn forth the diamond-hilted dagger, which from time immemorial romance-writers and opera-managers have placed in the girdles of all Eastern heroines, when the negress suddenly awakes, and the adventurous young Frank retreats with all possible expedition, but not before Miriam, the negress, has caught a glimpse of his flying figure. Thenceforward, as a matter of course, all Baila's thoughts are occupied by the bold and spirited young Frenchman; and at length, through the medium of the old slave, who is devoted to her, she discovers that the stranger is still in Sivas, and still endeavouring to obtain another and a more satisfactory interview with the beautiful Odalique of the Djezzar (Butcher) Pasha.

As a natural consequence, the vain and unoccupied favourite soon imagines herself to be in love with the stranger who is willing to incur such risks for the sake of looking upon her once more; and she accordingly takes advantage of the temporary absence of the Pasha, who visits the city of Tocata to levy tribute; and through the agency of Miriam, and a *bostangi* whom she bribes with a rich present, the Frank is introduced into a garden pavilion in a stand of flowers, where he is shortly joined by Baila.

A STOLEN INTERVIEW.

By the pale light emitted from two scented tapers, placed upon a stand, she saw the stranger standing with his face buried in his hand, in an attitude of meditation.

At the rustling of her dress, at the light sound of her footsteps, he looked up, and crossed his hands above his breast in a sort of ecstatic transport; while his eyes, raised to the gilded roof, took so bright an expression, that they appeared to the Mingrelian to have doubled the light about her.

When Miriam had disappeared in order to watch over their safety, and Baila found herself alone with the unknown, with the loved one of her dreams, all at once casting back her veil, she revealed herself to him in all the glory of her Georgian beauty. For an instant she enjoyed in silence his agitation and his astonishment; and then, seating herself at the angle of the sofa, she invited him by a sign to take his place beside her. The stranger, however, remained motionless, his only motion having been that of hastily covering his eyes, as though he had been suddenly blinded. Her vanity satisfied by the stupifying effects of her beauty, Baila repeated her gesture.

Then the Frenchman, although not without considerable hesitation and embarrassment, walked towards the sofa, and, bending nearly to the ground before her, with his eyes cast down, grasped the hem of the long veil which she had flung off, and drawing it forward, with averted head, once more threw it all over her: "Listen to me;" he said in an agitated voice, as he seated himself beside her; "listen to me with attention, Madam; the present moment may become, for you as well as myself, the commencement of a new era of glory and salvation."

She did not understand; she drew nearer to him.

"You were born a Christian, Madam;" he continued; "Mingrelia was your birthplace." Baila imagined for an instant that he might himself have come from the ancient Colchidus—that he had seen her family. * * * "Are you then a friend of my brothers?" she asked; and in that moment of emotion she gently touched his hand. The stranger shuddered, and making the sign of the cross as he rose, he said solemnly—"Yes, Madam, I am the friend of your brothers—of your brothers the Christians, now crushed by the tyranny of a cruel despot, whose nature you alone can soften. The terrible Dahor, master of a part of Syria and Palestine, after having selected as his minister Ibrahim-Sabbar, a Christian, became the protector of the disciples of Jesus Christ. Do you not possess over your master a greater power than Ibrahim could boast over his? God made use of Esther to touch the heart of Ahasuerus; He has marked you, as he did her, with his seal, that you may assist in the deliverance of his people. This has been revealed to me by faith. Thanks to you, the Pasha of Sivas, Ali-ben-Ali, the butcher, the executioner, will no longer turn his rage against any save the enemies of the church; the divine light, descended from the cross of Calvary, has at times penetrated even into the most hardened hearts."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Baila, recovering from the stupor which this unexpected discourse had occasioned; "what are you come to do here?"

"To teach you to weep over your past life; to assist you in washing away your stains; to save you, and to save with you and by you, our brothers the Christians of Sivas."

"Begone, apostle of the demon! Begone!" cried the beautiful Odalique, as, in her turn, she folded her veil about her, in order to conceal herself from his profane gaze; "begone, and be accursed!" * * *

With the intention of appeasing her, and with a supplicating gesture, the stranger made a step forward.

"Do not approach!" exclaimed the Mingrelian.

Then rising, shudderingly, she called for Miriam. She was about to leave the pavilion, still uttering aloud her imprecations, when, the portress thrust hastily aside, the Pasha appeared, surrounded by soldiers, and carrying in his girdle a perfect arsenal of arms of every description.

Either the anger of the favourite had reached its climax, or the sentiment of self-preservation awoke imperiously within her, and rendered her pitiless.

"Kill him! kill him!" she uttered, as she pointed out the unhappy Frenchman to the vengeance of the Pasha.

The young man fastened upon Baila a reproachful and melancholy look, which made her tremble, and then he offered his head to the stroke. A soldier raised his sabre, but Djezza turned it aside. "No," said he, "he must die more slowly." And, glancing alternatively upon the two agitated beings before him, he murmured emphatically this fearfully poetical phrase:—"His blood must not flow forth at once like the water of the fountain, but fall slowly, like that of a spring which issues drop by drop from the living rock."

In the East, there is poetry everywhere.

Then he said a few words in the ear of a Maugrebin slave who stood near him, and the Christian was led away.

Our next extract suggests itself. Startled by the violence of Baila, and by the words which fell from her as he entered the pavilion, Djezzar, amid all his suspicions, finds it impossible to decide upon her guilt, but still his trust is gone, and he resolves upon testing her truth by a brutality worthy of his savage nature. Despite all his reproaches, and his evident acquaintance with all the movements of his Frankish prisoner, the fair favourite soon discovers that her share of blame is still unknown; and she presumes the more readily upon this fact as she never doubts that the fate of the stranger is already decided. Thus mutually deceiving, if not deceived, Baila and her master are once more *tête-à-tête* in the harem, if, indeed, we except a tame lion, the pet and companion of the Pasha.

A HAREM SCENE.

In his palace of Kizil-Ermak, the red river, Djezzar passed the greater portion of the day, extended upon cushions at the feet of his beautiful slave, smoking the roses of Taif and Adrianople, mixed with the tobacco of Malatia or Latakia, adding occasionally a leaf of Naschick, a grain of opium, or even of arsenic (?) to exalt his imagination. Sometimes Baila put her lips to the hookah, and, as they both reclined there, plunged in a sort of waking dream, educed by the juices of the Indian weed and the poppy of Aboutig; the one had visions of the eternal hourii, and the other of the audacious stranger; while the lion Haider, drawing in his claws, stretched himself familiarly beside them. Baila leant negligently on the neck of the formidable animal, while the Pasha dropped his head upon her knees; and it was a strange picture, that of this graceful young creature, clad in gauze, reposing quietly between two ferocious animals. She had long ceased to fear either the one or the other. Both the lion and the man had been tamed. * * *

"Listen!" said the Pasha, enforcing silence by a gesture, and appearing himself to lend an ear to some sound without. She listened, but could hear nothing save a dull, confused, and monotonous noise, like that of threshing.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing—nothing yet," was the reply. Both remained for a moment listening attentively; the noise still continued, but did not increase. Djezzar became impatient, and clapped his hands.

"Have my orders been executed?" he demanded of the Maugrebin slave who obeyed the summons.

"They have, son of Ali; but in vain against this Christian have we employed the cross knotted with lead, or the thongs of

hippopotamus' hide; in vain have we washed and irritated his wounds with pepper and citron-juice; he has neither cried nor groaned."

"What does he do, then?" roared the Pasha.

"He prays," answered the slave.

"Has he revealed nothing?"

"Nothing, son of Ali."

"If my blows cannot move him to speech, my clemency may perhaps succeed," said Djezzar, with a fearful smile. "Let him be brought before me. By Allah! I will teach him how to talk."

When the Mangrebin retired, Djezzar resumed his place near Baila, and became once more, by a rapid transition of will, at once effeminate and luxurious. He caused the slave to retain her position on the sofa, and laid himself at her feet to smoke the *narghilé*, to all appearance engrossed by watching the vapour of his Persian pipe escaping on one side in cloudy volumes, and on the other rising from the crystal vase of perfumed water; and thus he indolently awaited the appearance of his prisoner.

The young missionary, for such he was, who had fallen under the brutish displeasure of Djezzar, contrary to the apprehension of the trembling Baila, does not betray the secret of his mode of admission to the harem. There is considerable power in the scene which follows.

THE CHRISTIAN CAPTIVE.

When, after his preliminary suffering, Ferdinand Lasserre, with his hands bound tightly behind him, was brought before the Pasha, that individual was still lying upon his cushions; his head, and the arm which upheld the tube of the *narghilé*, reposed upon the knees of the Mingrelian, and his lion, Haider, with his forepaws stretched out, his muzzle against the ground, and his eyes half closed, lay near him. At a sign of Djezzar the slaves withdrew, and the Pasha, the Odalique, the Christian, and the lion were left alone. * * * *

"It is then understood," said Djezzar, whose impassibility formed a strange contrast with the enthusiasm of the young Frenchman: "you wish to die, and you shall die; but do you understand the fate which is in reserve for you?"

"Whatever it may be, I am ready," said the captive.

"Then, in this mortal life, you have nothing to regret?"

"Nothing," answered the young man, without raising his eyes, "if it be not that in my last moments I am deprived of the presence of a priest of my holy religion."

Djezzar appeared to reflect, and then a faint smile rose to his lips: "If your desires extend no further," he said, "they may be fulfilled."

At his summons the Mangrebin reappeared.

A few minutes afterwards an aged man, bald, but wearing a long white beard, and fearfully attenuated, was introduced. At the presence of the Pasha he trembled as violently as though he felt that his last hour had arrived. He was a poor Maronite monk, lately sent by the patriarch of Mount Liban, to replace the superior of the convent of Perkinik, who was just dead. On that very day, when traversing this Catholic village of the environs of Sivas, the Pasha had endeavoured to levy a tax upon this miserable convent, in which three monks, clad in rags, lived by the labour of their hands, in the midst of a population as wretched as themselves. Not having been able to extort a sum of money which they did not possess, Djezzar had carried off their superior as a hostage until the ransom should be paid.

"*Kafir*," he said, "you have refused to pay the taxes of the *miri* and the *karadj*."

"The Christians of Liban have been exempted from them since the capitulation of the holy King Louis," replied the unfortunate monk, whose voice betrayed the most violent emotion; "the Viceroy Mehemet Ali holds us exempt also."

"To hell with the old fox!"

"But the Sultans themselves have recognised this law, highness."

"There is no law here save my will," shouted the Pasha.

"What can I do to disarm your rigour?" stammered the poor old man, turning a terrified gaze upon the lion of Djezzar, of which he already believed himself the prey; "I possess nothing in this world but my life, and that I hold at your pleasure."

"And I will take it, if you do not obey me on the instant."

"But for this tax ——"

"By the Koran, who is now speaking of the tax? Of the *karadj* and the *miri* I will hold you free, you and yours—free for ever; and you are at liberty to depart hence, carrying away a greater number of piastres than I claimed from you; but, first, you must curse this dog who stands bound before me." Then, turning towards the captive, he added, "Yes, you are about to die, and to die cursed by a priest of your religion. Inshallah! Will you speak now?" With heroic resignation, Ferdinand Lasserre bent his knee and bowed his head, surrendering himself at once to the sword and to the curse, when he heard the voice of the old cenobite of the Liban, who had spread out his hands above him, exclaim in affecting accents—"If you are a Christian, may you be blessed, my son!"

These holy words were scarcely uttered, when the old man fell, struck by a pistol bullet; Baila, with involuntary horror, threw herself back upon her cushions; and the Pasha, meanwhile, calmly replaced the weapon in his girdle. Suddenly he aroused himself to restrain the lion, which he held back by the mane, as, animated by the scent of blood, it was about to spring with a roar upon the body of the Maronite.

"Remove that carrion," said Djezzar to the Mangrebin, "and leave us."

The body carried away, and the slave gone, turning once more towards the lion, which, with open jaws and wrinkled and quivering lips, was roaring in an under tone, and turning its flashing eyes towards the spot where its prey had lain, "Hola!" he said, caressing it with his hand: "Hola! patience, Haider, you shall soon receive your share; you will lose nothing by the exchange."

He then resumed his original attitude; and while the lion, which he still restrained, continued to roar uneasily, with its eyes fixed on a stain of blood which was perceptible upon the carpet, he addressed himself to Baila, affecting not to remark the agitation which shook her delicate frame.

"Yes, we will divide the infidel between us—each shall have his share. His head shall be mine, his body shall be Haider's, and you, my rose of Ineour, you shall have his heart. Did he not himself bestow it on you? Now, then, go and take it."

Baila, irresolute and full of horror, knew not how to interpret the command. "Go, and take it," repeated Djezzar. "See! look! unable to defend himself, does he not seem to renew the offer? Go, my soul; and if your own dagger will not suffice for the work, make use of mine."

The Odalique bent towards him: "You jest with me, All, do you not?" she murmured in his ear.

"Do you not hear? or will you not understand?" was the formidable answer. This man must die—at once—and by your hand, or I shall believe you to have been his accomplice, and your head shall fall before his own. I swear it by Mahomet and the four Caliphs!"

Being reduced to choose between her own death or giving death to another, Baila felt the blood freeze in her veins, and the paleness of the grave settled upon her brow.

"You hesitate!" said the Pasha.

Her trembling hand moved towards her dagger.

"Take mine," said Djezzar.

The hand of Baila fell back upon the shoulder of the tyrant, and remained there for a time as if paralyzed; her dim eyes turned involuntarily towards the young Frenchman, only that very morning the object of her dreams—towards the young martyr, whose first word might have destroyed her, and who was about to die—to die through her agency—without giving utterance to that fateful word!

"Will you obey?" asked the tyrant, with a gesture of impatient rage.

The hand of the Odalique felt for the shoulder of Djezzar, and wandered as if unconsciously, among the arms in his girdle.

"You tremble; you will not do it? You love him, then?" exclaimed the Pasha furiously.

"Yes, I love him!" answered the Mingrelian; and, with a sudden bound, she buried the blade of his own *yataghan* deep in the bosom of the Pasha.

Although he had received his death-stroke, Djezzar made a movement to seize his remaining pistol, but, in obedience to a gesture from Baila, the lion Haider, excited afresh by the sight of blood, sprang upon his master, and terminated his efforts with his life.

While Ferdinand Lasserre, horror-stricken by this double murder, closed his eyes, and writhed in his bonds, the Mingrelian girl, suddenly endowed with extraordinary presence of mind, collected hastily in a corner of the hall the light furniture and draperies by which it was ornamented, and then, having set the pile on fire, and grasped the cord with which the young Frenchman was bound, she dragged him towards a secret issue which led to the lodging of the Abyssinian negress.

The Palace of Kizil-Urmak, being of Turkish construction, that is, built of wood, was almost entirely consumed.

Despite its exaggeration, it will be conceded at once that M. SAINTINE has produced a tale of great interest, and, so long as he retained his actors upon Eastern ground, the *prestige* of the locality helped his readers very cleverly over the inaccuracies of the story; the climax is, however, "too bad." Little indeed can he understand the nature of Oriental women, when, after having transplanted the haughty Mingrelian to Paris, he metamorphoses her into—an Opera-dancer! She, the favourite of a powerful pasha, upon whom the beams of the sun were scarcely permitted to look, degraded into an

unsexed and unblushing instrument of voluptuous luxury, at once the gaze and theme of a multitude!

That M. Ferdinand Lasserre should, instead of marrying the preserver of his life, very contentedly retain her as his mistress, and assist in her miserable apotheosis, does not startle us half so much. An individual who, at five-and-twenty was crazy enough to attempt conversion after the system which he adopted at Sivas, was very likely to display other symptoms of madness quite as unequivocal during his subsequent life; but how M. SAINTINE could reconcile it to himself to grind under the heel of his fancy the beautiful Baila, the high-souled favourite, the lion-tamer, into a *coryphée*, surpasses our comprehension. Pity it is that his travelled friend was not able to inform him that the cases are by no means rare in Turkey, on the decease of a pasha of rank, of his women absolutely refusing to become the inmates of any other harem where the master is of inferior station; indeed, so jealous are they of their acquired position that, rather than submit to what they consider as a degradation, they will suffer themselves to be shut up for life in some deserted palace belonging to the family and there end their days in weariness and neglect.

The next time we meet this writer, we trust to do so on European ground, where he possesses a *carte du pays*. In the present instance he has frittered away his talent, and, like Tony Lumpkin's chariot, has only found his way home through bogs and byways, all which, although they tend to lengthen the journey, by no means add to its pleasantness.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

The History of the Seven Years' War, for the German People, from the pen of RUDOLPH JOHN; *with Portraits of Frederick II. and Maria Theresia.* (*Die Geschichte des Siebenjährigen Krieges, für das Deutsch Volk, bearbeites von* RUDOLPH JOHN; *mit Bildnissen Friedrichs' II. und der Maria Theresia.*) Leipsic, 1844.*

IN these days it is a good thought to write the history of the seven years' war for the German people; what then was wrested and wrung by one party from the other has since brought general benefit to the German nation, thus in full measure compensating for the mournful fact of brother fighting against brother. And it can hardly be said to have been the German *people* who thus rose in arms against each other; the command of kings and princes led them to the field against FREDERICK II., whose conquests in North and South Germany were heard of and welcomed with joy and triumph, even by those who stood under the banner of the enemy. To this Germany owes much of its present national feeling, its national worth, so long seemingly passive; and we have not merely, as GOETHE says, to estimate FREDERICK II. as the most influential founder of our literature,—not only in this intellectual light must we regard him,—but we must look upon the history of his deeds as a bond of firm interest to Germany at large, firm in proportion to the distinctness of its separate parts. The many volumes of memoirs, &c. published during late years, memoirs of all or any who excited interest in those times, are of themselves sufficient evidence of this; and we may add to them the excellent parts referring to FREDERICK II. in TIECK'S novel, *Die Gesellschaft auf dem Lande*. Neither must it remain unnoticed, that the new direction and political form of Germany, which, during a peace of almost thirty years, has ripened and developed the noblest deeds in art, knowledge, industry, and commerce, owe their present condition, if not their entire origin, to the deeds of FREDERICK II. and his compatriot. All this, and many other considerations, combine to give the seven years' war not only the utmost weight in Prussian history, but to lend it, also, a deep significance for all Germany. And nothing but unjust and one-sided animosity to Prussia can deny that its consequences, notwithstanding the war of the Revolution, and the evils of the French invasion, are still visible, and that the true history of FREDERICK II. yet lives both in the mouths and the hearts of the people.

We know not whether the editor of this work be a Prussian subject or not, but we must give him our testimony that he has described the actions of the heroic king and his followers in hearty good-will and honest admiration, without at the same time discarding strict impartiality or love of truth. With the praiseworthy feeling that it is essentially impossible to separate Prussia and Germany the one from the other, he has kept in close view the interests of Germany at large, with the consequences of the war to the entire nation, even though, as we before remarked, the latter were not clearly evident until long after its termination. His immediate predecessor, as writer for the people, ARCHENHOLZ, wrote as a Prussian officer would write, and it is not to be denied, that owing to the immediate influence of events upon himself, owing also to his intimate acquaintance with military affairs, and also to his lively reminiscence of the Prussian monarch, for whom his veneration is evident in every line, his book acquired a popularity which it has retained almost to the present day. The advantages of personal inspection were, of course, not in the grasp of Herr JOHN, but he had that of bringing to the benefit of his contemporaries the great stores of information which from that time to this have gradually been accumulating on the subject of the war. He has not only had the invaluable good fortune to be able to use the writings of one so learned as PREUSS, whose "*Lebensgeschichten Friedrichs*" deservedly ranks among the first works of its class which modern historical writing has produced; but references to other excellent works have been open to him, such as the entertaining *Beiträge* of STUHR; the clever and authentic biographies of the Prussian heroes, by VARNHAGEN VON EUSE; the industrious collections of RODENBECK, and the military works of RETZOW, COGNIAGO, GAUDI, THIELE, and the officers of the Prussian staff, which, in value and variety of information, far outweigh the highly prized work of TEMPELHOF, of the time of ARCHENHOLZ. Though we cannot perhaps find directly the immediate traces of such authorities, the sensible use that has been made of them is evident in the general tone of the work, rendering it such as must prove a source of information to the young, and of willing entertainment to the old.

When now we turn to details, we shall see that every battle, every siege, is described with as great care and freedom as is within the power of a non-military writer. For example, we may cite the battles of Prague, Rossbach, Leuthen, Zorndorf, Rollin, and Hochkirch, the blockade of the Saxons at Pirna, the disaster of Fink at Maxen, the sieges of Olmutz, Dresden, Schweidnitz, and Kolberg, in all which the author has made industrious use of his knowledge of the ground (whether acquired from personal observation, or merely from books, we know not); and in particular we must refer to the description of the camp of the Prussians at Bunzelwitz, in 1761, and of the battles of Tongan and Burkensdorf. We may also thank Herr JOHN for his clear analysis and representation of the oblique line of battle, so celebrated through FREDERICK II. The earnest desire of the author to make his own impressions clear is to be seen in the industry he has bestowed upon the details of various military operations, in which respect he stands far beyond ARCHENHOLZ, especially in the painting of the campaigns of Prince HENRY of Prussia, and the Duke FERDINAND of Brunswick, the important victories of Strehla, Freiberg, Minden, and Crefeld.

In another respect, too, we may rank Herr JOHN above his predecessor; namely, in the clearness with which he has represented the diplomatic relation of the various powers to FREDERICK II.; even though, upon examination, we cannot discover him to have made use of the latest information on the subject: we mean that which is to be found in the fragment of MITCHELL'S Memoirs on the Outbreak of the War, in SCHMIDT'S *Zeitschrift für Geschicht-wissenschaft*. He has, too, employed the information brought to use by STUHR in the best manner for a work of this popular nature (which rarely need enter into the intricate details of controversy), simply applying it where necessary, and thus casting a better light than has hitherto been thrown upon this period of the war; without, however, at any time losing himself and his readers in the voluminous particulars which many authors might have followed. We allude, especially, to the great want of unity among the allies, and the unceasing efforts of the French delegates, of MONTAZET, MONTALEMBERT, MESNAGER, and others, to maintain it, such as it was; also the internal divisions between the French general and his court, and the differences between the Austrian and Russian generals, by means of which ,after the battle of Kunersdorf, a powerful action against FREDERICK was rendered utterly

* Translated from the "*Blätter für Literarische Unterhalten.*"

useless. How extremely advantageous disunion of this kind, or the perplexing and contradictory commands of Vienna, must often have proved to FREDERICK, in many a case of extreme distress, is every where evident, yet without in the least disturbing our estimation of his powers or his fame; for the greatest of generals is always willing to allow that his deepest plans have found their most fortunate allies in the ill-fortune or improvidence of his enemy. Political reflections are but thinly scattered through the work, in our opinion much to the advantage of a strictly popular history; such as there are, as the political position of FREDERICK and his opponents, are skilfully and accurately detailed.

Impartiality is a striking feature of the whole. The author is, as we before remarked, a sincere admirer of the Great FREDERICK and the deeds of his warriors, but he is fully open to the many faults of his system of military tactics; as, for instance, the operations at Kollin, Hochkirch, and Kunersdorf, and he is likewise the advocate of the brave BEVERN against the unjust treatment of FREDERICK. Neither in any way does he dim the glory of Austrian bravery. To General DANN he accords the admiration his penetration, his great experience, and immovable self-possession must always excite: while General LOUDON is represented such as his remarkable talents and powers as a commander in the field have ever merited. The acount of the army itself is thrown off with the vivid colours of an ARCHENHOLZ; in particular the unwillingness of the Wirtembergers to raise their arms against the Prussians. In reference to this fact, the feeling of which was fully shared by the Pfälzer, Zweibrücker, and other troops, the Stuhr papers contain much valuable information, which might well have been interwoven into a popular work. Herr JOHN, however, has represented the matter on its real footing without losing himself in that hollow declamation by which KOPPEN, a few years since, so much disgusted the genuine admirers of FREDERICK. We will, in evidence, produce a short passage. It speaks of their political condition in the winter of 1761:—

> The higher the balance rose in favour of Frederick, so much the louder were single voices raised, so much the more general became the conviction that with the fall of Prussia a deep and incurable wound would be inflicted on the German nation at large. The fiery spirit, which, since the battle of Molnitz, like an electric spark, had kindled in the heads and hearts of the Prussians, and led them on to follow joyfully the sun-flight of the Royal arms—this spirit threatened once more to expire under the ruins of the falling monarchy. The thought alone was dispiriting. While thus the mass of the German people, even those who followed the banners of the enemies of Frederick, unanimously regarded the fall of the King with that reverential awe—that silent grief—which we all feel at the disappearance of the great, the more educated and far-seeing measured, with gloomy hearts, the coming future, whose foundation seemed to be based on the tombstone of the Prussian monarchy."

We have also a careful yet concise investigation into the condition of the French army—its internal disorder and want of organization; but of this, and the disinclination of the people themselves to the war, we have many interesting examples in STUHR.

The regard we entertain for our author, and the expectation we indulge of shortly welcoming a second edition of his labours, induces us to add a few remarks. Herr JOHN thus has, indeed, furnished us with several interesting anecdotes of the personal life of the king, both in field and in camp; but, in our opinion it needed many more of these characteristic traits, well-known anecdotes, and authenticated sayings of FREDERICK, such as have maintained the memory of "old Fritz" alive in the hearts of the people until our times, to render his work complete. Among these we would class the occurrences both before and after the battle of Leuthen—the conference with GELLERT at Leipzig, in the winter of 1760—several little traits of the king's intercourse with his soldiers, such, for instance, as NICOLAI has collected in his *Anecdotes of King Frederick II. of Prussia*—and lastly, the occurrences at Berlin during its possession by the Russians and Austrians, in 1760. If, also, the sacrifice of the Frenchman, ASSAS, is not omitted and the meditated treachery of the Baron WARKOTSCH is so fully described, then surely such a man as NETTELBECK deserves the warmest praise, instead of being passed over in utter silence; likewise the noble conduct of FRAU v. TRESKOW, so fully detailed in PREUSS, and that of GOTZKOWSKI in Berlin, who, for the great services performed for his country, was treated by the king with the same neglect that he has met at the hands of Herr JOHN, although the materials for lengthened accounts of him were to be found in PREUSS. For in that work, although in its very nature compressed by the gathering together of innumerable notices, an amazing store of learning and instructive amusement is to be discovered. For instance, we are of opinion that the circumstance of FREDERICK restoring their honours to the regiment Anhalt-Bernberg, at Leignitz, would have been better detailed, had some use been made of the account given in PREUSS; which, at the same time reminds us of MARSINNA'S work, entitled *Regierungs geschichte Friedrich II.* which appeared in 1788-90, and by means of its various anecdotes forms an entertaining book for all the world. Neither should we have omitted many epigrammatic sayings of the king, also to be met with in PREUSS; such as his testimony to the honour of Lieutenant-Colonel LESTWITZ, after the battle of Torgau—"PRITTWITZ has saved me, but LESTWITZ has saved the state" (PREUSS' Jahrbücher für Wissenschaftlicher Kritik, 1842); and many others to be met with also in VARNHAGEN VON ENSE. Lastly, we must observe, we miss several of the most beautiful and powerful passages of his correspondence with his friend and sister, to whom he wrote in his deepest troubles and anxieties; to say nothing of his address to the Marquis D'ARGENS, 28th Oct. 1760, before the battle of Torgau, and his excellent letter to Prince HENRY, when the latter was desirous to lay down his command in the August of the same year. This became first known through the means of PREUSS, who, it may be observed, made an admirable selection from the superabundance of treasure offered him. Some of these letters would really have proved an addition to Herr JOHN'S work.

It is likewise deserving of praise that the author carries us at once, without long preface, or useless parley, into the very centre of the proceedings. We find also confirmation of the well-known tale, that the Queen of Poland was forcibly dragged from the spot where the archives were deposited, upon the entrance of the Prussians into Dresden. The latest information on this subject could however be obtained from the original papers of Major VON WANGENHEIM, which were also made known by PREUSS in his *Jahrbücher für Wissenschaftliche Kritik*, 1841. There, likewise, are to be found the communication by means of which the Court of Berlin acquired such accurate information concerning the designs of other courts against itself, all which is well worth perusal.

We have before remarked, that Herr JOHN clearly understands what the tone of a popular work should be; combined therewith, his language is fresh and flowing; the occasional leaning to the poetical will be pardoned in a young author, together with the one or two freedoms in which he has necessarily indulged. In conclusion, we may observe that, during the seven years' war, there was no Prussian grenadier regiment of WREDE (as the grenadiers were merely in battalions), that the commandant of Berlin, in October, 1757, was General ROCHON, not "ROCHAN;" and that, lastly, mention must be made of a little town of Korbach, not "Korbeck."

TO THE DARKLINGS.

[Translated from a German poem in a little anonymous collection entitled *Ronge-lieder*, that is to say, songs composed with reference to the Ronge movement. They are much in the style of Herwegh's productions, displaying fire and energy rather than poetical beauty, and it is perhaps from Herwegh they emanate. The German title to the following poem is "Die Finsterlinge."]

On the throne of sacred justice brutal might again to rear,
And to force the whole creation a vile slavish form to wear;
And the sky with clouds to cover, when the sun is glad and bright,
And to bury ev'ry nation in its old and deadly night;—

And the youthful Easter morning, in its majesty sublime,
With the impious blade to scratch out from the almanack of time;
In the very bud to stifle revelations as they rise,
Truth to overload with curses—honour to bestow on lies;—

And to shriek throughout creation, yelling "Backwards!"—word profane,*
And by form and rule to slaughter what the mind's exertions gain;

* Und das ungeheure "Rückwärts" hinzukrächzen durch die Welt.

And the hand on culture's dial to turn back, and check the tone
Of the silver bell of freedom, when it scarce has sounded One;—

And a code of laws to fashion, treating man but as a *thing*,
Which, as despots, they encompass with oppression's iron ring—
Yes, a code that makes the freeman a machine and nothing more,
And deprives the salt of savour, and forbids the mind to soar;—

'Tis for this the Jesuits labour—yes, 'tis this the darklings plan,
Who an impious game are playing with the holy mind of man.
But, ye brave and skilful miners, in your gloomy vaults beware,
Lest your own dread mines, exploding, hurl you thund'ring through the air. *Times.*

GERMAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

MUNICH.—Following the example of the etching club of London, several artists have here formed themselves into a small society, and of their works three numbers have already appeared. DYCK, EBERLE, GAIL, KLEIN, MORGENSTERN, NEUREUTHER, VOLTZ, ZIMMERMAN, and others, may be named as belonging to it. We may refer to some beautiful landscapes in the first number by WURTHLE and KIRCHNER; a fine cattle-piece by VOLTZ; a view of Padua by GAIL, in the second number; and an exquisite engraving from BREUNHAUSER, as among the best things that have yet appeared.

We must record the death of the talented architectural painter, HEINRICH SCHONFELD, at the age of 55 years. His sketches, which were remarkable for their beauty, consisted chiefly of views in the ancient German style, antique gates, market-places, &c. as those of Prague, Basel, Nurnberg, &c. We must mention the demise of another distinguished artist, DANHAUSER, of Vienna. He was born in that city in 1803, and member of a highly respectable family. At first, a pupil of PETER KRAFFTS, he devoted himself to historical painting, but after a short time discovered the bent of his genius to be in another direction. He died of a nervous fever in the flower of his age.

At Hague, died the Baron CALLOT D'ESCURY VON HEINEVORD, the distinguished author, known chiefly by his work on the arts and sciences of Holland.

The architect MANCH, professor at the Polytechnic Institution of Stuttgard, has been honoured by the King of Wirtemberg with the Order of the Wirtemberg Crown.

Professor OESTERLY, of Gottingen, has been called to Hanover as court painter, only on the condition that his lectures are continued annually at the University.

Among the artists lately honoured with the gold medal by LOUIS PHILIPPE, were the German artist RUDOLPH LEHMANN, and the Danish miniature painter, JOHANN MOLLER.

The artists TUGNES, HORACE VERNET, PAUL DELAROCHE, and ROBERT FLEURY, of Paris, have been nominated members of the academy in Amsterdam.

In order to accord a mark of especial favour to the author and artist D'AZELIO, his Majesty has commanded all succeeding numbers of the *Galleria Reale di Torino*, edited by him, to be printed in the Royal Albertus Academy of the Fine Arts.

HAVRE.—The society of the friends of art have here resolved this year to establish an exhibition of painting in the neighbourhood of the museum.

BERLIN.—The sittings of the Archæological Society have been described as extremely interesting in their nature. Some papers read by HERRN BOTHICKER and CURTIUS on Grecian art, and a detailed description of the Valley of the Eurotas, attracted much attention.

It is stated by the committee for the management of the WEBER monument, that the theatrical representations in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Nurnberg, have already collected so large a sum, that it has been resolved to erect a bronze statue of the distinguished musician.

At Genoa, the birthplace of COLUMBUS, a monument is about to be erected to his memory.

CHRISTIANA.—The monument, by desire of King CARL JOHANN, to be erected to Count VON WEDEL-ZARLSBERG has been completed. It consists of a colossal bust of the count in white marble (the work of JOHANN MIKKELSEN, a Swedish artist, now resident in Rome), which rests upon a lofty pillar of red granite, on which are inscribed the words—"The King of Sweden and Norway, CARL JOHANN, to his friend the Governor-General Count VON WEDEL-ZARLSBERG. MDCCCXLV." At Christiana, a society of the learned, artistic, and literary, has been formed for the preservation of the antiquities of Norway. Their aim is to travel through the country, and take drawings of all the most distinguished monuments of art; and the engravings, which will afterwards be published, are to be accompanied by short but accurate descriptions.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe.

(*Continued from page* 468.)

ICELANDIC poetry has the same general characteristics as the Anglo-Saxon, being equally abrupt, obscure, and bold, though it has a wider compass, and displays more imaginative power. The Skalds or minstrels were numerous, forming a distinct profession, and their songs cheered the long winter evenings for the people, and added to the entertainment on great festive occasions. Two causes operated chiefly to nourish the taste for song, and to determine its character; the wild and striking mythology which constituted the Icelandic religion, and the impressive forms of external nature in that volcanic island of the Northern sea. That huge and restless Hecla, continually throwing flame through ice, and imparting a ruddy tinge to the night sky and to the vast plains of surrounding snow, was enough in itself to nourish a superstitious and fanciful spirit among the people. Familiar objects seemed wildly transformed and spectral, when viewed by that strange glare. The rude natives were awed by such fierce contrasts and marvellous sights; and the popular stories current among all barbarous races received in their case a deeper tone of solemnity, and took more powerful hold of the feelings. CARLYLE happily describes in a few words the ruling trait of their religious faith. "The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology I find to be impersonation of the visible workings of Nature,—earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. What we now lecture of, as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion."

HERBERT and W. TAYLOR have furnished most of the translations of Icelandic poetry that are included in this volume. Those executed by the former have some artistic finish, and are more attractive than the bald versions of the latter. We quote a few stanzas of a gentler strain, from HERBERT's translation of *The Dying Song of Asbiörn.*

Know, gentle mother, know,
Thou wilt not comb my flowing hair
When summer sweets return
In Denmark's valleys, Svanvbide fair!
O, whilom had I fondly vowed
To hie me to my native land!
Now must my panting side be torn
By my keen foe's relentless brand!

Not such those days of yore,
When blithe we quaffed the foaming ale;
Or urged across the waves
From Hordaland the flying sail;
Or gladly drank the sparkling mead,
While social mirth beguiled the hour.
Now, lonely in the narrow den,
I mourn the giant's savage power.

Not such those days of yore,
When forth we went in warlike show:
Storolf's all-glorious son
Stood foremost on the armed prow,
As, sailing fast to Oresound,
The long-keeled vessels cleft the wave.
Now, tolled into the fatal snare,
I mourn beneath the sorcerer's cave.

Not such those days of yore,
When conquest marked proud Ormur's way,
Stirring the storm of war,
To glut the greedy beasts of prey:
Beneath his thundering falchion's stroke
Flowed the deep waters red with gore,
And many a gallant warrior fell
To feed the wolves on Ifa's shore.

Not such those days of yore,
When, south on Elfa's rocky coast,
Warring with weapons keen,
I fiercely smote the adverse host:
Oft from the loudly sounding bow
Ormur's unerring arrows flew,
Deadly, whene'er his wrath pursued
The bold sea-rover's trusty crew.

The copious poetical literature of Denmark, extending from the ballads, which belong to the thirteenth century, to the highly finished productions of OEHLENSCHLAGER, the great Danish poet of the present day, has afforded an abundant

harvest to the translators, from whom Mr. LONGFELLOW has gathered rich and attractive material. The names cited are less familiar to common readers than those of the eminent German poets, and this portion of the volume consequently has an air of freshness, which enhances the intrinsic merit of the borrowed poems. The old Danish ballads, which embody many of the popular traditions of the North, have been translated by JAMIESON with great fidelity into Lowland Scotch; the affinity between the two languages being so great, that versions can be made from one into the other with much facility. Indeed, the most ancient form of the Scotch, into which the older ballads have been turned, is about as difficult to the ordinary English reader as the original Danish. Among the other poets of Denmark, of whom specimens are given, besides those who are our contemporaries, are TULLIN, EVALD, STORM, THAARUP, HEIBERG, and BAGGESEN. Of these, EVALD is one of the most remarkable, having been pronounced on good authority to be "one of the most perfect lyric poets the world has ever seen." He passed most of his life in obscurity, dying in 1781, at the age of thirty-eight, and the fame which should have cheered his manhood has since been heaped upon his tomb. LONGFELLOW'S spirited version of his *King Christian*, which has become the national song of his countrymen, may enable the reader to judge of the justness of the comparison that has been instituted between him and CAMPBELL.

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar;
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiol';
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
Dark-rolling wave!
And, amid pleasures and alarms,
And war, and victory, be thine arms
My grave!

Extracts are given, perhaps in too great quantity, from English versions of the poems of OEHLENSCHLAGER, most of them being by Mr. GILLIES, a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Among them are specimens of his three dramas, *Aladdin*, *Hakon Jarl*, and *Correggio*, and several of his miscellaneous pieces. These appear very striking and beautiful, even under the disadvantages of a translation; but we doubt the propriety of allotting to them so much as thirty pages in this volume, which is more than is afterwards devoted to TEGNER, and more than to GOETHE and SCHILLER united. Professor FELTON has supplied a very biographical and critical notice of OEHLENSCHLAGER.

The poets of Sweden, with the exception of TEGNER, are hardly known even by name to the English reader. The editor regrets "that the extracts which follow are so few, and from so few authors; and in particular that I have been able to find no English translations from NICANDER, one of the most distinguished of the younger Swedish poets; nor from LING, one of the most voluminous." Neither do we find any specimens of FRANZEN, whose name, after that of TEGNER, is the most eminent on the list of the modern bards of Sweden. We find one of his love elegies translated in a number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*; but the version is heavy and inelegant, and gives no adequate impression of his powers as a poet. Leopold, the leader of what is called the French school among his countrymen, and who, in the ardour of literary controversy, has been praised and blamed by them with equal extravagance, appears in this collection as the author of an ode, *On the Desire of Deathless Fame*, which evinces considerable vigour of thought and expression. We quote a small portion of it.

And thou, the insect of an hour,
O'er Time to triumph wouldst pretend;
With nerves of grass wouldst brave the power
Beneath which pyramids must bend!
A slave, by every thing controlled,
Thou canst not for an instant mould
Thine actions' course, thy destiny;
In want of all, of all the sport,
Thou, against all who need'st support,
Boastest o'er Death the mastery!
Recall'st, as they would prove thy right
To honours but to few assigned,
Our Wasa sovereign's annals bright,
The triumphs of a Newton's mind.
Whilst round the globe thy glances rove
On works and deeds that amply prove
Man's strength of intellect, they fall:
Their mysteries Time and Space unfold,
New worlds are added to the old,
Beauty and light adorning all.

Strange creature! go, fulfil thy fate,
Govern the earth, subdue the waves,
Measure the stars' paths, regulate
Time's clock, seek gold in Chile's graves,
Raise towns that lava-buried sleep,
Harvest the rocks, build on the deep,
Force Nature, journey in the sky,
Surpass in height each monument,
On mountains mountains pile,—content,
Beneath their mass then putrefy!

Yes, fruits there are that we enjoy,
Produce of by-gone centuries' toil;
The gifts remain, though Time destroy
The givers, long ago Death's spoil:
And whilst deluded crowds believe
Their guerdon they shall straight receive
In Admiration's empty cries,
Their whitening and forgotten bones
Repose, unconscious as the stones
Where burns the atoning sacrifice.

A view of the popular poetry of Sweden was given in the forty-second volume of this Journal, from which Mr. LONGFELLOW has taken versions of five of the most ancient ballads. Translations of six others are borrowed from one of our English contemporaries, which, though modernized considerably in their English garb, still preserve some striking features of the remote period to which they belong. By the study of these authentic relics of the olden times, TEGNER seems to have formed his taste and fashioned his style; from the Eddas or Sagas of the North, the true sources of information respecting the Scandinavian mythology, he has derived his materials. The antiquarian, the critic, and the philologist may track his steps in these curious researches; but the mere lover of poetry will be content with the honey and flowers that he has gathered in those old forests, and will prize them the more highly from the additions and embellishments which they have received in passing through his hands. We need not dwell here upon the merits of TEGNER, as the biographical notice of him, and the very full analysis of his great poem, *The Legend of Frithiof* here given as an introduction to the translated extracts from his works, were first published in our pages eight years ago. Mr. LONGFELLOW has inserted his own very beautiful versions of two cantos of *Frithiof*, and of *The Children of the Lord's Supper*. By way of foil, probably, to the merits of these, he has quoted five other cantos from the English translation of STRONG.

We have no room to expatiate upon the copious theme of German poetry, the translations from which into English, says the editor of this volume, "are so numerous, and extended through so many centuries, that they form in them-

selves almost a complete history." For the sake of convenience, he has divided this history chronologically into seven periods, and has arranged the selected translations into corresponding divisions. The first period extends from the earliest times to the beginning of the twelfth century. The metrical remains of these times are of no worth except as literary curiosities, and the three translated fragments which are here given are quite enough to satisfy common readers. The second period, comprising the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is one of the most fertile and remarkable in the history of German literature, and we are very glad to see it here so fully illustrated. Besides the almost innumerable love-songs and poetic romances of the Minnesingers, this division includes the fine old epic of the *Nibelungenlied*, and the collection of heroic poems known as the *Heldenbuch*, or *The Book of Heroes*. By the aid of very full introductory notices, and copious extracts from the translations of TAYLOR and WEBER, the reader will gain as full an idea of this curious period as it is possible to obtain without a knowledge of the older forms of the German language. The third division, extending over the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is less interesting than its predecessor; the MASTERSINGERS flourished in those days—the quaint old rhyme-smiths, who made a trade of the poet's calling. The sixteenth century might properly be ranked under this head, instead of forming, as it here does, a separate period; for it was the golden age of the MASTERSINGERS. Old HANS SACHS, the poetic cobbler of Nuremberg, who wrote comedies and merry stories by the hundreds, and songs by the thousands, was the hero of this age, and the most renowned member of that curious fraternity. Translators have devoted little attention to these three centuries, and Mr. LONGFELLOW has made but a scanty collection wherewith to illustrate their history. One or two versions of his own, a very characteristic and faithful one of *The Battle of Murten*, by Professor FELTON, and a few more borrowed from this journal, are nearly all that deserve attention, These are enough, perhaps, considering the limits of the volume; but we are sorry to find no specimen of that merry old cobbler's poetry.

(To be continued.)

ART.

THE ORDERS OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION.—The results of the late exhibition, as regards the orders given to the competitors, do not seem to have been rightly understood. Mr. Dyce is to execute his cartoon of "The Baptism of Ethelbert" in fresco, in the centre compartment of the House of Lords, over the throne; the commissioners desire to see one fresco done, that they may rightly judge of the effect; but they have guaranteed to Messrs. Maclise, Horsley, and Cope that these gentlemen shall execute their several subjects (with such revisions as they may consider expedient), in the event of fresco painting being decided on, after the completion of the work by Mr. Dyce. It is also open to the two other artists—Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Thomas—to revise their designs; at least, it is so understood; for no other artists, treating the same subjects, have been preferred to them. With respect to the other works, Messrs. Horsley, Cope, Herbert, Severn, and Tenniel are commissioned to execute five frescoes in a hall where it is proposed to place statues of the poets, each artist being to select a subject to illustrate the poet who may be allotted to him. Six of the poets are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope; there are to be two others, but they are not yet determined upon. The compartments in the Poets'-hall are 8 feet high by 5 feet 7 inches wide. Mr. Maclise was offered a compartment in the Poets'-hall, but he declined the commission, being desirous of completing his fresco in the House of Lords, for which he reserves himself. —*The Art-Union.*

PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.—An interesting bequest has been recently made to the City Lecture-hall, all that now remains to us of the college founded by Sir Thomas Gresham. It is a full-length portrait, life-size, of the great English merchant, executed by a contemporary hand, and a fine specimen of the arts at that period. It represents Sir Thomas at the age of twenty-six, and is, therefore, the most juvenile portrait of him we possess. He is attired in a plain black doublet, hose, and gown, with a flat cap upon his head, and a small lace collar, all indicative of the unpretending British trader. In one corner of the picture are the letters "A. G." tied together by a knot, beneath which are the words "Love, serve, and obei," and under that "T. G." also tied by a knot; and upon the frame, which is of black wood, and of the same age as the picture, is the motto, "Dominus Mihi Adjutor, T. G." repeated on each side. The picture is painted on panel, and is altogether a good work of art and an interesting historic memento, most appropriately placed in the institution which owes its existence to one of the noblest of England's merchant-princes.—*Ibid.*

PAINTED CEILINGS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—We rejoice to learn that those beautiful works of art, the painted ceilings of the old British Museum, have not been wholly destroyed, but that some of the more valuable specimens have been —as it were—snatched from the ruthless hands of the common purchasers of building materials by the more refined taste of a few of the workmen. We doubt not that these humble *virtuosi* will find an ample reward for their zealous exertions, by the disposal of the paintings thus preserved, solely through their discriminating taste. Thus, although the ancient mansion of Ralph, first Duke of Montagu, is now no more, a pleasing *memento* exists in some of the finest productions of those clever artists, Charles de la Fosse and James Rousseau; the former considered one of the best colourists of the French school, and the latter much estimated for his skill in perspective.

A grand banquet has been given at Brussels, by the artists and amateurs of Belgium, to the foreign artists of Europe, presided over by M. Van de Weyer, and attended by 180 guests. Among the artists whose names are mentioned as being present, we find the English ones of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Prout. The spirit of the occasion is best expressed in its two leading toasts. On the part of the entertainers,—"To the foreign artists, or rather to the artists our brothers, for the Arts have only one country, and their cultivators, of whatsoever land, are members of a single family. To the union of all artists!" On the part of the guests, —"To the Belgian artists and friends of Art, enlightened amateurs who have assembled this noble congress of the Arts!"

MUSIC.

Ah me! it is a changeful place! Canzonet. The Poetry by Miss ELIZABETH YOUATT. Music by J. O. ALLMAN. London: Lewis.

ANOTHER from the fertile pen of Mr. ALLMAN. We hope he will not write too much and too fast. He must beware lest he exhaust his original ideas. In music these cannot be so abundant that the composer can afford to launch them at the rate of a song per week. We see no symptom of decline in the canzonet before us, which is equal to many of Mr. ALLMAN's previous productions. But it is not sufficient for the young composer to equal the past; he must surpass it, or he will soon begin to go back.

Les Adieux des Amis. Romance for the Pianoforte. By CHARLES GOODBAN.

La Carlotta. Valse for the Pianoforte. By CHARLES GOODBAN. London: Coventry and Hollier.

Two pieces of pianoforte music, which certainly exhibit the hand of a master, both in melody and harmony. The romance is intended to try the skill of the performer, and is rather too much in the *shewing-off style* to satisfy the taste of those who think that simplicity is one mark of excellence in music, as in art and literature. Still it is an effective work, and will suit the taste of our drawing-rooms, where shew is preferred to substance. The waltz has less pretension than the romance, and is more pleasing. It catches the spirit of that dance, and will agreeably vary the music of the ball-room.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.—The approach of winter has been heralded by an almost simultaneous opening of the theatres, all under the same managements as before, and most of them offering only a repetition of the attractions of the last season. Opera and ballet still hold exclusive possession of Drury-lane; the true English drama flourishes at Sadler's Wells, under the auspices of PHELPS and Mrs. WARNER. The Princess's offers some novelty, mingled with the best of its previous variety of pieces, and promises a plentiful store of good things to come. At the Adelphi melodrama and farce reign supreme; and Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY continue to attract pleased audiences to the Lyceum. There is nothing in the aspect of the drama at the beginning of the present season to encourage hope that the period of its depression has passed away. No change in the play-bills as yet indicates a change in the tide of public taste. Still we have so much

confidence in the indestructibility of whatever is genuine, and the ephemeral nature of the false and affected, that we shall never despair of seeing a sudden revival of the drama, and a return of something like the palmy days it once enjoyed. We must now, by way of introduction, briefly notice some of the theatres.

DRURY-LANE has opened with the *Enchantress*, Miss ROMER playing the part in which Madame THILLON enchanted the public. But the novelty was a ballet imported fresh from Paris, entitled *The Marble Maiden*. We take from the *Spectator* a clever description of this extravaganza. It is founded on the story of Pygmalion.

"The treatment that this classic legend has received at the hands of the French ballet-master is of a very extraordinary kind. The statue that is the object of its sculptor's passion is a Hebe with an hour-glass torso and pink extremities, wearing muslin petticoats, and a wreath of artificial flowers on natural hair—in short a goddess every way qualified for a place among Madame Tussaud's wax-work worthies. The genius of the antique, we suppose, to punish the sculptor's bad taste in making such a figure and his infatuation in idolizing the dressed doll, endows the painted image with life during the day; and the statue, after enjoying a day-rule of dancing and flirtation, is at night imprisoned in marble, and compelled to do penance on its pedestal. The ministers of this vengeance are two awful antique statues—classic in style, and of colossal proportions, though only canvass in substance—who look down with stern contempt upon the pigmy plaster figures that surround them; and, as antiques cannot condescend to move or speak, their pedestals become oracular, and utter in illuminated characters these dark sentences:—'The statue shall be animated during the day for thy destruction'; 'The statue shall be marble at night for thy safety.' The latter sentence seems superfluous; for if the *Marble Maiden* was to be flesh and blood only from sunrise to sunset, there needed no oracle to proclaim her transmutation to stone at night. The *Marble Maiden* turns out a very light character, as meretricious in conduct as in dress; she is an arrant coquette, and not content with turning her sculptor's brain, must needs elope with a young prince on the eve of marriage. This *faux pas* drives the poor sculptor frantic: finding the Hebe he chiselled has *chiselled* him, he retorts with his mallet, and deals her a blow that knocks her to 'immortal smash' in a literal sense; for, her head being struck off, she instantly becomes a 'good woman,' and is seen ascending to glory on a celestial sliding-scale."

The dancing is better than the design, and the scenery better than the dancing. DUMILATRE is the statue, and she comes to life very gracefully. The *pas de miroir* is also a pleasing performance. The piece is put upon the stage with great magnificence. The scenery, the dresses, and the decorations are all in the first style of theatrical art, and prove how well the manager has gauged the public taste, which certainly is better pleased with the sensual than the intellectual.

SADLER'S WELLS.—We visited this theatre on Tuesday, and with almost unmingled gratification. It was crowded in every part by an attentive and enjoying audience, who thoroughly appreciated the genius they beheld. The play was *Hamlet*, and the acting was such as can be witnessed nowhere beside in the metropolis. We had not before seen Mr. PHELPS in this character, but it has impressed us with a higher than even our before high opinion of his genius. It was a finished and masterly performance. In spite of some disadvantages of figure and age, his conception of the character was so true, his reading of the part so correct, that every such objection was lost in the genuineness of the acting. The play scene was magnificent—worthy of the elder KEAN, and was greeted by the house with several successive rounds of applause. Mrs. WARNER, as usual, well sustained the queen mother, and Mr. G. BENNETT, with his rounded declamation, made a very respectable king. The other characters, except *Laertes*, who was vile, were in good taste, and we must not omit specially to notice the best *Ghost* we have ever seen on the stage. Heartily do we recommend every lover of the English drama, every person who desires an intellectual treat, to pay a visit to Sadler's Wells. Once there, he will be sure to repeat the pleasure; and the admission is so cheap, only 2s. to the boxes, that one may afford a cab or bus to reach it. It should be known that, in spite of the low prices, the audience is extremely respectable, and it is one of the best conducted of the London theatres. Neither eye nor ear of the most modest is ever offended in it.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The season terminated on Wednesday, and we hear that upon the whole it has been singularly successful. The performances of the evening were attractive. Mr. GREEN ascended in his balloon, girt with fireworks of the most brilliant description which the skill of Mr. DARBY could produce. The feats of the CHIARINI family on the tight-rope were amusing, and M. KELLER and his *troupe plastique* appeared to give great delight to the audience, if we may judge from the exuberant applause they elicited. We hear that all of the artists who have so pleased the public during the present season are engaged for the next.

A letter written at Berlin on the 23rd September, in the Paris papers, reports the money-triumphs of the great Swiss songstress. "The engagement of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind at the Grand Opera of Berlin, which was to have expired on the 1st November, 1846, has just been cancelled, and another engagement, for three consecutive years, commencing on the 1st November next, has been substituted in its stead. The celebrated cantatrice will receive a salary of 25,000 thalers (95,000 francs) per annum, and 50 thalers (190 francs) on every representation; moreover, she is granted a leave of absence of two months a year, which the management is at liberty to redeem for the sum of 1,700 thalers (5,700 francs). Hitherto no dramatic artist had obtained in Germany such large emoluments."

THE COLOSSEUM.—This elegant establishment, notwithstanding the comparative emptiness of town at this period of the season, continues its attractiveness, and with the foreigners, a very considerable number of whom are at present in London, it ranks foremost in the list of lions. The works of art, the Alpine scenery, the mountain torrent, the Swiss cottage, the conservatory, and the fountains are all objects of curiosity and admiration. But the picture of London by night is the crowning feature of the exhibition. It is not easy to imagine by what means the effect is produced that strikes every spectator with astonishment. Looking from the gallery the sky appears to extend on every side, as far as the eye can see. Light clouds are spread over the face of heaven which are continually in motion, as if agitated by the light wind. Below, tinged with the silvery beams of the moon, there rise the two towers of St. Paul's in the exact proportions of reality, and further down the whole vast city—with its lines of streets, marked by the rows of gaslights—its shops gleaming with lustre—its proud river glittering in the moon's beams—its bridges with their lights—its churches—its public buildings—its shipping—its far-off hills—all spread before the spectator with so exact an appearance of truth—such marvellous resemblance of familiar objects that the mind and senses are almost painfully confused; knowledge of deception continually struggling with the impression produced on the eye by reality. There are other objects worthy of observation, but more particularly the stalactite caves, gleaming with prismatic hues, and appearing of endless dimensions, are hardly less perfect examples of ingenuity than the view we have noticed. This exhibition was visited on Saturday evening by Le Comte de Rambuteau, pair de France and préfet de la Seine. His admiration of the night picture he found difficulty to express, and suggested its removal to Paris, which he was convinced would realize a large fortune, and offered his services to promote this object. His Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, their Serene Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Oldenburg, and Prince and Princess Demidoff, with a numerous suite, visited the Colosseum last week.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—We have observed lately some specimens of the starch extracted from the diseased potato in the Museum of the above institution, and which, if properly understood, will be of great benefit to the poorer classes. We, therefore, beg to refer to the samples lately deposited in the Polytechnic Institution. It will be seen that a very wholesome and pleasant food may be prepared from potatoes in quite a diseased condition. We, therefore, quote the following account of the process adopted by a gentleman in Hitcham. He hired from two to four women out of the village daily to wash and grate, whilst he and a boy attended from time to time to the passing the pulp over the sieve and washing the flour as it was deposited. The quantity of refuse and decayed potatoes amounted to seven sacks, and from the very worst sample of ten bushels he obtained 47lbs., and from the better sample of eleven bushels, 75lbs. In all he had 122 lbs. of wholesome flour obtained at a cost of 17s. 6d. from potatoes which would either have been entirely lost or many of them merely given to the pigs. If a pretty general attention were paid to this rule, and to the extraction of flour, it cannot be doubted that much good would be the consequence. A very little practice will shew the most sceptical that the process is simple, and also remove the fear of its not repaying many for their trouble. He also observes that the women in his district earn at the distaff only two shillings weekly, but if employed in grating, an active woman could grate certainly a bushel daily, or more, and thus save at least seven or eight pounds of wholesome flour, worth to her more than a shilling, wherens she would consider herself paid for a day's employment if she received eightpence or tenpence. Little general good can be expected from a partial recourse to this mode of preserving the potato-flour; but if it shall only be pretty extensively adopted, surely it must tell upon the market. If a cheap machine could be invented for superseding the grating process it would be more likely to be adopted everywhere.

ROYAL ADELAIDE GALLERY.—In consequence of the increased number of schemes for railways to which the atmospheric principle is to be applied, we have again paid a visit to this gallery for the purpose of examining more minutely PILBROW'S patent, which is here shewn on a very large scale, and the system very clearly developed. There are, however, one or two trifling matters, which will require a little modification to make it complete, when we doubt not it can be very efficiently applied. Among the nobility and others who honoured the gallery this week we noticed the Marchioness of Wellesley and Countess of Westmeath, both of whom were induced to take a ride in the carriage, and appeared much pleased with so novel a mode of propulsion. The New Zealand Chief still contributes to the gratification of the visitors with his descriptions of the New Zealanders their manners and customs, and is at all time most willing to answer any particulars not clearly explained in his lectures. Mr. J. RUSSELL'S *Mrs. Caudle*, is a great source of amusement, as it appears to us to be the only way in which the *amiable* qualities of that lady can be given correctly. The concerts are admirably conducted, and the music well selected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Student," inquires where Deleuze's *Instruction Pratique* can be procured. If he will favour me with a call, I can supply him with an English copy, and will ascertain whether Gauthier's *Exposé* can be obtained.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. E. WALLIS.

42, Skinner-street, Snow-hill, Oct. 7, 1845.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

NEW LUGGAGE VANS.—The Grand Junction Company have constructed several new luggage-vans longer and heavier than those hitherto used, and having boxes for the guards, who will be securely protected from the severity of the air. These vans will be a great protection from accident; and, should any occur, the passengers will be almost safe from any danger from the engine. They are now constructing some carriages with six wheels and brace-springs; which are to run more easily, and it is calculated will be safer than the four-wheeled carriages now in use.—*Liverpool Albion.*

DISINFECTION.—MM. Ledoyen and Raphanel have patented a disinfecting liquid, composed of 125 grammes of nitrate of lead to 1,000 grammes of water. It is said to be very efficacious; the nitrate is readily decomposed, and sulphuret, chloride, and sulphate of lead formed; the nitric acid going off as ammonia, or combining with the soda present.

RAILWAY TELEGRAPHS.—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Arago communicated to the academy, in the name of M. Breguet, one of the commissioners appointed by the government to report on the electric telegraph from Paris to Rouen, a note on a new mode of transmitting signals. With a pile of Bunsen of 13 element, says M. Arago, and in all weathers, it is possible to communicate between Paris and Rouen with a single wire, the two extremities of which are placed in a hole or well. No return wire is needed. We are quite sure that neither M. Arago nor M. Breguet would have made this communication to the academy if they had been aware that it has no novelty, neither would M. Breguet have taken credit to himself for a discovery which was long since made by another individual. What is here announced as new is only part of the telegraphic system of Mr. Bain, which is at work in Scotland, and is patented in France by the purchaser of the invention, Mr. Boggett, of London, who happens, we understand, to be at this moment in Paris, as also Mr. Bain, with a very important improvement in the insulation of the wires. Mr. Boggett's telegraph, which works with a single wire, was exhibited here long before the electric telegraph was established on the Paris and Rouen Railroad, and as the expense of putting it up is only one-fourth of that of the telegraph in question, some members of the Academy of Sciences, and other persons, who saw the model at work, were astonished that a trial on a large scale should not have been made of his plan. It has been stated lately in some of the journals that the government has at length resolved, on the ground of economy, to adopt Mr. Bain's system. We trust that if, as we have every reason to believe, the improvements announced by M. Arago really form part of Mr. Boggett's patent, no attempt will be made to deprive him of the fair commercial advantages attached to his patented right. Amongst the recent improvements made by Mr. Bain in his telegraph are a rapid mode of communication from station to station of a railroad, still with a single wire, by which means many accidents are to be prevented, and also a very simple mode of printing by electricity any government despatch. Mr. Wheatstone's apparatus for printing is highly ingenious, but it is complicated and tedious as compared with the new mode.—*Galignani.*

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

MESMERISM IN HYDROPHOBIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

MR. EDITOR,—Every one is acquainted with the destructive nature of hydrophobia, and I believe that almost every well-informed medical man will allow his entire ignorance as to the manner in which this poison acts upon the system and produces its specific effects, as well as of any remedies capable of arresting its fatal progress.

Some weeks since it was suggested to me by a highly intelligent correspondent whether magnetism might not be usefully employed; and I observed with pleasure the report of a case (in the *Provincial Medical and Surgical Journal* of the 24th of September) of hydrophobia, by Dr. Aikenhead, of Manchester, in the progress of which this remedy had been tried. I think it will be interesting to your readers to be made acquainted with the results. These are given in the words of Mr. Gardom, the operator; but as the only point of difference noticed by Dr. Aikenhead is, that his notes say the skin was "*cold and clammy*" instead of "*cold and dry*," we may consider the doctor as vouching for the accuracy of the other statements.

The effects stated are—"The countenance changed from an expression of horror to that of calmness and placidity; the skin, from being cold and dry, to having become warm and perspirable, the pulse more expansive, the abdominal muscles from a state of rigidity to the opposite condition. He told us, on inquiry, that he felt tired; that he had been very sleepy; that he had experienced an inclination in his eyelids to close, particularly the eye nearest me, which, to use his own expression, 'felt as if they would go to, whether they would or not;' that he felt warmer in his head and all over his person; that his face felt larger; and 'look,' said he, raising himself up from his bed, lying down again, and repeating the motion, 'I could not have done this before.' He further said, 'This is the most comfortable half-hour I have yet passed; this is the best thing I have had yet.'"

The patient was again magnetised in the afternoon, and when the process was over, "he expressed himself as feeling better, and said, 'I think you will cure me among you;' that he felt warmer, and had had a disposition to sleep; that his face, as after the moving operation, felt swelled; that on my placing my hands over his abdomen and on his sides, in the situation of the diaphragm, he felt the former as if I had been nearer to the surface of the skin, and the latter as more binding of the ribs. I had made no pressure on the parts referred to, but simply placed my hands over them, and had my mind particularly directed so as to avoid it. The abdominal muscles had continued flaccid. At his own suggestion, he sat up in bed and lay down again twice without spasm. I asked him to do it a third time, which he did, but then said, 'There, that is enough; I could not have done that yesterday, if you would have given me Manchester.'"

I will not trespass longer upon your columns by continuing my quotations; first, because many of the details are too professional for general readers; and next, because I think enough has been produced to shew that at least magnetism excited a greater influence in soothing the patient than any other remedy. True, indeed, that the disease pursued its wonted course, and destroyed the patient; still, I conceive, the *fair* inference to be drawn from this relation is, that magnetism excited *some influence* over the malady; and if so, there may be some hope that if employed earlier, and still more energetically, it might exert a larger influ-

ence over the disease,—possibly might arrest its destructive progress. And if not, it is a matter of no small importance in a necessarily destructive disorder (at least in the present state of our knowledge), to possess a remedy capable of mitigating the horrors of the most agonizing suffering to which the human frame is liable; and if skill and science are baffled, it is no small boon to offer to the sufferer that which will contribute to his Euthanasia.

Now, Mr. Editor, I trust you will allow me one word on the subject of Dr. Aikenhead's reasoning on this case. After bearing ample testimony to the accuracy of Mr. Gardom's relation, he states, that the conclusion at "which he has arrived, is, first, that a tranquillising impression was made on the patient; but, secondly, that as it is unphilosophical to refer to mysterious and doubtful, what may be effected by known and certain causes, we shall not be justified in determining, that this tranquillisation was the result of mesmeric manipulations *quasi mesmeric*." These "known and certain causes" seem to have been the quietness enjoined in the house—the removal of a source of mental disturbance—the stimulus of hope and of encouragement—the attention being fixed upon the operator, and his mind being withdrawn from distracting thoughts on his melancholy state, "*while perfect bodily quietude would tend to relax all muscular rigidity:*" to which may be added the mysterious nature of the performance. And Dr. Aikenhead concludes that these causes are amply sufficient to produce the changes which Mr. Gardom has enumerated.

Now, supposing the remedy exhibited on this occasion, and under precisely the same circumstances, had been aconite or Indian hemp, or any other "mysterious and doubtful" remedy, of whose agency upon the system we know no more than we do of magnetism, is it to be believed that the medical persons so treating the disease would have attributed the relief to the "known and certain" mental agencies, rather than to the doubtful and mysterious medicinal remedies? Decidedly not; they would have attributed the relief to the medicine, and all the journals of the empire would have sounded the praises of the new remedy. Only let magnetism have fair play; let it be treated as other curative agents, and in a few years experience will decide upon its merits.

Dr. Aikenhead is evidently one who rises superior to vulgar prejudice, and avows his intention of giving a further trial to magnetism, should another similar case fall in his way; and has the good sense to add, that the *post mortem* examination "threw no light on the nature of this disease." We have the highest respect for these avowals, and we were only surprised to find that, in a mind apparently so candid, the relaxation of muscular rigidity should have been ascribed to the perfect bodily quietude, whereas no one who has watched this fearful malady, but must bear witness to the fact, that he could not, by *mental means* of any kind, keep the body quiet, or produce muscular relaxation.

On the whole this case must be considered as valuable, in shewing the power of magnetism over the nervous system.

I will not wind up this communication without a passing notice of a paper in this week's Journal—a paper of a very different order from that of Dr. Aikenhead's, and which neither requires nor deserves serious consideration. This letter, by Mr. Turner, of Tonbridge Wells, professes to be the relation of a case of tooth extraction, with "entire unconsciousness of pain, and that, too, without any magnetising process having been *consciously* gone through," and is brought forward for the purpose of shewing the invalidity and folly of the claims of magnetism. So far, however, from the history having this tendency, even so far from its being shaftless, a *telum imbelle sine ictu*, it is a "*telum imbelle*" *quoad* magnetism; but it is armed with a double shaft against its opponents. Mr. Turner may have his welcome choice upon which horn of the dilemma he prefers impaling himself, but either he has *unconsciously* magnetised his patient, and thus afforded the strongest possible evidence for the truth of magnetism, by producing its *accidental unimaginative* influence; or his patient had fallen naturally into that kind of hysterical or cataleptic state, which simulated the magnetic condition, and which is only one more proof of the truth of the magnetic doctrine that there is no single phenomenon to the production of which it lays claim, *which does not possess its prototype in Nature.* To Mr. Turner we say, "*Utum horum mavis accipe,*" and to him and to his Journalist friends we offer our best thanks for the publication of his case.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Farnham, Oct. 5, 1845. W. NEWNHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I beg to forward you for insertion in THE CRITIC the result of nine months' experience of Mesmerism as a curative agent. In consequence of my own profession occupying the chief part of my time, I have been enabled to devote not more than five or six hours a week to Mesmerism. In the accompanying list I have omitted many persons whom I have mesmerized for the sake of phrenological and other experiments, and also many cures which are of too trifling a nature to occupy any space in your paper.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

S. D. SAUNDERS.

Ivy Cottage, Syncombe-hill, Bath.

NAME.	DISEASE.	Sittings.	EFFECT.	PREVIOUS TREATMENT.
Maryann Parsons, Coombe Down	Deaf for 18 years	10	Cured.	The usual methods.
Mrs. Parsons, Coombe Down	Rheumatism	1	Cured.	
Mr. Gibbs, Coombe Down	Rheumatism	1	Cured.	
Anne Vaughan, Bartlet, near Bath	Broken blood-vessel on chest	2	Cured.	Attended by medical men without effect.
Miss C——, Lodgings, Bath	Deaf for 20 years	12	No effect.	Ditto.
Mr. Rogers, Southgate, near Bath	Lumbago	1	Cured.	
Mr. B——, near Bath	Rheumatism for 20 years	6	Slight improvement.	Tried every remedy.
Mrs. B——, near Bath	Pain in head	2	Cured.	
John Brookes, Widcombe, Bath	Headache for many years	10	Cured.	Tried the usual remedies.
Maria Patfield, Holloway, Bath	Rattle and pain in head	4	Cured.	Ditto.
Charlotte Vyse, Daniel, near Bath	Deaf for 12 years	8	Improved.	Ditto.
Mrs. W——, Widcombe-crescent, Bath	Pain on chest	5	Cured.	Ditto.
Miss W——, ditto ditto	Disease of chest	5	Cured.	Usual remedies, and had been to Scotland for her health.
Anne ——, Sion Hill, Bath	Deaf	10	Greatly improved.	Tried usual remedies.
Charles Chiffinch, Coombe Down	Deaf for 15 years	16	Cured.	Ditto.
Master Price, New Inn, Warminster	Pain in side and back	1	Cured.	
Mrs. Dyke, Coombe Down	Deaf for many years	8	Slight improvement.	Tried usual remedies.
Letitia Ford, Coombe Down	Disease of chest	2	Increased the pain.	Ditto.
Mr. Harvey, Great Western Railway	Rheumatism	10	Cured.	Ditto.
Mrs. S——, Ivy Cottage, Bath	Pain in head for 6 or 7 years	4	Cured.	Tried the most eminent medical men of Bath and Bristol.
Mrs. Rogers, Southgate, near Bath	Epileptic fits	10	Improved.	Tried usual remedies.
Louisa Parsons, Coombe Down	Consumption, last stage	4	Cured.	Ditto.
Mr. Byfield, Coombe Down	Deaf	5	Slight improvement.	Ditto.
Sarah Ford, Coombe Down	Rheumatism	2	Increased the pain.	Ditto.
Sarah Dyke, Coombe Down	Pain in chest, and cough	2	Cured.	
Master M——, Widcombe-crescent	Nervous twitchings	20	Improved.	Tried usual remedies.
Mrs. Smith, Union-passage	Toothache	1	Cured.	Tried creozote, camphor, &c.
Miss Werret, Coombe Down	Diseased toe	18	Cured.	Previously attended by surgeons.
Mr. S——, Bath	Deaf	3	No effect.	Tried usual remedies.
Ann Walters, Broad-street	Fits	4	Greatly improved.	Ditto.
Miss S——, Myrtle Cottage	Indigestion	6	Cured.	Ditto.
Mrs. S——, Myrtle Cottage	Bilious headache	4	Cured.	Ditto.
Mr. H——, Cleveland-bridge	Deaf	6	Slight effect.	Ditto.
Mr. ——, Coombe Down (gardener)	Decline	12	Not susceptible.	
Miss R——, Coombe Down	Nervous headache for years	12	Nearly cured; left the neighbourhood	Tried many eminent medical men.
Miss J——, Widcombe-terrace	Sciatica, very severe indeed	16	Slight effect.	Tried eminent medical men.
Mrs. Harvey, Widcombe	Headache for many years	10	Cured.	Tried usual remedies.
Mr. J. H——, Southgate, near Bath	Toothache and faceache	1	Cured.	Ditto.

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

We commend to the attention of the Booksellers the announcement among our advertisements of a Company now in progress for the establishment of a great, honest, and able daily morning newspaper. The small amount of the shares, and the still smaller sum that will be called for, will enable the greater portion of the influential classes to take an interest in the work, and it is most desirable that the booksellers, beyond all others, should co-operate with it. May we ask those who approve the plan, for the respectability and responsibility of which we can give them the most positive assurances, to make it known to their friends, and procure as many shareholders as possible, forwarding the applications to the Publisher of The Critic, who will place them in the hands of the promoters.

Still is the publishing world wretchedly dull, but in the absence of good English books, we have procured a regular supply of excellent foreign literature, which we trust will prove as attractive, as it certainly is novel, a feature in English journalism. The Critic now regularly reviews the literatures of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and America, and from the two first countries it is in receipt of a weekly letter of intelligence. The cost of these arrangements is immense, and the present result is a considerable loss; but we rely upon the exertions of our friendly readers, and especially of our bookseller subscribers, to make known the original features of The Critic to their connections, and thus after a while, so to extend the circle of its subscribers, that it shall be attended with no other sacrifice than that of time and labour. More than this we do not care for. As we have stated before, The Critic is not established with any view to pecuniary profit, but solely with the hope of spreading loftier and holier principles than now prevail in literature, and securing the existence of that which has been considered an impossibility—a thoroughly independent Review.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The *Augsburg Gazette* states that the King of Prussia had commanded the houses of the two Reformers, Luther and Melancthon, to be purchased by the State, and converted into schools. He had likewise ordered the doors of Luther's dwelling, which the French had in a great measure destroyed, to be restored; they will be formed of metal, and richly embellished.

In Algeria, there has been discovered, at a distance of eight leagues from Guelma, a cavern, which is said to be very remarkable, both for its great dimensions and in an archæological point of view. Hollowed out of an immense calcareous rock, opening to the north by a circular entrance of seven or eight metres, it is penetrated by an inclined plane of not less than 1,000 or 1,200 metres in length. Stalactites of myriad forms depend from its roof and sides; and the ground is encumbered with huge blocks, in prodigious numbers, which have fallen from above. But the chief interest of this cave consists in the Latin inscriptions which cover its entrance, and belong to the earliest times of Christianity. The greater number are illegible; but one has the name of *Donatus*—and there are other names of unknown martyrs. Here, no doubt, the early African Christians sheltered themselves from persecution; and, till now, the cave has been kept sacred from intrusion, under the guard of the strange wild fantasies with which it has been peopled by the Arab imagination.—*Athenæum.*

Library of the Late Dr. Herschell.—This excellent library, consisting of upwards of 4,000 Hebrew volumes, among which there are many rare and valuable books and manuscripts, collected by our late chief rabbi, his father, and grandfather, has just been bought by the committee of the Hebrew College, for that establishment, for the very low sum of 300*l.* We hope this valuable library will soon be arranged and catalogued, so that students desirous of information may have no hindrance in gaining access to its treasures.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Oct. 4 to Oct. 11.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at The CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* The Critic, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* The Critic. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adshead's (Joseph) Prisons and Prisoners, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Bray's (Anna Eliza) Novels and Romances, Vol. VI. "Warleigh; or, the Fatal Oak," fc. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Budd (Dr.) On Diseases of the Liver, col. plates, 8vo. 14*s.* cl.

Cæsar's Commentaries, by Anthon, new edit. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Davidson's Concise Precedents in Conveyancing, 12mo. 2nd edit. 9*s.* bds.

Faulkner's (Thomas) History and Antiquities of Brentford, Ealing, and Chiswick, 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.

Hooks (Rev. Dr.) Ecclesiastical Biography, Vol. I. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—History of Scotland, by P. F. Tytler, esq. from "Ency. Brit." enlarged by the Rev. James Taylor, M.A. and adapted for tuition, by Alex. Reid, M.A. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* roan.

Key to Saul's Arithmetic, revised and adapted to the enlarged edition of the Arithmetic, 13th edit. 12mo. 2*s.* cl.—Kingston's (W. H. G.) Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s.* cl.

Laurie's French Exchange Tables, 8vo. 1*l.* hf-bd. calf.—Little Mary; a Tale for Children, square 16mo. 2*s.* cl.—Lyra Ecclesiastica, by eminent Living Composers, edited by the Rev. Joshua Fawcett, imp. 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl.

Michelet's History of France, translated by G. H. Smith, esq. Part IV. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Mozart's Life, by Edward Holmes, post 8vo. 7*s.* cl.—Mysteries of London, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 6*s* 6*d.* cl.

Notes on English Grammar, for Juvenile Pupils, 18mo. 1*s.* swd.

Silver (Dr.) on Diseases of the Rectum, Anus, and Liver, 4th edit. plates, 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Smith's (J. T.) Book for a Rainy Day, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Struggles for Fame, by Eliza Meteyard, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Shareholder's Memorandum Book, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* tuck.

Terrot's (Bishop) Discourses, demy 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Thiers's French Revolution, translated, Part IX. med. 8vo. (Whittaker's Popular Library) 2*s* 6*d.* swd.—Thompson (Mrs.) The Lady of Milan; or, Fidelity unto Death, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* bds.

Wild Flowers and their Teachings, crown 8vo. 15*s.* cl.—Wittich's Grammar for Beginners, 3rd edit. corrected and enlarged, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

Ecclesiastical Architecture.—In these days, when ecclesiastical architecture is so prominent a topic, the following delicious jumble from an Irish popular work, descriptive of St. Anne's Church, Belfast, will amuse the *conoscenti*:—"It has a body of brick, a tower of wood, and a cupola of copper, and possesses greatly more elegance than might be supposed possible from the composition of such unmanageable and heterogeneous materials. Its font is adorned with a handsome Doric portico and Attic balustrade; its tower is of two stages, and in the Ionic order; and its cupola has Corinthian ornaments, and is surmounted by a spiral termination."

There is, in the Basque Provinces a little village called Mendaro, which is renowned for its biscuits, its sole source of wealth. When the Queen of Spain passed through it, the ayuntamiento would present her Majesty with a sample of its industry; and the regidor of the place offered her an enormous biscuit of the shape of a crown, which he accompanied with the following brief speech—"This biscuit has been made for thee at Mendaro: nothing but biscuit is made at Mendaro: divide this one with thy mother." The Queen was greatly amused with this oration; but her hilarity increased when, at the church, she found that the regidor, orator, and sacristan were one and the same person.—*Madrid Herald.*

An extraordinary fasting-man has lately turned up in the county Monaghan, in the townland of Emy, near Emy mills. He is decidedly insane, but is said to have existed for thirty-six days without food of any sort.—*Morning Post.*

To Readers and Correspondents.

A. T.—*We think it unnecessary to notice these errata. They are unimportant and unavoidable.*

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Woman in the Nineteenth Century. By MARGARET FULLER. London, 1845. Clarke.

IF woman have just reason to complain of her present position in society, she cannot, at least, be charged with lukewarmness in asserting her rights. In the present day, champion after champion arises, armed cap-a-pie for the encounter; and so crowded are the lists, so numerous the combatants, that the spectator knows not where to fix his wandering attention. At first glance he might imagine that the fair and gallantly arrayed company—and the good champions are well able to appreciate the advantage of a fair exterior—had entered into a solemn league and compact, like the Knights Hospitallers of old, duly estimating the necessity of unity to secure success in so great an undertaking. But a closer examination will make manifest that, among all this formidable array, no two warriors are to be found holding the same opinions; and that as the Hospitaller claimed no fellowship with his brother Templar, though engaged in the same cause, with no less disfavour does the lady advocate of her sex's rights view the labours of her fellow crusaders.

For example, the American champion, MARGARET FULLER, instead of joining the English phalanx commanded by Mrs. ELLIS, or the French women-at-arms of Madame NECKER, or any other amazonian troop, girds on her armour, and enters the lists alone, "sighing over" the humbler aspirations of her compeers, as displayed in their several 'scutcheons, bearing the respective mottoes of "Woman's Sphere," "Woman's Mission," "Woman's Destiny." And we feel assured that if the banner, with its degenerate inscription, "Woman and her Master," were presented to her, the floodgates of her wrath would indeed be opened, and the consequences we forbear to anticipate.

But setting aside the *badinage* which the warlike propensities of these lady scribblers have called forth from us, let us examine Miss FULLER'S pretensions to notice; and first of all it may be remarked, that she demands attention as an expositor of American feeling on the subject of the equality of the sexes, her essay having originally appeared in a periodical conducted by EMERSON. The book shews ability, and a certain quantum of reading is perhaps too prominently displayed. We find in it, however, only a confirmation of the old complaint, that the system which plunges the young American into the world at so early an age, with his education but half completed, produces the fruit that might have been expected; for the women having more time for study and literary pursuits than men, whose energies are early employed in money-getting, frequently obtain an intellectual superiority over their lords, and, feeling the advantage, are apt to presume upon it. This, in some measure, accounts for the fact, that in America woman struggles for a freedom of action which will find but few respondents in the boudoirs of Europe, if indeed she gain many partisans in her own country.

After what has been premised, it is hardly necessary to say that Miss FULLER'S sympathies are with Miss MARTINEAU, though in her estimate of female capabilities and rights she goes considerably beyond that lady. The authoress of *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* would "have every arbitrary barrier thrown down—every paid office laid open to woman as freely as to man." And in another place, to render her meaning perfectly clear, and not liable to misconstruction, she adds, "But if you ask me, what offices they may fill? I réply, any. I do not care what case you put; let them be sea-captains if you will. I do not doubt there are women well fitted for such an office, and, if so, I should be as glad to see them in it, as to welcome the maid of Saragossa, or the maid of Missolonghi, or the Saliote heroine, or EMILY PLATER."

Miss FULLER is inclined to consider the slavery abolition movement a sign of the times, and naively enough refers to a recent work on America, in which are three consecutive chapters thus entitled, "Republican Institutions," "American Slavery," "American Ladies."

The present position of Europe, with three female sovereigns, is not passed over without comment. We extract the passage.

> The names of nations are feminine; religion, virtue, and victory are feminine. To those who have a superstition, as to outward reigns, it is not without significance that the name of the queen of our mother-land should at this crisis be Victoria—Victoria the First. Perhaps to us it may be given to disclose the era thus outwardly presaged.
>
> Another Isabella, too, at this time ascends the throne. Might she open a new world to her sex! But, probably, these poor little women are, least of any, educated to serve as examples or inspirers of the rest. The Spanish queen is younger; we know of her, that she sprained her foot the other day, dancing in her private apartments; of Victoria, that she reads aloud, in a distinct voice and agreeable manner, her addresses to Parliament on certain solemn days, and, yearly, that she presents to the nation some new prop of royalty. These ladies have, very likely, been trained more completely to the puppet life than any other. The queens, who have been queens indeed, were trained by adverse circumstances to know the world around them, and their own powers.
>
> It is moving, while amusing, to read of the Scottish peasant measuring the print left by the Queen's foot as she walks, and priding himself on its beauty. It is so natural to wish to find what is fair and precious in high places—so astonishing to find the Bourbon a glutton, or the Guelph a dullard or a gossip.

The old dramatists who have striven to idealize woman, are of course frequently quoted, and, we may add, criticised. MASSINGER and FORD appear to be especial favourites. The *Penthea* and *Calanthe* of the latter poet are likely to be better appreciated by Miss FULLER than SHAKSPEARE'S gentler creations, *Cordelia* and *Imogen*. Indeed, the lady is heretic enough to own she considers MASSINGER and FORD to have "soared to a higher flight than SHAKSPEARE" in delineating "holy and heroic women." The fact is, that the Swan of Avon is not forgiven having made his PORTIA say to her liege lord

> I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
> A woman that lord Brutus took to wife.
> I grant I am but a woman; withal,
> A woman well reputed—Cato's daughter.
> Think you I am *no stronger than my sex*,
> Being so fathered and so husbanded?

Nor is the pleading of CASSIUS for the "rash humour that his mother gave him" forgotten. Even BEN JONSON'S fine lines, so admirably descriptive of what a perfect woman ought to be, honoured as they are with a prominent position in the title-page of Miss FULLER'S book—and again repeated in the body of the work—are not allowed their exalted situation without first undergoing the process of mutilation. It will be necessary to extract the lines, hackneyed as they are, to render our meaning plain.

> I meant the day-star should not brighter ride,
> Nor shed like influence from its lucent seat;
> I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
> Free from that solemn vice of greatness—pride;
> I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
> Fit in that softer bosom to abide
> *Only a learned and a manly soul;*
> I purposed her, that should with even powers
> The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
> Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.

The line printed in italics Miss FULLER has written thus—

> Only a heavenward and instructed soul.

The poet's crime seems to have been to use the word "*manly*" when describing his ideal of woman. "Let it not be said, whereever there is energy or creative genius, she has a masculine mind."

Perhaps Miss FULLER'S views of the freedom she so ear-

nestly desires for her sex, are never more clearly developed than in her critical observations on the female characters in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. At least, they will amuse the admirers of the German novelist.

As Wilhelm advances in the upward part, he becomes acquainted with better forms of woman by knowing how to seek, and how to prize them when found. For the weak and immature man will often admire a superior woman, but he will not be able to abide by a feeling which is too severe a tax on his habitual existence. But, with Wilhelm the gradation is natural, and expresses ascent in the scale of being. At first he finds charms in Mariana and Philina, very common forms of feminine character, not without redeeming traits, no less than charms, but without wisdom or purity. Soon he is attended by Mignon, the finest expression ever yet given to what I have called the lyrical element in woman. She is a child, but too full-grown for this man; he loses, but cannot follow her; yet is the association not without an enduring influence. Poesy has been domesticated in his life, and, though he strives to bind down her heavenward impulse, as art or apothegm, these are only the tents, beneath which he may sojourn for a while, but which may be easily struck, and carried on limitless wanderings.

Advancing into the region of thought, he encounters a wise philanthropy in Natalia (instructed, let us observe, by an *uncle*), practical judgment and the outward economy of life in Theresa, pure devotion in the Fair Saint.

Farther and last he comes to the house of Macaria, the soul of a star, *i.e.*—a pure and perfected intelligence embodied in feminine form, and the centre of a world whose members revolve harmoniously round her. She instructs him in the archives of a rich human history, and introduces him to the contemplation of the heavens.

From the hours passed by the side of Mariana to these with Macaria, is a wide distance for human feet to traverse. Nor has Wilhelm travelled so far, seen and suffered so much in vain. He now begins to study how he may aid the next generation; he sees objects in harmonious arrangement, and, from his observations, deduces precepts by which to guide his advances as a teacher and a master, "helpfull, comfortfull."

In all these expressions of woman, the aim of Goethe is satisfactory to me. He aims at a pure self-subsistence and free development of any powers with which they may be gifted by nature, as much for them as for men. They are units, addressed as souls. Accordingly, the meeting between man and woman, as represented by him, is equal and noble, and, if he does not depict marriage, he makes it possible.

In the Macaria, bound with the heavenly bodies in fixed revolutions, the centre of all relations, herself unrelated, he expresses the Minerva side of feminine nature. It was not by chance that Goethe gave her this name. Macaria, the daughter of Hercules, who offered herself as a victim for the good of her country, was canonized by the Greeks, and worshipped as the goddess of true felicity. Goethe has embodied this felicity as the serenity that arises from wisdom, a wisdom such as the Jewish wise men venerated, alike instructed in the designs of heaven, and the methods necessary to carry them into effect upon earth.

Mignon is the electrical, inspired, lyrical nature. And wherever it appears we echo in our aspirations that of the child—

> So let me seem until I be:—
> Take not the *white robe* away.
> * * * *
> Though I lived without care and toil,
> Yet felt I sharp pain enough;
> Make me again for ever young.

All these women, though we see them in relations, we can think of as insulated. They all are very individual, yet seem nowhere restrained. They satisfy for the present, yet arouse an infinite expectation.

The economist Theresa, the benevolent Natalia, the fair saint, have chosen a path, but their thoughts are not narrowed to it. The functions of life to them are not ends, but suggestions.

Thus to them all things are important, because none is necessary. Their different characters have fair play, and each is beautiful in its minute indications, for nothing is enforced or conventional, but every thing, however slight, grows from the essential life of the being.

Mignon and Theresa wear male attire when they like, and it is graceful for them to do so, while Macaria is confined to her arm-chair, behind the green curtain, and the fair saint could not bear a speck of dust on her robe.

All things are in their places in this little world, because all is natural and free, just as "there is room for every thing out of doors." Yet all is rounded in by natural harmony, which will always arise where truth and love are sought in the light of freedom.

Goethe's book bodes an era of freedom like its own, of "extraordinary generous seeking," and new revelations, *new* individualities, shall be developed in the actual world, which shall advance upon it as gently as the figures come out upon his canvass.

Unfortunately, this happy period, when young ladies are to wear male attire when it pleases them, and when "it is graceful for them to do so," is likely to be far distant. We subjoin the reasons, and may add that this time we heartily agree with our authoress:—

I now touch on my own place to-day, and, as I write, events are occurring that threaten the fair fabric approached by so long an avenue. Week before last, the Gentile was requested to aid the Jew to return to Palestine, for the Millenium, the reign of the son of Mary, was near. Just now, at high and solemn mass, thanks were returned to the Virgin for having delivered O'Connell from unjust imprisonment, in requital of his having consecrated to her the league formed in behalf of liberty at Tara's Hill. But last week brought news which threatens that a cause identical with the enfranchisement of Jews, Irish, women, aye, and of Americans in general, too, is in danger, for the choice of the people threatens to rivet the chains of slavery and the leprosy of sin permanently on this nation, through the annexation of Texas.

Ah! if this should take place, who will dare again to feel the throb of heavenly hope, as to the destiny of this country? The noble thought that gave unity to all our knowledge, harmony to all our designs; the thought that the progress of history had brought on the era, the tissue of prophecies pointed out the spot where humanity was, at last, to have a fair chance to know itself, and all men be born free and equal for the eagle's flight, flutters as if about to leave the breast, which, deprived of it, will have no more a nation, no more a home on earth.

Women of my country! Exaltados! if such there be! Women of England, old English nobleness, who understand the courage of Boadicea, the sacrifice of Godiva, the power of Queen Emma to tread the red-hot iron unharmed. Women, who share the nature of Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Russell, and the mothers of our own Revolution, have you nothing to do with this? You see the men, how they are willing to sell, shamelessly, the happiness of countless generations of fellow-creatures, the honour of their country, and their immortal souls, for a money-market and political power. Do you not feel within you that which can reprove them, which can check, which can convince them? You would not speak in vain, whether each in her own home, or banded in unison.

Tell these men that you will not accept the glittering baubles, spacious dwellings, and plentiful service they mean to offer you through these means. Tell them that the heart of women demands nobleness and honour in men, and that, if they have not purity, have not mercy, they are no longer fathers, lovers, husbands, sons of yours.

BIOGRAPHY.

Holmes's Life of Mozart.

(*Continued from page 478.*)

The manhood of Mozart was as troublous as was his youth. The year 1779 beheld him cathedral organist at Salzburg, under the authority of the archbishop, who had been throughout "his evil genius."

It was expected of him that he should devote his time to the production of the very lightest music, for court amusement; and it was with difficulty he could snatch brief intervals for such master-works as *Zaïde* and *Idomeneo*, the latter written expressly at the command of the Elector of Bavaria for the carnival. This magnificent work was completed within a month, and so confident was the artist of his powers that, as he tells his father, he went to the rehearsal as much at his ease as if he had been invited to a feast. At Munich he received great attention; and this, contrasted with his scurvy treatment at Salzburg, made him doubly anxious to quit his present irksome service. Thus he writes to his father:—

How goes on the archbishop? Next Monday I shall have been absent from Salzburg six weeks, You know, my dear father, that it is only my love to you that keeps me at Salzburg—for, by Heaven! if it rested with me, I would have torn up my appointment and relinquished my situation before I came away. I assure you, upon my honour, that though I have no dislike to Salzburg itself—its prince and proud nobility become daily more and more insupportable to me; and I shall, therefore, look forward with pleasure to a letter which may inform me that my services are no longer required. The distinguished patronage I have here would well supply both my present and future wants,

to say nothing of what might accrue by deaths, for which nobody can wait—and yet these are no disadvantage to an unemployed man.

The 29th of January was appointed by the Elector for the public performance of this opera. Crowds had come from all the country round to witness its representation. It was entirely successful, and placed MOZART at once upon the very pinnacle of fame. He had just completed his 25th year.

He obtained successive leaves of absence from the archbishop until March, and then he was commanded to follow the petty court of Salzburg to Vienna, where he arrived about the middle of the month. What was the reception of the first composer of his age shall appear by an extract from one of his letters :—

Yesterday, the 16th, by nine o'clock in the morning, I reached this place, God be thanked, safely and well. I write this in Mesmer's garden in the Landstrasse. Now about the archbishop. I have a delightful apartment in the same house in which he dwells. Brunetti and Ceccarelli lodge in another house. *Che distinzione!* My neighbour, Herr von Kleinmayern, loads me with civilities, and is really a very charming person. Dinner was served at half-past eleven in the forenoon, which was for me unfortunately rather too early, and there sat down to it—the two valets in attendance, the controller, Herr Zetti, the confectioner, two cooks, Ceccarelli, Brunetti, and my *littleness*. The two valets sat at the head of the table, and I had the honour to be placed at least above the cooks. Now, methought, I am again at Salzburg. During dinner there was a great deal of coarse, silly joking; not with me, however, for I did not speak a word, unless absolutely obliged, and then it was always with the greatest seriousness. So when I had finished dinner, I went my way. There is no table in the evening, but each has three ducats—with which you know one may do a great deal! Our excellent archbishop glorifies himself with his people, receives their services, and pays them nothing in return.

But growing indignities from his reverend and royal master led to quarrels, and ultimately MOZART requested his dismissal.

My last letter will have informed you that I requested my dismissal from the service of the prince on the 9th of May, and at his own desire; for in the two audiences which I had previously had, he said to me, "Take yourself off, if you don't choose to remain in my service." What wonder then, if, after my enduring such appellations as *fellow*, *careless fellow*, and the like, and worse, he should be taken at his word in "Take yourself off."

On the day following, I gave Count Arco a petition to present to his highness, together with my travelling expenses, which consisted of fifteen florins forty kreutzers for the diligence, and two ducats for food, &c. He, however, would accept neither, and assured me that I could not resign without the consent of my father. "That is your duty," said he. I told him immediately that I knew my duty to my father as well as he, and that it would give me much concern to have to learn it at this time of day. "Well then," he replied, "if he is satisfied, you may request your dismissal;" but if not, "you may also request it." A pretty distinction! As for the edifying discourse that passed between the archbishop and me in three audiences, together with what this beautiful man of God has lately said to me anew, it had so powerful an effect upon my frame, that being at the opera in the evening, I was obliged to leave in the middle of the first act, and return home to lie down; for I was quite feverish, trembled in every limb, and rolled about the streets like a drunken man. The following day, which was yesterday, I was obliged to pass at home, and the entire forenoon in bed. Your supposition that I shall get into ill odour with the nobility and the emperor, is quite unfounded; for the archbishop is hated here, and, above all, by the emperor; and it is the very reason of his ill-humour that the emperor did not invite him to Luxemburg.

I will now just inform you what was the principal ground of offence. I knew not that I was a valet in attendance, and that ruined me. I ought to have lounged away a couple of hours every morning in the antechamber; indeed, I had often been told that I ought to show myself, but could never recollect that this was a part of my duty, and therefore contented myself with coming when the archbishop sent for me. As far as this, I have spoken as though we were in the presence of the archbishop; I now speak to you alone my dearest father. Of all the injustice that I have endured from the archbishop from the beginning of his reign till now, of his incessant insults, and of all the impertinence and the affronting speeches that he has uttered to my face, as well as of the incontrovertible right that I have to leave him,—nothing need be said here, for nothing can be said that can bring their truth into question.

Nowadays the only wonder is that he should have so long submitted to so much ill-treatment. In this respect, at least, has our generation wonderfully improved. Genius enjoys independence if it can boast no other heritage.

But his subsequent history shews that this condition of servitude to great men was not altogether a matter of choice. There was no public to which genius could appeal. Even MOZART, acknowledged by a musical people to be the first composer of his own if not of any age, found it difficult to earn a decent livelihood, and was subjected to struggles and privations beneath which his spirit ultimately sunk. The man who at this day would have secured an income equal to the revenue of a prince, only fifty years ago was scarcely able to maintain himself by incessant industry.

His life at Vienna was a busy one, and he basked in the favour of the emperor and nobility. But he had another and purer source of happiness. The family of the WEBERS, with whom he had contracted an intimacy at Mannheim, came to settle at Vienna. His attachment to CONSTANCE WEBER had grown into a passion, and he was anxious to make her his wife, and it was in her society that he passed all his leisure moments. Among his most respected friends was HAYDN, whose judgment he held in such esteem that he was accustomed to submit to him many of his compositions before he adventured the publication. HAYDN, on the other hand, profoundly enjoyed the wonderful beauty and perfection of MOZART'S pianoforte-playing.

On the 4th of August, 1782, MOZART was made happy in a union with his CONSTANCE. We must extract the joyous letter in which he gives an account of his marriage.

Vienne, ce 7 d'Août, 1782.

Mon très cher Père!—My dear Constance, now, thank God! my wife, was long ago informed by me of the whole state of my affairs, and of what I had to expect from you. Her friendship and love to me, however, were so great, that she joyfully and unhesitatingly confided her whole future life to my keeping, and joined her fate to mine. I kiss your hands, and thank you with all the tenderness that a son should feel towards a father, for the kind consent and the paternal blessing. My dear wife will write next post-day, to beg the blessing of her kind father-in-law, and the continuance of her beloved sister's friendship. No one was present at the ceremony except the mother and youngest sister, M. von Thorwart, M. Landrath von Zetto, and M. von Gilowsky.

When we were joined together, my wife began to weep and I too—and indeed they *all* wept, even the priests themselves, at witnessing our emotion. Our whole marriage feast consisted in a supper given by the Baroness von Waldstetten; which was, in fact, rather princely than baronial. During supper I was surprised by a concert from sixteen wind instruments, who played my own compositions. My dear Constance now looks forward with pleasure to a visit to Salzburg, and I am sure that, when you see her, you will congratulate me on my happiness, if you are of my opinion that a virtuous well-disposed wife is a treasure to her husband.

This was the culminating point in his career. His happiness soon began to pass under a cloud. His wife was confined to her bed by a long and tedious sickness, and as a family was growing up around him, his pecuniary affairs became embarrassed, and stinted means added to his annoyances.

It was probably in reference to these embarrassments that the Emperor Joseph one day said to Mozart, "Why did you not marry a rich wife?" To which the composer, with that dignity and self-reliance which characterize all his answers to the great, immediately replied, "Sire, I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love!"

Yet amidst his trouble did he pour forth his immortal melodies in boundless profusion, revolutionizing the musical taste of Europe, and almost teaching a new art.

We cannot attempt to follow the biographer in his record of the productions of MOZART'S genius during this the busiest period of his life. We must be content to take only a few of those anecdotes which best illustrate the character and habits of the man.

In the month of February, 1784, Mozart commenced a catalogue of his productions from that time onward, and suffered no distraction of his affairs to interfere with his regularity in keeping it. As soon as he had finished a composition, he entered a few bars of its theme in a book, together with the date of its completion; and thus, in simply assisting his own memory to recognise the numerous offspring of his brain, left a document to

posterity which is invaluable, as it affords a complete history of his genius throughout its most brilliant years.

Very pleasing is this picture of his private life :—

Allusion has been already made to some pecuniary embarrassment of Mozart, previous to his visit to Salzburg. This accident, unfortunately so frequent with him, was not the result of poverty so much as of an ill-regulated household economy, and, at that time, of inexperience. To live in a house in which it is not known how the money goes, has been at once the happiness and the misfortune of men of genius in all ages. But let us observe the strong, though most unwelcome effort, that this great man made to live with the reputation of a good citizen :—

"At the time that he commenced this catalogue," says André, "he also commenced keeping a regular account of his receipts and expenses. His receipts, among which are comprised the produce of his concerts, of his instructions in distinguished families, and of the sale of some few of his works, were put down by him on an oblong piece of paper, commencing in March, 1784, and extending to February of the year following. From that date, the account was handed over to his wife, who did not continue it long. The expenses were written in a little quarto book, which had before been appropriated to his studies in the English language, and which contains several letters translated by him into English."

The trifling disbursements which the composer thought fit to enter in his account, during this paroxysm of domestic prudence, may create a smile; while, at the same time, his purchases show the simplicity and elegance of his taste. On the first of May he buys some flowers, which cost a kreutzer; this, though somewhat less than a farthing, forms an item in the musician's ledger. On the 27th, there appears to have been a more expensive purchase, in the shape of a bird—a starling, for which thirty-four kreutzers were paid. The tune which the starling had been taught to sing was so curious, that there is little doubt it occasioned the composer many a hearty laugh. Immediately under the entry of his purchase, he has written its song, with the remark, *Das war schon!* How pretty!

These are the traits of an amiable and affectionate nature, but they have peculiar grace in connection with the great musician. His fondness for animals, but especially for birds, was a part of that original refinement—that feeling for the beauty of natural objects, which neither the artificial life of the theatre, nor the influence of an absorbing profession were able to weaken, much less extinguish. It was his practice every summer to hire a little house and garden in the suburbs of Vienna. Here he enjoyed the air with his wife and friends, and often pursued his work in an arbour in the midst of their conversation. When the starling before mentioned, which became a great favourite, died, he buried it in his garden with due honours, and raised a monument and inscription to its memory.

It was at Vienna that MOZART adopted HUMMEL into his family, and took great pains to instruct him, the boy being then only seven years old. The master did not live to enjoy the fame of his pupil. Indeed, he appears always to have felt a great interest in those intrusted to his teaching.

There was no end to the exertions which he made to advance those pupils who interested his friendship in their behalf. Whatever they wanted he wrote for them. The Abbé Stadler, the intimate friend and discerning admirer of the master, placed his niece under the care of Mozart, for instruction on the pianoforte and in the science of harmony. For her sake he commenced theorist, and actually wrote a treatise on thorough bass, which has been published, but is little known. The Abbé Stadler (whom the writer of these pages had the pleasure to meet at Vienna, in 1827) seemed to cherish his personal recollections of the man even more warmly than those of the artist.

Another of his professional friends at Vienna was STORACE, at this time but two-and-twenty, and MOZART seven years older. Their tastes were similar, and their temperaments alike. Both had a passion for arithmetic.

It is related of Storace, that when a boy, studying music under his father, he received a bravura song of Bastardella's to copy. He was so astonished that fifty guineas should be paid for *singing a song*, that he counted the notes in it, and calculated the amount of each note at 4*s.* 10*d.* He valued one of the divisions running up and down at 18*l.* 11*s.*

The winter of 1786, was celebrated for a series of concerts given by MOZART, and which first introduced to the world a name that has since attained to a reputation second only to his own.

It was at this time that Beethoven, then a youth just entering on his musical career, came on a visit to Vienna, where a few years after Mozart's death he finally settled. He was introduced to the composer, and became for a short time his pupil. Seyfried, who has recorded some particulars of the interview, remembers that Mozart gave Beethoven a subject to extemporize upon, and while he was working it, said to some persons who were standing near him in an adjoining apartment, "Listen to that young man; he will some day make a noise in the world."

Strange to say his exquisite opera *Le Nozze di Figaro* proved almost a failure at Vienna. But desirous of giving it another chance, he set out for Prague, of the musical enthusiasm of whose people he had heard much. The result was in every respect gratifying to him. This was the reception of himself and of his opera :—

On the same evening that he alighted at the castle of his noble entertainer, his opera of *Figaro* was given at the theatre, and Mozart found himself for the first time in the midst of that Bohemian audience of whose enthusiasm and taste he had heard so much. The news of his presence in the theatre quickly ran through the parterre, and the overture was no sooner ended than the whole audience rose and gave him a general acclamation of welcome, amidst deafening salvos of applause.

The success of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, so unsatisfactory at Vienna, was unexampled at Prague, where it amounted to absolute intoxication and frenzy. Having run through the whole previous winter without interruption, and rescued the treasury of the theatre from ruinous embarrassments, the opera was arranged in every possible form: for the pianoforte, for wind-instruments (garden music), as violin quintets for the chamber, and German dances. In short, the melodies of *Figaro* re-echoed in every street and every garden; nay, even the blind harper himself, at the door of the beer-house, was obliged to strike up *Non più andrai* if he wished to gain an audience or earn a kreutzer. Such was the effect of the popular parts of the opera on the public at large; its more refined beauties exercised an equal influence on musicians. The director of the orchestra, Strobach, under whose superintendence *Figaro* was executed at Prague, often declared the excitement and emotion of the band in accompanying this work to have been such, that there was not a man among them, himself included, who, when the performance was finished, would not have cheerfully recommenced and played the whole through again.

A few days afterwards he gave a concert remarkable for this, that every piece of music was his own composition, and it was concluded with an improvisation on the pianoforte. "Having preluded and played a fantasia, MOZART rose; but the stormy and outrageous applause of his Bohemian audience was not to be appeased, and he sat down again."

His second fantasia, which was of an entirely different character, met with the same success; the applause was without end, and long after he had retired to the withdrawing-room he heard the people in the theatre *thundering* for his reappearance. Inwardly delighted, he presented himself for the third time. Just as he was about to begin, when every noise was hushed, and the stillness of death reigned throughout the theatre, a voice in the pit cried "*From Figaro.*" He took the hint, and ended this triumphant display of skill by extemporising a dozen of the most interesting and scientific variations upon the air *Non più andrai*. It is needless to mention the uproar that followed. The concert was altogether found so delightful, that a second upon the same plan soon followed. A sonnet was written in his honour, and his performances brought him one thousand florins. Wherever he appeared in public it was to meet testimonies of esteem and affection. His emotion at the reception of *Figaro* in Prague was so great that he could not help saying to the manager, Bondini, "As the Bohemians understand me so well, I must write an opera on purpose for them." Bondini took him at his word, and entered with him, on the spot, into a contract to furnish his theatre with an opera for the ensuing winter. Thus was laid the foundation of *Il Don Giovanni*.

(*To be continued.*)

Lives of King Alfred, Sir Thomas More, and John Evelyn.
London: Burns.

MR. BURNS is varying the subjects of his delightful *Fireside Library* by the introduction of Biography; and, in the volume upon our table, three subjects have been selected, each of which will yield to the youthful reader both pleasure and profit. These lives are written in an agreeable, unpretending style, admirably adapted for narrative; the golden mean between verbosity and meagreness has been achieved, and the more telling incidents are preserved without dwindling to

trivialities; in the memoir of John Evelyn, the author has introduced many of the most curious passages from the Diary published some years since, and which add vastly to the attractions of the narrative. Nor does he fail to point the moral when occasion offers. This is just the book for school-reading.

FICTION.

Rody the Rover; or, the Ribbonman. By WILLIAM CARLETON, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "Valentine M'Clutchy," &c. Dublin, 1845. Duffy.

The object of *Rody the Rover* is thus stated in the preface: "to show Irishmen, through the medium of fictitious characters—if, indeed, they can be called so—what description of persons they are in general, who introduce secret and illegal combinations among them. I think I can appeal with confidence to the people of any one district in which the curse of Ribbonism exists, whether—if they can trace its origin at all—they will not find that it has been first introduced by some strange vagabond of whom they knew nothing, who had the art to insinuate himself into their confidence, in order to leave the blighting principles of Ribbonism behind him." Such an object cannot be too much commended, and if Mr. CARLETON should succeed in deterring any number of his countrymen from resorting to these illegal combinations, for purposes which neither religion, morality, nor law can sanction, he will have accomplished that for which statesmen have tried in vain. Whether a fiction will have more weight than fact with a people so imaginative as the Irish, is a question which we cannot look upon as quite decided by any analogy drawn from our own countrymen. The attempt, at least, is a noble one, and entitled to all honour.

And as a fiction *Rody the Rover* is admirably adapted for its design. The story is sufficiently exciting to secure the attention of the dullest reader; and it is so true to nature, it so well paints the realities amid which the lower classes of Irishmen exist, that they cannot fail to feel its application to themselves, and to understand, if they do not choose to profit, by the moral it reads to them.

The scene of the tale is laid in a village which, from the lowest condition of Irish indigence, had been raised to something like comfort and prosperity by the demand for labour consequent upon the opening of a mine. But the march of improvement is stopped by the appearance among the people of Rody the Rover, a very paragon of accomplished villany, who worms himself into their confidence by his good looks and smooth tongue. He is commissioned, as it appears, by one Mr. Sharpe, a magistrate of the Orange school, who seeks to produce a disturbance that he may have the credit of suppressing it. In pursuance of his diabolical design, Rody insinuates himself into the confidence of the family of the M'Mahons, and into the affections of the daughter Alice, and availing himself of the opportunities thus afforded to him, he proceeds systematically to effect their ruin. He obtains possession of Alice by a false marriage—he induces her brother to become a Ribbonman, and to promote a disturbance in which the manager of the mine is killed; the murder is charged upon the young man, who is hung, and the village is again reduced to its original condition of destitution and wretchedness.

Thus is vice made victorious, and for so violating the ordinary practice of story-tellers, Mr. CARLETON puts in this defence: "With respect to the *dénouement*, with which, perhaps, many may feel disposed to quarrel, I must say, with great respect, that the doctrine of poetical justice, as it is termed, is not always the doctrine of real life, and that so long as we have many instances of successful villany before our eyes, an author ought not to be censured for allowing virtue to suffer, or villany occasionally to triumph in his pages—as it often does in the world around him."

It is true that in the world villany has not unfrequently apparent success—its object is gained—it thrives in wealth; but this is only a partial view of its results. To ascertain its real condition, it would be necessary to penetrate into the secret chambers of the heart, and read the story written there. Is it happier as well as richer?—for unless it brings more happiness, no object attained is really a triumph. We believe that in no case is prosperous vice unpunished, and if the conscience could be exposed to the gaze of the world the retribution would be recognised. Now the *dénouement* which Mr. CARLETON justifies is faulty in this, that it presents only a partial view. It leaves vice, in seeming triumph, possessing the object for which it had striven so unscrupulously; but it does not go on to shew the inward pangs which deprive that triumph of all its worth, and make the condition of the virtue it has wronged a paradise by comparison. This moral, at least, should never be omitted by the novelist; for without it his tale is not true to nature, and he has not merely lost a golden opportunity for inculcating a great moral lesson, but there is danger lest he do positive harm by the encouragement thus indirectly given to the adoption of dishonest means for the procurement of desired ends.

With this protest we can heartily commend *Rody the Rover* to the perusal of our readers. It forms one of Mr. DUFFY'S interesting and very cheap series produced under the title of *The Library of Ireland*; and as it may be purchased for a shilling, it will be fitter to buy than borrow. We take one passage to exhibit the style of the composition. Here is a picture of

AN IRISH VILLAGE.

The village of Ballybracken was, some thirty years ago, as favourable a specimen of filth, neglect, and ignorance, as any satirist upon our national habits could wish to point out. It consisted of about two-score houses, or rather huts, in some parts huddled together in twos and threes; and in others, scattered about without order or forethought; exactly as if they had been sown by broadcast. Street or pavement of any kind there was none, unless a stripe of rutted mud in winter, with here and there a stepping-stone, could be called such; whilst in summer, nearly one-half of what the inhabitants swallowed was the aforesaid mud, being now only the same curse disguised in the shape of dust. Every cabin in it, however, could boast, without a single exception, of having before its door that fragrant nosegay, the dunghill, appropriately set in its pool of green stagnant water. This little circumstance was, however, by no means looked upon by the people as a nuisance. We cannot certainly quarrel with our humble countrymen for collecting a dung-heap near their houses; the only point of difference between us is *its position*. So long as potatoes are their sole support, we know that to deprive them of the manure on which they plant them, would be literally to take away from them the stalk of life. What we should wish them to do, therefore, is to avoid making the dunghills so many playgrounds for their children; or collecting them in such a position as to render it impossible to enter the house, without inhaling the fetid and unwholesome stench which is perpetually exhaling from them.

Seriously, such a picture of misery as the village of Ballybracken then was, could scarcely be seen. Some of the houses were thatched with heath, others with rushes, and many of them had no other covering than scraws; that is, the green sward cut into equal stripes, and laid over the roof. Inside, a stool or two; a large pot and a small one, with a couple of wooden or earthen vessels, on a single shelf; a mended chair, perhaps; an old creel for fetching turf; a dusty salt-bag hanging up in the chimney, and a *scrahag* or *lusset*, on which to empty out the potatoes when boiled, constituted their principal furniture. Their fire, which in general consisted of brushwood, or *brusna*, as it is termed, was lit only at mealtimes to boil their potatoes; but an abiding fire remaining in the hearth for the day, was a comfort they seldom knew. A hole in the roof served for a chimney; but when the fire was lit, a thick atmosphere of smoke oozed through the whole roof, about which it wreathed itself so closely that the said roof was often invisible. This state of things was very manifest on the inmates, every one of them was so thoroughly spotted over with soot-drops, both in dress and complexion, that it was disgusting to look at them; and when heavy rain came, I can compare the torrents which streamed from the miserable roof, to nothing but an overgrown shower-bath of ink. In truth it was truly pitiable to see the tattered mother, or some of her naked children, emptying out before the door the water that thus descended, lest it might inundate the floor, or collect in that corner of the cabin which they shook out their beds of straw. But in fact the squalid misery and frightful destitution of such scenes have been so often described, that it is now only necessary to assure the reader that the villagers of Ballybracken were not a whit behind the worst of them in poverty, filth, and, what is the most painful of all, an unconsciousness of that filth, and a lazy, ignorant contentment under their poverty.

The land about it was cold, mountainous, and of course barren, with scarcely a patch from which could be extorted any thing at all like a crop. About two or three miles below them lay a rich and fertile country thickly inhabited, and whose population were by no means wanting in most of the comforts, and some of the rustic luxuries, of life.

Ballybracken, however, was indeed in a sad state. The poor people were so far sunk in the scale of human comfort, as to be almost incapable of properly understanding the extent of their own privations. There was no school near them to which they could send their children, and of course the latter had little else to do than run about half-wild, half-naked, and half-fed; idle, lazy, and mischievous; scolding, quarrelling, and fighting among themselves, and making reprisals on each other in revenge, or in evil of some description. Flesh meat they never tasted under their own roofs, unless at Christmas or Easter, when they contrived to purchase a few pounds of fresh pork, which they boiled and enjoyed as a luxury.

The Lady of Milan; or, Fidelity unto Death. Edited by Mrs. THOMPSON, Author of "Widows and Widowers," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

THE trick of editing ought to be exposed and condemned. So it would be if reviewers were honest, and dared to utter the truth; but, unfortunately, they speak not as they feel, but as they must.

Of late a fashion has crept into our literature of *editing* the works of obscure writers. Probably our readers may not be aware of the true meaning of this process, and therefore we will explain it to them, in order to put them upon their guard against an imposition which will burden their libraries with costly lumber, and which only needs to be known to be avoided.

The trick of editing, then, is thus contrived. A stupid book is written by some obscure person; no bookseller will buy it, because it wants the worth that would command a sale on its intrinsic merits, or the name, which is often a substitute for merit. Hereupon either the witless author, or the publisher, or both, make application to some other author, who has achieved a reputation, and whose name has a selling value in the market. For a *consideration*, the said author is prevailed upon to patronize the worthless production by *editing* it; in plain terms, he sells the use of his name on the title-page of a book that would not sell without it. But of what use is this name? will the reader ask. Why, this it is. The great majority of readers, and library-keepers, look to the name in the advertisements and on the title-page, and upon the faith of that name they order, without distinctly observing that the book in question is not *written*, but only *edited*, by the name that has attracted them, and it is not until the volumes are obtained, and the leaves cut, that they discover the mistake.

Now such a system is nothing less than a fraud upon the book-buying and book-reading public, and ought to be exposed whenever it is attempted to be practised. The meaning of it cannot be mistaken, for what "editing" can a novel require? If it be a good one, the *editor's* help is not needed; if it be so bad as to require such assistance, it is unfitted for publication. Besides, even if an editor did lick it into shape, why should that editor's name be paraded in the advertisements, and the name of the writer concealed? The fact, indeed, is too plain to call for argument—the intent cannot be mistaken—it is an attempt to impose upon those whose orders for books are governed by the names of the writers, and THE CRITIC will never see such an attempt made without indignantly protesting against it as disgraceful to the author who so sells his name, and an unworthy expedient of the publisher who so uses it.

The Lady of Milan is one of these *make-believe* novels. Mrs. THOMPSON is *not* the author; she has only put her name as editor in the author's place. She ought to have a very large price for lending her sanction to a work which her judgment must have told her, if she had read half-a-dozen pages, to be wanting in all that gives interest and worth to the historical romance. It is a clumsy, ill-constructed story, without animation, without character, without a spark of verity. The writer has no other qualification for his task than industrious reading up of the history, and manners, and costumes of the times he describes; but he cannot endow them with life, nor summon them upon the stage to play their parts again. It is a dull, sorry, worthless performance, and does not deserve the attention of any library.

Liesli, a Swiss Tale, from the German. Heinrich and Blanca, or the Three Brothers. London: Burns.

THIS is another of the translations from the rich stores of German fiction which Mr. BURNS is introducing to the English reader in his *Fireside Library*. The two tales in the elegant little volume before us are pregnant with interest, and will delight many a family circle during the ensuing winter evenings.

POETRY.

The Ocean Flower: a Poem. Preceded by an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Island of Madeira. By T. M. HUGHES, Author of "Revelations of Spain." London: Longman and Co.

IT is not necessary that we should review the two portions of this work individually. Were we to do so, it may appear to the reader as two distinct works, when in reality it is not so; the former, or prose part of the volume, being to a great degree explanatory notes of the poem which follows. On the importance of the subject-matter, both of the prose and verse, it is necessary to give Mr. HUGHES's observations.

The importance of the discovery of Madeira can scarcely be overrated. It was the first of those great expeditions for the acquisition of new regions, which so influenced the diffusion of new and liberal ideas, and contributing to establish freedom both in thought and action, powerfully swayed the destinies of mankind. The Conquistadores with all their faults were amongst the most useful pioneers of modern civilization; and from the very nature of their avocations upon entering new regions, and the inevitable development of their self-dependent energies, they exercised and enjoyed so much solid liberty that it was impossible afterwards to wrest it from their grasp. The acquisition of Madeira was a great step to the discovery of the American continent, and to the foundation of the greatest democratic republic of ancient or modern times. It assisted in demolishing the stern fortress of Feudalism, and was concurrent with the revival of letters in the wonderful fifteenth century, with the silent contests of the Lollards for religious freedom which in England preceded the Reformation, and with the last struggles of the great barons against the advancing tide of popular liberty.

Taking into account the fiction—for assuredly it is so—of the discovery of Madeira hy ROBERT A MACHIN and ANNA D'ARFET, there appears to be a fine field for the exercise of poetic talent, and we shall see how far Mr. HUGHES has availed himself of the machinery already prepared to his hands. The discovery of such a fertile country as Madeira, unassisted by a beautiful fiction, is a poetic fact. It is because of the conflicting opinions concerning this discovery—BARROS on the one hand, and a host of historians on the other—that the subject recommends itself to the poet. A poet, by the license of his art, may take a fact from science or from history, and by moulding it into a poetic truth, thereby make it a scientific or an historical falsehood. But it is better for the poet, when a question is unsettled, like that of the discovery of Madeira, because he can then venture his opinion against the opinions of other men, and however romantic and fanciful it may be—fancy and romance being the handmaidens of poetry—the most deliberate proser cannot enter his protest against it. The luxuriance and natural beauty of the island of Madeira are thus described in a MS. by Dr. JOAO PEDRO DE FREITAS.

"The island of Madeira at the period of its discovery, presented a most lovely picture of nature. A vegetation truly astonishing covered it with indigenous and infructiferous plants, for the most part unknown in Europe, and raised to a prodigious height the ancient and majestic cedar, the laurel, til, vinhatico, azevinho, aderno, teixo, pao branco, and dragon-tree, intermingled with those beautiful shrubs, the folhado, faya, urze, myrtle, and uveira, and forming thus one continuous and impenetrable ferest. The thicket was carpeted by innumerable and diversified plants, some odoriferous, and others likewise flowering, the arbutus mingling with the herbarea, the feto, the musgo, and the agarico, in the midst of which rose the silva, the era, the corriola, the alegra-campo, and other evergreens and creeping plants, which wove their festoons from branch to branch, and gave new shade to a lovely land all clothed with vegetation, new force to innumerable springs of pure and salubrious water.

"There was no quadruped whatever on the island, and scarcely an amphibious animal. But over these silent solitudes soared various birds of prey, and ten different sorts of singing birds warbled their sweet notes. Various species of aquatic fowls

had their nests in the huge volcanic rocks which line the shore, and nature shewed her affluence in the variety of the insect tribes."

Nearly all the shrubs enumerated above are exquisitely odoriferous, as is likewise the gigantic til—the true king of the forest. The faya, urze, aroma, and folhado are amongst the most deliciously fragrant and flowering of the diversity of indigenous plants.

As the fruit of this description by the doctor, we have many choice lines by the poet. We select a short ballad,

THE GIANT TIL.

Of forest trees there's none, there's none
Can match the mighty Til;
Like rubies that sparkle in the Sun,
His leaves the horizon fill.
His girth it is a giant's,
And his shade a host might hide;
A forest is he,
That single tree,
So stately and so wide!

When Zargo lighted on our isle
A monster-Til he found,
Whose branches measured—nay, do not smile—
A thousand paces round!
Cold-blooded northern sceptics,
Behold what our Sun can do;
Of stalwart men
Hand-linked were ten
To embrace that Til too few!

'Twas in the Cadéa Velh' he stood
Till Spain usurped the crown,
When Philip for his Armada-wood
The noble tree cut down.
Its beauteous veins dark-polished
Shone in many a gay saloon;
But a storm arose,
And his English foes
That Armada finished soon

Of forest trees there's none, there's none
Can match the mighty Til;
Like rubies that sparkle in the Sun,
His leaves the horizon fill.
His girth it is a giant's,
And his shade a host might hide;
A forest is he,
That single tree,
So stately and so wide!

The history which Mr. HUGHES has made the subject of his poem extends from the middle of the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth century. This certainly was a most glorious time. It began with the conquest of Algarve and the expulsion of the Moors, and ended with those great discoveries which were commenced by Don HENRY, and which were completed in the annexation of India and Brazil.

CAMOENS has narrated some of the leading incidents of the period, such as the murder of INEZ DE CASTRO, and other points well known by the readers of history. But, however, this did not shut Mr. HUGHES from the field. CAMOENS being the only poet of Portugal known to the rest of Europe, the subject was still fresh for the pen of Mr. HUGHES; and we think that the latter poet has not extracted the entire pith of the question. It may be an advantage to the reader to combine the useful with the ornamental in this notice, and therefore we have selected what appears to us highly instructive.

HISTORY OF SUGAR CULTIVATION.

The history of the sugar cultivation of Madeira is very interesting. I translate the following account from De Freitas's MS.

"The first sugar-mill was constructed by Diogo Vas de Teive in 1452, in pursuance of a contract formed with Don Henry, and so great was the augmentation of its growth, that in the year 1500 there were more than 120 of these *engenhos*, and the quinto of sugar (the proportion which went to the Crown) amounted to 30,000 arrobas (or a million of lbs. English). Portugal, Spain, and Italy were the principal importers of this sugar in muscovado, in refined loaves, in molasses, treacle, and various conserves.

"During the Spanish usurpation, that nation struggling with Holland, at enmity with England, weighing on Italy whose states she disturbed, and fomenting internal discords in France, kept away the merchant-ships of those several countries from the ports of Portugal. The policy of the Philips, and their unjust and violent government, fell with a fearfully oppressive weight on the island, and we saw our greatest article of export, sugar, dwindle almost to nothing from the year 1600, through the abundance which began to be produced at different points in America."

He adds the popular belief that a worm had destroyed the cane; but the ravages of this worm are not confined to Madeira. These historical details suggested to me the ballad of "The Sugar-loaves." It is a remarkoble fact that the sugar-cane was first conveyed from Madeira to Brazil and the West Indies.

CHARACTER OF THE MADEIRESE.

The standard of religion is unhappily low. The native clergy are unergetic, supine, and perfunctory in the discharge of their duties. The efforts at proselytism recently made by Dr. Kalley have been defeated by the stringent interference of the Government, but were of great use in applying a stimulus to the lethargic zeal of the clergy. The present Bishop of Madeira is a pious and active ecclesiastic, who has availed himself of the temporary religious ferment to incite his clergy to regular habits of useful preaching and catechetical instruction, as well as to inculcate a more rigid observance of the Sabbath. But I fear that the laziness induced by the climate and by habit amongst all but the labouring classes, may make these fitful efforts at amendment lapse ere long into the accustomed somnolency. The precepts of abstinence and fasting are treated by all classes of society in the towns with indifference. The country people are a hard-working and excellent race, whose poverty unhappily debars them entirely from the use of flesh meat.

The defects of character are for the most part negative; and crimes of violence are therefore little practised. Assassination is almost wholly unknown, and burglary and robbery are rarely heard of. But petty theft is rather general, and there are few honest servants on the island. All classes are polite, almost to a fault. The native shopkeepers and tradesmen will sometimes exact considerably more from an Englishman than they are satisfied with from one of their own countrymen; but the majority are above this meanness, and I have found the English shopkeepers honest, and for the most part reasonable in their charges.

The only passable hotel is the English Hotel, where the charges are moderate, but the accommodations very limited. The prices asked for furnished houses are sometimes unreasonable, as are likewise the charges of the boarding-house keepers, both rents and provisions being in fact immoderately low. The lb. of beef or mutton is only 2½d., loaf-sugar 6d., coffee 10d., fish and vegetables cheap and abundant, and the average rent of a good house with quinta annexed about 20*l*. per annum. Yet for such a house and quinta, furnished, it is customary to demand for the four or five winter months that invalids commonly stay from 70*l*. to 100*l*.; and the usual charge of the boarding-houses is 50 dollars or 10 guineas per month—the prices of Brighton, where provisions and rents are three times dearer. They are beginning, however, to come down in their charges. It is an indispensable protection to make a preliminary stipulation as to price with tradesmen in most instances, and never to advance the entire of your rent beforehand, thus taking security for the supply of all domestic necessaries.

THE VINTAGE.

The vintage takes place in the month of September. The grapes are usually first trodden underfoot in a trough; they are then placed in the press, and the juice which is extracted is put into casks the same day to ferment. The more active period of the fermentation usually lasts about five weeks. All but the very choicest wines are then fined with gypsum (*gesso*), and a few gallons of the best brandy are added to each pipe, for the purpose of preserving and qualifying the wine by incorporation with it in the process of time.

The vines are grown for the most part in the valleys, and upon the slopes of the lower hills. The superiority of the south-side growth to that of the northern parts of the island is most considerable. The vines are trained upon terraces and corridors, or over trellises of cane, placed horizontally about four feet from the ground, and are set in trenches of great depth. They are manured by planting beans and lupines amongst them, by which the ground is made doubly serviceable. One-seventh of the entire vine-crop is devoured by rats and lizards, which swarm at the vintage season. These destructive little anima's are said to have sufficient taste to prefer the finest grape. The vintage commences in the valleys, and is then carried up the Serra; and the rats and lizards faithfully follow its progress.

This description of the vintage is followed by some verses not unworthy a place in our columns.

THE VINTAGE.

Pile up the bursting glory of the Vine,
The golden clusters in the cesto pile;
Strip pendent pride from many a trellis fine,
And bid the wine-press teem o'er all the Isle.

Ye jocund lasses, pluck with might and main;
Your ruby lips make rubier with the grape;
Disclose white teeth with laughter's joyous strain,
And brown-necked beauties 'neath the purple cape.

Ye lads, whose hardy limbs no covering cramps,
From sinewy knee adown to buskin white,
The cesto ply with zeal no toiling damps,
And snatch the glances sly which youth delight.

O'er the dark tresses of these Southern climes,
Change *carapuças** with the maids ye love;
Nor will the Padre frown if ev'n at times
Ye steal a kiss where cluster grapes above.

Pile up the bursting glory of the Vine!
The golden clusters in the cesto pile;
Strip pendent pride from many a trellis fine,
And bid the wine-press teem o'er all the Isle.

The historical account of the forests which were set on fire by ZARCO, and which are said to have burned seven years, is thrown into fine verse by Mr. HUGHES. There is nothing in *The Ocean Flower* equal in powerful description, and we regret that the lines are too many for extract, but we make amends by quoting a lively set of stanzas, called

THE BEAUTIFUL NUN.

Saint Clair hath many daughters
Fair and gentle, wed on high,
And penitential waters
Stream from many a lustrous eye;
But all in southern splendour
Stare from orbs as black as coal,
Save one whose blue eyes tender
Melt while piercing to the soul!

Her auburn hair descending,
Did the convent's rule allow,
With snowy shoulders blending,
Might make hermits mourn her vow!
Such radiant play of feature,
Such a smile was never seen;
A scandalous procedure
'Twas to shut up Clementine!

Oh, where in all the Island
May another blonde be found,
In glen, or plain, or highland,
On or under all its ground?
Make Clementine a Sister!
Hide that sunny face from man!
Would the Abbess, when she kiss'd her,
Had been cloistered in Japan!

Yet Clementina 's steadfast,
Be't devotion, be it pride;
And when she might have sped fast
To the world, she "No" replied.
In scorn or depth of feeling,
Though a smile her red lip wear,
To man's deceitful dealing
She prefers the cold Saint Clair!

It will be seen by our extracts that Mr. HUGHES has availed himself of the natural beauties of Madeira, as well as of some of its most poetically historic revelations, to produce *The Ocean Flower*. What Mr. HUGHES finds poetical, he has more skill to leave more poetical, than he has the ability to invest what is sensibly barren with the radiancy of imagination. He is not omnipotent to create like SHELLEY, and by the aid of fancy walk with his feet among the flowers of earth and his head among the stars of heaven. He cannot, Prospero-like (or Shakespeare-like, for the magicians are synonymous), summon spirits from the impalpable air. "Not a jot, not a jot." But what of this. It is not so much for us to say what an author cannot perform, as to shew what he *has performed*. We must take the bantling of a man's brain exactly as we find it, though it have all the deformity of a Quilp, or the spirituality of an Ariel. Therefore we say that Mr. HUGHES has not failed in his undertaking. In as far as he has succeeded, he is as much indebted to such poetic facts as a rich vegetation and a fanciful history, simply because he is more of a builder to construct than an architect to conceive. Mr. HUGHES's volume, *The Ocean Flower, and a Descriptive Account of Madeira*, is a very readable work.

* The cap worn by the peasantry of both sexes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The London Medical Directory, 1845. London, 1845. Mitchell.

THE value of this Directory will be best estimated by a statement of the extent and variety of the information it affords. It contains, in alphabetical order, the name of every medical man in London, together with his address, official appointments, honorary distinctions, and literary productions, and it is very neatly printed and got up.

The Words of a Believer. By the ABBE DE LA MENNAIS. Translated from the French, by EDWARD SMITH POTTER, A.B. London, 1845. Aylott and Jones.

THE famous work of the ABBE DE LA MENNAIS has not proved so formidable as the alarmists feared; it is innocent of a single revolution, and not so much as one republic can be traced to its influence. Its popularity has endured, because it contains many truths mingled with its visionary abstractions, and there is something in the style that attracts and rivets the attention. It is, in short, a production of genius, and, as such, has escaped the fate that usually attends political pamphlets. Whether Mr. POTTER'S translation will repay the cost of publication is problematical; but he has executed it with spirit and fidelity, and those who desire to make acquaintance with one of the most popular books of our age, could not better do so than by means of this edition.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

A Corsican Family. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. 1 Vol.

THE present work is calculated to puzzle a reviewer. It is an incident of travel; but where the fact ends, and the fiction commences, it is by no means easy to decide. That both one and the other have contributed to its contents is evident enough; but they are so skilfully interwoven, that their identity cannot clearly be defined. Like WORDSWORTH'S Swans, they

Swim double, swan and shadow.

Following up the late revelations contained in a Paris letter of THE CRITIC, we should feel inclined to attribute the *Corsican Family* to M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fils;* for in one part of the work the author talks of having been only thirty-six years in 1841; and with all our respect and faith in the probable precocity of the offspring of so clever a person as the "original" DUMAS, we cannot suppose it possible that a man of that age could possess a son, who not only wrote, but wrote so well as to be able to enact the double to his father, and to become the heir to his talent as fully as to his name. *Au reste*, it is sufficiently plain that *the* M. DUMAS, *père ou fils*, who produced the book in question, clearly intended that the reader should identify him with his narrative, for he makes more than one allusion in its pages to his former literary productions; and mentions, with very pardonable pride, the sensation produced by his signature at a public ceremony.

So much for the nature of the work, and its probable authorship. The curtain rises in Corsica and falls in Paris. We can scarcely do better than begin with the beginning; for, as comparatively little is known of the former country in England, and as the opening pages of the book give an admirable *aperçu* of the still primitive and marked character of the inhabitants, they cannot fail to be read with interest.

TRAVELLING IN CORSICA.

Nothing is more picturesque or more convenient than travelling in Corsica. You embark at Toulon; in twenty hours you are at Ajaccio, or in twenty-four hours at Bastia. There you buy or you hire a horse; if you hire it, it costs you five francs a day; if you buy it, a hundred and fifty francs ready money. And let no one laugh at the smallness of the price; this horse, hired or bought, does, like the famous steed of the Gascon who leaped from the Pont Neuf into the Seine, things which could not be accomplished by either *Prospero* or *Nautilus*, those heroes of the races of Chantilly and the Champs-de-Mars.

It passes by roads, where Balmah himself would have applied a drag, and over bridges, where Auriol would ask for a balance-pole. As to the traveller, he need only shut his eyes, and leave the animal to itself; the danger is no business of his.

Without calculating that with this horse, which can make its way everywhere, you may travel fifteen leagues day after day, without its requiring either food or watch. From time to time, when you halt to visit an old castle built by some great noble, the hero and chief of a feudal tradition, or to sketch an old tower raised by the Genevese, the horse tears up a tuft of weeds, barks a tree, or licks a rock covered with moss, and all is done.

As to your night's lodging, it is still more simple: the traveller arrives in a village, traverses the principal street throughout its whole length, selects the house which suits him, and knocks at the door. An instant afterwards the master or the mistress appears upon the threshold, invites the stranger to alight, offers him a share of their supper, their own bed, if they possess but one; and the next day, in following him to the threshold of the dwelling, thank him for the preference which he has given them.

Of any remuneration whatever, it is perfectly understood that mention must not be made; the master would consider as an insult the slightest allusion to such a subject. If you are waited upon by a young girl, you may offer her a silk handkerchief, with which she will compose a picturesque head-dress when she goes to the fête at Calvi, or at Corte. If it is a man-servant, he will readily accept a knife-poniard, with which, if he meets him, he may kill his enemy.

You must also ascertain one thing, which is, that the domestics, as it sometimes happens, are not related to the master; who, being less favoured by fortune than himself, exchange their services against their nourishment and two or three piasters a month.

And let it not be thought that these masters, who are served by their nephews and cousins to the fourth or twentieth degree, are the worse waited upon on that account. No, by no means. Corsica is a French district, but Corsica is far from being France.

As to thieves, you never hear of any; of banditti in abundance, yes; but you must not confound one with the other. Go without fear to Ajaccio or to Bastia, with a purse of gold suspended to your saddle-bow, and you will have traversed the whole island without having incurred one shadow of danger; but do not go from Oceana to Levaco, if you have an enemy who has declared feud (*vendetta*) against you; for I would not answer for you in that six-mile journey. * * * I had come from Elba, I had disembarked at Bastia, and I had purchased a horse at the price already named. I had visited Corte and Ajaccio, and I was, for the moment, travelling over the province of Sartena. On a particular day I was going from Sartena to Sullacaro. The day's work was short, ten leagues, perhaps, on account of the cross-roads, and of a ramification of the principal chain of heights which form the spine of the island, and which it was necessary to cross; and on this account I had taken a guide, in order that I might not lose myself by the way. Towards five o'clock we reached the summit of the hill, which commands both Olmeto and Sullacaro. There we halted for an instant.

"Where does your lordship wish to lodge?" asked the guide.

I cast my eyes on the village, of which I could see into the streets, and which seemed to be almost deserted; a few women only appeared at rare intervals, but even they walked hastily, and looked cautiously about them.

As, by virtue of the established rules of hospitality I have already named, I had my choice of the hundred or hundred and twenty houses which composed the village, I looked out for the dwelling which seemed to hold forth the best promise of comfort; and I decided upon a square house, built like a fortress, with *mâchecoulis* in front of the windows and above the door. It was the first time that I had ever seen these domestic fortifications; but I must add also, that the province of Sartena is the classic ground of the *vendetta*.

"Ah, good," said the guide, following with his eyes the direction of my hand; "we are going to pay a visit to Madame Savilia de Franchi. Well, well, your lordship has not made a bad choice, and it is easy to see that you are not wanting in experience."

Do not let me forget to remark, that in the eighty-sixth district of France, Italian is constantly spoken. * * * Ten minutes afterwards we entered the village; and then I remarked a circumstance which I could not distinguish from the mountain. This was, that every house was fortified like that of Madame Savilia; not with *mâchecoulis*, the poverty of their inhabitants denying them, without doubt, this expensive description of defence, but simply and solely with thick shrubs, covering the lower divisions of the windows, in which were cut openings large enough to admit a rifle-barrel. Other windows were similarly protected by red bricks. I asked my guide what these loop-holes were called, and he told me *arrow-holes;* an answer which proved that the Corsican *vendetti* were of more ancient origin than fire-arms. As we gradually advanced up the streets, the village assumed a still deeper character of solitude and melancholy. Several houses appeared to have sustained a siege, and were riddled with balls.

From time to time we saw through the loopholes the flash of a curious eye as it watched us pass, but it was impossible to distinguish whether it belonged to a man or to a woman. We reached the house which I had pointed out to my guide, and which was, in fact, the largest in the village. One thing, however, struck me, which was, that although fortified in appearance, it was not so in reality; that is to say, that its windows had neither a screen of shrubs, nor bricks, nor arrow-holes, but simple panes of glass, protected, during the night, by wooden shutters. It is true that these shutters preserved certain traces which an observant eye at once detected to be those of bullets; but these marks were old, and had evidently existed for the last ten years.

The welcome which the traveller receives is at once dignified and cordial; and he is not less surprised than delighted to find in the room appropriated to his use a good selection of French classics, and amid some lighter works his own *Impressions de Voyage*. The apartment belongs to a son of Madame de Franchi, then at Paris, studying for the bar, who has made of France his country of adoption; his twin-brother, who is Corsican in every habit and feeling, is from home on the arrival of the stranger, but immediately on his return hastens to add his welcome to that of his mother.

A CORSICAN GENTLEMAN.

He was, as my guide had told me, a youth of twenty, or one-and-twenty, with black hair and eyes, a complexion darkened by the sun, and rather short than tall, but admirably proportioned.

In his haste to welcome me, he had come up stairs as he was; that is to say, in his riding-dress, which was composed of a surtout of green cloth, to which a shot-belt, which encircled his waist, gave a certain military air; of pantaloons of grey cloth, seated with russian leather, and boots and spurs. A foragecap, like those worn by our African chasseurs, completed his costume. From one side of his shot-belt hung a whip, and from the other a gourd, while in his hand he carried an English rifle. Despite the youth of my host, whose upper lip was scarcely shaded by a slight mostache, there was in all his person an air of independence and resolution which struck me. It was easy to see in him a man brought up for the struggle of life; accustomed to exist in the midst of danger without fearing, but also without despising it; grave, because he is solitary; calm, because he is strong.

At a single glance he had seen every thing, my dressing-case, my arms, the coat that I had taken off, and that which I wore; his eye was rapid and sure like that of every man whose life sometimes depends upon his quickness of vision.

The traveller had visited Sartena, principally in the hope of witnessing a *vendetta*, but he was destined to become the spectator of a very different scene. The families of Orlandi and Colonna had been at feud for the last ten years. The original cause of quarrel had been the refusal of a female Colonna to restore a hen which had strayed from the yard of the Orlandini. The Orlandini went and reclaimed their fowl, but the Colonna persisted that she was their own property, upon which the Orlandini threatened that they would summon the Colonni before the judge, and compel them to take their oaths to the fact. On hearing this, the aged woman who grasped the fowl, wrung its neck, and threw it into the face of her neighbour, exclaiming, "Well, if it is yours, eat it." Immediately an Orlandini stooped, picked up the hen by its feet, and was about to strike with it the person who had flung it at his sister, when, as he raised his arm, a Colonna, who, unfortunately, was standing by, leaning upon his loaded rifle, fired at him, and he fell fatally wounded. From the commencement of the feud, nine persons had already fallen its victims; and, at the request of his brother, the young De Franchi had, at length, with great difficulty, succeeded in effecting a reconciliation. For the last three years neither party had crossed the threshold of his house. They had lived as they could in the woods, lying constantly in wait for each other, and sleeping in ditches or trees, with their rifles in their hands. The day had at length come when their reconciliation was to be made at once legal and public; the description is animated and novel.

THE MEETING.

From the summit of the eight steps by which you reached the door of Madame de Franchi's house, you commanded the whole of the square.

This square, in contrast to what it had been on the previous evening, was covered with people; all the crowd, however, was

composed of women, and children under twelve years of age; not a man was visible.

On the upper step of the church stood a man who wore about his waist a tricoloured scarf; it was the mayor.

Under the portico another, dressed in black, was seated before a table; a paper, written all over, lay near him; he was the notary, and the written paper was the act of reconciliation.

I took my place on one side the table with the sponsors of Orlandini (a concession made to oblige De Franchi), and on the other were the sponsors of Colonna; behind the notary sat Lucien, who appeared for both parties. In the distance, in the choir of the church, might be seen the priests, ready to say the mass.

The clock struck ten.

At the same moment a shiver ran through the crowd, and every eye turned towards one or other of the extremities of the street, if that may be called a street which consisted of an unequal space left by the caprice of about fifty houses built according to the fancy of their several proprietors.

Immediately afterwards, Orlandini appeared from the side of the mountain, and Colonna from the side of the river. Each was followed by his partisans; but, according to the arrangement agreed on, neither party was armed: they looked, in all save physiognomy, like worthy churchwardens following a procession.

The two chiefs of the several factions were markedly dissimilar in physical attributes. Orlandini was tall, dark, slight, and active. Colonna was of long stature, thick-set, and vigorous; his beard and hair were red, and both were short and curly. Each carried in his hand a branch of olive, a symbol of the peace they were about to ratify, and which was a poetical invention of the mayor.

Colonna, moreover, held by the legs a white hen, destined to replace and to repay the fowl which, ten years before, had given birth to the quarrel. It was alive. This point had been long discussed, and had wellnigh put an end to the reconciliation; Colonna considering it as a double humiliation to restore the hen living which his aunt had thrown dead into the face of Orlandini's cousin. However, by power of logic, Lucien de Franchi had induced Colonna to give the hen, as, by the same strength, he had prevailed on Orlandini to receive it.

At the moment when the two enemies appeared, the bells, which had been silent for a time, rang out vigorously. On catching sight of each other, Orlandini and Colonna alike started with instinctive repulsion, but they nevertheless moved forward. Precisely in front of the church door they stopped, within four paces of each other. If, only three days before, these two men had met within a hundred yards, one or the other would have been left dead where he fell.

For the space of five minutes there was a dead silence, not only between the two groups, but throughout the whole crowd, which augured nothing peaceful, despite the conciliatory nature of the ceremony; upon which the mayor spoke.

"Well," said he, "you know, Colonna, that it is you who are to commence the business."

Colonna made a powerful effort, and uttered a few words in Corsican *patois*. I thought I could understand that he expressed his regret at having been for ten years in *vendetta* with his good neighbour, Orlandini, and that he offered him, in reparation, the fowl that he carried.

Orlandini waited until the last sentence of his adversary was fairly pronounced, and then answered by some more Corsican words, which contained a promise, on his part, to remember nothing save the formal reconciliation now taking place under the auspices of the mayor, the arbitration of M. Lucien, and the compiling of the notary.

Then both were once more silent.

"Well, gentlemen," resumed the mayor, "it was arranged, I believe, that you were to shake hands."

By an instinctive movement the two enemies put their hands behind them. The mayor descended the flight of steps at the top of which he had been standing; and passing behind Colonna, drew his hand forward, then went and possessed himself in the same way of that of Orlandini; and ultimately, after using some violence, which he affected to conceal beneath a smile, he succeeded in joining them together. The notary profited by that moment, and rose to read his act, while the mayor kept a tight grasp upon the hands, which at first did all they could to escape his hold, but ultimately remained resignedly clasped in each other.

I remarked with admiration, that, by an excess of prudence, the notary had not touched, even by a word, upon the fowl which placed Colonna in so bad a position before Orlandini. In consequence of this omission the brow of Colonna cleared, and the countenance of Orlandini darkened. The latter looked at the hen which he carried in his hand, like a man who visibly felt a temptation to fling it into the face of his adversary; but a look from Lucian de Franchi checked the evil impulse as it rose.

The mayor saw that there was no time to lose; he ascended the steps backwards, still holding the two hands together, and without removing his eyes for an instant from the contracting parties. Then, in order to prevent a new debate, which was certain to take place at the moment of signing the act, as each of the men would infallibly consider it as a concession to affix his name first to the document, the functionary took the pen, signed the paper, and, converting the shame into honour, passed the pen to Orlandini, who took it, wrote his name, and handed it to Lucien, who, making use of the same peaceful subterfuge, gave it in his turn, to Colonna, who made his cross.

At the same moment the ecclesiastical chants rang out, as the TE DEUM is chanted after a victory.

We then all signed in our turn, without distinction of rank or title, as the nobility of France had signed a hundred and twenty-three years before, the protestation against the Duke du Maine.

After this the two heroes of the day entered the church, and knelt down on each side of the choir, each in the place which had been assigned to him.

I remarked that from that moment Lucien was perfectly tranquil; all was over; the reconciliation was sworn, not only before men, but also before GOD. The rest of the sacred service passed over without any incident worthy of mention.

The mass over, Orlandini and Colonna left the church with the same ceremony that they had entered it. At the door, by the request of the mayor, they again touched hands; and then each took, with his train of friends and relatives, the road to his own house, across whose threshold neither had passed for the last three years.

Towards evening our traveller leaves Sullacaro.

A GODSON.

All was tolerably quiet in the village, although I could still remark that species of agitation which always succeeds great events; and I proceeded, glancing, as I passed before them, at all the doors, expecting to see my godson, Orlandini, come forth, who, sooth to say, owed me his thanks, which he had not yet paid. I, however, left the last house in Sullacaro behind me, and found myself in the open country, without having seen any one who resembled him. I thought that he had forgotten all about me, and I must confess that among the serious preoccupations which must beset him upon such a day, I sincerely pardoned his forgetfulness; when suddenly, on arriving at the point of Bicchisano, I saw a man issue from the underwood, and place himself in the middle of the road, whom I at once recognised as he whom, in my French impatience and habit of Parisian observances, I had already taxed with ingratitude. I remarked that he had already found time to resume his ordinary costume, to don his shot-belt, in which he carried the indispensable pistol, and that he was armed with his rifle.

When I was within twenty paces of him he took off his hat; while, on my side, I gave my horse the spur, that I might not make him wait.

"Sir," he said, "I could not let you leave Sullacaro, without thanking you for the honour which you have been kind enough to confer upon a poor peasant like me, by acting as his witness; and, as down below there I had neither my heart at ease nor my tongue at liberty, I come here to await you."

"I thank you," I replied; but you should not have inconvenienced yourself on my account; and all the honour has been for me."

"Besides," continued the bandit, "what is to be done, Sir? One cannot rid one's self in an instant of the habit of four years. The mountain air is terrible; when you have once breathed it, you are stifled elsewhere. Just now, in those miserable houses, I thought every moment that the roof would fall upon my head."

"But," said I, "you will surely now resume your usual habits. You have a house, I am told, a field, and a vineyard."

"Yes, without doubt; but my sister takes care of my house, and the Lucquois were there to cultivate my field, and to gather my grapes. We Corsicans do not work."

"What do you do then?"

"We overlook the labourers, or we take our guns, and we shoot."

"Well, my dear M. Orlandini," said I, extending my hand, "good sport to you; but remember that my honour as well as your own is pledged that you will henceforth fire only upon fawns, wild-boars, pheasants, and partridges, and never upon Marco-Vicenzio Colonna, nor any individual of his family."

"Ah, Excellency!" replied my godson, with an expression of face which I had never before remarked, save among the Norman litigants, "the hen that he gave me was very thin!"

And, without adding another word, he flung himself once more among the underwood, and disappeared.

We have just received Madame SAND's new and very clever tale of *Isidora*, at which we dare not, however, do more than glance. In point of talent, it is a great advance upon her more recent works; but it is not, in so far as regards the fable,

capable of analysis in the CRITIC. Where the sympathies of the reader are carried away by vice, and libertinism is anatomised and laid bare, it will not suffice that the work be clever, to enlist our suffrages. We have said all that we deem it expedient to say on *Isidora*, which, however, we are bound to add, has met with much favour in France, both with critics and public.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The elections at the *Académie Française* have terminated in the appointment of M. LEBRUN as its director, and M. TISSOT as its chancellor, for the ensuing term.

Madame HELENA GAUSSIN, who, some time ago, made a successful *début* at the *Comédie Française* in the leading tragic characters, and who only lost her *vogue* on the opposition of Mdlle. RACHEL, when, rather than assume a secondary *rôle* on the same stage, she found herself compelled to leave Paris, after having for a considerable period acted with success at Brussels, where she contracted a marriage with M. PATEY, and subsequently made a tour of the provinces, where she appeared successively in the characters of *Athalia*, *Lucrèce*, and *Jeanne-la-Folle*, has ultimately returned to the capital, and endeavoured to procure a new engagement at the *Théâtre Français*, upon the strength of the numerous and influential suffrages which she had secured. She had, however, only resided a few days in Paris, when, on the accusation of two landlords of furnished apartments from Troyes and Auxene, she was arrested on suspicion of having carried off several articles of plate from their respective establishments. At Auxerre, Madame HELENA GAUSSIN had already been tried upon this charge, and acquitted; but at Troyes, where she was once more brought before the correctional tribunal, she was condemned to twelve months' imprisonment, as guilty of having stolen five pieces of plate, the property of M. BONNARD, the proprietor of the Leopard Hotel, at Auxerre. A second charge, preferred by M. ARNOULT, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, at Troyes, accused her of the fraudulent subtraction of eleven pieces of plate, upon which occasion she declined to offer any defence. She was consequently condemned a second time to fifteen months' imprisonment, into which, however, the first sentence was to merge. All the missing plate was found in her possession, for which, on the 17th of September last, when she appealed to the Royal Court of Paris against the verdicts of the provincial tribunals, she accounted by saying that the amount of her luggage and stage wardrobe was so great (amounting to eleven cases), that, in the confusion of packing, the plate which was scattered about the apartment had been accidentally confused with her property; that, on her return to Paris, she had perceived that such was the case, and that she had resolved on restoring it to its owners; but that, when she was visited by the police commission who made the search, she became so much alarmed that, for fear of awakening suspicion, she had not ventured to tell the truth; the result of the search being the discovery of the missing articles. Evidence as to previous character was put in, but, as a matter of course, the court confirmed the finding and sentence of the criminal tribunal of Troyes.

The green-rooms here are, however, busy with another less disgraceful, but scarcely less disagreeable subject. The fair and graceful PLESSIS, say those who profess to be well informed of her movements, after bestowing her hand upon the happy M. ARNOULD at Brussels, started, under his protection, for St. Petersburg. What visions of the future did not the married lovers call up upon their road; what anticipations of triumph on the one hand, and sympathizing participation on the other! At length the land of promise was attained—not flowing with "milk and honey," but with felicitations and roubles. They had reached the frontier. On their arrival, the authorities demanded the reason of their advent. Madame ARNOULD exhibited her engagement, signed and sealed by GUEDONOFF, by authority of the emperor, and her passport. All was correct, and the lady was told that she was at liberty to proceed. Then came the gentleman's turn—"Who are you, Sir?" "I am the husband of Madame, and here is my own passport, signed by the Russian ambassador in London." Alas! these claims did not suffice; on the contrary, orders had been received from St. Petersburg to forbid the further progress of the bridegroom. In vain did the *mariés* expostulate, the sturdy official remained firm, upon which the bride declared her intention of returning with her husband; this, however, was equally forbidden; she had put her foot upon Russian ground under a ten years' engagement, and from that moment she became imperial property until the completion of her contract. The result was a hurried and agonized parting between the bewildered couple; after which the lady was handed into a carriage, which started at a gallop towards the capital; and the gentleman was conducted, under an escort, beyond the frontier, with a hint of the possibility of his extending his discoveries to Siberia should he again attempt to enter the imperial dominions. It is said that certain liberal opinions put forth by M. ARNOULD in his works have procured for him the somewhat painful distinction of this ill-timed excommunication. Well may he say, with an old writ, upon an occasion even less trying than his own,—

> My fate than Adam's is still more unkind;
> *His* Eve went with him, while *mine* stays behind!

An affecting incident took place a few days ago on the Pont St. Michel. An old man, evidently in a state of great poverty, walked up to a woman keeping a stall there, and offered for sale a volume entitled *Histoire de l'Astronomie de tous les Peuples*, the work which, in 1784, had opened the Academy to the celebrated BAILLY. The price which he demanded for it was ten sous. The woman, struck with his haggard appearance, gave him a franc for his treasure, with part of which he immediately purchased some bread, which he commenced eating on the quay. One of the canons of Notre Dame, who had been a spectator of the whole proceeding, approached the stall, and, on examining the book, was surprised to find written upon the fly-leaf, in the autograph of the owner, the following sentences:—"My young friend, my sentence has just been pronounced, and to-morrow, at this time, I shall have ceased to live. One of my greatest griefs is that of leaving you unprotected, for I promised your father that I would watch over you. GOD does not permit me to redeem my word. Accept this volume as a proof of my regard, and keep it as a remembrance of me.—BAILLY." The canon purchased the book for two francs of the kindhearted saleswoman, and then joined the old man, who was still devouring his loaf. He confided to his new acquaintance that, after the death of his father, he had been the adopted son of BAILLY, who, the day previous to his decease, had sent him the book in question. The old man stated that he had been for many years engaged as a schoolmaster, but that, from long-continued illness, he had gradually been reduced to want. His heaven-sent friend, the canon, has since obtained for him an admission into the hospital of Larochefoucauld.

JOURNAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Nicolò dei Lapi; ovvero, i Palleschi e i Piagnoni, di Massimo d'Azzeglio.

IN our last number we left Lisa dei Lapi driven from her father's house, and Bindo her brother but just escaped from death by reason of his attempt to avenge her wrongs. We must now return to Fanfulla, who, having again become a man-at-arms, is leading his followers about Florence, setting guards here and there, and entering with new spirit into the life he had so long forsaken. Crouched against a wall, he sees, in the cold and rainy night, what he takes at first to be a bundle of clothes, but which, on closer examination, appears to be the unhappy Lisa. Ignorant, however, of her condition, and knowing only her misery, the good ex-monk takes her and her child under his care, and acts the part of a father to her; and, in order at once to dissipate ill-natured conjectures, we may as well state that the worthy man was now in his fifty-fourth year. She, suffers much privation, even though Fanfulla sells his horse and armour to support her, and becomes a mere foot-soldier, an awful descent in those days.

At length she is taken with so earnest a longing to see her unworthy husband, as she supposes him, that she persuades Fanfulla, sorely against his will, to escort her to the camp. The Spanish and German soldiery of that century were not particularly civilized, and we need not say how many insults Lisa had to undergo, nor how many real perils she, her child, and her conductor passed through. Stopped at one time by several Spanish soldiers, who began by threatening the life of the child, on account of its crying, and would probably have done more than they promised, the ready wit of Fanfulla saved the party.

A CAMP SCENE.

If Fanfulla had been alone, he would have known very well what to do; he would have flung himself upon those who stood in his way, with his sword in his right and his dagger in his left hand, and then—good-by till I see you again—then, in a few moments, he would have been out of danger, or out of this world. But here he had to temporise and act politely. Speaking a few words to Lisa, that she should quiet her child as much as she could, and recommend herself to God, Fanfulla turned to the first Spaniard, and said, "Stay one moment, Senor Caballero, we are poor gitanos, who have come to the camp to make merry with you gentlemen. We are poor—that is, now; but we were

rich a few minutes ago. We had a purse with a hundred florins, but some German soldiers just by here have taken it away from us; they almost broke my shoulders with their halberds, and this poor woman and her child, too, did not escape. Ah! there—there—there they are among those trees" (it was too dark to see more than that there were trees). "I see them running away even now, and—oh, catch them! and as for the purse, give us what you like out of it. The Spanish soldiers, noticing the poor gipsy attire of Fanfulla and the woman, and touching the lute suspended round her neck, gave credence to their story; he, meantime, pretending violent rage, remained urging them to follow the marauders, and from time to time still declaring that he saw them. "He who took my purse was a little, thin man, with a pike and no arquebuse; there were only five or six of them." He had taken care to point out a direction different from that in which he intended to go himself, and, as soon as he saw that his bait had taken, he considered himself safe. It is true that they could not see any thing in the shape of a man where he pointed; but they thought that, perhaps, gipsies had better eyes than other persons; or, perhaps, that, like cats, they could see in the dark. Besides, they were really as much enraged as Fanfulla pretended to be; the rivalry between the Spanish and German troops made them jealous of their privileges, and that the Germans should plunder passengers within a stone's-throw of their tents was not to be endured. As soon as they were fairly gone, Fanfulla drew a long breath, and saying, "A good chase to you, young gentlemen," added to Lisa, "Now, my lady, let us be gone from hence before they return."

They arrived without further interruption at Guicciardini, where the Prince and his immediate attendants were; but how different from the quiet and peaceful aspect which now it presents! The soil muddy and marshy, beaten up to a paste by the feet of men and horses; the houses full of soldiers; the walls defaced and smoky; the church reduced to a tavern; the square filled with booths, kept by sutlers selling bread, wine, onions, and who had with singular judgment set up their shops before the gibbet, the sight of which might serve as a sort of *memoria technica* for those who had forgotten to pay.

While Fanfulla was preparing an oration for Troilo, a whispering was going on among the people, who had become suddenly very quiet; and, turning his eyes to the spot where military justice was done, he saw a man mount the ladder and prepare the cord for an execution. Going nearer, through curiosity, he saw, a little way from the executioner, the person destined for punishment; it was a woman, with her hands tied behind her, and who, kneeling at the feet of a Capuchin, was confessing. Fanfulla wondered that they should hang a woman; but his wonder was increased when, sticking out from under her gown, he saw the scabbard of a sword. While he was about to make inquiries, a corporal came up and made them in his hearing.

"What is this woman to be hanged for?"

"Say rather this young man," replied the party questioned. "It is a strange affair. I was not present, but Fruga, who was, says that he is a Florentine, and that he knows all about him."

We need not pursue this description; the reader will easily perceive who the disguised youth was, and how he was saved from so imminent a danger. Lisa soon found Troilo, who affected great joy at seeing her, and accepted the credit of saving Bindo from death. But Baccio Valori was not yet quite certain of Troilo's obedience, and he therefore visited him at his quarters, and told him, in the hearing of Lisa, who was in an adjoining chamber, that the Prince would not confirm Bindo's pardon, and that he must die. He then contrives a plan of escape, and thus furnishes Troilo with a double title to Nicolo's favour. As the pretended rescue was a pretended danger, Troilo found himself hampered with the proffered aid of Fanfulla, who declared himself one of "the Thirteen." It was easy to perceive that no cheat would suffice for him, and hence it became necessary to organize a pretended resistance strong enough to deceive Fanfulla. From this difficulty they were saved by a somewhat characteristic contrivance of the Count di San Secondo, who, hearing all the plan, said that the only objection was they had given Lisa to understand that two guards were to be killed; and that if one at least were not put to death, so that there might be some talk about it in the camp, any runaway captive who got to Florence might be the means of defeating the plot, by shewing some of its fallacies. For this, however, he provided a remedy.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A VICTIM.

"There is a very dear friend of Anguillotti di Pisa, among my troops," said the Count, "and who advised him to run away from me. Anguillotti knows very well that I shall have my revenge on his friend, as well as on him; though the gentleman himself is not in the secret of my good intentions. He shall be promoted to be guard on this night; and, to make it more palatable, I will tell him that the prisoner is a person of consequence; and then you can leave Fanfulla to deal with him in earnest, and take care that you engage the other man yourself, and don't hurt him. As for Anguillotti's friend, a day or two sooner or later will not matter to him."

"Exactly so, my lord Count; and as you intend to have the man put to death on other grounds, it will certainly give a better colour to our doings."

This matter being thus amicably settled, Troilo took leave, saying, "Have you any commands for Florence? Now that I am to be a silk mercer, if you want velvets or brocades you will give me the preference; I shall be able to tell you soon at how much a yard."

"Adieu, madcap; but stop. If in any kind of stuff—I don't care what—you can send me the head of Anguillotti, I will liberally reward the bearer. However, if you see him, tell him to keep out of my way."

Their plan, so virtuously concocted, could not fail to succeed. Fanfulla, as might have been expected, clove the unfortunate friend of Anguillotti from the crown to the chine, and the four, *i.e.* Troilo, Fanfulla, Lisa, and the infant Arriguccio, arrived safe in Florence. When there, Nicolo, though not without some misgiving, agreed to pardon Lisa and Troilo, and to receive them into his house; and a plan of communication having been arranged by means of Benedetto dei Nobili, the friend of Malatesta, with the prince's camp, all seemed to go on according to the wishes of the Palleschi. In a night attack made on the city, Troilo greatly distinguished himself, and indeed had those who felt his blows known from whom they came, they would have complained that he acted the part of a Piagnone a little too naturally. But while the sons of Nicolo, Averardo, Vieri, Bindo, Nicolo himself, Lamberto, and Laudomia, were thus persuaded of Troilo's sincerity, there was one person who was by no means equally satisfied. Maurice, the Swiss soldier, who waited on Lamberto, and who on this occasion proved a better physiognomist than the others, refused to give any credence to the professions of Troilo, and ultimately he had his own opinions amply justified. Meantime Lamberto had turned once more his thoughts towards Laudomia, and Nicolo had accepted him as a son-in-law, when Troilo, who, tired of Lisa, had begun to entertain designs on her sister, found his intentions thus thwarted. The wedding-day was fixed, and a curious list is given of the requisites for a bride of that time, place, and station, which, had we space, we would present to the reader. Troilo, however, did not resign his intended mistress merely because she loved another and was about to marry him. He went to Malatesta, and obtained that Lamberto should be sent away from Florence, with a detachment of troops to act against the PRINCE of ORANGE in the field. This order arrives immediately after the marriage ceremony, and Lamberto has to take leave of his bride, and to place himself in his new and somewhat disagreeable post. But while obtaining this order, an adventure occurred to Troilo, which merits notice. It was needful for him to find out his friend Benedetto, and accordingly attiring himself as a monk, he betakes himself to the oratory at San Gallo, where he recognises him, and having given him to understand that his aid was required, he retires to wait the conclusion of the service.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

Troilo, pretending to pray, kneeled down on the stones with his head between his hands, and in this position meditated on his projected wickedness. Thus passed two hours, which from the cold, and his uncomfortable position, seemed to him at least four. At last the candles at the altar went out one by one. Lifting up his eyes, and beholding the last flame disappear, he would have remained in darkness, had it not been for a light which feebly radiated from behind the altar. He then pursued a ghostlike figure gliding along the walls, and giving into the hands of each monk something which he could not distinguish, until, finding the figure making an offer to him, he took it, and perceived that it was a scourge! His first impulse was to fling it into the face of the brother who brought it, but Fra Benedetto was by his side, and whispered, "Do as I do." This was in fact to remove his upper garments, and, with arms and shoulders bare, to discipline himself, he meantime, and all the other monks, reciting the *Miserere*. It may be conceived that in all this there was more cry than mischief; still it was a joke not at all to Troilo's fancy, and he took good care to bestow more blows on

his neighbour than on himself, giving Benedetto practical knowledge of how different a thing a flogging is when inflicted by one's self and when inflicted by another. After four hours thus agreeably spent, our two friends saw with joy the monks file off two and two; and, as soon as the church was empty, they made their way to the palace of Malatesta.

The proceedings of both parties were now approaching a crisis; within the city discord was beginning to prevail; without, the hopes of the besiegers grew daily more faint, till the people doubting when too late the treachery of Malatesta, he and the heads of the civil authority were at last at open war. This state of things could hardly last long. Lamberto, who had been present at the defeat of the popular party at Gavinana, came just in time to see the city given up to the Medici, to take his bride and to depart with Nicolo and his family to seek some other home; but this retreat was not destined to be executed as it was planned. Troilo was on their heels and the whole party was made captive. Among those who on this occasion followed Troilo, was the unhappy Selvaggia, and she now rejoiced at having in her power one who, as she thought, had despised and insulted her. At the Castle del Murlo, where they rested, she ordered Lambertino to be confined alone; and Troilo, whose character on the way had been disclosed fully to Nicolo, gave the same directions with respect to Laudomia. Nicolo and his sons had been sent under a strong guard to Florence; and now the denouement of the story approaches. Selvaggia goes to the dungeon of Lamberto, reproaches him with his cruelty, and taking a dagger, when he supposes that she is about to assassinate him—cuts his bands and sets him at liberty. This she declares is the only revenge the Jewish courtezan can take, and she sets at liberty also Fanfulla and Maurice, and informs him of Troilo's designs on Laudomia. A few minutes bring them all into the apartment of this latter, whom they find standing at an open window and prepared to throw herself out if no other escape from Troilo offers itself. To bind the wretch hand and foot is but the work of a moment, and the portion of the original party thus liberated set out on their way. When they have been gone an hour or two Selvaggia recollects that Troilo's servant was near and might liberate his master and cause immediate pursuit. They therefore despatch Fanfulla and Maurice to prevent, if not too late, such an accident. They find Michel, Troilo's servant absent, Troilo still bound and nobody stirring. Maurice takes his own way, and puts Troilo down a deep well where he miserably perishes, and with Fanfulla then rejoins his master. The next chapter brings us back to Florence, takes us to the prison of the Bargello, and to the execution of the aged Nicolo, who when offered an opportunity of escape refuses it. In conclusion we may just observe that in most modern Italian books there is a fervid spirit of patriotism, which bids fair for the regeneration of the people; there is a love of the beautiful and the true which proves to us that the land of DANTE and ALFIERI is not yet enslaved in mind, and which induces a hope that we shall still see the country to which Western Europe owes her civilization "great, glorious and free."

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

Guide to the Town and Neighbourhood of Abergavenny. By JOHN WHITE. Abergavenny, 1845. Morgan.

ALL works designed to aid the tourist must be right welcome in this age of locomotion; and a guide to the antiquities and beauties of Abergavenny and its neighbourhood will not be the least acceptable addition to the traveller's portmanteau. Mr. WHITE has performed his task with diligence, and without the extravagance of affected enthusiasm which so often exposes the local historian to the ridicule of his readers. He is content simply to narrate the history of the town and castle, to describe their antiquities, to record the remarkable men associated with the locality, and then he proceeds in plain but graphic style to portray the scenic charms of the neighbourhood. We can recommend this volume to the visitor as an indispensable pocket companion.

MEMORANDA OF A CONTINENTAL TOUR,

Personal, Pictorial, and Political.

WE present another chapter from the MS. from which we have before taken some passages:—

CHAP. XVI.

THE FALLS OF THE AAR—MEYRINGEN—FALLS OF REICHENBACH—GLACIER OF ROSENLAU—THE SCHEIDECK—THE WETTERHORN—GRINDELWALD.

It was a glorious sunrise that we greeted as we defiled round the bold rocks between which the yellow waters of the Aar rushed with deafening din. I had dismissed my horse on the previous evening, resolved to complete this Alpine tour on foot, and, having tried both, I would earnestly recommend any reader who may travel thither to adopt the independence and health-inspiring exercise of a pedestrian journey. Only thus can the glories and delights of mountain wanderings be thoroughly understood and enjoyed. Nor is it at all wearisome, as we dwellers in the plains might have supposed; on the contrary, there is no day's walk sufficiently tedious to produce fatigue, although the distance traversed generally ranges from twenty-five to thirty miles, one-half of which is usually an ascent. The day was cloudless, and the sun blazed upon us with scorching heat that turned the hands and face to a nut-brown hue, and even peeled the skin from those who had not taken the precaution to wear the broad-brimmed straw hats of the country.

After a descent of an hour through this wild and barren region, repeatedly crossing the river on narrow bridges of a single arch, without wall or rail, and barely of sufficient width for a horse's tread, and traversing a path carved in the side of the rock, so slippery that it was difficult to keep a footing, so narrow that the knee touched the crags as the rider went by, and so precipitous that a stone dropped from the ledge would have fallen into the centre of the river that rolled and foamed many a fathom below, we entered upon a small valley, or rather basin, formed by the receding mountains, where the ground was literally smoothed and polished for the breadth of a quarter of a mile by the avalanches that fall there in the winter. It was not till this was far behind that we beheld the first traces of vegetation. Some lichens, then tufts of lank grass, then a few rhododendrons, then the bright green leaves of the whortleberry presented themselves to our delighted eyes. After awhile a few weather-beaten, hoary, mis-shapen firs appeared; gradually these became more and more abundant, until we found ourselves in a forest, traversing a shady path by the river bank, and treading upon luxuriant turf, and flowers, and strawberries.

Emerging from this pleasant wilderness, we saw before us, embosomed in a little area that had been cleared amid the trees, a neat chalet, with cows feeding in a small meadow behind it, and here we halted for rest and refreshment.

The master of the house was a jovial-looking old fellow, hale and hearty, whose hospitality was unbounded. What huge pitchers of milk, what mighty loaves of home-baked bread, what mountains of fresh butter, what basins of honey he piled upon the long table of ancient pine. But a savoury steam assailed our nostrils, guided by which the more adventurous of us made our way into the milk-house, where a huge crock of potatoes, dressed to the precise point that makes them morsels for an epicure, gladdened our hungry glances. Our host evidently understood the language of our eyes, for he forthwith loaded a dish with the delicious vegetable and handed it to us, and then another, and then another, and we all agreed that never before had we tasted potatoes in perfection.

Thus refreshed, we set forth to view the wonder of the place, of whose presence we had been reminded by the roar that had been in our ears ever since our arrival at the chalet. A path through a sort of inclosed garden or orchard attached to the house abruptly conducted us to a fissure in the mountain side, and, stepping upon a narrow bridge that spanned the gulf and looking down, we beheld the grandest river-scene in Switzerland.

Down a gloomy gorge, the bottom of which we could with difficulty discover, the Aar fell in a huge mass of foam over a height of more than a hundred feet, and a smaller stream meeting it at the side, precipitated itself into the same abyss, their waters mingling in their descent.

The little, narrow, trembling bridge suspended over the gulf, the blackness of gloom below, the din of the shattered waters, the thick spray that ascended and wrapped the spectator as in a cloud, were sufficient to disturb the firmest nerves. But there again was the iris, arching the abyss with the hues of heaven, brighter and gaudier than the brightest rainbow I had ever beheld. The contrast was startling, and we lingered for nearly an hour upon the spot, loath to quit a scene to us so strangely beautiful.

Resuming our travel, we crossed unsteady bridges and trod rough paths, keeping still by the banks of the river, until a short but steep ascent, carved in the hill side, conducted into a

picturesque spot, whence we could see the whole windings of the valley on either side of us, and a new range of mountain tops in the direction of our journey. Thence we descended into a fertile plain, covered with ripe crops of wheat, and hemp, and pease, and Indian corn, and studded with trees of walnut, apple, pear, and cherry, bending beneath their loads of fruit. The afternoon was sultry; the peasants were busily labouring in the fields—some were making hay. The hills on either side of us rose to an enormous height, but clothed to their very summits with verdure; the air was alive with the humming of bees and the chirping of grasshoppers; innumerable chalets were scattered over the valleys, from every one of which troops of children ran out to beg as we passed; the clover perfumed the little breezes that wandered about scarcely bending the ripe grass; it was a scene of rural tranquillity that surprised us the more by contrast with the desolate regions in which for so many hours we had been moving. Having passed this sweet spot, we were again conducted through a perilous ledge and across a gallery of rock literally suspended over a fearful precipice, and then down again into another valley on the opposite side, as fertile as that we had lately quitted, and thence for some miles by the river bank, with the snowy tops of an Alpine chain soaring at our sides; and then, after one more steep but short hill, we beheld the vale of Meyringen lying at our feet, as lovely a picture of luxuriant verdure and exuberant fertility as is to be found upon the face of this lovely world of ours.

What valleys can compare with those of this mountain land? Where is such a green, so gay and bright to behold, as that which clothes the trees and meadows now spread before us far as the eye can strain, and glowing in the bloom of a summer evening sky? It is a very Paradise! And that peaceful village, surrounded with its forests of fruit-trees, above which the smoke hangs as if loath to disturb the clearness of the pure atmosphere! Is it not enchanting?

A short walk carried us to the village, and our cavalcade attracted crowds of idlers. We had despatched a messenger on the previous day to secure beds at the hotel, and with this precaution we leisurely surveyed the groups that surrounded us. A familiar voice above saluted me with a friendly greeting. I looked up; it was the good rector, my fellow-traveller of the Rhine. In this remote valley we had met again, by one of those strange coincidences that so often occur to travellers. There was mutual pleasure in the meeting, and as we sat in the open air in the balcony of the hotel sipping our coffee on that delicious evening, we were amused with a narrative of our mutual adventures since we parted at Strasburg. It was not till the sun had been long set, and the stars were bright in the sky, that we quitted the cool wind that came floating down from the mountain snows that, full in our view, were yet glowing in the reflected hues of the heaven.

Soon after sunrise we resumed our journey. In the light of the early morning, with patches of mist gathered over it, and the dews glittering in the sunshine, the vale of Meyringen presented that striking combination of beauties which has obtained for it the reputation of being the most picturesque of the valleys of Switzerland. Bounded on both sides by ranges of mountains, that rose like huge fortifications, but thickly wooded from the foot to the summit, above whose dark green brows peeped the sunny tops of distant Alpine peaks, dazzling the gaze with their brilliancy of white, the plain, though in parts exuberantly fertile, presented the strange appearance of huge seams of torn and perfectly barren land running right across the vale, and evidently the scene of some terrible catastrophe. Our conjecture was correct. It was the work of a mountain torrent that carried death and desolation into the plain. "There is the author of the mischief." "I see nothing," was my answer to the guide, who kept his finger still extended towards the rocks behind us. But, following his directions, I discovered at last a small cleft in the steep, in which a little white streak was suspended like a thread. He informed me that this was the Alpbach, now a mere brook; that in the spring, when swollen by the melting snows, it bears down with it torrents of mud, which it spreads over the plain, destroying all vegetation, and leaving for years the desert we beheld to mark the track of its flood. So soft is the soil through which this stream flows upon the height, that the water becomes completely mingled with it until it descends—a literal mudfall, upon which rocks float like corks. Frequently its path is impeded by an accumulation of trees, earth, and stones; these bay back the heavy mass of weed which gathers and grows into a lake, until its might becomes irresistible, and then it bursts its barriers, carrying all before it, and sweeping like a deluge into the plain. Some idea may be formed of the giant power of this strange flood, when it is stated that, in the year 1762, in the course of a single hour, it buried a considerable portion of the village to the depth of twenty feet. The church was filled with it to the height of eighteen feet, and this is still shewn by the black line painted along its wall.

We turned aside from our path to visit the Falls of the Reichenbach. Crossing a meadow we were received by a very pretty girl, in a very small chalet, from the window of which there is a fine view of the Falls. It is remarkable for the height of its descent, and the quantity of water being too small to preserve its massiveness, it is broken by the resistance of the air into thin sheets of a fan-like shape, and of a rich cream-like hue, resembling drapery of lace when stirred by a gentle wind. It was simply beautiful, and in its character altogether different from the Falls of the Aar, which had yesterday awed us by their sublimity.

Quitting this attractive spot, we commenced the steepest and most wearisome ascent we had yet scaled, our way lying, for an hour at the least, through a dense forest of firs, the ground being little better than a bog, that yielded to every footstep, doubling the toil of the traveller. It was not until after repeated exhortations that I consented to accept the aid of one of the horses, but not in the usual fashion, by bestriding his back, but by grasping his tail, and thus permitting myself to be half-pulled up the steep. Before we had gained the summit the trees had disappeared, and we travelled through low bushes and whortleberries. After awhile even these disappeared, and we passed over a table-land of barren rocks, between which lay small transparent lakes, and then we descended by a rude path, between grey granites, to a little chalet, where we rested for refreshment. The view of the valley we had passed, from the summit we had quitted, was magnificent from its extent and the picturesque array of the mountains. Another difficult, though not dangerous path, conducted us to the Vale of Reichenbach, where we rested again, and after awhile set off to scale the Glacier of Rosenlau. Crossing a wood of firs, and scrambling over roots and trunks of fallen trees, we emerged from the shadow of the pines abruptly upon the margin of the sea of ice, which rests almost upon their roots. This glacier is famous for its extreme purity and the deep azure of its fissures. The ice is clear as crystal and slippery as glass. We could climb it only by cutting steps with a hatchet, and thus we were enabled to make our way into a huge cavern melted in the solid mass, deeply, richly azure, and which reminded me of the magic creations of the *Arabian Nights*. One expected to see a fairy hovering in the blue distance. Under our feet there was the roar and rushing of a torrent, and looking into the frequent clefts we could see far down the foam of rapid waters, the gatherings from the glacier, which fell into a fissure of the rock, and there was lost to the sight, although we could hear it roaring in its passage for some distance below. Returning we crossed a little bridge that spanned a rent in the cliff into which we had not looked on our ascent. But now a man was standing there, who invited us to witness a strange effect. Lifting a huge stone, he hurled it into the abyss, the bottom of which we could not find with our eyes. It bounded from side to side, from crag to crag, for a long time, conveying an impressive notion of the enormous depth it had descended, and the sound sent up by its fall was like subterraneous thunder, until it ceased with a mighty splash of the water in which it had found rest at last.

Another tedious ascent over an undulating country brought us to the top of the Scheideck, and here at a solitary chalet we rested again. While partaking the scanty refreshment the house afforded, three daughters of the host, somewhat prettier than Swiss girls are usually seen, asked permission to entertain us with some national music. It was readily given, and they delighted us for an hour with the "Ranz des Vaches," and a multitude of the best mountain melodies, and we all agreed that never had we heard music so touching. It was unexpected, and that enhanced its charms; but the wild scenery by which we were surrounded, in accord with the character of the music itself, the intrinsic beauty of the songs, the unison of the voices of the sisters, so went to the imaginations of our party, that many of the ladies were melted to tears, and I had some difficulty in restraining the emotions produced by the associations that thronged upon me thick and fast, while listening to their mountain melodies.

It was not long after leaving this place that we found ourselves at the foot of the Wetterhorn, or Peak of Tempests; a mountain unique in its form, which is as if a mighty cone had been rent asunder from its peak to its base, the one half removed, the other left standing, a perpetual monument of the convulsions that at some past time have deformed the surface of this fair earth. As our eyes wandered up the huge wall of grey granite, until it seemed to lose its solid form in the distance, we were again reminded of the deceptions to which the unpractised vision is subjected in these regions. It seemed as if the mountain was within a stone's throw of us, but we were assured by our guide that it would be the walk of a good mile to touch the base. While we were gazing and wondering at the Alpine giant, and surveying the glacier at its foot streaming down into the green valley that lay sleeping so peacefully within the snowy ramparts that guarded it on either side, the guides gathered in a group, and unexpectedly began the "Ranz des Vaches," which, though they had met accidentally, they sung with a correctness of harmony that early training in part singing could alone have enabled

them to accomplish. The song was not only beautiful in itself, but it was seized by the remarkable echo that dwells in the Wetterhorn, and returned in a tone so soft and sweet that it was difficult not to believe that the strain had been taken up by a band of spirits wandering among the crags, by whom it was sent back refined almost into the aerial music of heaven.

The descent was an easy one, over velvet-like turf, and then through meadows of the greenest grass, ripe for the scythe, the air being burdened with the scents of clover and field-flowers, and merry with the voices of grasshoppers and bees. The hay-makers were at work in many places, singing their country songs as they plied their tasks. It was yet early in the afternoon, and we turned out of our way to obtain a near view of the glacier, and to hear the multitudinous echoes that astonish the traveller who stands in the hot sun beholding the huge sea of ice. A small English party were seated there, discussing a liberal basket of sandwiches and wine—just such a group as might be seen enjoying a picnic in the rustic places of our own land. While we were chattering with them, the peasant who makes it his summer business to display to travellers the wonders of the place, discharged a small gun. The sound rolled from crag to crag, from rock to rock, from mountain to mountain, repeated now loud, now softly, now like thunder, now in a whisper, more times than I could count, and then slowly died away far down the valley. I had not formed the slightest notion of the real power of echo, and it astonished me more than any wonder of that wondrous region.

Another hour's stiff walk through the luxuriant valley brought us to the village of Grindelwald, and our resting-place for the night. While waiting for the *table d'hôte*, which throughout Switzerland is appointed at a late hour for the convenience of travellers after the completion of their day's march, we strolled into the garden of the hotel to view the bold scenery of the place. Immediately before us rose the mountain range with bold ascent, three gigantic peaks arresting the eye by the peculiarity of their forms, and between them two huge glaciers descended from their summits into the valley, glistening in the evening sun, and shining out more conspicuously on account of the black forest of firs with which they are fringed, and into the very bosom of which they have been thrust forward by the mighty mass of ice above. These glaciers are branches of the huge ice-field that extends over the entire summit of the Bernese Alps, covering an area of many hundred square miles, and streaming through every fissure far below the region of perpetual snow, where a considerable portion of their substance is melted by the summer's suns, but as surely replaced by the avalanches of the winter.

We sat by the open window viewing the magnificent prospect until it was lost in darkness. But we were speedily recalled by the muttering of distant thunder, and frequent lightnings flashing up from behind the rock walls that buried their heads in the sky before us. The storm rapidly approached, and soon the lightning filled the whole heaven, coming from every quarter at once, at each moment revealing the entire range of mountains for an instant distinctly as at mid-day, and then as instantly plunging the mighty scene into profoundest darkness. The thunder leaping among the cliffs, and echoed by the crags, seemed to be unceasing, and then the rain fell in torrents, and amid this conflict of the elements we went to our beds, much fearing lest the weather, hitherto so favourable, should be changed by the storm, and we should be subjected to the disappointment which so commonly attends Alpine travel, and be compelled either to submit to spend some days of idleness at the hotel, or to walk through mists and rains, all prospects veiled from our view, and danger encompassing our path.

MELROSE ABBEY.—DISGRACEFUL PRACTICES OF TOURISTS.—The mischievous propensities which individuals often manifest on their being permitted to visit public buildings, works of art, and other objects of interest, have often been alluded to as a subject of just reproach to the public of this country. It is indeed melancholy to think that, notwithstanding reiterated complaints and warnings against these practices, there should still be people who are insensible to the disgrace they incur in destroying such objects, whether out of pure mischief, or from the equally reprehensible desire of appropriating fragments as relics. The liberty of access to the monuments of antiquity which adorn the country, is a privilege which must be highly prized by every individual of any degree of taste and information; and the culpability of those who abuse it in the manner referred to is greatly enhanced by the consideration that, independent of the actual damage done, they inflict a grievous injury upon the public at large, who are necessarily visited with the consequences of such misconduct in being excluded from the precincts of these structures. A very striking proof of the prevalence of these shameful practices, and of the consequences to which they lead, appears in an advertisement in a daily paper, announcing that, in consequence of the chipping and defacing which the beautiful carved stonework of Melrose Abbey has undergone, that edifice will henceforth be shut up from the public. We understand that his grace the Duke of Buccleuch has of late years been at great expense and trouble to preserve this venerable structure, perhaps one of the richest monuments of antiquity of which our island can boast, and now rendered interesting to the whole world from its association with the imperishable name of Sir Walter Scott. It can scarcely, under the circumstances, be wondered at, that the noble proprietor should adopt this step for the preservation of the abbey—a step which we know his grace deeply regrets, but to which he has been impelled by these frequent depredations, and by feeling, as he ought to feel, not only a *personal*, but a national responsibility in the custody of this so valuable a relic of Scotland's history.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

BOULOGNE HOTELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—Talk no more of English hotels, whether of Folkstone or Dover, Birmingham or Bath; let them hide their diminished heads, and in their charges take a lesson from their more extortionate brethren in Boulogne. Here is a specimen:—

A gentleman and his wife arrived late in the evening at the Hotel du Nord. They were lodged for the night in a small room on the third story (*troisième étage*—exclusive of the ground-floor); here they had dinner and tea; they left the following morning at seven o'clock, after having had one cup of coffee for the gentleman, and one cup of tea for the lady, with one small roll (*un petit pain à trois sous*) between them. Their two trunks were also taken up to their said room, and brought down again to the door of the hotel. Here is the bill:—

HOTEL DU NORD, A BOULOGNE.

	Francs.
Diner	8
1 bouteille de Bourgogne	2
Thé	3
2 bougies	2
Appartement	9
Thé (matin)	2
Café	3
	29
Porteur	3
	32 francs;

exclusive of the usual gratuities to servants. The two *bougies* were no more than two ends of tallow candles, in tin frames, placed in the passage for any one going up to bed.

Let the hotel-keepers of England beat this if they can.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, VIATOR.

ART.

LORD BYRON'S STATUE.—Thorwaldsen's beautiful work has arrived at Trinity, and will be put up in the college library very shortly.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF THE QUEEN.—Mr. James Wyatt, the sculptor, of Dudley-grove, Harrow-road, has just completed in plaster an equestrian statue of her Majesty, which, considering the difficulties of the undertaking, appears to be a work of considerable excellence. Female statues on horseback are necessarily comparatively few, and we hardly know why, in this instance, that form of representation has been selected, unless it be that her Majesty is known to be peculiarly fond of riding. One objection must usually belong to such subjects, viz. that they can hardly be exhibited in such a dress as becomes the situation. In Mr. James Wyatt's figure her Majesty has a crown on her head, and wears the collar and George on her bare neck, while her shoulders are also uncovered. At the same time the inconsistency of putting her in a riding-habit was not to be avoided, so that one part of the royal person is strangely habited compared with the other. She sits her horse uncommonly well, a merit that could scarcely be avoided, if the sculptor copied from nature. One of our greatest poets tell us that—

> Chiefly skill to ride seems a science,
> Proper to gentle blood, &c.

and Sir Philip Sidney bears the same testimony. As far as the Queen is concerned, she sets an admirable example in this respect to all her subjects of rank and fortune. The horse upon which she is mounted is a noble animal, fully caparisoned, and not so large as to make her Majesty's figure appear too small. We do not quite approve of the posture of the off-leg before; it seems intended that the animal should be pawing the earth impatiently, but the action looks a little cramped and constrained. We may be wrong in this opinion, and certainly it is about the only point, excepting such as are inevitable, on which we have any complaint to make.—*Chronicle.*

ELY CATHEDRAL.—Among the many improvements in progress in the Cathedral of Ely, a magnificent painted window has just been presented to it by the Rev. Edward Bowyer Sparke, one of the canons of the church. It occupies the south-east angle of the lantern, and is of noble dimensions, being forty feet in height; it is designed to commemorate the foundress of the church, St. Etheldreda, by representations of her marriage and of her consecration as abbess; whilst the four great lights of the window contain, under gorgeous canopies, the figures of Etheldreda, as queen, her father, Anna, King of the East Angles, her first husband, Tonbert, King of the Giroii, and her second husband, Egfrid, King of Northumberland; in the second row she appears as Lady Abbess of Ely, with Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, by whom she was consecrated, and her successors in the government of the monastery, Jenborga, and Ermenilda. The artist, Mr. William Wailes, of Newcastle, has completed this great and beautiful work in little more than three months, at a cost of 600*l*. The same liberal benefactor proposes to present another painted window, by the same artist, to the south transept, and the church is likewise indebted to him for originating, by a noble gift, the restoration of the south-west transept, which has added so greatly to the beauty of the cathedral. The design for the eight great windows at the east end of the choir, for filling which with painted glass the late Bishop Sparke left 1,500*l*. is nearly completed. Mr. A. B. Hope has undertaken to restore one of the pinnacles of the east end of the church, and Lady Mildred Hope to restore the beautiful cross in the eastern gable, and the crocketing which leads up to it; and also Mr. H. R. Evans, who has been so long and so honourably connected with the chapter as steward of the manors, &c. has undertaken to defray the expense of opening and restoring the great lantern of the western tower, which is now concealed by a plaster vault to the floor of the bell-chamber, and of thus bringing into view the most beautiful system of Norman arcading which is to be found in any cathedral in this kingdom.—*Bury paper.*

GERMAN INTELLIGENCE ON ART.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

At Ingoldstadt the foundation-stone of the new Protestant church has been laid.

KISSENGEN.—The Protestant church at this place is being built after the plan of Herr VON GARTNER, the portico in the Pisan style.

BERLIN.—A picture by the celebrated battle-painter RECHLIN, now in the cabinet of HERN SACHSE, is said to be very fine. It represents the important moment of the battle of Leipsig, with the regiment of Douan Cossacks, led on by their gallant commander, Count ORLOW-DENISOW, with his sword raised on high, mounted on a white steed. To the left, on a hillock, in the background, is the village of Gossa; the foreground is occupied by the regiment of French cuirassiers on whom the Cossacks are falling. Quite in the background, the Emperor ALEXANDER, with his suite, may be perceived on a rising ground. The tone and method of treatment remind us forcibly of the modern French school, and particularly of HORACE VERNET, though without indicating any slavish imitation; and notwithstanding the confused masses, the whole is clearly and distinctly defined. The picture is in the possession of the Orlow family. Here also, in the Luderitz Gallery, a new picture from the pencil of the talented landscape-painter EICHHORN, is on inspection. It is a scene from classic Greece, from Peloponnesus, taken in the northern Arcadia, in the neigbourhood of the modern Kalabrita. In the distance is the mountain Velia; in the centre lies a green and fruitful valley; in the foreground, and towards the left, are the ruins of an old Grecian cyclopian building; and at the right stand two lofty palms. The colouring is brilliant, yet subdued, the whole forming an excellent specimen of the artist's peculiar talents.

The Belgian artist VANDEN-BOSCHE is at present at Paris, employed upon a copy of the portrait of NAPOLEON, in the Invalides, taken by INGRES, in the year 1806. The copy is destined for the philanthropic society of the Waffenbrüder, in Ghent, who served under the French colours.

MUNICH.—In the bronze foundries here great activity is prevailing. Commissions follow one another on all sides. We have before referred to the casting of the colossal head of the Bavaria, which is capable of containing twenty-seven persons; the upper part of the body is now in the course of formation. Among other objects now casting, we may name the iron gates for the new building for exhibitions of art and industry; also the statue of KREITMAYER, after the model of SCHWAUDTHALER; likewise the colossal bust of JEAN PAUL, from the model of the same artist. For Stuttgardt the allegorical figures for the royal monument, after the designs of WAGNER, are in the course of formation; and the first, which represents the order of knighthood, is already completed. For Bohemia, the statue of JEAN ZYISKA, after SCHWAUDTHALER, is being cast. SCHWAUDTHALER was also the designer of the allegorical figures, now casting for Vienna, of the rivers of Austria, the Danube, the Elbe, the Weichsel, and Po; they are destined, in conjunction with an allegorical colossal figure of Austria, to adorn a well in the imperial city. For Sweden, the statue of King CARL JOHANN, after the model of SCHWAUDTHALER, is in preparation; for England, that of the deceased HUSKISSON; and for Switzerland, that of the Duke VON ZAHRINGEN, after the model of a Swiss sculptor.

VIENNA.—Two medals have been stamped by BOHM, one small, the other large, in commemoration of the fiftieth year of the palatinate of the Archduke JOSEPH.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Since the palmiest days of KEAN, there was never such a rush at the pit, box, and gallery doors of any theatre, as was witnessed on Monday evening at the Princess's. Long before seven o'clock, there was not one square foot of standing room unoccupied in the whole space before the curtain, and well nigh as many went away unsuccessful, as, after a severe struggle, obtained admission. The occasion was indeed a great one: the reappearance of MACREADY, after an absence of three years from that English stage, on which, of the few actors it possesses entitled to the name of tragedian, he is unquestionably and preeminently the chief. The enthusiasm which thus once more hails his return, renders still more inexplicable his protracted withdrawal from the arena in which he never fails to achieve such triumphs. That it is not the fault of the public, would seem tolerably clear from the ardour with which it thus seizes upon any opportunity presented to it of seeing Mr. MACREADY. Is it the fault of Mr. MACREADY? If so, he is alike unjust to himself and to the country. At all events, it is not the fault of Mr. MADDOX, who with an energy which does him the highest honour—for he already filled his theatre—has, after some considerable negotiation, and doubtless at a very heavy outlay, secured our chiefest tragedian's services for a limited period. The play selected for Mr. MACREADY'S first appearance here was *Hamlet*, that most inimitable of all SHAKSPEARE'S productions, the first for perfect dramatic truth, and unlooked for development of sentiment and character. Mr. MACREADY'S masterly impersonation of the Prince of Denmark is so well known as to need no commendation from us; we will content ourselves therefore with saying that the lapse of time—it seems long, though but three years—has worked no change for the worse in Mr. MACREADY; he is as admirable in the part as ever, as full of fire and energy. He was on the whole tolerably supported. Mrs. TERNAN (Miss JARMAN that was), a lady of great ability, played the *Queen*, and Miss E. STANLEY was an interesting *Ophelia;* Mr. COOPER was the *Ghost*, and every one must desire to see the ghost of Mr. COOPER; Mr. C. FISHER presented us with a sufficient *Horatio;* the two *Gravediggers* were done excellently well by OXBERRY and COMPTON, who, when the occasion arrives, will make a capital *Dogberry* and *Verges;* Mr. GRANBY'S *Polonius* was a carefully studied piece of acting. Mr. RYDER enacted the usurping majesty of Denmark. The *getting up* of the tragedy reflects much credit upon Mr. MADDOX. There is an entirely new scene representing the ramparts of Elsineur by moonlight, painted by Mr. BEVERLEY with much skill and effect. *King Lear* was the tragedy selected for Wednesday evening's performance; it attracted a large attendance, and went off with great eclat. Mr. MACREADY'S nights are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and we would advise our readers "to make early application," or they will find the places "all allotted." On the alternate nights too there is no ordinary attraction; WALLACK and Mrs. STIRLING are far from despicable alternatives, and we are to have Mr. C. MATHEWS and Madame VESTRIS shortly. Two amusing farces have been added to the repertory of this theatre: *Advice to Husbands*, in which Mrs. STIRLING is especially good, and *The Man without a Head*, the oblivious hero whereof is impersonated, with great humour and a happy appreciation of the point, by Mr. COMPTON. *Mr. Oblivious Top* should not be missed by the lovers of genuine comic acting.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We have not as yet had an opportunity of visiting this little theatre, where, we understand, under the management of Miss Kate Howard, there is every prospect of a return to those Elysian evenings which so distinguished it when under the direction of Madame Vestris. The burletta entitled *The Boyhood of Bacchus* is, we hear, an approach of no inconsiderable nearness to the old mythological sports and revels of this once gay, sprightly, and well appointed theatre—once more about, we hope, for the sake of all parties, to be as gay and sprightly, and as well appointed as ever. The piece in question is by an experienced hand in these things, and the paro-

dies are well timed and amusing. We will make a point of looking in, and reporting upon the progress of things here.

New Strand Theatre.—M. Philippe has taken this theatre, and is presenting the public with ever new combinations of the impossible. He is unquestionably the great master in his particular line of excellences, and his deceptions are managed with a grace and ease of manipulation truly "pretty to observe." We shall next week give an account of his new wonderful wonder of wonders.

The Alethorama.—An exhibition was opened to private view on Thursday evening, at the Princess's Concert-rooms, Castle-street, Oxford-street, called the Alethorama, or Animated Illusions. It is a most extraordinary and ingenious application of mechanism. On a small raised stage, with appropriate scenery, representations of various models of life are given; the sun and moon rise and set; the seas, now calm and now wildly tossed by tempests; and the figures, whether of men, beasts, or birds, are all in motion. Horses and waggons traverse the roads, cattle graze in the fields, and huntsmen roam through the woods, while skiffs, steamboats, and vessels of every kind are seen passing to and fro upon the waters. In fact, there is the same difference between the Alethorama and other picturesque exhibitions that there is between a well-acted play and a cold narration; while the one describes, the other actually presents the scene in life and motion to the eyes of the spectator. A great variety of scenes are thus represented, everything in them being extremely well managed, the movements of all the figures being graceful and natural, and no jerks (such as might be expected in automatons made to move with springs) are ever perceptible. One of the scenes represented last evening was the *Maas* at Rotterdam. In one part the country-people are seen going to market with provisions; in another, a party of seamen put ashore their captain, who, as it begins to rain hard, is seen to open his umbrella as he goes off. The fishermen, too, follow their occupation upon the water; they cast their nets, then take a dram to recruit themselves, and again pull up the nets, in which the fish may be plainly seen struggling. A sailor attempts to take them out, he is awkward, and they all escape from him into the water; while yet further to add to the general life and movement, swans, swimmers, &c. appear in different quarters. The other representations are quite as varied, and many, from having more figures in them, are more ingenious in their mechanism. Something similar to the present exhibition is now used at the Diorama, though not on so extensive a scale. This exhibition will prove a valuable addition to the arts, as well as afford pleasure to the lovers of sights.—*Chronicle.*

Royal Polytechnic Institution.—We had the gratification of a lecture on the music of Spain by Don Jose de Ciebra, at the above Institution on Tuesday last. The lecturer commenced by alluding to the state of the art at the earliest period, which he illustrated by numerous airs of that as well as of more modern times. The music from the Moors he treated at considerable length, and then commented on the style of different Andalusian authors, both in solos and duets. The guitar is not generally understood, and consequently not appreciated; but the music of this instrument, when in the hands of such a master as Don Ciebra is truly most delightful, his touch and execution being beyond praise. The airs which seemed most to please the audience were *Los toros del Puerto, El Contrabandista*—a duet from the opera of *Robert le Diable*—by Don Jose de Ciebra and Don R. de Ciebra. The fantasia of *We Lived and Loved together* was a most brilliant effusion. We doubt not that this course of lectures will prove of considerable utility to the public, and at the same time diffuse a taste for this pleasing instrument. The directors deserve great praise for the very spirited way in which they cater for the public amusement.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ON MY DYING SISTER'S BUST.

Fair image, such an angel face is thine
As men might worship in a darker age,
Deeming thee, more than e'en thou art, Divine;
Yet thou must share man's sin-bought heritage;—
Most like, that saddened brow—that mournful face,
To Her in whom the Incarnate Son abode,
To Her, the purest of our fallen race;
Happiest of mothers—mother of her God!—
And thou wilt join the company of them,
For whom, whene'er their virgin life is o'er,
There is laid up in heaven a diadem,
Brighter than e'er an earthly monarch wore.

Herbert.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of The Critic will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

Novel Printing Machine.—A printing machine of a novel construction has lately been invented by Mr. George Schnebly, an engineer. It is called the Victoria Platen Printing Machine. By the old hand-machines a great deal of labour is required, two men being generally employed to turn the wheel, and two boys, one to lay on the sheets of paper, and the other to take them off. In this invention, the labour of one man is amply sufficient to work the machine, and but one boy is required to lay the paper on, which is then carried under the platen by grippers, and discharged by the aid of a few tapes, with the greatest precision, on an adjoining table. The novelty of the invention consists in having but one large wheel and two cog wheels, one larger than the other. In the larger of these there is an eccentric groove, in which two shafts work, one on each side; the larger of these shafts forces up the platen, and the smaller carries the paper under the platen, and discharges and adjusts it. When the larger of these shafts is moving the smaller one stops, and when the smaller one is moving the larger stops, and *vice versâ*. There is also another contrivance attached to the smaller shaft, by which the type is better and more equally inked. The machine is very simple in its construction, and consequently not expensive; it is worked with facility by one man; but steam power may very easily be applied to it. It is capable at present of printing between six and eight hundred impressions an hour; a contrivance, though not calculated to compete with steam printing-presses, which may be found useful in small establishments, it being a great improvement on the old press.

Curious Invention.—From Hanover we hear of a practical discovery of a kind so curious as to require some further explanation before we can quite understand it; and we are rather suspicious, inasmuch as we have, or fancy we have, some recollection of a somewhat similar story making the round of the continental papers several years ago. It is given, however, in this instance, with an imposing detail and the guarantee of names—if there be no borrowing of these for the occasion. The report is, that two young men, one a Swede and the other a Norman,—taking the hint from that sort of footgear of fir-planks called *skies*, by means of which, in those northern countries, the inhabitants pass through valleys and ravines filled with snow, without sinking—have been exhibiting in that capital the exploit of walking on the water by means of *skies*—made, however, for the latter purpose, with iron plates hollow within. Backwards and forwards, much at their ease, according to the report, did the exhibitors walk and run—going through the military exercise with knapsacks at their backs—and finally drawing a boat containing eight persons—all without wetting their shoes. The Minister at War, it is said, put a portion of the garrison of Hanover under the training of these gentlemen, for the purpose of learning what might prove so useful a military manœuvre; and as MM. Kjellberg and Balcken propose carrying their invention into other countries, our readers will probably suspend their opinion till they have a nearer view of this novel meeting of *sky* and water.—*Athenæum.*

To Readers and Correspondents.

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (*4s. 4d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

MR. O. RICHARDS AND THE LAW TIMES.

An incident has just occurred which has occasioned a great deal of interest in the publishing world, as being characterized by some remarkable features.

Last week, Mr. Owen Richards, the bookseller, and proprietor of a recent quarterly periodical called the *Law Review*,

moved for and obtained an injunction against certain numbers of the *Law Times*, for having extracted articles from his *Review* without permission.

The *Law Times* of Saturday last has put forth a minute statement of the circumstances under which these extracts were made, and which gives to the proceeding of Mr. RICHARDS a character of extreme harshness, and exhibits such an entire violation of the courteous and tradesman-like dealing usually observed between persons holding a respectable station in society, that the only excuse which can be offered is the hope that, when he delivered his instructions to his solicitor, he was labouring under grievous error as to the facts of the case.

The following appear to be the facts:—

From the first publication of his magazine, Mr. RICHARDS has been in the habit of regularly transmitting it to the editor of the *Law Times* for review, with his compliments. Each number had accordingly received a long and a kindly notice in the *Law Times*, accompanied, as is the universal practice of reviews, with extracts, the best article being of course selected as the most favourable specimen of the work.

Besides these reviews, with their illustrative extracts, an article was taken from one of the numbers, and duly acknowledged with the usual heading "(*From the Law Review*)."

During the absence of the editor three weeks since, a memoir of Sir WILLIAM FOLLETT was extracted from the *Law Review*, and, by an accident of the printer, the acknowledgment of the source was omitted.

Upon this Mr. RICHARDS, without notice, without explanation asked, applied for and obtained an injunction.

The reader will of course presume that there were other circumstances in this extraordinary proceeding which do not appear—that the parties were rivals, or on unfriendly terms, or that the *Law Times* had borne itself on some occasion in a hostile spirit towards Mr. RICHARDS.

But the very reverse of this was the fact. Up to the moment of this harsh step being taken, the *Law Times* had been performing an unvaried series of kindnesses towards Mr. RICHARDS: it had reviewed all the books published by him with particular attention, giving to them a prominent place, and the value of such notices in the leading journal of the Profession will be readily estimated by our readers of the trade. The best proof of this is the fact stated by the *Law Times* that the very number of Mr. RICHARDS's magazine which was the subject of the complaint, contained no less than ten extracts from the *Law Times*, laudatory of books of which Mr. RICHARDS was the publisher.

Under almost any conceivable circumstances such a step taken against a friend from whom a long series of kindnesses and courtesies had been received, is probably without precedent in the annals of publishers or the records of the law.

But the circumstances of the present case present themselves in an aspect peculiarly harsh and ungenerous.

It will not, of course, be contended for a moment that Mr. RICHARDS had not full right to object to the extraction of articles from his magazine. But he never communicated to the Editor any such objection, never wrote to him or called upon him with such a request;—on the contrary, although extracts were made with each notice, he continued to send the work for review, with his compliments, thereby giving a tacit approval of the manner in which the Editor had dealt with the preceding numbers. Had he objected to the extracts he would not, or should not, have continued to send the successive numbers for review,—at least, unaccompanied with a request that similar extracts might not be continued.

Not only was no complaint made to the Editor of the extraction of these articles, but there was an indirect approval. On one occasion a paper was divided. On the appearance of the second portion of it, the name of the *Law Review* was omitted at its heading. Mr. RICHARDS spoke to one of the clerks of the *Law Times* Office about this omission and requested that it might be supplied, but he made not the slightest objection to the publication of the article itself. The omission was supplied accordingly, as he had requested, and not another word was said about it by Mr. RICHARDS.

But this is not all. Not only was no objection made to the Editor by Mr. RICHARDS as to the extraction of papers from his periodical, but no notice was given of legal proceedings contemplated. The wholesome practice of society and of the legal profession—save with the most worthless of the one and the vilest pettifoggers of the other, is to give due notice of legal proceedings intended to be taken for any injury, real or supposed, in order that the offending party may have an opportunity of offering an explanation, or tendering amends without incurring the harshness and expenses of the law—save in the last resort, should these be refused.

This rule of courtesy and straightforward dealing between man and man was, it seems, utterly disregarded by Mr. RICHARDS. Not the very slightest intimation was given to the *Law Times*, either by himself or by his attorney, that he felt aggrieved, and would apply to the law if redress were refused. No threat was first forwarded by him, no letter was written by his attorney, but without notice of any kind counsel was despatched to the Isle of Wight to move for an injunction—not against a rival—not against an enemy—not against one who had injured him—but against a friend—against a journal that had rendered him many important services!

A word of complaint from Mr. RICHARDS, *at any time*, addressed to the Editor, the slightest objection stated to extracts being made from his work, would have received immediate attention and strict acquiescence. In the absence of such it was not unreasonable to suppose that Mr. RICHARDS was pleased at every notice taken of it, at every extract made; such being usually deemed by the proprietors of new undertakings the greatest service that can be done to them, as being the best means of introducing their merits to the public.

The astonishment of the Editor of the *Law Times* may therefore be imagined, when he received notice of an injunction for that which he conceived and had intended to be the performance to Mr. RICHARDS of an important service, and an act of neighbourly kindness and attention.

Such is the history of this curious affair. The motives of Mr. RICHARDS have been made the subject of much speculation. It is supposed by some that the contrivance was resorted to as a sort of advertisement puff for his magazine. But this conjecture we at once reject; for we cannot believe that any man would seek to procure a trifling benefit to himself by inflicting heavy costs upon his neighbour, and that neighbour one who had done him friendly offices. The only explanation we can offer is that which, for the respectability of the trade and for the honour of human nature, we hope it will prove by the issue; namely, that Mr. RICHARDS was acting under the impulse of momentary anger, produced by erroneous impressions of circumstances which, now they are explained, he will see did not justify the extreme measures he has adopted; and if he thus feels, he can have no hesitation how he ought to act.

We shall not fail to report the issue of this strange occurrence.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WHY THE ANCIENTS HAD NO PRINTED BOOKS.—What was the reason that the Greeks and Romans had not the advantage of printed books? The answer will be, from 99 persons in 100, Because the mystery of printing was not then discovered. But this is altogether a mistake. The secret of printing must have been discovered many thousands of times before it was used, or *could* be used. The inventive powers of man are divine; and also his stupidity is divine—as Cowper so playfully illustrates in the slow development of the *sofa* through successive generations of immortal dulness. It took centuries of blockheads to raise a joint stool into a chair; and it required something like a miracle of genius, in the estimate of elder generations, to reveal the possibility of lengthening a chair into a *chaise longue*, or a sofa. Yes, these were inventions that cost mighty throes of intellectual power. But still, as respects printing, admirable as is the stupidity of man, it was really not quite equal to the task of evading an object which stared him in the face with so broad a gaze. It did not require an Athenian intellect to read the main secret of printing in the many scores of processes which the ordinary uses of life were daily repeating. To say nothing of analogous artifices amongst various mechanic artisans, all that is essential in printing must have been known to every nation that struck coins and medals. Not, therefore, any want of a printing art—that is, of an art for multiplying impressions—but the want of a cheap material for receiving such impressions, was the obstacle to an introduction of printed books even as early as Pisistratus. The ancients did apply printing to records of silver and gold; to marble and many other substances cheaper than gold and silver, they did not, since each monument required a separate effort of inscription. Simply this defect it was of a cheap material for

receiving impresses, which froze in its very fountains the early resources of printing. Some twenty years ago, this view of the case was luminously expounded by Dr. Whately, the present archbishop of Dublin, and with the merit, I believe, of having first suggested it. Since then, this theory has received indirect confirmation.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Apart from railroads and their consideration, you will be glad to hear in Cambridge, and not less so to hear it first through your columns, that Alfred Tennyson, an old Cantab, the author of *Locksley Hall, The Lotos Eaters, Ulysses, The May Queen,* and some other beautiful poems, which stamp him one of the first poets of the age, has just received a pension of 200*l.* per annum from her Majesty. Sir R. Peel did the thing very delicately through Mr. Hallam, the historian.—*London Correspondent of the Cambridge Independent.*

A Precious Volume.—A curious circumstance occurred last week at the sale of books of the late Dean of Lincoln, at Sedgebrook Rectory, near Grantham. Amongst the persons attracted by the advertisement of the sale was Mr. John Deighton, the eminent bookseller of Cambridge. He was looking over the lots shortly before the auction commenced, when, on taking up a copy of Donne's *Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell,* he thought the volume felt very ponderous; and, on examining it, he discovered that in the bookbinder's "fly-leaf," at the beginning, several coins were sewed. He called the attention of the auctioneer (Mr. Wood) to the circumstance; and it was speedily ascertained that a manuscript letter was fastened to the leaf, and that seven guineas and two half-guineas, of the reign of Charles II., were strongly sewed within it, like so many buttons. The coins were bright and fresh; and, though many of the books in the library were sadly damaged by damp and neglect, this volume and its contents had escaped injury from the lapse of 160 years. The letter had no signature, but from its style seemed to be the writing of a father to his son at one of the universities. The lot, made interesting by this circumstance, was withdrawn from the auction.—*Stamford Mercury.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Oct. 11 *to Oct.* 18.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at The CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* The Critic, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* The Critic. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Attractive Man (The), a Novel, by Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—Acton's (W.) Complete Practical Treatise on the Venereal Disease, col. plates, 1*l.* 1s. cl.

Ballard and Garrod's (Drs.) Elements of Materia Medica, 8vo. 12s. cl.

Cobbin's (Rev. S.) Bible Reader's Hand-book, royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Crane's Introduction to the French Language, Part I. 12mo. 3s. swd.

First Steps to Anatomy, by Professor Drummond, with illustrative plates, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Forbes's Hindustani Manual, 18mo. 7s. 6d. cl.

Henry's (J.) The Eneis, Books I. and II. in English Blank Iambics, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Henderson's (Professor) Inquiry into the Practice of Homœopathy, 8vo. 6s. cl.

Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, by Hugh Blair, new edition, with Introductory Essay, by Rev. T. Dale, post 8vo. 10s. cl.—Levesque's (John) Art of Brewing and Fermenting, and making Malt, 3rd edit. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.—Little Princes, by Mrs. Slater, 2nd edit. pictures by Calcott and Horsley, square, tinted, 4s. 6d. cl.—Life and Services of General Lord Harris, G.C.B. by the Right Hon. S. R. Lushington, 2nd edit. fcp. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.—London Journal (The), Vol. I. 4to. 3s. 6d. cl.

Markham's France, new edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Murray's Colonial Library, Vol. X. "The French in Algiers," crown 8vo. 6s. cl.

Orion's British Weather Almanac for 1846, 12mo. 6d. swd.

Raphael's Prophetic Messenger and Almanac, 1846, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd.—Robert Macaire in England, by G. W. M. Reynolds, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Rouse's Practical Man, 5th edit. square, 7s. 6d. bd.

Sacra Domestica, a Course of Family Prayers, 8vo. 3s. cl. swd.

Ultramontanism; or, the Roman Church and Modern Society, by E. Quinet, translated by C. Cock, B. L. crown 8vo. 5s. cl.

Winslow (Dr.) On the Lunacy Act, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Wittich's German for Beginners, 3rd edit. corrected and enlarged, 12mo. 5s. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher The Critic, stating prices.

Dr. Wells' Philological Work on the Old and New Testament, particularly on the latter; or the portion on the Gospels, if the whole not to be had.

Fraser's Magazine, Vols. I. and II. and Vol. XXVII. to

Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th ed.

Fulford's Sermons, Vol. I.

Stephens; Petraea and the Holy Land, 2 vols.

Bingham's Works, fol. 1726. Vol. II.

GLEANINGS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

Oak Timber in the Cree.—Some time ago an interesting account appeared in the *Courier,* of a quantity of oak timber having been raised from the bed of the Cree, and worked up into furniture. The quantity of wood raised is immense; and it is supposed that the whole Moss of Cree could afford a similar supply, were the expense of raising it from such a depth not too great to discourage excavations. The wood is raised in winter, when the floods lay bare the buried trunks; and by so doing, the navigation of the river has been very much improved, as the snags removed were very dangerous for vessels. Great quantities have been exported to Liverpool, where the demand for oak furniture is very great, and one extensive house is entirely employed in fabricating the Cree timber into every description of "plenishing." In fact, a Liverpool merchant may now walk on Cree pavement, or have its ships moored to its granite blocks, and dine off a Cree oak table on beef or mutton fed on the Cree Moss. Mr. Young's premises in Newton-Stuart are well worthy of a visit: sideboards, book and clock cases, &c. finely carved and worked up in the ancient style, suited to the appearance of the oak timber, are to be seen in great variety. One kind of the wood is exceedingly dark, almost black, the other of a beautiful light brown; and the former colour invariably occurs where the wood is raised near the moss, the latter where it is got beside the sea. One piece of timber is shewn in which there is a distinct mark of cutting by a sharp instrument. This, too, is in the inside of the tree, and had been completely covered up with future growth. The edges of the cutting are as distinct as if it had been made yesterday. We hope this curious piece of wood will find its way to some museum.

In excavating for the foundations of the first house to be erected on the new line of road in this city near the Unitarian Chapel, the workmen bared part of a Roman tesselated pavement. The portion bared was between seven and eight feet square, but the pavement is evidently of much larger extent, and most probably runs up to the High-street, as there are evidences of its continuation in that direction. The tesseræ are composed of small square white stones and small squares of brick, not larger than an inch, and some not more than half that size. The mosiac work was not nearly so large as that of the tesselated pavement discovered in the cloister quadrangle of the cathedral, which itself is far inferior to others found in the neighbourhood. However, as a relic of the Roman occupation of Lincoln, it possessed considerable interest, and was well worthy of preservation; it has, however, been taken up and removed, and in so disorderly a manner as probably to defy the replacing of it on another site. It is conjectured that the pavement formed the floor of the courtyard of a suburban villa of the Roman city, as Lindum within the walls extended no farther down than in a line with the existing Guildhall. The northern portion of the pavement was quite plain, and this tesselated part had evidently originally been the centre. The southern portion formed a tesselated border of about four feet broad: it consisted of a principal square of about two feet in diameter, surrounded with red lines two inches broad, and having a square of eight inches in the middle: two red lines connected the squares together, and two others gave them a broad red border: there were also diagonal red lines touching the corner of each square and making a large triangle, and the filling in represented alternate white and red right-angled triangles. The surface of the pavement was slightly inclined southward. The depth at which it was discovered is about three feet below the present surface of the High-street, and it was laid upon a bed of concrete.—*Lincoln Mercury.*

Relics.—The *Journal des Débats,* speaking of the purchase some time since made by Prince Albert of the coat worn by Nelson when he received his death-wound at the battle of Trafalgar, for presentation to Greenwich Hospital, takes occasion to bring together a number of examples in illustration of the large sums paid under the relic-and-rarity mania, particularly by the rich enthusiasts of our own island—more especially, it seems, subject to that species of influenza. Some of the cases reported will require testimonials, not likely to be forthcoming, ere they will be inclined to admit these among the statistics of the passion. The ivory chair which Gustavus Vasa received from the town of Lubeck was sold, the *Journal des Débats* says, in 1823, for the sum of 58,000 florins—not far short of 6,000*l.*! This is a startling anecdote to begin with, but such a one was absolutely necessary to prepare the mind for the reception of the following:—The coat worn by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, at the battle of Pultawa—preserved by Colonel Rosen, who followed the adventurous monarch to Bender—was sold, in 1825, at Edinburgh, for the sum of 22,000*l.* sterling! This anecdote, the French paper itself thinks, should have confirmation. It makes the rest, however, easy of acceptance, though there are some even of these which might be a little difficult of digestion by a faculty less powerfully stimulated. M. A. Lenoir, the

founder of the French Museum, relates that, during the transport of the remains of Abelard and Héloise to the Petits Augustins, an Englishman offered him 100,000 francs (4,000*l.*) for one of the teeth of Heloise! At that quotation of the price of bone, Lord Shaftesbury had a great bargain of the tooth of Sir Isaac Newton, for which he paid only 730*l.* in 1816! For want of an Englishman at Stockholm, in 1820, the head of Descartes (teeth and all) was absolutely *given away*, as the phrase is, at Dr. Sourmon's cabinet, for 99 francs. The following cases fall within the more mild and familiar examples of this affection, though it will be seen that the English examples continue to be far more striking than the foreign pronunciations: — Voltaire's cane was sold, in Paris, for 500 francs (20*l.*); Rousseau's waistcoat for 949 francs, and his copper watch for 500; Kant's wig, in spite of all the promise contained in the apophthegm which suggests the seat of a doctor's wisdom, brought only 200 francs; whereas, the wig of Sterne fetched, in London, 200 guineas (5,250 francs). Luckily, the inference against the philosophers, as to the relative value (according to collectors' measure) of the good things severally covered by the two latter articles, is escaped, by virtue of the differences in the development of this passion established in the previous cases. The hat worn by Napoleon at Eylau was, in 1835, carried off by M. Lacroix, from thirty-two competitors, for the sum of 1,920 francs (about 77*l.*); while Sir Francis Burdett paid 500*l.* for the two pens used in the signature of the treaty of Amiens.

SOLEMN BAPTISM OF 130 CONVERTED JEWS.—The city of Saratoff, on the Volga, recently was the scene of a spectacle which for magnificence could scarcely be equalled by the cities of western Europe. One hundred and thirty Jews, recently enrolled in the army, having expressed a desire to embrace the Greek Catholic faith, the 4th of June (O.S.) was appointed for their reception into the bosom of the church. On that day, early in the morning, the Liturgy was said in the Cerkish (cathedral of Saratoff), the neophytes, as not being yet baptised, and therefore unworthy to enter the holy place, standing outside the door which faces the west. After the service the whole congregation in procession, with banner and music, followed by the Israelites, two and two, proceeded to the banks of the Volga, where they were baptized in the usual form, after which they joined the congregation, and returned hand in hand to the cathedral, which, as now forming part of the Christian community, they entered, and the whole concluded with an impressive discourse by the priest. The whole place on the banks of the Volga was crowded with people of all nations and religions—Catholics, Lutherans, Mohammedans, and Pagans—who viewed this novel spectacle in amazement.—*Bremen Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

On Saturday, Nov. 1845, will be published, Part I. price 8½d. and No. I. price 1½d. of

SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE: a Journal of Entertainment and Instruction for general reading.

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THE CRITIC,

And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

THE MORNING MAIL.

THIS work is proceeding with the care and caution demanded by its importance. Nothing in it will be done hastily; each step will be assured before another is taken. The opinion of the public is asked before expenses are incurred.

But seven days have elapsed at this present writing since the issuing of the prospectus. Spite of novelty, which always makes prudent persons pause and ponder before they adventure upon it, the applications for shares are already very numerous, and every post adds largely to the file. This is a good omen, and proves that the proposition is deemed to be a promising one. Indeed, there cannot be a question that, if it can be accomplished, it is sure to be very profitable to the shareholders.

Let us review the facts upon which the hopes of success are founded. Although the population of the country has nearly doubled, readers have multiplied tenfold, and the day mails and railroads have substituted morning for evening papers among provincial readers, there has been no increase in the number of the morning newspapers for the last twenty years. The supply has fallen far short of the demand; and, as a substitute, the clumsy expedient of supplements has been resorted to by the few existing journals. The advertisements in the *Times* are now too numerous to be read; their very multitude makes them useless; and if they continue to increase as they have done, in two or three years more they will grow beyond their present unreasonable extent, and a morning newspaper will be a wilderness of advertisements, instead of a vehicle of news.

There is, therefore, scope and verge enough for an additional morning paper. It has been long wanted, and there is but one reason why it has not been supplied; namely, that the capital required for its establishment, on the extended scale that only could command success, was far beyond the reach of any private purse.

We are quite aware of the principle of trade, that a business cannot be conducted so profitably by a company as by an individual. But this rule is limited to concerns in which the capital required is such as an individual can command. All enterprises demanding very great capital can be undertaken only upon the joint-stock principle, and one of those enterprises is the establishment of a daily paper upon a scale that will place it in fair competition with its rivals.

The question has been asked whether, if the capital be subscribed, the materials can be procured for working it?

Of this there is no doubt. Wherever it is rewarded talent will be found. There is an abundance of ability seeking for employment.

Again, inquiries have been made as to the mode of management. The answer is shortly this. Precisely like a joint-stock bank. The directors will be elected by the shareholders; in them will be vested the entire control of the financial and commercial departments of the company. To the editor will be confided absolute and uncontrolled authority in his department. He may be dismissed by the directors, if they deem him to be injuring the interests of the journal; but so long as he is editor, none will be permitted to interfere with him.

Such a newspaper as that proposed must be looked at by shareholders and directors as a commercial enterprise. It is not proposed to be established for any political or sectarian purposes, but simply as a profitable investment for money.

This view of it will divest the matter of much difficulty that surrounds it in some minds, and we hope the explanations we have given above will clear up such other doubts as correspondents have suggested.

Inquiries have been made as to the promoters, managers, &c., of the proposition.

Let us at once state, that in this early stage it would be unwise to appoint a Directory. The wider the choice the better, and premature engagements would deprive the enterprise of many good men who will come in as it is made known and its substantial character becomes better appreciated the more it is examined. We might have filled the prospectus with names of a Provisional Committee before it was issued; but we deemed it the most prudent course first to submit the plan to the public, to invite opinion, and see what promise of success there was, as shewn by applications for shares. With these in our hand we may apply with confidence in the best quarters for countenance and co-operation. In this early stage, the proposition must rest upon its own merits, and for its respectability of origin upon the character of the CRITIC, whence it emanates, and which pledges itself to the *bona fides* of the scheme, and assures its readers that it shall be conducted with fairness, and that it shall be well done or not at all.

And it is therefore that we ask those who approve and purpose to take shares, to send their applications at once to the CRITIC office, that we may be enabled to ascertain as speedily as possible the prospects of success, distinctly pledging ourselves that they shall incur no liability of any kind, unless the Company be formed, and that it shall be permitted to them at any moment before the allotment of shares, should they disapprove of any proceeding, to withdraw their application.

We prefer the plain and straightforward course of resting the proposition in the first instance on its own merits, with only the guarantee of the CRITIC as to its perfect respectability, to the delusive practice now so prevalent, of prefacing it by a number of names unknown, with intent to impose upon the unwary.

It is on the good faith of the CRITIC, as the parent of the plan, that the public is asked to support it; and early applications for shares, by those who desire to promote it, are therefore requested.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Holmes's Life of Mozart.

(*Continued from p.* 496.)

MOZART'S triumphs were clouded by the loss of his father, to whom he was warmly attached, and who died on the 28th of May, 1787, at Salzburg, in his 68th year.

Soon after this affliction he again visited Prague, for the purpose of bringing out his *Don Giovanni*. The history of this famous opera is too interesting to all who have enjoyed it to be omitted.

The time passed in festivities of various kinds, and the composition of the overture to *Don Giovanni* was entirely neglected until the night of the 3rd of November, 1787. This was the eve of his great triumph. A large party was assembled at Dussek's and Mozart was enjoying himself with them, apparently thoughtless of the overture. As usual overflowing with ideas, he had that day been at work for his hostess, Madame Dussek, and had produced for her the exquisitely scientific scena, "Bella mia fiamma," a composition by which her style and attainments as a singer are effectually characterized. His friends, however, became uneasy, and one of them said to him, "Mozart, the first performance of *Don Giovanni* is to-morrow, and you have not

yet written the overture." He appeared to consider a while, and about midnight retired to his apartment, desiring his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. The overture was ready by the morning, but the copyists were less diligent or less successful with their work. The opera should have commenced at seven in the evening, but there was no overture, and the crowded theatre was kept waiting until a quarter-to eight, when the parts were hastily brought into the orchestra, covered with sand, and with them entered Mozart to take his place as conductor. His appearance was greeted by the general applause of the theatre, and the unrehearsed overture was then commenced. During its performance the audience gave many signs of repressed pleasure, which at length broke out into a loud exclamation. When the curtain rose, and the first scene of the opera was going forward, Mozart said to some of the musicians near him, "The overture went off very well on the whole, although a good many notes certainly fell under the desks." He was well acquainted with the talent of the orchestra of Prague; and it is not unlikely that this most unusual exhibition of an overture played without rehearsal, was a designed compliment to it.

For this composition he received only one hundred ducats!

The Emperor, JOSEPH, fearing to lose him, gave him the appointment of chamber composer to the court, a sinecure of the value only of 800 florins per annum, and which induced him to accompany one of his receipts with this stinging note:—"Too much for what I do—too little for what I could do."

During the next two years his difficulties increased and his profits were very far below his merits. Mr. HOLMES introduces here a picture of the two great symphonists while in the process of gestation.

Mozart when he washed his hands in the morning could never remain quiet, but traversed his chamber, knocking one heel against the other, immersed in thought. At table he would fasten the corners of his napkin, and, while drawing it backwards and forwards on his mouth, make grimaces, apparently "lost in meditation." Beethoven, in a fit of abstraction, would pour several jugs of water on his hands, "humming and roaring." After wetting his clothes through, he would pace up and down the room with a vacant expression of countenance, and eyes frightfully distended. Schlictegroll has observed, that Mozart's physiognomy was remarkable for its extreme mobility. The expression changed every moment. His body also was in perpetual motion; he was either playing with his hands, or beating the ground with his foot.

His disappointments produced in his excitable temperament almost a disgust for life; and, like many in the same circumstances, he sought relief from thought in indulgences he had not ventured upon before.

He became wild in the pursuit of pleasure; whatever changed the scene was delightful to him, and the more extravagant the better. His associates, and the frequent guests at his table, were recommended by their animal spirits and capacity as boon companions. They were stage-players and orchestral musicians, low and unprincipled persons, whose acquaintance injured him still more in reputation than in purse. Two of these men, Schickaneder, the director of a theatre (for whom Mozart wrote the *Zauberflöte*), and Stadler, a clarionet-player, are known to have behaved with gross dishonesty towards the composer; and yet he forgave them, and continued their benefactor. The society of Schickaneder, a man of grotesque humour, often in difficulties, but of inexhaustible cheerfulness and good-fellowship, had attractions for Mozart, and led him into some excesses that contributed to the disorder of his health, as he was obliged to retrieve at night the hours lost in the day. A long-continued irregularity of income, also, disposed him to make the most of any favourable moment; and when a few rouleaus of gold brought the means of enjoyment, the Champagne and Tokay began to flow. This course is unhappily no novelty in the shifting life of genius, overworked and ill-rewarded, and seeking to throw off its cares in the pursuits and excitements of vulgar existence. It is necessary to know the composer as a man of pleasure, in order to understand certain allusions in the correspondence of his last years, when his affairs were in the most embarrassed condition, and his absence from Vienna frequently caused by the pressure of creditors. He appears at this time to have experienced moments of poignant self-reproach. His love of dancing, masquerades, masked balls, &c. was so great, that he did not willingly forego an opportunity of joining any one of those assemblies, whether public or private. He dressed handsomely, and wished to make a favourable impression in society independently of his music. He was sensitive with regard to his figure, and was annoyed when he heard that the Prussian ambassador had said to some one, "You must not estimate the genius of Mozart by the insignificance of his exterior." The extremity of his animal spirits may occasion surprise. He composed pantomimes and ballets, and danced in them himself, and at the carnival balls sometimes assumed a character. He was actually incomparable in *Arlequin* and *Pierrot*. The public masquerades at Vienna, during the carnival, were supported with all the vivacity of Italy; the emperor occasionally mingled in them, and his example was generally followed. We are not, therefore, to measure these enjoyments by our colder northern notions.

In April, 1789, MOZART left Vienna on a tour through North Germany, and had no cause to complain of his reception. The King of Prussia offered him a pension of three thousand dollars a year, if he would quit Vienna and take up his abode at Berlin. But MOZART refused the offer, although so advantageous. "Can I leave my good emperor?" he said with emotion; and he returned to Vienna on the 4th of June.

But there ill-luck continued to attend him. His friend, the emperor, died; his debts continued to increase until his embarrassments were hopeless. He experienced hours of deep dejection, and his health was visibly declining. He was advised to visit Mannheim, but the change did not benefit him much. He returned to be subjected to the unprincipled fleecings of a fellow named STADLER, with whom he had made acquaintance. But his easy nature was one of the main causes of his difficulties.

His well-known disinterestedness was particularly abused by music-sellers and managers of theatres. The greater part of his compositions for the piano brought him not a single penny—being written chiefly to oblige acquaintances desirous of possessing some piece in his handwriting for their private use. Hence may be discovered the reason for the inferiority of some of his *solo* pieces for the piano; as he was obliged to conform in them to the taste, proficiency, &c. of the persons for whom they were written. The music-sellers found means to possess themselves of copies of these productions, and published them without hesitation. Artaria, of Vienna, was a great offender in this way. A lady one day called on the composer: "Artaria has again been publishing some variations of yours for the piano—do you know any thing about it?" she inquired. "No." "Will you not remonstrate with him?" "Oh, no—what is the good of talking?—the man 's a wretch;" returned Mozart. "But this is not a mere money matter—it is one in which your fame is concerned." "Well—whoever forms his judgment of me from such trifles must be a wretch too—let us say no more about it." In the abrupt exclamation *der lump!* (the wretch!) his resentment of very grave injuries frequently evaporated.

During this, the last year of his life, his exertions were more wonderful, his genius was more prolific than ever. At this period, amid symptoms of a general breaking up of the constitution, he produced his *Zauberflöte*. As if conscious that his time was short, he wrote day and night, and frequently swooned over the work. And now occurred the memorable incident that has given a sort of superstitious celebrity to his *Requiem*. We take the story as told by Mr. HOLMES.

Early in August the composer was one day surprised by the entrance of a stranger, who brought him a letter without any signature, the purport of which was to inquire whether he would undertake the composition of a requiem, by what time he could be ready with it, and his price. The unknown expressed himself on this occasion in a manner as flattering as it was mysterious. Mozart, who was never accustomed to engage in any undertaking without consulting his wife, related to her the singular proposition made to him; adding, that he should much like to try his hand in a work of that character, as the elevated and the pathetic in church music was his favourite style. She advised him to accept the engagement; and he accordingly wrote an answer, stating his terms for the composition, excusing himself from naming the precise time of its completion, but desiring to know where it should be sent when finished. In a few days the messenger returned, paid twenty-five ducats, half the price required, in advance, and informed the composer that as his demand was so moderate he might expect a considerable present on completing the score. He was to follow the bent of his own genius in the work, but to give himself no trouble to discover who employed him, as it would be in vain. On the departure of the stranger he fell into a profound reverie; then, suddenly calling for pen, ink, and paper, began to write. He had not proceeded far, before his further progress was interrupted by the commission to compose the opera for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, at Prague. The subject proposed by the council of the Bohemian nobility was *La Clemenza di Tito*. The whole idea of this opera seems to have been unreasonably deferred, and the work was now to be completed on an emergency. About the 18th of August he set off for Prague,

accompanied by his wife, and his pupil Sussmayer; he commenced the composition in his travelling carriage, and finished it at Prague in eighteen days. He carried with him at this time a number of little slips of ruled paper, on which he noted various subjects to be afterwards amplified. Such was the nature of his travelling labours now, from the great diversion of his thoughts, unusually necessary as an aid to memory. The unaccompanied recitative, that is to say, the dialogue merely accompanied by a pianoforte, was wholly committed to Sussmayer.

Just as Mozart and his wife were entering their travelling carriage for Prague, the stranger who had brought the commission for the requiem suddenly reappeared. "How will the requiem proceed now?" he inquired. Mozart excused himself on account of the necessity of the journey, and the impossibility of giving intelligence of it to his anonymous employer; but expressed his determination to make the work his first care on his return. This assurance gave satisfaction, and they separated.

This incident had a fatal effect on his diseased imagination. He believed that he had been poisoned, and he brooded over the *Requiem* in silence and ddjection.

One fine day in the autumn his wife drove with him to the Prater. As soon as they had reached a solitary spot, and were seated together, Mozart began to speak of death, and said that he was writing this *Requiem* for himself. She tried to talk him out of these gloomy fancies, but in vain, and his eyes filled with tears as he answered her, "No, no, I am but too well convinced that I cannot last long. I have certainly been poisoned. I cannot rid myself of this idea."

But his maladies still increased, and with them the thought of the *Requiem* returned. It lay constantly on his bed; he could talk of nothing else, and "one of his last efforts was an attempt to explain to SUSSMAYER an effect of the drums in the *Requiem;* he was observed in doing this to blow out his cheeks, and express his meaning by a noise intelligible to the musician."

His last moments exhibit the ruling passion.

He desired the score of the *Requiem* to be brought, and it was sung by his visiters round his bed;—himself taking the alto part. Schack sang the soprano, Hofer, his brother-in-law, the tenor, and Gorl the bass. They had proceeded as far as the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside. Throughout this day he was possessed with a strong presentiment of the near approach of death, and now gave himself up, relinquishing every hope that he had hitherto occasionally cherished.

His sister-in-law narrates the closing scene.

How shocked was I, when my sister, usually so calm and self-possessed, met me at the door, and in a half-distracted manner said, "God be thanked that you are here! Since you left he has been so ill that I never expected him to outlive this day. Should he be so again he will die to-night. Go to him, and see how he is." As I approached his bed he called to me—"It is well that you are here: you must stay to-night and see me die." I tried, as far as I was able, to banish this impression, but he replied, 'The taste of death is already on my tongue—*I taste death;* and who will be near to support my Constance if you go away?" I returned to my mother for a few moments to give her intelligence, for she was anxiously waiting, as she might else have supposed the fatal event already over; and then hurried back to my disconsolate sister. Sussmayer was standing by the bedside, and on the counterpane lay the *Requiem* concerning which Mozart was still speaking and giving directions. He now called his wife, and made her promise to keep his death secret for a time from every one but Albrechtsberger, that he might thus have an advantage over other candidates for the vacant office of kapellmeister to St. Stephen's. His desire in this respect was gratified, for Albrechtsberger received the appointment. As he looked over the pages of the *Requiem* for the last time, he said, with tears in his eyes, "Did I not tell you that I was writing this for myself?"

On the arrival of the physician, Dr. Closset, cold applications were ordered to his burning head, a process endured by the patient with extreme shuddering, and which brought on the delirium from which he never recovered. He remained in this state for two hours, and at midnight expired.

MOZART left two children, boys, one of whom is a merchant at Milan; the other followed the profession of his father, and died, a short time since, at Lemberg. His widow, after many years of sorrowing, married M. VON NISSEN, aulic counsellor to the King of Denmark, and died in 1830.

Of the great composer, Mr. HUGHES presents the following portrait:—

Mozart, though born of beautiful parents, possessed beauty himself as a child only; in his later years he retained nothing of his early look but its pleasing expression. His features were marked, and had a strong individuality of character that rendered them as impossible to be mistaken as those of Socrates, or Frederick the Great. The outward man of the composer presented no index to his genius. His eyes, which were rather large and prominent, had more of a languid than a brilliant and animated character; the eyebrows were well arched, and the eyelashes long and handsome. His sight was on all occasions sharp and strong, notwithstanding his frequent and laborious application in the night. There was wandering and abstraction in his eye except when seated at the piano, when the whole expression and character of the face seemed altered. His unsteady gaze became then earnest and concentrated, and every muscle of his countenance betrayed the influence of those feelings on himself which she was seeking to awaken in others.

His head was comparatively too large for his body; but the body itself, and the hands and feet, were formed in exact proportion, of which he was rather vain. The easy, natural, and elegant movement of his small hands on the piano, rendered it interesting to overlook him when playing; while the power which he occasionally exhibited raised astonishment. His nose, which had been handsome, became so prominent a feature in the last years of his life, from the emaciation of his countenance, that a scribbler in one of the journals of the day, the *Morgenblatte* of Vienna, honoured him with the epithet "enormous-nosed."

Mr. HOLMES has added to the worth and attractions of his memoir by the introduction of many passages from the music of MOZART, and an appendix presents some curious specimens of his compositions when only six years old. Altogether, this is one of the most delightful of modern contributions to the biographical library, and should be ordered in every book-club.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Revelations in Spain in 1845. By an ENGLISH RESIDENT. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

ALTHOUGH the author's name does not appear upon the title-page, it is proclaimed in another work which has appeared almost simultaneously, to wit, *The Ocean Flower*. From this we learn that to Mr. P. M. HUGHES we are indebted for the agreeable volumes before us, which, if not very profound in fact, possess the merit of not pretending to be so, and amply accomplish all that was contemplated by the writer—a lively readable description of Spain, as it is, or rather as it appears; for below the surface of things Mr. HUGHES prudently refrains from attempting to dive. He seems to have been located in Spain, for a time, on a mission which was not improbably that of correspondent of a daily paper, and indeed some of the materials strike us as those which we had somewhere seen before.

Be this as it may, a great portion of the contents of these volumes will be new to their readers, and they cannot fail to interest, partly from the nature of the subject, which is not so hackneyed as those of the generality of travels, and partly from the manner of the composition. Mr. HUGHES wields the pen of a practised writer, and his narrative moves on with fluency and ease; he is skilled in the reporter's art of making the most of his themes by giving prominence to minutiæ; his treatment of them is always lively and graphic; a vein of good-humour and *bonhomme* is apparent everywhere, and a natural shrewdness of observation and sound common sense frequently enable him to hit off a truth which might have escaped the philosopher. His obvious faults are the unavoidable consequences of these characteristics. He passes hasty and superficial opinions on men and things, with the confidence of one accustomed to newspaper writing, where a certain dogmatism is demanded, and decision, even though with risk of error, is an indispensable qualification in the contributor. In short, his excellences and his defects are those of the reporter; both the result of his routine duties: he is required to make something readable out of his materials, be they good or bad, and hence, when they fail to supply a sufficiency of attractions, he is compelled to call in the aid of his ingenuity to dress up an article to supply the cravings of a host of readers after news of some sort.

The work is divided into chapters, the first score or so of which are devoted to the history of the last struggle in Spain, and the men connected with it. The rest are thrown together without much regard to arrangement, and range over a vast

variety of topics concerning the country, its people, their manners, customs, institutions, social character, political position and prospects. From a work so miscellaneous in its contents, it will be impossible to do more than make a few desultory extracts to exhibit its manner, and we will endeavour to select such as are likely to prove in themselves interesting or informing to our readers.

THE CLIMATE OF SPAIN.

In this delicious climate vegetation is never suspended, except by the excessive heats of summer. The genuine spring is usually about Christmas, and the choicest fruit is in bloom when the ground of England is locked up with frost; when vegetation is hoar-nipped, and the snow is heaped on every bough and twig. It is in winter here that the climate is truly lovely, and in summer and autumn only that one might sigh to be elsewhere. From November to May it is Heaven or an Elysium. In winter the only drawbacks are the excessive rains; but the alternative of shower and sunbeam is even then extremely frequent, and whenever it occurs, delightful. The sunbeams sparkle out like molten brilliants, with a lustre that happily does not smite, and madden, and pierce the brain (as too often in the depth of summer), and the light, "through purest crystal gleaming," is mild, ethereal, and benignant. Inconvenient as are at times these terrible showers, pouring on, on like a deluge for days and without intermission, no milder treatment would soften and prepare the ground, break up the indurated soil of summer, and fit it for the reception of seed. But there are always brilliant intervals of sunshine; and it was in Andalucia that the ancients placed the Elysian Fields.

A SPANISH LETTER.

The polite conclusion of a Spanish letter is an odd-looking heap of initials preceding the signature of your name. The initials are for the most part these: "S. S. S. Q. S. M. B." (*Su seguro servidor que sus manos besa*—"Your sure servant who kisses your hands.") This led once to a ludicrous mistake. A raw *attaché* to the British legation, having received a letter with this cabalistic termination, and pervaded by a tone of *badinage*, from a much more able diplomatic acquaintance, called on a friend to consult him as to whether he should not send a message to the writer of the letter for a supposed insult conveyed stenographically by the initials recorded above, which he supposed to represent these words: "*Simpleton, Sumph, you're a Quizzical Servant of Sa Majesté Britannique!*"

Mr. HUGHES gives some curious instances of the unsettled character of

THE LANGUAGE OF SPAIN.

The glorious bombast of Spaniards in a rage is matchless all over the world. I once heard a brace of espadachins, or bullies, retort these compliments: "*Belitre!*" said one, "I'd catch you in my teeth, and fling you so high that there would be an eclipse of the sun!" "*Bribon!*" said the other, "I'd seize you by the leg, and hurl you up so far that you would not come down till the middle of a new century!" When I visited the Lonja at Seville, and passed through the celebrated gallery, containing, in cases of glass and mahogany, the immense series of official documents relating to the Indies, from the days of Columbus and of Cortes downwards, I was no little surprised to see on these sacred archives the most striking evidence of the unsettled state of a language as glorious as the deeds which it commemorates. The word "register" was spelt, on papers lying cheek by jowl, in three different ways,—"registro," "rejistro," and "rexistro!" The Spanish Academy undertook to systematize their orthography in the commencement of the present century, and laid it down as an unalterable rule, for instance, that *Alexandre* should be written *Alejandre; Don Quixote, Don Quijote; anarchia, anarquia*, &c. Now you cannot put language thus in a Procrustean bed, and make us depart from the cherished memories of our youth. The result is, that at the end of forty years every one spells pretty much after his own fashion, using his *g*'s, his *j*'s, and his *x*'s indiscriminately, and the name even of the national wine may be met in the varieties of *Jerez*, *Xerez*, and *Gerez*. The confusion in the spelling and pronouncing of the *b* and the *v* is equally unfortunate. "Wine" is almost as often spelt "*bino*" as "*vino;*" and I have seen the word "bile" printed in a medical lecture "*vilis*," instead of "*bilis*;" which, considering the meaning of the Latin words respectively, produced rather a ludicrous effect. But the inaccuracy is indeed universal, and (for one comical instance) I have scarcely ever seen the common Latin phrase, "*in flagranti*," printed otherwise than "in fragranti." Think of a murderer caught "in fragranti."

The revelations of the intrigues and rivalries that have complicated the modern politics of Spain, until they have become entirely unintelligible to strangers acquainted only with results, are among the most valuable and curious portions of Mr. HUGHES's volumes. Here is a story of the two ministers, OLÓZAGA and NAVAREZ, which in this century would have been deemed impossible; but it is too minutely told to be altogether a fiction.

On the following day, while Olózaga was engaged in the Secretaria de Estado upon the difficult task of forming an administration, he was surprised by the receipt of a hurried message from the palace, and, having repaired thither without delay, his surprise was increased on being told by the Queen that "he must form his ministry without delay, for if not, there was another who would do it for him." Olózaga did not resign in disgust, for he took pity on his Sovereign, and his indignation at the back-stairs influence sustained him through the miserable conflict. He instantly formed his cabinet, and the second day of its existence received for himself and his colleagues, from the Queen's mouth, an invitation to the royal table.

On the appointed day, the new ministers repaired to the palace, and were told at the door that there was no dinner for them! Olózaga, in nowise disconcerted, declared that they did not come to eat, but to have the honour of paying their respects to her Majesty; and pushed into the interior of the palace.

This glorious impertinence of Olózaga drove the Camarilla to despair. The Marquesa de Santa Cruz,—for she it was who came with that smoothly-told but rudest of fibs, and whom Olózaga merely indicated to the Congress, subsequently, as one who is *muy de cerca* to the Queen ("who has the honour to serve very close to her Majesty's person),—bit her lip, and had nothing to answer. The resources even of that cleverest of intriguing women were exhausted: no further obstacle could be improvized. The horrid man would take no rebuff, nor refusal. To be sure, it was deucedly unexpected. Think of a person thus grossly insulted, invited to a grand dinner at the palace, and told on his arrival, with a contemptuous sneer, that there was no dinner for him, having face and firmness enough to reply, with the most exquisitely cutting politeness, "My colleagues and I have not come, Marquesa, to eat at the Queen's or any other table. We assure your Excellency that eating is not our object. We come desirous to enjoy the honour of her Majesty's invitation, by seating ourselves at her royal table. Her Majesty will dine, and we will look on." The Marquesa had thought to *jouer* Olózaga, but she herself was *jouée*. She strove to humiliate him, but was herself humbled, and detected in a very base untruth; for, contrary to her distinct declaration, Olózaga and his colleagues found a sumptuous banquet prepared! Any other man, taken aback by the Marquesa's cool statement, would have said, "No matter; some other day we will enjoy the honour." But Olózaga walked in, and partook of "a most abundant dinner."

A chapter is devoted to a subject in which the readers of THE CRITIC will hereafter be regularly initiated—as we have made arrangements for a supply of notices of it similar to those we now receive from France, Germany, and Italy. A fit introduction to such a series will be Mr. HUGHES' sketch of

SPANISH LITERATURE.

Besides the indispensable supply of professional works on law, medicine, and surgery, the chief issues are translations from the French, and the works of Sue, Scribe, Dumas, Dudevant, Balzac, and Kock are published in a cheap and popular form. The singular absence of literary activity is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the "Society of Friends of the Country," in so considerable and prosperous a place as Xerez de la Frontera, having, in May, 1843, advertised handsome premiums for the best Manual of Physical Science, adapted to the use of the primary schools, as well as for the best Manual of Natural History, no attempt whatever was sent in with reference to the first subject, and only two in reference to the second, both of which were so bad that the Society could not conscientiously adjudicate a reward to either candidate. Such was the result, after six months' interval. The mind of Spain is, however, not wholly inactive, but its activity passes into channels which enfeeble instead of invigorating its energies. Almost every thing in prose or poetry assumes a political shape, and is imbued with violent political passion. Espartero is abused, Diego Léon exalted, in stilted prose and rhyme; the "siege of Seville" is celebrated in a hundred different forms, and even the inglorious field of Torrejon de Ardoz, where the warriors of Spain flung down their muskets on the miserable 22nd July, 1843, finds infatuated bards to praise it. Serial publication is naturally resorted to in Spain, as a means of cheapening, or apparently cheapening, works which in the lump would be by no means so readily purchased. The principle is analogous to that which makes indirect taxation popular. In a country where money is scarce, small outlays at intervals are preferred. The works thus published are of a very miscellaneous character, and when original seldom aspire to a high order of literature. The romance and drama are almost invariably translated from the French; but Scott is

likewise much in vogue. Scarcely any other English writer is known. The serial publications chiefly met are as follows: — *The Church and State*, a religious and political review. This is of moderate price and slight pretensions — the fact being, that all the available talent is absorbed into the daily political journals. It is, however, of some authority and extensive circulation, one-third of its space being devoted to ecclesiastical affairs, one-third to politics, and the remaining third to general news. It appears every month. The *Reparado*, a periodical of a nearly similar character. The *Voz de la Religion*, whose objects are evident from the name, a cheap register of events, interesting to Catholic devotees in every quarter of the globe. The *Fray Gerundio*, *Tarantula*, and *Dominie Lucas*, small, but pungent satirical journals, intensely and exclusively political, and sometimes replete with admirable stinging wit. The "Preacher's *Prontuario*, or Heads of Sermons (in curious juxtaposition with the preceding, for the use of ecclesiastics who desire to improvise, or prefer composing their own discourses." This work is divided into twelve monthly issues, of forty pages each, for transmission by post to country subscribers. *Annals of Jurisprudence and Legislation*, a professional work, published periodically, for the use of the Spanish bar and the law students of the several universities. This work is *utriusque juris*, giving more prominence to the law than the canon, and contains a useful record of the various orders and circulars of the Minister of Grace and Justice, together with an analysis of the current legislation of the Cortes. It is a publication of respectable merit. The *Risa* and the *Carcajada* (the Laughter and the Horselaugh), collections of the jokes of Spain and all other nations—indiscriminate Joe Millers—published fortnightly, and highly popular; for the Spaniard, of all men, perhaps, most dearly loves his laugh. The *Portable Encyclopædia*, abridged from the French, &c. &c. Amongst the popular works in progress there is a serial publication entitled *Celebrated Personages of the Nineteenth Century*. The selection of celebrities is not a little curious. The following is the order of publication: — Louis-Philippe, Charles X. of France, Queen Cristina (Dona Cristina de Borbon), the Duke of Wellington, and Abd-el-Kader. Select works of Walter Scott, and one or two likewise of Bulwer, are translated; but the marvels of hydropathy, and the astounding pretensions of Vincent Priessnitz, find still readier circulation and currency. The *Panorama* is a work imitated from our penny journals, in which the illustrative woodcuts are bad copies, and demonstrate great backwardness in the arts. The letter-press, too, is not so correct as it should be; and though I am far more disposed to encourage than to depress, I cannot exactly approve of such slovenliness as "Loock Lowond" instead of Loch Lomond, and Nottinghamshire in the impenetrable disguise of "Nitingamhive," —almost equalling Theodore Hook's "épécana" for Hyde Park Corner. The puffing system flourishes here upon a ridiculously inflated scale. Thus I have seen a "Prodigy of the Press! a continuous library of works literary and pleasing, historical, instructive, and pious (spectacles for all ages), at a real (2½d.) the volume! A volume every day!! For all tastes, ages, and conditions;" which prodigy was unhappily strangled in the womb; an "Omnibus," which rolled over the length and breadth of Spain for some months, and really made great progress while in motion, its career being arrested by pure mismanagement; a "Literary Miracle, or Wonder of the Art Typographical; being the publication of a volume every day, consisting of one hundred pages in 16mo. at the incredible price of a real the volume, with a handsome coloured and bordered cover." This twopenny-halfpenny marvel became wheezy on the second day and expired on the third. These speculations are unfortunately crude and puerile, figuring at a great rate on paper, but defective in a somewhat important point, seeing that they are absolutely impracticable. The projectors aim at the realization of vast plans of civilization, and forget the stubborn and nearly insuperable material obstacles in their path. They aim at a revolution in the press, but a revolution, like all others here, to be effected by violent means; and nothing either solid or substantial, nothing but disgust and disappointment, can be the result. Political passions are a stumbling-block to progress, and no reading is relished but the party papers. Joint stock reading societies upon an enormous scale have been projected, and national libraries guaranteeing 15 per cent. interest to the shareholders; but these were mere bubbles. * * * The cross of the order of Carlos III. was lately given to Don Tomas Rodriguez Rubi, author of a comedy called "The Wheel of Fortune;" and, according to the official announcement in the *Gazette*, conceded "in consideration of his literary merits." In England you must either cut throats dexterously or be a dexterous diplomatic cheat, to secure the chance of such decorations. Yet they do not make poets in Spain. The literature of France is considerably more popular in the peninsula than that of England. Political troubles, and temporary emigration, have made Spaniards more familiar with England of late years; but the genius and habits of the Frenchman approximate more closely to those of the Spaniard—France sets the fashion, and is more admired and studied, in spite of the invasion and its attendant horrors. The drama is borrowed from the romantic drama of France; yet one evening in the Balon Theatre of Cadiz, I was present when the performances consisted of *Lord Merville* and *The Two Robinsons*,—obscure pieces from the British repertory, done both in manner and language into Spanish. It is singular that Spain, with its literary apathy, should possess what is nearly without parallel in Europe—a novelist of ducal rank. The Duke de Rivas has assiduously wrought in the copious stores of Spanish history, and constructed some remarkable romances, which, if they are without European fame, are by no means destitute of merit; recording now the sublime virtues of Don Juan de Padilla, and now the sentence of infamy pronounced by the mouth of the town-crier through the streets of Valladolid, upon the unfortunate Alvaro de Luna. I am happy to record that some isolated but creditable efforts have been made of late, in the revival and intelligent editing of the early Spanish literature, as well as in archæological research and topographical description—studies of surpassing interest in a country like Spain, and in which an infinity remains to be done. The most attractive of these which have appeared are topographies of Iliberia, or the ancient Granada, and of the Vascongadas, or Basque provinces. These pioneers of civilization, if they ply the hammer lustily, will at last awaken an echo in the minds of their countrymen. The Spaniard is with difficulty brought to read. He will smoke and lounge, and chat, and gape, and joke, and stroll through square, church, and *café*, to the crack of doom; but he won't read more than the newspaper of his own way of thinking. He is too lazy or careless to peruse an additional paper, and thus by a comparison of conflicting statements elicit truth, and discern perhaps, at last, in what leading-strings he is held, and by what falsehoods he is daily deluded. He is helpless because he will not help himself—at the mercy of a confederation of journalists, who, aware of his apathy, know that there is no invention of theirs he is not *gobemouch* enough to swallow. Nay, they are even forced to exaggerate, and at times falsify and concoct, if they would keep up their influence with their party, and please their readers. A tame, truth-telling, and colourless journal would soon be flung aside for a more highly-seasoned commodity. Reflect for a moment how the journalist's leading article enters the minds of those for whom he writes. A score of persons are seated round a table in a *café*, or under a thick vine-trellis, or in the centre of a wide patio, beneath its canvas shade, and the clearest-tongued youth and best reader of the party is chosen to declaim the article as a violent speaker might deliver his harangue in the Cortes, or a passionate preacher his sermon, with cross in hand during Holy Week. This is one way of appealing to the reason.

By way of variety, take his

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ISABELLA.

The appearance of Queen Isabel Maria to the eye of a stranger is that of a precocious but somewhat careworn and sickly girl—exceedingly pale, and with nothing either expressive or interesting in her countenance. * * * If you look more closely you will see a shade pass now and then over her brow and features, indicative of waywardness of disposition, and of a character somewhat spoiled by destiny; and you will not be far mistaken if you draw this conclusion. * * * Queen Isabel is said to be of a rather wilful nature, subject to pettish fits; at times not a little obstinate, and deficient in intelligence as well as in temper. These qualities are inherited in part from both father and mother. If she has thrown her whole soul into her Camarilla, it was likewise a maternal failing, for Mendizabel in his official interviews with Queen Christina, had frequently to lock out the listening Camarilla; the very charge laid at Olozaga's door. * * * Queen Isabel has been very imperfectly and irregularly educated. That she should be little enlightened is not surprising; that she should be deficient in ordinary knowledge is a mere corollary of herinadequate tutoring. She was not altogether three months in the hands of Olozaga, whose instruction was confined to her political education; and under the guidance of Arguelles, to whom she was previously intrusted, she was rather indocile and refractory. About the court they say that she is capricious, wilful, *disimulada;* and fibbing, an ordinary characteristic of her age in young girls, is alleged to be very much the contrary of being disdained by her.

A summary of the fates of the successive rulers of this wretched land will convey a better notion of its actual condition than the most elaborate description:—

The Conde de Espagna was a wholesale murderer, and was slain by his own people; Moreno, the political butcher of Malaga, was himself assassinated in the end; Quesada, the trampler of the Madrid populace beneath his horse's hoofs, was torn by that populace asunder, and his mutilated fingers stirred a convivial bowl for the Nacionales who slew him; the Governor of Cadiz,

in 1830, was assassinated for his severities, in the street; Elio, Captain-General of Valencia, was the executioner of his political adversaries, and perished on the scaffold. The contemporary annals of Portugal furnish similar instances; for within ten years Gomez Freire, an unpopular minister, was shot down in the streets of Lisbon, and Telles Jordao, the inhuman persecutor of the Constitutionalist prisoners in the Tower of St. Julian, was torn in pieces and as frightfully mutilated as Queseda was in Madrid. This is the true mirror for ministers in the Peninsula—the awful lesson which "must give them pause" in the midst of their riot of power and barbarous instincts. "*No hay boda sin tornaboda,*" says a significant Spanish proverb—"There is no wedding but there is a day after it!"

And with this we close a work which can be commended to the book-club and the *larger* libraries, as these specimens will prove.

FICTION.

Rural Records; or, Glimpses of Village Life. By JAMES SMITH. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

Rural Records forcibly remind us of Miss MITFORD's *Our Village*, and to the inspiration of this latter it is probable that the former is indebted for its existence. Mr. SMITH has indeed very successfully seized the manner, and, something more than this, the spirit, of his predecessor; and his *Rural Records* form no unworthy companion or *addendum* to *Our Village*. The descriptions of rustic places and persons are truthful, as if they were sketched from nature and were not compositions of the study. The style is suited to the subject, simple, unpretending, flowing smoothly upon the tongue, and needing no effort on the listener's part to understand. Occasionally there is mingled with the graphic portraiture and gleams of poetry that distinguish Miss MITFORD a spice of the quaintness and quiet humour of CHARLES LAMB.

From the many that present themselves we take, as a favourable specimen of the contents,

A LEGEND OF THE CHURCH.

Dear to the antiquary and the artist is our old grey parish-church, with its encircling lime-trees, and the green ivy garment duskily investing its aged walls, and the fair carved-work of tower and porch, buttress and niche, turret and niche, corbel and coigne. And if dear in its outward aspect to the antiquary's eye, be sure his love for "hoary eld" shall find substantial *pabulum* within; for there survive entire in rare and perfect preservation the architectural fittings and appointments which the munificence of its gentle founder originally lavished on its picturesque interior. The oaken altar-screen still retains its lace-like tracery, its shadowless and saintly effigies, its gilded and pictorial decorations. Ranges of open benches fill the central aisle, their standards carved in curious guise crested by *fleur-de-lys*, with godly Latin mottoes graven in church text underneath. A rudely-sculptured font, besprent with uncouth bas-reliefs, yet occupies its ancient standing at the entrance of the church. Within the worn and hollow-sounding pavement, the embedded monumental brasses, with their Norman-French inscriptions rest undisturbed, partially defaced but not illegible; while desk and pulpit, the table at the altar and the rails contiguous, appear the rude and primitive manipulations of an Anglo-Norman artificer.

Dedicated to St. Mary and St. Margaret, tradition has deduced the origin of our parish-church from the piety and wealth of two fair sisters, similarly named. Out of the scattered fragments referring to their history, thus orally preserved—the fireside gossip of aged grandames as they gather round the winter hearth, we have essayed to weave as clear and continuous a narrative as the imperfect and disconnected character of the materials will admit of.

In the early portion of those turbulent and stirring times when Stephen sat upon the English throne, the broad lands and swelling coffers of Sir Geoffrey Wyander, lord of the manor of——(failing male issue), devolved upon two maiden sisters, Mary and Margaret. As both were young, and both of unimpeachable descent—the true Norman blood mantling in every vein—the heiresses early became objects of absorbing interest in the eyes of such of the surrounding knights, thanes, and aldermen, as could advance pretensions to as clear a shield and pure a lineage as themselves.

Educated within a convent's walls, the sisters' limited experience and unripe notions of the world would have inadequately fitted them for the duties entailed upon them by their new position, were it not that nature had beneficently gifted the elder with a certain strength and self-reliance of character, imperfectly developed in the cloister, but daily expanding and maturing in a broader sphere, in proportion as circumstances seemed to call it into action, and demand its vigorous exercise.

The younger was a graceful, gentle girl, gifted with a rare beauty, and with a disposition as femininely soft and placid as the mild and dove-like eyes, through which her soul looked out upon a world but newly revealed to her enfranchised gaze. There was a loftiness and majesty in the beauty of the elder that exacted homage; while the countenance of the gentle Margaret, beaming with happy light, involuntarily won esteem.

How was it that thus differing—thus unlike in mind and feature—the high-souled Mary and the shrinking, soft-eyed Margaret should, almost simultaneously, have set their hearts upon one object? Was it that under the handsome exterior of her soldier-cousin, Erfurth Holditch, the elder sister recognised a spirit kindred to her own? And was it that the pliant mind of Margaret, putting forth a host of tendrils—impulses, affections, sympathies—craving some object for support—something to cling to and weave themselves around, encircling what they garlanded; was it that, in the hardier name of the soldier, these budding tendrils found, as it were, a massive trunk, wooing their embrace and strengthening their growth? Was it that the elder loved him for the perils he had undergone, the exciting scenes in which he had conspicuously borne a brave man's part, and for the spirit of daring and adventure by which he had been influenced in his busy brief career? And was it that the accents of a voice naturally winning, and modulated with the nicest skill, trilling sweet lays acquired from Provençal *makers* and *minnesingers*, found, through the willing ear of Margaret Wyander, a facile entrance to her heart? We only know that so it was—that continued intercourse confirmed and ripened love,—that Mary's ears were seldomer regaled with tales of war and chivalry, while the songs of Provence were carolled with a frequency and fervour most grateful, it would seem, to the happy hopeful Margaret; and that, in short, the soldier and his soft-eyed cousin plighted their troth, and then irrevocably sealed it by a secret union. By whom, or when, or where the ceremonial was performed it boots not to record, if even record could be had. Haste and secrecy could be purchased then as now; and Erfurth and his bride were on the wing, hours ere their lengthened absence had been noted by the elder sister as an unwonted circumstance.

How fierce and violent a storm of passion then swelled within the disappointed sister's breast, how from her heart she cursed them bitterly, bridegroom and bride—how vowed an immitigable hatred to them both—how every soft and womanly feeling seemed utterly extinct; how, in their stead, arose an intense, consuming thirst to be avenged; how, in fact, her whole nature seemed changed, and how she moodily immured herself within her chamber day after day, week after week, brooding upon the scornful slight which had been put upon her love, and upon the cunning (as she deemed it) of the sister who had supplanted her, it were a charity to the infirmities of our common nature to touch upon but lightly, and so pass on to after incidents.

A year had scarcely run its course before the civil war broke out between the unpopular possessor of the throne and his fair relative and competitor. Margaret's husband was among the first to fling himself within the ranks of those who upheld Stephen. Alas! he was among the first to fall a victim to that sanguinary strife, slain in a mere chance skirmish which his own precipitate and desperate zeal had unhappily provoked.

Poor Margaret—the plaything of that fickle ingrate, Fortune, might well be overwhelmed by such a fearful and unlooked-for casualty. Reason itself gave way a while; and during the time that strong delirium held her faculties enthralled, her husband's kinsmen mercifully consigned the gashed and ghastly corpse to its last home, that the widow's eye might never look with agony upon the livid and distorted features of the slaughtered soldier.

When the elder sister heard of this sudden sharp calamity, her heart melted within her. In the presence of death, anger, and hate, and jealousy, and wounded love, and baffled hope stood solemnly rebuked. The cause of their disunion no longer found a place within her memory; but a more unclouded past—childhood and girlhood—the recollections of an era teeming with thoughts and images of love and tenderness—of a time when they two nestled their soft cheeks upon the same pillow, wove the same woof, shared the same rambles, loved the same pet fawn, cherished the same dear rose-tree, wept and laughed, grew pale or crimson, sad or merry, as the same feelings swayed the hearts of both—came thronging on her mind. And as the past brought with it such gentle humanizing influences, why should they not renew it in the future? They had too long been widely and unwisely severed; henceforth, they would have, as they had had of yore, but one home and one heart.

Borne down,—indeed, still almost distraught with grief, the younger yet could find a solace and a mitigation of her sorrow in her reunion with her elder sister. And when the latter fell upon the widow's bosom, and brokenly sobbed out her sorrow for the past, her grief for this last heavy stroke of evil fortune, and spoke of hope of better days, when suffering should be softened down by time, and submission soothe regret, her dark eyes kindled through her tears, and a faint smile, like a ray of fleet-

ing sunshine gilding the blackness of the storm, played momentarily upon her compressed and pallid lips.

So the old house received them once again, linked together by a closer tie, wiser and sadder both; the joyousness of youth displaced by thoughts of a graver, if not gloomier, texture, as though a few short months had done the work of years, and prematurely stamped the feelings of a later epoch upon their youthful minds. Perhaps the solitude in which they lived, disposing them to ponder on the pre-existence and the after-destination of the soul, or perhaps the subtle converse of a priestly adviser, anxious to aggrandize the church of which he was a member; or perhaps that natural revulsion of the mind from matters of momentary to matters of imperishable importance, which results from worldly disappointment and domestic calamities, influenced them in coming to the determination which they did. Tradition does, indeed, hint vaguely at visionary influences, but it is too apocryphal to be relied on; and this alone *is* certain, that the sisters mutually resolved to found a church, and dedicate it to the service of the Almighty, in token of their reconciliation; purposing, likewise, to endow it at their decease with the wealth of which they were possessed.

At that time, the whole surrounding country, or, at least, the upland portion of it, was little better than a leafy wilderness, intersected by numerous bridle-ways, with here and there a broader track, offering a passage for the slow and cumbrous wains of those rude days. At scattered intervals, large clearances had been made; and out of the old primeval trees, and with the aid of clay extracted from the soil, and rushes gathered from the margin of the river, groups of cottages were framed, windowless, and chimneyless—a miserable shelter for the miserable serfs who tenanted them. A franklin's more commodious abode, a smithy, and perhaps a huckster's store were the only tenements that varied the otherwise uniform aspect of these primitive hamlets. Wherever the ground swelled into anything like a reasonable eminence, the stronghold of a thane might be observed perched on its summit, while the circumjacent hollow would exhibit its irregularly-clustered hovels, overlooked by the more massive and enduring residence of the rural magnate. Such churches, too, as then existed, were mostly built upon a rising ground, and seemed to serve as landmarks in that wild, untravelled breadth of marsh and forest-land. It may be readily conceived, therefore, that at such a time, and in such a region, the rumour of the meditated erection in the first instance, and afterwards the commencement, continued progress, and completion of the sacred structure, were regarded as the gradual devolution of an event peculiarly, nay, almost marvellously important.

It was an event, moreover, that was regarded with the utmost satisfaction by the Romish Church, upon whose dignitaries in due time devolved the task of formally consecrating the edifice to the sacred object for which it was intended, and who determined to lavish on the ceremonial all those adventitious aids by which the Church of Rome imparted a character of such imposing grandeur to every rite and ceremonial to which she lent her countenance, or in which she bore a part. And hence the consecration of this edifice, followed, or rather accompanied (as the churchmen suggested it should be), by a solemn presentation of the sisters at the altar, in token of compunction for dissensions past, and thankfulness for love restored, was marked by features of such rare magnificence, by such impressive pomp and such processional display, and witnessed by such a multitude of wondering spectators, gathered from far and near, that both the solemnity itself, and its strange issue, lived in the memories of succeeding generations for centuries afterwards.

On that solemnity we need not tarry to comment—our legend has reference to its issue only. As the sisters knelt before the altar, thus, by a formal act, to ratify their reconciliation in the sight of God and man, and the venerable bishop bent down to give his benediction on them both, a burst of dazzling sunshine on a sudden filled the edifice with golden light; a rosy cloud, fragrant and warm, unseen before, floated along the vaulted roof, and from its invisible heart swelled out a gush of music, faint and low, as though it were the distant echo of some dulcet sound, rather than the melodious sound itself; pinions rustled and fluttered, and angel voices (they could have been no other) seemed presently to mingle with the music's swell; and then, again, sunk gradually away as the flutter of the wings subsided, and the sunshine waned, and the rosy cloud waxed dim, and the soft music died upon the ear.

There was a hush—a silence that was almost audible, a deep, dead calm, reigning for a space in every portion of the holy pile. Most of the congregation lay prostrate on the pavement, the sisters knelt upon the altar-steps, with bowed heads and clasped hands, the old ecclesiastic stood alone erect, and folding his hands upon his breast, with eyes uplifted and serene, at length emphatically said, "THY will be done!" A thousand voices, as by one impulse, blending into one deep chorus, made response, "Amen, Amen!"

And then the old man, gently touching the kneeling sisters, bade them rise; but neither speech nor motion answered him, for still they knelt, with heads bowed low, and fingers intertwined, with mute lips and eyelids drooping heavily. Again, and yet again, he would have raised them from their kneeling posture; but there was neither word nor sign; and then awe fell upon the hearts of all present, for they knew that Death was there! The spirits of the sisters, forgiving and forgiven, had passed away unseen, and angel-voices, and solemn symphonies, had heralded them to Heaven!

POETRY.

German Anthology. A Series of Translations from the most popular of the German Poets. By JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. 2 vols. post 8vo. Dublin, Curry and Co.

THESE translations, which now appear in two volumes, have been collected by the translator from the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and have met with the most favourable reception, as a truthful and elegant application of one language to another. We welcome this last act of Mr. MANGAN as a means of more generally unlocking the rich stores of German literature. *German Anthology* will make its way into many libraries where the *Dublin University Magazine* was not fortunate enough to find a shelf. German literature is as full of golden fruit as were the gardens of the Hesperides, and we are ever ready to welcome the literary Hercules who conquers the difficulties of the language, and bears away a portion of the prize for the readers of other countries.

What a string of names have we here! What a galaxy,—differing, it is true, as star differs from star in glory, but of which to be the least is to be great!

SCHILLER, GOETHE, HERDER, UHLAND, BUERGER! Like new lights, with an unquenchable love for old glorious nature, those favoured men arose. With their coming, the literature of Germany opened its dreamy and half-shut eyes to see what gifted spirits had now dared to shake it from its lethargy. At last it found a tongue, like the tongue of an angel, and acknowledged the supremacy of the new-comers. Happy and imperishable time for Germany! "Press but ever onward," said GOETHE, "youthful German people, and weary not in your progress in the way ye have entered upon! Give yourself up to no mannerism,—to no one-sidedness of any kind, under what name soever it finds its way among you. Know that whatever severs us from nature is false. The path of nature is that in which you must tread, if you would meet BACON, HOMER, and SHAKSPEARE." In the volumes before us, the pre-eminence of place is given to SCHILLER and GOETHE. Each name stands at the beginning of a volume. Nor is this only the pre-eminence of place; we at once award them, as *poets*, the highest position. What they were, apart from poetry, it is not now our province to consider. Neither have we to do with the greater works of the German poets. The translations under review are mostly short songs or ballads. Our readers are aware of the powerful effect such men as SCHILLER and GOETHE had upon the ballad poetry of Germany. Under them it did not grow by spare degrees into beauty and form, but it leaped at once into a new and glorified life. Genius has an attribute of God, and it cannot work by that slow process of human ingenuity which a shipwright or a watchmaker uses, but what it touches instantly becomes fashioned and instinct with life. We shall, in the first place, present our readers with a ballad from SCHILLER, rather long, but very beautiful, and we cannot do better than hold a long acquaintance with beauty:—

THE DIVER.

A BALLAD.

"Baron or vassal, is any so bold
As to plunge in yon gulf and follow
Through chamber and cave this beaker of gold
Which already the waters whirlingly swallow?
Who retrieves the prize from the horrid abyss
Shall keep it: the gold and the glory be his!"

So spake the king, and incontinent flung
From the cliff that, gigantic and steep,
High over Charybdis's whirlpool hung,
A glittering wine-cup down in the deep;
And again he asked, "Is there one so brave
As to plunge for the gold in the dangerous wave?"

And the knights and the knaves all answerless hear
The challenging words of the speaker;
And some glance downwards with looks of fear,
And none are ambitious of winning the beaker.

And a third time the king his question urges—
"Dares none, then, breast the menacing surges?"

But the silence lasts unbroken and long;
When a page, fair-featured and soft,
Steps forth from the shuddering vassal-throng,
And his mantle and girdle already are doffed,
And the groups of nobles and damosels nigh
Envisage the youth with a wondering eye.

He dreadlessly moves to the gaunt crag's brow,
And measures the drear depth under;
But the waters Charybdis had swallowed she now
Regurgigates bellowing back in thunder;
And the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,
Breaks its hoar way through the waves around.

And it seethes and roars, it welters and boils,
As when water is showered upon fire;
And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,
And flood over flood sweeps higher and higher,
Upheaving, downrolling, tumultuously,
As though the abyss would bring forth a young sea.

But the terrible turmoil at last is over;
And down through the whirlpool's well
A yawning blackness ye may discover,
Profound as the passage to central Hell;
And the waves, under many a struggle and spasm,
Are sucked in afresh by the gorge of the chasm.

And now, ere the din rethunders, the youth
Invokes the Great Name of God;
And blended shrieks of horror and ruth
Burst forth as he plunges headlong unawed;
And down he descends through the watery bed,
And the waves boom over his sinking head.

But though for a while they have ceased their swell,
They roar in the hollows beneath,
And from mouth to mouth goes round the farewell—
"Brave-spirited youth, good night in death!"
And louder and louder the roarings grow,
While with trembling all eyes are directed below.

Now wert thou even, O monarch! to fling
Thy crown in the angry abyss,
And exclaim, "Who recovers the crown shall be king!"
The guerdon were powerless to tempt me, I wiss;
For what in Charybdis's cavern's dwells
No chronicle penned of mortal tells.

Full many a vessel beyond repeal
Lies low in that gulf to-day,
And the shattered masts and the drifting keel
Alone tell the tale of the swooper's prey.
But hark! with a noise like the howling of storms,
Again the wild water the surface deforms!

And it hisses and rages, it welters and boils,
As when water is spurted on fire,
And skyward the spray agonizingly toils,
And wave over wave beats higher and higher,
While the foam, with a stunning and horrible sound,
Breaks its white way through the waters around.

When lo! ere as yet the billowy war
Loud raging beneath is o'er,
An arm and a neck are distinguished afar,
And a swimmer is seen to make for the shore,
And hardily buffeting surge and breaker,
He springs upon land with the golden beaker.

And lengthened and deep is the breath he draws
As he hails the bright face of the sun;
And a murmur goes round of delight and applause—
He lives!—he is safe!—he has conquered and won!
He has mastered Charybdis's perilous wave!
He has rescued his life and his prize from the grave!

Now, bearing the booty triumphantly,
At the foot of the throne he falls,
And he proffers his trophy on bended knee;
And the king to his beautiful daughter calls,
Who fills with red wine the golden cup,
While the gallant stripling again stands up.

"All hail to the king! Rejoice, ye who breathe
Wheresoever Earth's gales are driven!
For ghastly and drear is the region beneath;
And let Man beware how he tempts high Heaven!
Let him never essay to uncurtain to light
What Destiny shrouds in horror and night!

"The maelstrom dragged me down in its course;
When, forth from the cleft of a rock,
A torrent outrushed with tremendous force,
And met me anew with deadening shock;
And I felt my brain swim and my senses reel
As the double-flood whirled me round like a wheel.

"But the God I had cried to answered me
When my destiny darkliest frowned,
And He shewed me a reef of rocks in the sea,
Whereunto I clung, and there I found
On a coral jag the goblet of gold,
Which else to the lowermost crypt had rolled.

"And the gloom through measureless toises under
Was all as a purple haze;
And though sound was none in these realms of wonder,
I shuddered when under my shrinking gaze
That wilderness lay developed where wander
The dragon, and dog-fish, and sea-salamander.

"And I saw the huge kraken and magnified snake
And the thornback and ravening shark
Their way through the dismal waters take,
While the hammer-fish wallowed below in the dark,
And the river-horse rose from his lair beneath,
And grinned through the grate of his spiky teeth.

"And there I hung, aghast and dismayed,
Among skeleton larvæ, the only
Soul conscious of life—despairing of aid
In that vastness untrodden and lonely.
Not a human voice—not an earthly sound—
But silence, and water, and monsters around.

"Soon one of those monsters approached me, and plied
His hundred feelers to drag
Me down through the darkness; when, springing aside,
I abandoned my hold of the coral crag,
And the malestrom grasped me with arms of strength,
And upwhirled and upbore me to day-light at length."

Then spake to the Page the marvelling King,
"The golden cup is thine own,
But—I promise thee further this jewelled ring
That beams with a priceless hyacinth stone,
Shouldst thou dive once more and discover for me
The mysteries shrined in the cells of the sea."—

Now the King's fair daughter was touched and grieved,
And she fell at her father's feet—
"Oh, father, enough what the youth has achieved!
Expose not his life anew, I entreat!
If this your heart's longing you cannot well tame,
There are surely knights here who will rival his fame."—

But the King hurled downwards the golden cup,
And he spake as it sank in the wave,
"Now, shouldst thou a second time bring it me up,
As my knight, and the bravest of all my brave,
Thou shalt sit at my nuptial banquet, and she
Who pleads for thee thus thy wedded shall be!"—

Then the blood to the youth's hot temple rushes,
And his eyes on the maiden are cast,
And he sees her at first overspread with blushes,
And then growing pale and sinking aghast,
So, vowing to win so glorious a crown,
For life or for death he again plunges down.

The far-sounding din returns amain,
And the foam is alive as before,
And all eyes are bent downward. In vain, in vain—
The billows indeed re-dash and re-roar.
But while ages shall roll and those billows shall thunder,
That youth shall sleep under!

And we give, as an accompaniment to SCHILLER, one of GOETHE'S ballads:—

THE FISHERMAN.

The waters rush, the waters roll; a fisherman sits angling by;
He gazes o'er their glancing flood with sleepy brow and listless eye;
And while he looks, and while he lolls, the flood is moved as by a storm,
And slowly from its heaving depths ascends a humid woman's form.

She sings, she speaks,—"Why lure, why wile, with human craft and human snare,
My little ones, my helpless brood, to perish in this fiery air?
Ah! couldst thou guess the dreamy bliss we feel below the purple sea,
Thou wouldst forsake the earth and all, to dwell beneath with them and me.

"The moon, the sun, their travel done, come down to sleep in
Ocean's caves;
They reascend their glorious thrones, with doubled beauty from
the waves.
Ah! sure the blue ethereal dew, the shining heaven these waters
shew,
Nay, even thine own reflected face must draw thee, win thee
down below."

The waters rush, the waters roll; about his naked feet they
move;
An aching longing fills his soul, as when we look on her we
love.
She sings to him, she speaks to him: alas! he feels that all is
o'er,
She drags him down; his senses swim; the fisherman is seen
no more!

(To be continued.)

Luther for the People, being the Fourth Edition of Montgomery's Poem, Luther. London, 1845. Simpkin and Co.

"FOURTH edition" on this title-page is a libel on the poetical taste of "the people" to whom it is addressed. *Luther* is, in truth, not a poem at all, but a series of rhapsodical sermons, in which the most vulgar cant of the conventicle is mingled with the inflated eloquence of the penny-a-liner. To all accustomed to good poetry this "skimble-skamble stuff" will be insufferable; and we hope that the attempt to thrust it into circulation will prove that the taste of "the people" is better than they who seek to cater for it imagine.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Credit the Life of Commerce: being a defence of the British Merchant against the unjust and demoralizing tendency of the recent alterations in the Laws of Debtor and Creditor, with an outline of remedial measures. By J. H. ELLIOTT, London, 1845. Madden and Malcolm.

MR. ELLIOTT is not a lawyer, but a merchant, and he has taken up the very important subject of the Law of Debtor and Creditor, as it is and as it ought to be, with the purpose of informing the public, who have hitherto heard only what the lawyers have to say, how the same topic is viewed by those whom the law mainly concerns. Mr. ELLIOTT has in this volume advocated the cause of the creditor, nor is such championship uncalled-for; hitherto the sympathies of the press, and, through its instrumentality, of the public, have been engaged entirely on the part of the debtor, until the very sense of right and wrong became confused, and the roguish debtor was converted into an object of persecution, and the unfortunate creditor condemned as a ruthless persecutor.

It would be somewhat out of the proper province of THE CRITIC to follow Mr. ELLIOTT through his lucid and able arguments, strengthened as they are by facts that have fallen within his own experience. The train of his reasoning runs somewhat thus: Property invested in the form of debt is as much entitled to the protection of the law as any other property. In this country credit is unavoidable; it is a parcel of our commercial system, if not its very soul. If credit be necessary, the creditor is entitled to claim the aid of the law to protect the property which he is thus obliged to commit to the honesty of others. Bad insolvency laws must produce one of two effects; either they must permit the honest creditor to be robbed of his property, or they must destroy the credit which is the lifeblood of commerce. Insolvency is the result either of misfortune, or of folly or wickedness. According to its origin so must it be treated. Misfortune is entitled to protection, but folly and fraud should be subjected to punishment. The author suggests how this may be done, and he examines and refutes many of the favourite fallacies that are current upon this subject; such as the "mind-who-you-trust" fallacy; the "good-character" fallacy; the "poverty-is-no-crime" fallacy; and he demolishes them with the practical good sense of the man of business who looks at facts as they are seen in the world, and not at the figments of a sentimental brain. He examines the reports of the commissioners, argues for the maintenance of a limited power of arrest, lays down the principles of remedial measures and of procedure in insolvency, and he closes with an interesting sketch of the laws and customs of ancient nations respecting insolvents, and of the laws of Holland and France on the same matter.

Mr. ELLIOTT writes in a vigorous and racy style, as befits the merchant; but with indications of powers that might lift him to a high place in literature. There is much learning and thought in this book, and it will aid in the advancement of that codification of the Law of Debtor and Creditor which is demanded by the necessities of the times and the tinkerings and patchings that law has lately undergone, until the most experienced practitioner is puzzled to know what it is or where to find it.

From the concluding chapter we take this useful sketch of

THE LAWS OF THE GREEKS RESPECTING INSOLVENTS.

I have been favoured with the following valuable notice of the laws of ancient Athens by a distinguished Greek scholar, with whose labours it is to be hoped our literature will be soon enriched.

At Athens, prior to Solon and his legislation (about 594 B. C.), the law was extremely severe against debtors. The adjudged insolvent debtor, if he had pledged his person to the creditor as security, became, together with all his family, the slave of his creditor, and might be sold into foreign parts to pay the debt. The operation of this law was so terrible and caused so much suffering, as completely to subvert the peace of society. Many citizens had actually been sold into slavery under it, and many more were in danger of being so. The great mass of debtors were at that time poor (the natural tendency of such a law was to introduce a class of loans, lent for the purpose of ultimately getting possession of a man's person), and at last the feeling of mutiny and discontent became so widely diffused among them, that the government became unworkable. The aristocracy, who then had entire possession of the government, were obliged to invoke the intervention of a man generally esteemed, like Solon, and to acquiesce in all the changes which he proposed. He cancelled all the existing contracts which had been borrowed upon the security of the body (this is the Greek expression), and also all contracts which had been borrowed upon the security of land; for it seems that the great mass of debtors at that time consisted of little proprietors and cultivators, who put in pawn, in order to get money, both their persons and their little plot of land. For all this class of contracts Solon passed what one may call a relief-law, and he forbade for the future any borrowing of money on security of the person, and all sale of the insolvent debtor into slavery.

So the law stood throughout all the history of Athens after the time of Solon. A creditor had no remedy whatever against the person of his debtor, but only against the property. When the term of payment arrived, he summoned the debtor, proved the debt, and got what we should call a judgment, under which he seized such property of the debtor as he could lay hold of, and sold it to pay himself, but he had no right to touch the debtor's person. It does not appear, as far as one can ascertain, that any provision was made for a collective administration, in the event of the debtor's property being insufficient to meet all claims; each creditor seems to have been left to his own individual proceeding—at least, this is the best that we can make out.

In general, the evidence goes to prove that loans of money were made upon some security, either upon land or upon the deposit of some moveable of value, or upon the guarantee of a boudsman. In case of a debtor owing money to the public treasury, and being behind time in payment, he was deprived of his political franchise until it was paid.

It is certain that never, after the time of Solon, did any public discontent, or great mass of complaint and suffering, arise out of the law of debtor and creditor. It seems to have worked with satisfaction to the people, and loans of money, upon landed and other security, were current and secure during the time of the orators. There were wealthy bankers who held considerable sums of money on deposit, and were much trusted.

What to an Englishman will appear more remarkable is, that there was never any legal restriction upon the rate of interest; as far as one can judge from the facts known, it seems to have run from about ten to fifteen per cent., of course sometimes considerably higher, especially on nautical risks. There was one curious exceptional case, in which the creditor always retained the old power over the person of his debtor, the case in which the debt arose from money advanced to redeem the debtor out of captivity. If the debtor did not repay this, he became the slave of his creditor.

Respecting the laws of debtor and creditor in other cities of Greece, besides Athens, what we know is really next to nothing; but we know enough to shew us, that the working of the law was on the whole satisfactory to the people. The idea either of a relief law or of a violent interference with landed property was utterly abhorrent to the feelings of the democracy, and was even

formally denounced in the annual oath taken by the popular jurors.

This presents a marked contrast with Rome, where the law of debtor and creditor occasioned endless contention and interference with contracts, as well as successive forcible reductions in the rate of interest.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Book for a Rainy Day; or, Recollections of the Events of the last Sixty-six Years. By JOHN THOMAS SMITH, late Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum, and author of "Nollekens and his Times." Pp. 306. Bentley.

HEARTY welcome to thee, patriarch of the SMITHS! Most amiable, honest, and gossiping of JOHN SMITHS, we greet thee well! Pleasant are our recollections of thee, for it was in boyhood's most book-devouring age that we were introduced to thee as the Biographer of NOLLEKENS, and in that character didst thou take to our partial imaginations the shape of the most charming old gossip that ever was; an industrious collector and retailer of anecdote, and master of the manner of telling a story, which is far more effective than its substance. Of all living men was JOHN T. SMITH the very man to indite *a Book for a Rainy Day*: a book to be taken up at an idle moment, and put down again whenever the thoughts are wanted elsewhere, without the vexation of breaking the thread of a story.

This volume is, in fact, a gathering together of the reminiscences of the author's life, already prolonged to eighty years. It will be readily assumed that so extended an existence has not been enjoyed by a man of naturally acute observation, without yielding a huge amount of entertaining anecdote. This has been thrown together by Mr. SMITH with little regard for arrangement. The work professes to be a sort of autobiography, or rather, we should say, the order of time has not been lost sight of, but caprice seems to have regulated the space to be allotted to various periods. Large intervals occur of which nothing is recorded: some stages of his life are treated with obvious disproportion to others, whether from whim, or really from the memory retaining them more vividly, or from lack of events worth recording, Mr. SMITH does not inform us. We note this as a feature of the work, and not by way of complaint or objection. In a collection of miscellanies such as this, the value of the material supplied is not lessened by the absence of that which might have been added. The reader must be thankful for what he receives, and so he will admit when he has read the few specimens we can glean from a publication that would yield half-a-dozen entire CRITICS of attractive and interesting reading.

Mr. SMITH tells us that he was born in a hackney-coach on the 23rd of June, 1766, and then he proceeds to some descriptions of his infancy, and the manners and people of that period, as narrated to him in after life by his parents. One of these is an

ANECDOTE OF A GOOSE.

I have heard my mother relate, that when at Greenwich this year for the benefit of her health, an aged pie and cheesecake woman lived there, who was accompanied through the town by a goose, who regularly stopped at her customer's door, and commenced a loud cackling; but that whenever the words "not to-day" were uttered, off it waddled to the next house, and so on till the business of the day was ended. My mother also remarked, that when ladies walked out they carried nosegays in their hands, and wore three immense lace ruffle cuffs on each elbow.

His descriptions of old London are very ample, and not the least amusing of his reminiscences. We take a few of them.

LONDON IN 1773.

As few persons possess so retentive a memory as myself, I make no doubt that many will be pleased with my recollections of the state of Tottenham-court-road at this time.

The ground behind the north-west end of Russell-street was occupied by a farm, belonging to two old maiden sisters of the name of Capper. They wore riding-habits and men's hats; one rode an old grey mare, and it was her spiteful delight to ride with a large pair of shears after boys who were flying their kites, purposely to cut their strings; the other sister's business was to seize the clothes of the lads who trespassed on their premises to bathe. From Capper's farm were several straggling houses; but the principal part of the ground to the King's Head, at the end of the road, was unbuilt upon. The Old King's Head forms a side object in Hogarth's beautiful and celebrated picture of "The March to Finchley," which may be seen with other fine specimens of art in the Foundling Hospital, for the charitable donation of one shilling.

I shall now recommence on the left-hand side of the road, noticing that on the front of the first house, No. 1, in Oxford-street, near the second-floor windows, is the following inscription cut in stone, "Oxford-street, 1725." Hanway-street, better known by the vulgar people under the name of "Hanover-yard," was at this time the resort of the highest fashion for mercery and other articles of dress. The public-house, the sign of the "Blue Posts," at the corner of Hanway-street, in Tottenham-court-road, was once kept by a man of the name of Sturges, deep in the knowledge of chess, upon which game he published a little work. From the Blue Posts the houses were irregularly built to a large space called Gresse's Gardens; thence to Windmill-street, strongly recommended by physicians for the salubrity of the air. The premises occupied by the French charity children were held by the founders of the Middlesex Hospital, which were established in 1735, where the patients remained until the present building was erected in Charles-street. Colvill-court, parallel with Windmill-street, northward, was built in 1766; and Goodge-street, further on, was, I conjecture, erected much about the same time. Mr. Whitfield's chapel was built in 1754, upon the site of an immense pond, called "the Little Sea." Beyond the chapel the four dwellings, then called "Paradise-row," almost terminated the houses on that side. A turn-stile opened into Crab-tree Fields. They extended to the Adam and Eve public-house, the original appearance of which Hogarth has also introduced into his picture of "The March to Finchley."

The whole of the ground north from Capper's farm, at the back of the British Museum, so often mentioned as being frequented by duellists, was in irregular patches, many fields with turn-stiles. The pipes of the New River Company were propped up in several parts to the height of six and eight feet; so that persons walked under them to gather water-cresses, which grew in great abundance and perfection, or to visit "The Brothers' Steps," well known to the Londoners.

Notwithstanding Tottenham-court-road was so infested by the lowest order, who kept what they called a "Gooseberry Fair," it was famous at certain times of the year, particularly in summer, for its booths of regular theatrical performers, who deserted the empty benches of Drury-lane Theatre, under the mismanagement of Mr. Fleetwood, and condescended to admit the audience at sixpence each. Mr. Yates, and several other eminent performers, had their names painted on their booths.

SMITH appears to have been a great print-collector, and he has vigorously and minutely sketched some of the most regular attendants at the print-sales about the year 1783.

GOUGH, THE EDITOR OF "CAMDEN'S BRITANNIA."

Mr. Gough, the editor of *Camden's Britannia*, was a constant frequenter of his book-sales. This antiquary was about the same height as the auctioneer, but in wig very different, as he wore, when I knew him, a short shining curled one. His coat was of "formal cut," but he had no round belly; and his waistcoat and smallclothes were from the small piece. He was mostly in boots, and carried a swish-whip when he walked. His temper I know was not good, and he seldom forgave those persons who dared to bid stoutly against him for a lot at an auction. His eyes, which were small, and of the pinky-winky sort, fully announced the fretful being. As for his judgment in works of art, if he had any, it availed him little, being as much satisfied with the dry and monotonous manner of Old Basire, as our late President West was with the beautiful style of Woollett and Hall. Dr. Lort, the constant correspondent of Old Cole, a man of his own stamp, broad and bony, in height nearly six feet, of manners equally morose, and in every respect just as forbidding. His wig was a large *busby*, and usually of a brown appearance, for want of a dust of powder. He was chaplain to the Duke of Devonshire; and as he wore thick worsted stockings, and walked anyhow through the mud, considered himself in no way obliged to give the street-sweepers a farthing. He had some wit, however, but it was often displayed in a cowardly manner, being mostly directed towards his little opponent, Dr. Gossett, who was unfortunately much afflicted by deformity, and of a temper easily roused by too frequent a repetition of threepenny biddings at Patterson's.

RAWLE AND HENDERSON.

Mr. Rawle, an accoutrement-maker, then living in the Strand, was a visitor: he was the friend of Captain Grose, and the executor of Thomas Worledge, the etcher. In his early days he had collected many curious and valuable articles. His cabinets contained numerous interesting portraits in miniature of Elizabethan characters. He was a professed commonwealth-man, and possessed many of the protector's—or, according to some

writers, the usurper's—letters. He also prided himself upon having the leathern doublet, sword, and hat, in which Oliver dissolved the parliament, and shewed a helmet that he could incontrovertibly prove had belonged to him. He likewise frequently expatiated for a considerable time upon a magnificent wig, which he said had been worn by that merry monarch, King Chhrles the Second.

Henderson, the player, who was also a collector of Hogarth's works, seldom made his appearance on these boards, John Ireland being his deputy-manager. I must not omit to mention another singular but most honourable character, of the name of Hayward, nicknamed "Old Iron Wig." His dress was precise, and manner of walking rather stiff. He was an extensive purchaser of every kind of article in art, particularly Rowlandson's drawings; for this purpose he employed the merry and friendly Mr. Seguier, the picture-dealer, a schoolfellow of my father's, to bid for him. I shall now close this list by observing, that my early friend and fellow-pupil, Rowlandson, who has frequently made drawings of Hutchins and his print auctions, has produced a most spirited etching, in which not only many of the above-described characters are introduced, but also most of the print-sellers of the day. There is another, though it must be owned very indifferent, plate, containing what the publisher called "Portraits of Printsellers," from a monotonous drawing by the late Silvester Harding, whose manner of delineation made persons appear to be all of one family, particularly his sleepy-eyed and gaudily-coloured drawings of ladies.

May-day has been stripped of her splendour and merry-makings since our author's childhood; as witness his picture of

MAY IN 1771.

The gaiety during the merry month of May was to me most delightful: my feet, though I knew nothing of the positions, kept pace with those of the blooming milkmaids, who danced round their garlands of massive plate, hired from the silversmiths to the amount of several hundreds of pounds, for the purpose of placing round an obelisk, covered with silk fixed upon a chairman's horse. The most showy flowers of the season were arranged so as to fill up the openings between the dishes, plates, butter-boats, cream-jugs, and tankards. This obelisk was carried by two chairmen in gold-laced hats; six or more handsome milkmaids in pink and blue gowns, drawn through the pocket-holes, for they had one on either side; yellow or scarlet petticoats, neatly quilted, high-heeled shoes, mob-caps, with lappets of lace resting on their shoulders; nosegays in their bosoms, and flat Woffington hats, covered with ribands of every colour. But what crowned the whole of the display was a magnificent silver tea-urn which surmounted the obelisk, the stand of which was profusely decorated with scarlet tulips. A smart, slender fellow of a fiddler, commonly wearing a sky-blue coat, with his hat profusely covered with ribands, attended; and the master of the group was accompanied by a constable to protect the plate from too close a pressure of the crowd, when the maids danced before the doors of his customers.

(To be continued.)

Notes on the Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Schism from the Church of Rome, called the German-Catholic Church, instituted by Johannes Ronge and I. Czerski, in October, 1844, *on occasion of the Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat at Treves.* By SAMUEL LAING, Esq. Author of "A Residence in Norway," &c. Longman and Co.

THE progress of the new reformation that is proceeding with such rapid strides in Germany, is now attracting the attention of Europe; it is a prominent theme in our newspapers; its prospects are canvassed in all companies, and opinions, governed by the prejudices or desires of the judges, without much reference to the facts, of which, indeed, very little is known, are freely hazarded by those whom acquaintance with the country is most limited. At such a moment, a volume from the pen of a traveller whose reputation has been long established for accuracy of observation, large range of thought, and intimate knowledge of the countries he has explored, will be welcome to his countrymen, even though his conclusions may somewhat differ from those which their hopes, rather than their information, have prompted.

As our readers are aware, the immediate cause of the movement was the melancholy exhibition of fraud on the one part and folly on the other by the priests and the deluded people, during the recent pilgrimages to the Holy Coat at Treves. Disgusted with a scene calculated only to degrade Germany in the eyes of Europe, a large party of the more intelligent Roman Catholics, headed by a priest named RONGE, have protested against this, as well as some other superstitions of Rome, and the flame thus kindled has spread with rapidity; although it is Mr. LAING'S opinion that it will ultimately fail to produce any great change in the religion of the people. This he attributes to the constitutional phlegm of the German character, which disinclines them to great enterprises demanding incessant activity and continued energy. He asserts, moreover, that the people, although well-educated, that is, well-instructed in reading, writing, and the elements of knowledge, are not taught self-reliance; that they are grossly superstitious; prostrated under the influence of a mind-debasing priestcraft; and that the better classes are too much linked with the government to do or countenance any thing that has a tendency to disturb the existing order of things.

Having thus minutely surveyed the rise and progress of this religious movement, Mr. LAING, according to his wont, endeavours to apply the lessons he gathers from it to a practical purpose. The feuds that have arisen in the heart of Romanism on the continent lead him to consider its condition in Ireland, and the conclusion at which he arrives is, that it would be unwise to endow the Roman Catholic priesthood in that country.

The entire essay is closely reasoned, and undoubtedly contains a great deal of truth. Mr. LAING is always a bold and original thinker, and therefore always interesting and instructive, not merely by that which he imparts, but by that which he suggests. His volume is small, but it contains more matter for reflection than a dozen ordinary books; it is, indeed, for the study, not for the sofa, and as such it is better fitted for the book-club than the circulating library. His comments upon the intellectual and educational condition of Germany are peculiarly valuable an account of his intimate acquaintance with the country and the people. The essay is too closely reasoned to permit of many extracts suited for our space; the reader must be content with two or three, which will show the style of the author, and tempt him to turn to the pages for the full enjoyment of that, of which but a slight taste can be offered to him here.

His views of German Education are novel.

A great part of the education in Germany, and almost all mind, is directed to æsthetic objects,—to the cultivation of the fine arts—to taste and production in poetry, dramatic works, romance, and other imaginative or speculative literature—to music, theatrical representation, painting, architecture, and all that comes under the name of the æsthetic—all the intellectual objects that embellish civilized life, or add to its enjoyments. Valuable as the æsthetic is, when it is a flower growing spontaneously out of a high state of civilization, it is but a poor crop to cultivate instead of more essential things. We do not care to see a bed of tulips where the wheat and potato crops have evidently been robbed of manure and neglected in order to raise them. The æsthetic is not the moral, nor the religious, nor, in many of its objects, such as music, painting, architecture, the intellectual, in a people or in an individual, and it may be cultivated at the expense of higher objects and principles. This is particularly true with regard to education in Germany. The public mind, debarred from free action in public interests or private affairs, naturally occupies itself in those secondary pursuits which alone are open to it, and the autocratic governments in their educational systems favour the cultivation and diffusion of taste in the fine arts—of the development of the æsthetic among the multitude—as a means of keeping them contented and happy. It is the old Roman policy of providing games and bread for the people, to keep them quiet under the misrule of the emperors. The preponderance of the æsthetic in the education, literature, and daily life of the German people, has not worked favourably on the present generation. It has diffused a weakness and frivolity of character, a turn for ease and present enjoyment, and a disregard for, or ignorance of, higher objects than it presents to the mind.

Superficial travellers are wont to imagine that there is a more happy mingling of classes in Germany than in England; but, according to Mr. LAING, the rich and the poor, or rather the noble and the ignoble, are yet more completely severed there than here.

The occupations and amusements of the upper classes in Germany being much more sedentary and refined than with us, consisting much more in music, reading, theatrical entertainment, conversation, visiting, and social enjoyment, and much less in hunting, shooting, riding, racing, boating, and all the active rough sports and tastes which occupy our young men of the higher classes, and bring them into daily familiar intercourse

with the lower, as assistants and partakers in their common pursuit, keep those classes in Germany much more apart from, and ignorant of, each other than they are in England. The son of a nobleman or country gentleman of the largest fortune and highest family in England is intellectually, and in his tastes and habitual enjoyments not very different, or rather is very much the same, as the son of a farmer or of a man of the lower class. The difference is more in the means and scale of enjoyment than in the tastes of the two persons at the extreme ends of our social body. They have many objects, pursuits, feelings, occupations, sports in common, and bringing them together. These are, perhaps, low in taste, and denote a low standard of intellectual development among our higher classes; but they bring the lower up to that standard, establish a wholesome intercourse and exchange of ideas between them—for the lowest can understand and talk of horses, dogs, guns, or yachts, as well as the highest—and denote a higher social state of the whole, than if the upper class were so far refined and educated beyond the mass of the people below, as to be, as in Germany, a froth without spirit or flavour, swimming on the surface, and altogether different in substance from the good liquor at the bottom.

The social state of Germany is similar to that of British India. The upper enlightened class, consisting of civil and military functionaries, lawyers, judges, and officers connected with the administration of law and collection of revenue, bankers, merchants, and professional men, is different in language, habits, ideas, and feelings, from the Hindoo people whom it governs; is little acquainted with them—does not mix with them—has little knowledge of them but what circumstances may force upon its notice, yet governs them tolerably well, and the great mass of the inert Indian population below it is submissive, and contented with the state of pupillage in which they exist.

And here are further proofs of the same backward state of civilization. The still lingering spirit of feudalism is manifest in all these minutiæ of etiquette between the different ranks.

The want of a common feeling and common interests and objects is best illustrated by the effects it has produced in the German language. The usages, or idiomatic expressions of the language of a people, display, perhaps, better than any other indication, the social relations of the different classes in a country. In English and French the same form of language is used in addressing all, from the sovereign to the meanest beggar. All are addressed equally by the personal pronoun *you*, or *vous*. In French, the singular number of the pronoun is used from fondness or familiarity—*tu*, and, although rarely, it is sometimes used to inferiors. The usage of the English language admits of no such difference of expression, no such inferiority between the classes of society, or between man and man, as entitles the highest to address the lowest in any other terms than are used in communication between equals. The German language has no less than four very distinct modes and gradations of expressing the different relative social positions of the person addressed. *Sie*, the third personal pronoun in the plural number, is the equivalent to *you* or *vous*, the plural of the second personal pronoun used in English or French, and is used in the same way between equals. *Du* is also equivalent to the French *tu*, in expressing not only affection between the persons speaking, but also, when applied to an inferior, in expressing the inferiority of the person spoken to, as when an officer speaks to a private soldier. The use of *du* in speaking to the privates in the Prussian Landwehr by their officers, is at present highly resented, and a subject of great dispute, it being considered degrading, because the ranks of the Landwehr are filled by gentlemen often superior to their officers in birth, education, and fortune, and who think themselves therefore entitled to be addressed by their officers with *sie*, not *du*. But German has two forms of speech more in addressing inferiors, and marking the difference of social station between the speaker and the person he is speaking to. The third person singular *er*, is used instead of *sie*, by a person of the higher class addressing an inferior. It is an usage of language, not the pride or arrogance of the individual; and is formed from the state of society. The person of the upper class addresses the person of the lower with *er*, the master his menial, the noble or man of rank the non-noble or inferior. A still more contemptuous form of expression for indicating the distance between the talker and the person addressed, in social station, is *man*, viz. *one*, used instead of *er* or *sie*. The inferior is not addressed in the personal pronoun when speaking to him, but as a thing having no personal station or existence—*man*. The noble addresses his labourer or menial with *man;* his bailiff, tenant, tradesman, with *er;* his equal with *sie;* but it would be a gross insult if he were to use *er* to an equal, or to a person claiming to be above the lower or middle classes, and still more if he were to address such a person with *man;* yet he applies these forms to persons of the lower and middle classes, by the usage of the language, without perhaps any personal pride or arrogance in the speaker. This form of language may be thought a matter very unimportant in itself—a mere grammatical difference from the English or French; but language is the expression of mind, of the public mind, and it indicates more truly than any other expression of it, the manners and state of society, the civilization and independence, and the social spirit of a people. These forms of expression mark a distance, a non-intercourse, a want of mutual communication and feeling, and of interchange of ideas, and sympathies, and knowledge of each other, between the classes using them. They indicate the state of society in Germany—the relations between its classes.

After all, the people of England are much better and happier, and more advanced in civilization than they are willing to believe. Very little acquaintance with other nations serves to shew the traveller, who at home was most discontented with the state of things, that, in all essential particulars, England is very far in advance of any other country, and one advantage at least will flow from the great increase of intercourse—it will serve to make Englishmen set a higher value than they have been wont to do on the political and religious freedom, the industrious spirit, the general wealth, and the consequent prosperity with which Providence has been pleased to endow them beyond any of their neighbours: blessings which nevertheless indicate that a mission is theirs, for the due performance of which a strict account will be demanded of them.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Karl von Holtei and the German Theatre. (*Vierzig Jahren, von* KARL VON HOLTEI. Dritter und Vierter Band.) Berlin.

IN our former notice of the first two volumes of these memoirs, we endeavoured to make known the characteristic worth and instructiveness of these confessions, and the remarkable candour with which they have been written. HOLTEI possesses in an eminent degree that love of truth, which, as a natural gift, manifests itself instinctively, and is the only means of securing to autobiographical notices a position with works didactive and useful; he possesses this quality, we say, in an unusual degree, and against it no one can have any thing to say so long as it evidences itself in the form of self-abnegation, if not of modesty. HOLTEI writes the severest, the bitterest truths of himself; and at the same time there lies at their very foundation the feeling that he is not a man of insignificance; on the contrary, that he has played a part of some influence in his little world, and that, therefore, his very faults and weaknesses must be interesting to the public. HOLTEI may, in fact, be said to belong to a class of genial-hearted men—men who, in these days, involve somewhat of the artist-temperament, who, armed with great facilities and capabilities, are martyred by a restless poetic hunger, and a feverish creative oppression, of warm, but most unequal feelings, of flexible, but hardly of energetic talents, amiably yielding, but romantically unstable in character; men who are every where at home, but nowhere thoroughly so, whose works bear *occasional* traces of genius, but *universal* traces of dilettantism, who, wherever they appear, are welcomed as enlivening and brilliant, and yet content no one lastingly; and finally, whose most truly poetical production is to be found in life itself. They may be called happy when an early death carries them off in the midst of their youthful dreams and illusions; if they survive these, they may be said to have survived themselves. Many then become wearied, if not lost, among the most pitiable relations of the world; others, the nobler class, natures armed, like HOLTEI, with knowledge of themselves and of mankind, and with due powers of reflection, may, through a course of honour and uprightness, at last gain some peace, may build themselves some little resting-place, from the ruins of their past life, and write down the experiences and troubles of their days for the warning and instruction of their fellow men.

As regards other persons, HOLTEI's boundless and expansive candour may be subject to some qualifications, and here and there he has brought upon himself severe censure. If HOLTEI may say in his exculpation, and with seeming justice, that he has not spared himself, and how then should it be expected that he should spare others, it would still have been better had he occasionally regarded the follies, faults, and failings of those with whom he stood either in close or distant,

friendly or unfriendly, relations, as graves over which the grass must be suffered to grow, even if he would not plant flowers upon them, as he does on the grave of his first and fondly-cherished wife.

A second objection, which has been raised against these confessions—namely, that the author was by no means a character of that importance which would justify burdening the public with such voluminous memoirs—seems to us utterly untenable. In confessions of this nature, it is less the question whether the writer were a man of great genius or amazing influence, or held a high position in the world, than whether his life and conduct represent the life and conduct of other men,—whether in his struggles he came in conflict with persons of interest, from whom much may be learned,—whether, in one word, he has furnished a worthy contribution to the history of mankind and the world at large. This end has well been accomplished by the memoirs of KARL VON HOLTEI. If, on the one hand, the combined spirit of the present time easily leads to an over-estimation of the individual (which, however, at no period signified less to the body at large); on the other, it is hardly possible to estimate it too highly, in so far as the genuine man is manifested, and mirrors in his fate a small section of the fate of human nature. The plain and simple individual learns, in fact, much more for application to his own condition from the memoirs of the equally simple scholar, artisan, or humble artist, than from all the confessions of a French general or statesman, of a diplomatist, or a duchess. It is only necessary that the scholar, the artisan, or the artist should set to work as KARL VON HOLTEI has done—that is to say, not accord to himself and his circumstances too bold a relief, and perhaps, using the same self-denial and open-heartedness as regards himself, manifesting a little more caution and delicacy as concerns others. Of such confessions we cannot have too many, and to them we may well ascribe the power, in consequence of their truth and nature, of limiting in some degree the rank superfluity which at present marks the character of our lighter literature. It has often and justly been remarked, that mankind are visibly losing their belief in beauty and art, while they turn more and more exclusively to the actual, the useful, and the practically needful.

What penetrating glances HOLTEI leads us to give into the errors, the aimlessness, the faults of every kind, of the German system of education, we have before endeavoured to explain in our notes upon his former volumes, from the philologists, who, secure in the arms of custom, found their highest object in the exercise or acquirement of a Ciceronian style, while they regarded the extinguishing of all self-dignity, of all genuine German thought and feeling, with unconsciousness or indifference, down to every other branch of mechanical or scientific instruction.

But upon all matters the sound and simple understanding will look with an eye widely different from that of the linguist, who only regards CICERO and PLAUTUS, from the jurist who only thinks of the Roman law, or from the theologist who founds his support in some antique dogmatism,—or, Heaven knows what. Certainly reference will be made to the great men and thinkers whom we have had in consequence, or *we* should say, in spite of, the old method; but these men were never really and truly men of the school-form; they were all and every where noble exceptions, and have nothing to do in the consideration of the universal evils brought about by the old system. We have not yet tried earnestly and seriously to ascertain what would be the effects of a system more answering to our present necessities.

But our present business is with Herr VON HOLTEI, and his *Vierzig Jahren*. We here accompany him, riper in years, though not yet fully ripe in character, through the thick and thin of theatrical miseries, through the storms and thistles of literary life. Scarcely, however, do we meet with periods so momentous as those concerning his education at home and at school. Still, for those who need them, warning and instruction can abundantly be found. We may learn that one, not willingly and naturally a student, had better be away from the university than in it; we may learn how wearisome and full of rocks and stumblingblocks of all kinds a theatrical career really is. At the university of Breslau, HOLTEI attached himself to the Burschenschaft for the same reasons he had gone to the university; namely, that in both cases he hardly knew what he should do. He represents the "Deutschen Jünglinge," as right-minded, uncorrupted, and powerful by nature, as well meaning, and in their reorganization of the former Burschenschaft, doing all for the best; but he blames them for being too wise, too cautious,—at least, as representing themselves as such, and making professions of rectitude and propriety which are quite beyond the power of youth to carry out. On the other hand, he excuses the student-roughness of those times with the oft-repeated phrase, that youth must wear itself out. In the midst of many follies and abuses of the old Burschenschaften, the heart was always sound, the enthusiasm, though hyper-poetical, was pure and generous, the intentions noble and disinterested, and, without doubt, something lasting and beneficial would have developed itself from all this had time only been allowed it, to wear off the superfluities with which it was encrusted. But, like many other things in Germany, it was only endured to be forbidden.

Like all others who attend the university without well knowing their own inclinations, much less their object, HOLTEI listened to all, one thing after another; lectures on old German art and literature, on logic, on the history of literature, on modern history, on astronomy, on the Nibelungen, on Plautus, "and much else," as he observes, "of all which I know nothing now."

Strange it is, that notwithstanding the many disadvantages attendant on inadequate professors, bad delivery, and so forth, the most incomplete university course is not without important fruits even on the character and life of the wildest and most careful student.

Above every thing is HOLTEI's estimation of the Norwegian Steffens, and his lectures; exciting, and wonderful in their influence on the young mind, philosophical and poetical, almost to enchantment, really pourings from the heart, who, without being German, was one of the few German orators he ever heard. Of him HOLTEI says,—

> My eyes hung on his lips, and I drank in, with pious veneration, almost with intoxicated pleasure, the stream of his powerful eloquence. Immovable like a figure of stone, while within burned a raging fire, I claimed the hard-won seat upon the second form, exactly opposite to him; and many a time I remained sitting, fixed in a sort of dream, while the others, after he had left the room, were long ago dispersed.

We have here a pleasing sonnet indited at this period by HOLTEI to STEFFENS. We can bear personal testimony to HOLTEI's words concerning the wonderful effect of STEFFENS'S heartfelt and energetic delivery upon the minds of the young. Never was there a teacher of the university who could, like STEFFENS, work upon the sympathies of his hearers, moving them even to tears, and enchanting back the youth to the condition of first childhood. With him, too, we were in no clear lighted hall, where the lamp of intelligence shines all around, and suffers no shadow to remain; with him, we were as if in an old chamber, while the light of the moon shone through narrow windows, spreading a dubious and romantic gleam around, by which, indeed, we might well recognise familiar objects, but in giant forms, and uncertain mysterious outline.

With one bound we find ourselves upon the Breslau Theatre. KARL VON HOLTEI made his first appearance as *Mortimer*. The description of his feelings during the representation is masterly and interesting. He says,—

> Upon my own performance I can say nothing. As much of it as I can remember, it was that of a stiff, inflexible beginner, who first raised the right hand, then the left; first advanced one step, then went back another; and with unformed, uncultivated organ, repeated his well-learnt part, perhaps not without fire, but certainly without any mind. I was in a condition of most perfect sober calmness. Every trace of anxiety disappeared the moment I began to speak. I listened closely to myself. My voice sounded hollow and monotonous. My legs were in my way; my arms hung down like useless logs. As long as I had to speak I remained quite self-possessed. But when Maria began, and I had to listen, I was utterly lost. The attentive stillness of the house, filled as it was, was horrible to me. It worked narcotically upon me. Every minute, every half-minute I felt exactly as one does before falling into a deep sleep; and I should, probably—strange as it may sound—have fallen to sleep on the stage, had not the cue every now and then roused me up.

Through the energy of KARL SCHALL, with about three hundred university friends, he was dismissed with great applause. He continues,—

And, nevertheless, I was condemned. I felt it in my own heart. I was no tragedian. My part was done. Mortimer stabbed himself, undressed himself, and Holtei left the house while the last acts pursued their weary way. I went at once to my foster-mother.

(*To be continued.*)

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe.

(*Continued from page* 488.)

The fifth division, including the seventeenth century, is but a barren period in the annals of German poetry, the names of Ayrer, Opitz, and a few other minor poets alone occupying the page which they hardly illumine. The long religious war interrupted the pursuits of literature, and foreign influence debased the language and corrupted the tastes of the people. The only illustrations, now before us, of the poetic spirit of this age are two of Mr. Longfellow's own versions from Simon Dach, and a few grotesque verses by that eccentric preacher, Abraham a Sancta Clara. But the sixth period, extending from 1700 to 1770, is far more promising, and affords an abundant harvest of Specimens. Here, says the editor, "we at length begin to emerge from the Black Forest of German literature, 'whence issuing, we again behold the stars.'" Of the many illustrious names belonging to this epoch, those best known to the English reader are Gessner, Klopstock, and Lessing. The second of these, though his reputation was once world-wide, is now, if we may credit his countryman, Menzel, rather respected for his patriotism and devotional spirit, than admired for his enthusiasm and genius. Weary of the flippancy and frivolities of the French school among his countrymen, he went to the literature of England for his models, and formed his taste by the study of Milton and Young. Yet he was not a mere imitator of the English; "On the contrary," says Menzel, "his merit in regard to German poetry is as peculiar as it is great." But our readers will remember the sarcasm of Coleridge, who, when told that he was the German Milton, muttered between his teeth, "A very *German* Milton, indeed!" Versions of four or five of his shorter poems in this volume give a pleasing, but not an impressive, idea of his abilities. The remaining translations here given from the bards of this period do not contain much that is worthy of notice.

The only remaining division, extending from the year 1770 to the present day, is the boast of German letters; for very early in this period many bright stars rose in quick succession above the literary horizon, and passed the meridian in a magnificent cluster. The debt which the preceding age had incurred to England was repaid with interest, for much of the English poetry of our own day bears decisive tokens of the study of German models. The effects of this study are sometimes visible in direct imitation, as in many of the poems of Coleridge and Shelley; but more frequently in the prevailing sentiment, and the general colouring imparted to the thought. Much, indeed, of the mere talent of versifying, which exists among us, is directly expended upon translations from the German. In this volume, nearly a hundred pages, closely printed in double columns, are occupied with versions from the poets of this period alone; and the quantity might with ease have been increased tenfold. Trained in such exercises, it is not surprising that the more original efforts subsequently made by these translators should still bear a deep impress derived from their German studies.

In this way, as well as from the commanding influence of Wordsworth, would we explain some of the strange mutations which English poetry has undergone since the opening of the present century. It has ceased to be narrative, epic, vigorous, clear, or equable; it has become philosophic, elaborate, mystical, meditative, and tender. Much of it has lost the dew of the morning, the sparkle and freshness of the early part of the day. Like a landscape seen by moonlight, it abounds with indistinct outlines and shadowy forms, with figures fantastically blended together, and colours faintly seen and melting into each other in the distance. It embraces a wider range of subjects, but goes farther to search for them, and treats them, when found, with minute particularity or convulsive effort. It is impatient of rule, studious of novelty, confused in its combinations, and often harsh and rugged in its utterance; but its lawlessness and its ruggedness are systematic and intentional, and its novelties are diligently sought for, and then patiently distributed into curious groups, just as the man of science arranges minerals in a cabinet. True, the practical element in the English character, and the utilitarian taste of the times, still offer some opposition to these foreign influences, or at least direct the choice of topics in the treatment of which these influences are conspicuous. Often, the work is not so much poetry, as it is rhymed oratory or versified philosophy—science in metre, and sentiment and philanthropy drilled to "move harmonious numbers." Our age is learned, ingenious, and imitative; and our poetry consequently lacks spontaneity, simplicity, and raciness. It is made ancillary to many purposes—a sort of maid of all work, instead of being mistress of the house. It lectures upon science, preaches about various religious systems, and declaims against the Corn-laws. But on whatever task engaged, in sentiment, tone, and imagery—in choice of metre, arrangement of topics, and the inwrought colouring of style—it still shews that it has recently been a wanderer in many lands, but especially among the remains of the Middle Ages in Germany. It often wears a garb of foreign and fantastic cut, and its coat is one of many colours.

But we are forgetting that our present theme is not English but German poetry, and in excuse for the digresssion have only to plead the fact, that the contents of this volume certainly indicate an intimate relationship between the two. We have no time to track the editor over the vast field of German song, which lies between our own times and the middle of the last century, nor is it necessary. To those who are acquainted with the language, the theme appears somewhat hackneyed; to those not so fortunate, the tasteful introductory notices here given will supply the needed information in a form as succinct as is consistent with the object in view. For persons of the latter class, this portion of the volume will be one of the most attractive of all.

Here (says the editor) are the dwellings of Goethe, and Schillèr, and Lessing; there the farms of Voss, and Herder, and Jean Paul; and yonder the grave-yard, with Matthisson making an elegy, and other sentimental poets leaning with their elbows on the tombstones. And then we have the old and melancholy tale—the struggle against poverty, the suffering sorrowful life, the early, mournful death—still another confirmation of the fact that men of genius too often resemble the fabled son of Ocean and Earth, who by day was wafted through the air to distribute corn over the world, but at night was laid on burning coals to render him immortal.

One important portion of German poetry still remains to be noticed—the great mass of popular songs, of uncertain date, and by unknown authors. The ancient German ballads are certainly inferior, as a whole, to the English, Danish, Swedish, and Spanish; but the German popular songs, blooming like wild-flowers over the broad field of literature from the fifteenth century to the present time, surpass in beauty, variety, and quantity those of any other country. Among their thousand sweet and mingled odours, criticism often finds itself at fault, as the hunter's hounds on Mount Hymettus were thrown off their scent by the fragrance of its infinite wild-flowers. They exhibit the more humble forms of human life, as seen in streets, workshops, garrisons, mines, fields, and cottages; and give expression to the feelings of hope, joy, longing, and despair, from thousands of hearts which have no other records than these.

It is a point of some interest to remark, that a large portion of the translations here given, as specimens of the German poets of this period, are by American hands. As a sample of the criticisms which are embodied in the introductory notices, we will quote a part of Professor Longfellow's remarks on the writings of Heinrich Heine.

The style of Heine is remarkable for vigour, wit, and brilliancy; but is wanting in taste and refinement. To the recklessness of Byron he adds the sentimentality of Sterne. The *Reisebilder* is a kind of *Don Juan* in prose, with passages from the *Sentimental Journey*. He is always in extremes, either of praise or censure; setting at naught the decencies of life, and treating the most sacred things with frivolity. Throughout his writings are seen traces of a morbid, ill-regulated mind; of deep feeling, disappointment, and suffering. His sympathies seem to have died within him, like Ugolino's children in the tower of Famine. With all his various powers, he wants the one great power,—the power of truth. He wants, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavours, the aspiration "after an ideal standard, that is higher than himself."

In the highest degree reprehensible, too, is the fierce, implacable hatred with which Heine pursues his foes. No man should write of another as he permits himself to write at times. In speaking of Schlegel as he does in his *German Literature*, he is utterly without apology. And yet to such remorseless invectives, to such witty sarcasms, he is indebted in a great degree for his popularity. It was not till after it had bitten the heel of Hercules, that the Crab was placed among the constellations.

The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose-writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone, the same endless sigh, pervades them. Though they possess a high lyric merit, they are for the most part fragmentary;—expressions of some momentary state of feeling,—sudden ejaculations of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love. They profess to be songs, and as songs must they be judged. Then these imperfect expressions of feeling,—these mere suggestions of thought,—this "luminous mist," that half reveals, half hides the sense,—this selection of topics from scenes of every-day life,—and, in fine, this prevailing tone of sadness, will not seem affected, misplaced, or exaggerated. At the same time it must be confessed, that, in these songs, the lofty aim is wanting; we listen in vain for the spirit-stirring note,—for the word of power,—for those ancestral melodies, which amid the uproar of the world, breathe into our ears for evermore the voices of consolation, encouragement, and warning.

The following very graceful translation, by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, gives a good idea of Heine's minor poems.

THE TEAR.

The latest light of evening
Upon the waters shone,
And still we sat in the lonely hut,
In silence and alone.

The sea-fog grew, the screaming mew
Rose on the water's swell,
And silently in her gentle eye
Gathered the tears and fell.

I saw them stand on the lily hand,
Upon my knee I sank,
And, kneeling there, from her fingers fair
The precious dew I drank.

And sense and power, since that sad hour,
In longing waste away;
Ah me! I fear, in each witching tear
Some subtle poison lay.

We have room but for one more specimen of German poetry, and it shall be this very striking version from Count Stolberg by Mr. W. W. Story.

THE STREAM OF THE ROCK.

Unperishing youth!
Thou leapest from forth
The cleft of the rock.
No mortal eye saw
The mighty one's cradle;
No ear ever heard
The lofty one's lisp in the murmuring spring.

How beautiful art thou,
In silvery locks!
How terrible art thou,
When the cliffs are resounding in thunder around!
Thee feareth the fir-tree:
Thou crushest the fir-tree,
From its root to its crown.
The cliffs flee before thee:
The cliffs thou engraspest,
And hurlest them, scornful, like pebbles adown.
The sun weaves around thee
The beams of its splendour;
It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
The uprolling clouds of the silvery spray.

Why speedest thou downward
Toward the green sea?
Is it not well by the nearer heaven?
Not well by the sounding cliff?
Not well by the o'erhanging forest of oaks?
O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea!
Youth, O, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god!

Beneath thee is smiling the peacefullest stillness,
The tremulous swell of the slumberous sea,
Now silvered o'er by the swimming moonshine,
Now golden and red in the light of the west!

Youth, O, what is this silken quiet,
What is the smile of the friendly moonlight,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him whom the feeling of bondage oppresses?
Now streamest thou wild,
As thy heart may prompt!
But below, oft ruleth the fickle tempest,
Oft the stillness of death, in the subject sea!

O, hasten not so
Toward the green sea!
Youth, O, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god!

We have no very poetical associations connected with Holland and the Low Dutch language. The words call to mind a flat, uninteresting country, and a people much addicted to traffic, gin, and tobacco. But they have had poets, those web-footed Dutchmen, and have them still, in goodly numbers—poets who have sung of themes as lofty, and in strains, we are bound to believe, as musical, as if they had inhabited a mountainous region, and had been nurtured by all imaginative and stirring influences. Dr. Bowring, a remarkable linguist and most successful rhythmical translator, assures us that it is so, and has given evidence of his assertion in a respectable volume, which bears the happily selected and euphonious title of *Batavian Anthology*. From this book, and from an article or two in the *Westminster* and *Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, which very probably came from the same hand that wrote the *Anthology*, Mr. Longfellow has culled all the specimens, which are here given, of Low Dutch poetry. Certainly, the fraternity of bards in Holland is under great obligations to Dr. Bowring for introducing them to the great people who speak the English tongue. If he had not fished them up, most of their works, so far as the English reader is concerned, might as well have been drowned in the Zuyder Zee. The specimens collected do not impress us very favourably. Those from the poets of our own times are the best; though of one of these, Kinker, the frank admission is made by his admiring critic, that "his verses are frequently unintelligible, though they leave the impression that, if we could but understand them, they would be very fine." The reason assigned for this obscurity is quite a sufficient one, as it appears that Kinker was deeply bitten by the rage for Kantian metaphysics.

More accomplished, and better known out of his own country, as it seems that Mr. Southey has somewhere spoken of him, is Bilderdijk, who wrote and quarrelled incessantly during nearly the whole of a long life, which ended in 1831. Yet most of our readers will be disposed to echo the question with which Southey begins to speak of him, "And who is Bilderdijk?" The author of *Thalaba* coolly replies, that it would not be necessary to ask, if it had not been for the confusion of languages which took place at the building of Babel. The published works of Bilderdijk fill over one hundred octavos, "and there are more behind in manuscript." A Dutch critic remarks of him, that he "excels in every species of poetry, tragedy alone excepted; in this he has been able to equal neither the ancients, nor the French triumvirate, nor Shakspeare, nor Schiller, nor Vondel;" a qualification which we can admit to be well founded, though we are not familiar with the Low Dutch tragedies of Vondel.

(*To be continued.*)

ART.

The New Houses of Parliament.—An immense quantity of the magnificent slate from the quarries on the estate of the Knight of Kerry, Valentia Island, has been ordered for the new houses of Parliament. It has been also ordered in large quantities for public buildings in France and other parts of the continent. So beautifully veined and variegated is it, and so susceptible of a high polish, that it is capable of being wrought into elegant tables and other domestic articles. It is only a few years since that this quarry was discovered.—*Limerick Reporter.*

Maclise's Cartoon: the Spirit of Chivalry.—The committee of the Art-Union of London have shown their taste and good judgment by determining to engrave this fine work for their subscribers.—*The Builder.*

Polite History.—Last spring something was very much the matter with the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, for they seem to have laboured under a woolgathering of their wits. From their records it might be inferred that they had not read

English history, except perhaps in some child's version which describes all the kings as patterns of virtue, and all anti-Royalist patriots as monsters of vice; yet the commission includes four historians—Mr. H. Hallam, Lord John Russell, Lord Mahon, and Mr. Macaulay. Or it might be inferred that they do not know who were the great men of the country, if they were not themselves the great men of their own day. Amongst their tasks was the preparation of a list of names of "distinguished" men to whom statues might be erected. They present too lists, one of names to which they agreed unanimously, another of names to which they did not agree unanimously. These lists are curious, especially in the comparison with each other. They do not include the names of the sovereigns; which, from William I. downwards, with a few of the Saxon kings, are disposed of elsewhere. The first point of curiosity is to see what they have done with Cromwell; he is not included among the sovereigns, though Prince Albert is! He is set down among the "distinguished" persons—in the doubtful list. The commissioners all agreed in having a statue of the Venerable Bede, of Lord Howe, and of Addison; but, it appears from this, they are not quite certain that Cromwell was sufficiently "distinguished!" That is an historical fact not present to their minds. Cromwell, indeed, happened really to be one of our sovereigns—being placed *sovra* the British people; but the commissioners cannot boast of their historical knowledge: they imagine that Prince Albert has been one of the sovereigns, and they do not know that Cromwell was. They might be asked why, for the sake of consistency, if they included Prince Albert, they did not also include Prince George of Denmark, Anne's husband, honest "*Est-il possible?*" as his father-in-law nicknamed him, from his perpetual exclamation at each new defection? Many other anomalies in the lists will amuse the curious reader who thinks it worth while to speculate on motives and reasons almost inscrutable. Next to Cromwell is placed Monk, for what kind of distinction is not evident; he was one of the most distinguished trimmers on record: but if Monk, who fought for commonwealth and monarchy, be among the generals, why not put Waller, who praised Protector and King, among the poets? He was at least as great a trimmer as Monk, at least as great a poet as Cowper. In the domain of fiction and poetry the commission indulged in some excessive freaks; they were unanimous as to the eminence of Cowper, doubtful about Pope, confident of the merits of Richardson, sceptical about Fielding, unhesitating as to Addison, dubious as to Burns. What were they at? What was their test of admissibility? Was it political orthodoxy? Did they remember of Pope, that he sneered at "low ambition and the pride of kings?" And why admit republican Milton? Was it respectability? Did they recollect that Richardson had called Fielding's characters "low;" that Burns had declared that "Church and State might go to" &c., while he went to "his Anna?" We suspect that personal respectability had great sway with the commissioners, although they must have been thinking of something else when they excluded Cromwell, and did not exclude Henry VIII., Charles II., George IV., and other incorrigible scapegraces. Some sense of respectability, perhaps, made them omit from the category of literature Daniel Defoe, author of that book in the English language which is the most universally read; some sense of orthodoxy when they excluded from history Edward Gibbon. The commissioners seem to have thought that they were not only to sit in judgment on the personal characters of all the unconscious candidates for their suffrages, but also that they were bound to approve of all that the deceased gentlemen had done—to agree in all that they had written—before allowing their claims to admission. If so, to use a Yankeeism, they must have endorsed some strange deeds and doctrines,—Coke's truckling severity, Henry VIII.'s murderous inst, Milton's views on polygamy. At all events, some paltry fear or incapacity has prevented their going straight to their task, and without doubt or equivocation placing the great historical names of the country in front. What with its narrow niches forbidding any but stiff feudal figures, and its faltering index of names, the Parliament Palace will not supply the place of a British Valhalla. That is a structure reserved for a more intelligent age. —*Spectator.*

MUSIC.

New Publications.

When will Summer come again? Cavatina by C. E. Horn. The words by H. C. Dakeyne, Esq. London, published by the proprietor, 103, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Cordially do we welcome a new song from the rich treasury of Mr. Horn. *When will Summer come again?* is an original and elegant composition. The music sympathizes throughout with the words, and is of itself so pure and expressive, that it would not be heard to disadvantage from the most unaccomplished vocalist; indeed, the more simply it is sung the better, for it is without ornament; and the addition of embellishments would not only alter the character of the song, but destroy the pleasure of the hearer, by diverting his mind from the melody to the singer.

The following words by Mr. Dakeyne are admirably adapted for musical acompaniment.

How the bitter whirlwind roars,
With the snow storm in its train!
Fast the fleecy deluge pours;
When will summer come again?

When will harvest's golden brow,
O'er the valley and the plain,
All its glorious lustre throw?
When will summer come again?

Now the woods are stripped and bare;
Bare the valley and the plain;
Bleached the hills that were so fair;
Will they ere look green again?

Oh for wandering in the woods,
Oh for sunshine on the main!—
Limpid billows,—sparkling floods!
When will summer again?

Earth is like an aged man,
White his locks with winter's stain;
And the stars are pale and wan:
When will summer come again?

Oh for lonely glade and bower,
Oh for pleasure's smiling train,—
Bud and blossom, fruit and flower!
When will summer come again?

Ice'd in armour is the stream,
Glitt'ring like a silver vein;
Half congealed, the solar beam
Strives to pierce the clouds in vain.

When will balmy breezes blow,—
Songsters warble many a strain?
When will little wild flowers grow?
When will summer come again?

We have no doubt the song before us will at once become popular; and we heartily wish it as long a life as most of Mr. Horn's compositions are enjoying. All of our young lady readers should hasten to add it to their portfolios; and sure we are that they will heartily thank us for the recommendation.

Society of British Musicians.—The first meeting of this society for the winter season took place at Erat's Rooms, on Monday night, and there was a good attendance of visitors. The scheme consisted of Beethoven's pianoforte trio in C minor, in which Miss Barker, a *débutante*, displayed considerable cleverness as a pianiste, and a meritorious quintet by H. Westrop; and a violin quartet by Macfarren (admirably played by Willy, Watson, Hill, and Hancock). Mrs. Seguin sang a song by Edward Loder, and Miss Duval one by Molique. A promising specimen of Howard Glover's forthcoming opera was also given by Mrs. A. Newton.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Princess's Theatre.—Mr. Macready has been achieving enormous triumphs at this theatre. His *Lear* and his *Hamlet* have attracted houses full to overflowing; each night the enthusiasm seems, if possible, increased. We are heartily glad it is so, for the sake of all parties. The theatre, on the alternate nights, is of course less crowded than on the Macready evenings, but still well attended. The vaudevilles here are exceedingly good. We spoke last week of *A Man without a Head* and *Advice to Husbands* as very entertaining; another amusing farce was produced this day, entitled *Jack o' Both Sides*, an adaptation from the French. *Mr. Jack Tweedle* is a gentleman of two attachments: he loves *Mary Lathern* for her fortune of twenty bran new houses—*Mary Anne Simpkins* for her good heart and pretty person. The unconscious rivals are next-door neighbours—the one inhabiting, in full property, No. 1, of Lathern-row; the other lodging at No. 2: the one a daughter of the eminent builder, the other a milliner. When the curtain draws up we are introduced to a double scene; one-half the stage being *Miss Lathern's* boudoir, the other half *Mary Anne's* parlour and

kitchen and all. Both fair ones are anxiously awaiting the arrival of dear *Jack*, but the milliner's anxiety is the greatest, for she really loves the fascinating *Tweedle*; whereas *Mary Lathern* secretly inclines to a sentimental cousin, *Henry Timkins*. there is great fun with *Tweedle's* running backwards and forwards between *Mary* and *Mary Anne*, and his anxiety lest his faithlessness should be discovered by either or both. Escaping from *Mary*, he finds *Mary Anne*, it being her birthday, has, by the aid of two friends, prepared a sumptuous entertainment of beefsteak-pie and sausages, and apple-pudding, and pancakes, the pancake manufacture being assigned to him. Meanwhile the deserted *Mary*, receives a visit from her adoring *Henry*, and accompanies on the piano his performance of a love-lorn ditty, to which the merry party in next room append a boisterous and most unsentimental chorus; *Mary* plays a polka; it is drowned by faithless *Jack* with *Mary Anne* and her other two guests. By and by, a ludicrous incident reveals the both-sidedness of *Jack*, and, driven into a corner, he rejects *Mary* for *Mary Anne*, and *Mary*, never better pleased, is permitted by *papa* to accept dear *Henry*. Miss EMMA STANLEY acted the charming milliner to the life; with all due consideration for the fair impersonatrix of *Miss Mary Lathern*, we entirely concurred with *Jack* in his election of *Miss Mary Anne Simpkins*. OXBERRY was *Jack Tweedle*, and a very capital *Jack Tweedle* he made.

THE COLOSSEUM.—Beyond all compare, this is the most magnificent of the London sights. It is thoroughly and substantially good—not mere pasteboard and paint. The building is one of the finest in England; the saloon of art is a very model of good taste, and the sculptures with which it is adorned make it the most valuable exhibition of English art. The Panoramas of London by day and by night are both astonishing productions of labour and skill. The night view is the most interesting and effective, for it is the most real. Besides these, there is the Stalactite Cavern, an exact model of the extraordinary one in Austria; and the Swiss Cottages, as of old, and elegant refreshment-rooms, and all beside that can contribute to the convenience and enjoyment of the visitor; and it is not surprising that, being such, it should be the favourite resort of the aristocracy, who seem to have exempted this from their wonted avoidance of sights. Here they are to be seen in crowds every evening.

THE DIORAMA.—Among the sights of the metropolis which should never be omitted by the visitor is the Diorama, an exhibition of surpassing beauty, and the triumph of scenic art. The two subjects now exhibited are the Notre Dame of Paris, as seen at evening and by starlight, and Heidelberg in winter and in summer. It would be impossible by words to convey the slightest idea of the effects produced by the management of light. The changes are imperceptible, but perfect; and it is with the utmost difficulty the stranger can persuade himself that he is not looking at the very places, so real and natural are the effects. As there will be new pictures shortly, no time should be lost in viewing these.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—There are many things a man may attempt, but none more difficult than to combat old prejudices; these are so rooted in the mind, that much time and patience is required to eradicate them. As a proof of the above, we beg to call the attention of our readers to a lecture delivered by Dr. BACHHOFFNER, at the above scientific institution, on Atmospheric Electricity, and on the Utility of Lightning Conductors. The learned doctor's language was expressed with so much truth and earnestness, that we were highly pleased to see how admirably he argued all the points; and his audience, as far as we observed, seemed perfectly convinced of the learned lecturer's statement that steel is not an *attractor* of the electric fluid, and that the so-called thunderbolt has no tangible existence. The lecture was illustrated by several very striking experiments, and we would strongly recommend those of our readers who may suffer from timidity during a thunder-storm to go and hear Doctor BACHHOFFNER'S very interesting lecture.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

FAITH AND DEATH.

One day young Faith saw old grim Death
  A knocking at a poor man's door;
  And Death looked very wrath and sore,
For he had knocked there many a day,
In hope to carry off his prey,
  But 'gainst him still the door was shut;
    And holding every man his vassal,
  Although he hungered in a hut,
    Or feasted in a castle,
  He grew impatient at the door,
    And knocked the more.

Faith watched awhile the gaunt old king,
And fearing not his dart or sting,
(For what had a spirit like Faith to dread?)
  Approached him and thus mildly said:—
"Pray grant that poor man longer lease;
  Thump not so loudly at his door;
Thou answerest 'No;' then for *his* peace
    I'll just walk in before."

Then Faith a wooden latch pulled up,
  And entered. By a bed
A daughter's skinny hand did prop
  A dying father's head.
And be it for Gentile or for Jew,
  For Christian or for Turk,
A beautiful prop is a daughter's hand
  For such afflicting work.

And Faith he wept (but hid his tears)
To see a girl so young in years
But old with griefs that pressed on her,
  A father's *only* comforter.

The sick man saw him, and out shrieked,
  "O grant a little breath!
Begone, thou thing of fleshless bones,
  I know thee, thou art Death!"
Then Faith with his young seraph face,
  (Tears drowned not now his eye)
Lent o'er the bed, and softly said,
  "Old man, why fear to die?"
But the old man quailed, and shut his eyes,
  And muttered no reply.

Then Faith with his white fingers raised
The fallen lids, and stiff and glazed
    The dry eyes rolled beneath.
"I am not Death," he spoke, "but Faith!
  Look on me! See the sunbeams now
That through the broken windows pour,
    Gilding this rotten floor,
  And even dropping on thy brow.
And like this sun, the light of God
    Will all encompass thee;
Thy daughter's hand still prop thy head,
    But lean thy *soul* on me."

Now Death, impatient at the door,
Rapped loud, and louder than before.
But such the wonders Faith had wrought
  Upon the sick man's thought,
That when grim Death at last stalked in,
Looking so cold, and white and thin,
The old man's dim eyes flashed with light
  As if an angel met his sight.

Bridgwater. E. H. BURRINGTON.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

NEW STEREOTYPING PROCESS.—We had the satisfaction of seeing, on Saturday last, in the office of Mr. Hugh Wilson, lithographer and engraver, Trongate, a new patent process of stereotyping, which, for simplicity, and, above all, the celerity of its execution, bids fair, at no distant date, to number the present system with the things that were. The old process, which was undoubtedly one of the greatest improvements ever grafted on the art of typography, consists, as our readers may be aware, in taking impressions from forms or pages of moveable type, by means of stucco, which, when dried and prepared, formed the matrices for stereotype plates. The process, however, is a tedious one, requiring careful picking, planing, oiling, and preparing. In the new mode the process is completed as it were in a handclap. In taking the impression stucco is entirely dispensed with, and, instead of it, a piece of damped prepared card-board is placed over the surface of the page of moveable type, and an impression beat out of the type into the card by repeated strokes of a hard brush—a part of the operation which, according to the size of the page, occupies from a minute to a minute and a half. This card, which now answers the purpose of a matrix, is dried and inserted in an iron frame with a moveable top or surface,

constituting a mould, which has been previously heated to an equable temperature. The lid is then brought down, the mould shifted by a hinge from the horizontal to the perpendicular, and the liquid metal poured into the matrix by a small orifice which has been left, and in a minute the stereotype plate is pronounced complete. At least the only preparation for the press which it requires is the trimming of the superfluous edges, which is done by a circular saw with great celerity. The back of the plate is as smooth as the slab of metal from which it received its impression, and thus the planing process in stereotyping is now done away. The young French workman, whom we observed conducting the process at Mr. Wilson's, informed us that the whole operation, from beginning to end, was conducted in less than an hour, while the ordinary periods of taking stereotype casts is, we believe, from ten to twelve hours, liable to the breaking, splitting, or warping of the stucco matrices—risks which are unknown in the new card process. During the half-hour that we remained, the operative "beat in" impressions from a card of steamboat advertisements, and also a page from the *Missionary Intelligencer*—types which had been borrowed from a printing-office at random—and produced plates from them as distinct and clear as any we have ever seen to issue from a stereotyping establishment. We may add, that many impressions—so many, indeed, as a dozen—may be taken from the same card; and the process is one of such perfect cleanliness, that a man might almost work at it in a parlour in his dress coat. We hail the new mode with satisfaction, as one which will materially aid and abet in the cheapening and extension of knowledge.—*Glasgow Herald.*

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

CONVERSATIONS ON MESMERISM.

A WORD with you. Assuming that your desire is to ascertain the very truth—that you will seek it honestly and fairly, and frankly own it when found—we ask you to listen to a few observations, and if you deem them to be erroneous, to shew us where the fallacy lies.

You are hostile to Mesmerism, affirming it to be altogether or in great part a trick—a fraud.

This assertion you are bound to prove, as you will readily allow.

You proceed thus to do so. You discover some instances of trickery and fraud, and you conclude that all cases are so.

But is this a fair or a philosophical conclusion? Because some cases of madness are found to be assumed, should we therefore be justified in asserting that all madness was a fraud, and every madman a trickster?

This fallacy failing, another is resorted to. They say, the proof lies not upon us, but upon you, who affirm the existence of Human Magnetism.

We admit this; and we adduce cases, not few and far between, but by hundreds and thousands. We say, "Behold the phenomena to which that name has been given. Here is our proof—our witnesses are your own eyes and ears."

But unhappily this proof, the non-production of which would have been held to be decisive against our assertions, is denied and derided. That selfsame proof upon which all human knowledge is based—the proof that daily satisfies where life or fortune are at stake—is coolly set aside by the opponents of Mesmerism, when the question is not one of crime or contract, but as to the existence of a fact in nature.

"Believe what you see," used to be the rule. Now we are asked "Not to believe what we see."

But it would not do to deny the appearance, and so refuge is taken in a denial of its reality.

The patient is playing a trick—there is collusion with the operator—it is a piece of clever acting—the part has been learned by rote—the sleep is no sleep—pain is felt, though not shewn—that seeming influence of the will is only the communication of a sign.

Nothing is so easy as to charge a fraud, and in this case it becomes almost impossible to rebut the charge. "How can I be sure that you are not in collusion with that boy?" is a question which admits of but one reply: "Only as you feel assurance of other facts of daily occurrence, an ingredient of which is faith in the honour and honesty of your friend."

There is nothing like bringing an argument home to a man by a personal application of it. We put a similar case.

Suppose the objector be a medical man, and witnessing the phenomena of Mesmerism elicited by some friend of equal social rank with himself, and whose honour he had no cause to doubt. Suppose, too, that the Mesmerist was master of that good temper which it is so difficult to preserve when dealt with so unfairly. The following might be their colloquy:

Mesmerist. Now you have seen these phenomena, what do you think of them?

Surgeon. They are very extraordinary and curious, if true; but how do I know that the boy was not acting.

Mesmerist. Because there was no prearrangement. Yourself suggested the trials to be made. He could not have anticipated and prepared himself for your suggestions.

Surgeon. But you may have instructed him in a language of signs by which you communicate to him what you desire him to do.

Mesmerist. That would be to participate in a fraud, and I am sure you would not charge me with that.

Surgeon. Oh! certainly not. But you are yourself deluded. The patient is putting a trick upon you.

Mesmerist. Excuse me, I cannot suffer you thus to escape from the fair conclusion. Either you deny the fact you have witnessed, or you charge me with participating in a trick to produce it. According to your own admission these facts are realities or they are the result of collusion. Unless the patient was previously trained to understand my signs it is physically impossible that he could have obeyed the directions yourself communicated to me.

Surgeon. But for facts so curious and out of ordinary experience, nothing less than demonstrative proof will suffice. Can you explain the facts you shew?

Mesmerist. Can you explain how sensation is conveyed from the nerve to the brain, how food is assimilated to blood, how this or that medicine produces its effects? Can you explain the *modus operandi* of one-fiftieth part of the animal functions? Yet do you not deny the facts of sensation and digestion and healing, because you are unable to say *how* they are effected. You simply see the fact, and you believe it because you see it. Why should you demand for the phenomena of Mesmerism other proof than that which satisfies you in every other branch of physiology?

Surgeon. But the facts of Mesmerism are so wonderful that nothing less than absolute proof will justify their acceptance.

Mesmerist. I do not know what you mean by absolute and demonstrative proof. In all physiology we have no other evidence than the fact as seen and felt. We have precisely the same foundation, neither more nor less, for Mesmerism. It is a visible, palpable fact, not some deduction from an argument or a fine-spun hypothesis. We say only—If you do thus and thus certain results will follow, which we have named Mesmerism. Surely nothing can be more simple than such an issue. The rational mode of testing the assertion is to make trial of the means and see if they conduct to the end. The rationale of it is not now the question, that is a matter for deliberation and inquiry. The first point we have to determine is the plain fact—Do such phenomena exist? How they exist will be a second step, better postponed till the first is assured. And now I turn upon you again. "There it is; behold the fact before you; you say you do not suspect me of collusion; yet without collusion you will admit such feats of acting to be impracticable."

Surgeon. Still I have only your assurance for it that the boy is not shamming sleep and playing a part. You will admit that he might be taught to do all I have seen him do.

Mesmerist. I grant such training of an apt scholar to be possible; but to perform it the patient would require the genius of a KEAN. Waiving, however, all question of possibilities, I bring you at once to an issue. There he is; you see his condition; it differs from any other with which you were previously acquainted: you acquit me of collusion; that

condition is what we call Mesmerism. Now, what say you to it?

Surgeon. Still, that the boy may be shamming all this.

Mesmerist. But his is not a solitary case. The same phenomena are shewn among persons of all ages and both sexes; in every rank and station. Either all these are shamming,—the virtuous, the honourable, the pious, have suddenly turned impostors,—or their induced condition is a fact in nature.

Surgeon. You do not shake my position. There is no proof that all are not shamming.

Mesmerist. Permit me to meet you with a case somewhat parallel, and, in sport, to turn your weapon against yourself, that you may feel how unfair a one it is.

Surgeon. Willingly. I promise to keep my temper as well as you have done.

Mesmerist. Pray do you believe in insanity?

Surgeon. To be sure I do. Who can doubt its existence?

Mesmerist. That do I. Nay, I deny it as flatly as you deny Mesmerism.

Surgeon. Have you never seen a madman?

Mesmerist. I have seen the people you shewed to me as being mad; but I deny the fact.

Surgeon. Were not their actions and speeches wild and irrational? Did they appear in the natural condition of ordinary men?

Mesmerist. Certainly not; they were very odd indeed. But you can't explain madness; and till you can do that, you know you have no right to expect persons to believe it.

Surgeon. Not even if they see it?

Mesmerist. There may be collusion with the exhibitor. They may have been taught to play a part. You do not mean to say that a man may not be taught to imitate madness, and if this *may be* done, how can I be assured that it *is* not done?

Surgeon. Your assurance must be the character of the doctor. Is he such a one as would shrink from practising a fraud?

Mesmerist. Still there is a resource for me. I affirm that your patients are shamming; they are not mad but only pretending madness; they are consummate tricksters, admirable actors, no more. Unless you can prove them to be otherwise, you have not proved the existence of insanity as a fact in nature.

Surgeon. I appeal to the number, to the variety of age, sex, station of the patients, as proof that they are not all impostors. If they be, the world can boast of greater actors than it is aware of.

Mesmerist. So I have brought you to the same point as you had driven me to, and I now call upon you either to abandon belief in insanity, or accept the existence of Mesmerism, seeing that both stand or fall on precisely the same basis, and that the evidence for the one is no whit stronger than that for the other.

Surgeon. Your argument is staggering, and you have, I admit, put your case fairly. I must think of it.

Mesmerist. We can afford to be generous in such a cause. I will not ask you to believe upon the faith of any thing you have seen done by me, although nineteen-twentieths of all human knowledge is received on evidence far less satisfactory. I ask you only to make trial for yourself, and judge by the result of your own experience. This is the only test that can be perfectly satisfactory to the sceptic. Go to your home, make trial of it in your family among your friends. Take village clowns, if you please, by whom mesmerism and phrenology were never heard of; magnetize them; try with them the experiments you have seen me try to-day. You will be assured thus that there is neither training nor collusion. If, after multiplied trials, you produce none of the effects expected, you will be justified in questioning the reality of Mesmerism. But if, as certainly they will, they appear under your hands, you will no longer be enabled to resist conviction. If you have honest intentions, and sincere love for truth, and desire for the progress of science, this you will do. If you decline this test, it will prove that your opposition is not founded in good faith.

Surgeon. We will talk again on this topic. Meanwhile, I must review your arguments at leisure; they seem substantial.

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

In reply to inquiries from many of the booksellers, we beg to say that we hope each of those who are subscribers to The Critic will so far feel an interest in the great projected enterprise of the *Morning Mail* as to use personal exertions not only to make it known among his connections, but to explain the design, and give assurance of its good faith and respectability as proceeding from a quarter so well known to them as we trust by this time is The Critic. To this end let each deem himself an agent to receive applications for shares, and forward them to us. For answer to many queries they have put, we refer them to the article upon the subject which appears in another page, and that will assure them of its substantial nature, and of the prudence that will preside over the conduct of the enterprise. If any desire prospectuses for distribution they shall have them if they will inform us how they may be transmitted without cost. The period proposed for bringing out the *Morning Mail* is the opening of the next session of Parliament, which will allow of ample time for getting it up with the care and completeness essential to success.

One encouragement we have which carries some weight. It is admitted on all hands, without a dissentient, that there is not merely an opening but a demand for such a journal, and that if it *can* be got up properly, it is sure to succeed. Let the shares be subscribed, and it shall soon be shewn that the thing *can* be done.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

EUGENE SUE AND THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

(From the *Manchester Guardian.*)

It will be in the recollection of our readers that we announced, some time ago, that this distinguished French writer had been invited by the directors of the Athenæum to be present at the forthcoming *soirée*, to which invitation the following interesting reply has been received by the honorary secretary:—

"Aux Bordes, le 7 Octobre.

"Monsieur,—J'ai reçu avec la plus profonde et la plus respectueuse reconnoissance, l'invitation que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser, au nom de messieurs les directeurs de l'Athenæum de Manchester.

"Malheuerusement une maladie nerveuse, que l'on attribue à unexcès de travail, et qui exige des soins incessants, en raison des vives douleurs qu'elle me cause encore, m'empêche, à mon bien vif regret, de pouvoir me rendre en Angleterre afin d'assister à la Séance Annuelle de l'Athenæum.

"Veuillez monsieur, être mon interprète auprès de messieurs les directeurs de l'Athenæum, et leur dire combien je suis touche, pénétré, de la flatteuse distinction qu'ils daignent m'accorder, car c'eut été pour moi une faveur, aussi grande qu'inespérée, que de m'asseoir à côté d'écrivains aussi éminens que Messieurs Dickens, Talfourd, Disraeli, Jerrold, Smythe, &c.; sachant toute-foi, monsieur, que je n'aurais dû cet honneur qu'aux vives sympathies inspirées par les idées sociales qui me sont communes (et j'en suis doublement fier) avec ces hautes célébrités littéraires, quant à mes œuvres, elles sont trop imparfaites pour mériter une pareille récompense.

"Ayez encore la bonté, monsieur, de dire à messieurs les directeurs de l'Athenæum, que je n'oublierai jamais cette preuve de leur bienveillante estime, et que je m'efforcerai toujour d'en rester digne.

"Agréez, monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentimens les plus distingués. "Eugene Sue.

"Monsieur Pierre Berlyn, Secrétaire Honoraire
de l'Athenæum de Manchester."

It is impossible to convey the spirit and elegance of this letter in a translation, but we annex one, as nearly literal as possible:—

"Sir,—I have received with the most profound and respectful gratitude the invitation which you have done me the honour to forward me, in the name of the directors of the Manchester Athenæum. Unfortunately, a nervous illness, which is attri-

buted to overwork, and which requires incessant care in consequence of the pain which it gives me, precludes me (to my keenest regret) from coming to England for the purpose of being present at the annual *soirée* of the Athenæum.

"Have the goodness, Sir, to be my interpreter with the directors of the Athenæum, and to assure them how I am touched and impressed with the flattering distinction which they have deigned to accord me, for it would have been to me an honour as great as it was unhoped for to have been associated with such eminent writers as Messrs. Dickens, Talfourd, Disraeli, Jerrold, Smythe, &c. knowing, at the same time, Sir, that I should only have owed this honour to the lively sympathies inspired by those ideas of social progress which I possess in common (and I am doubly proud of it) with these distinguished literary men; as to my works, they are too imperfect to merit such a recompense.

"Will you have the goodness, Sir, to assure the directors of the Athenæum that I shall never forget this proof of their friendly esteem, and that I shall always endeavour to remain worthy of it.

"Accept, Sir, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration. "EUGENE SUE."

M. Sue appears to have been highly gratified with this invitation, as will be seen by the following letter, addressed to the directors of the Athenæum, by Mr. Charles Dickens:—

"Devonshire-terrace, Oct. 17, 1845.

"DEAR SIRS,—M. Eugene Sue has begged me to write to you and acknowledge with many heartfelt thanks the receipt of your flattering invitation. He requests me to assure you of his high and unfeigned sense of the honour you have done him, and earnestly entreats me to add that he is gratified by your recognition of him, a French writer, in England—certainly beyond his power of expression in a foreign language, and to an extent not at all easy of expression in his own.

"His state of health, however, does not admit of his attending the *soirée* at Manchester. He has been very unwell, and is enjoined to seek repose, in pursuance of which advice he has already left Paris in search of temporary change and quiet.

"If I could convey to you an adequate idea of M. Eugene Sue's anxiety that I should do my very best to thank you on his behalf, and to find 'strong words' for that purpose, you would feel with me that your remembrance of him has met with a sincere and quick response.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, your faithful servant,
"CHARLES DICKENS.

"To the Directors of the Athenæum, Manchester."

JACK SHEPPARD.—We find the following statement in a morning paper—which vouches for "the genuineness of the articles" mentioned in the narrative "being beyond the possibility of a doubt." For some time Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the Hope Tavern, in Blackmoor-street, Clare-market, has had in his possession the portraits, painted by Thornhill, of those great historical characters, Jack Sheppard and his mother, and sold them, a few days since, to Mr. Merivale, of Gray's-inn, for ninety-seven guineas. That the portrait of the illustrious highwayman should have passed from the keeping of the publican into that of the lawyer, might, perhaps, afford the material of a good-natured epigram to the dealers in such pleasantries; but we are grave chroniclers, and deal with facts. In removing the portrait of Jack's progenitor from its frame, there were found, below the moulding, seven guineas, together with a number of copper coins of the period. Put accidentally thus upon the scent of some of Jack's secrets, it was an easy inference that it might be worth while to make a careful examination of the other frame—which, besides, was of a suspicious thickness, and it yielded up its treasures accordingly. Between the moulding and lining were found a number of papers and documents relating to the rising in 1745, some extremely curious, and all bearing the post-mark of the time; besides furniture more characteristic, and which should have been left as appropriate frame-work to the portraiture of Jack. There were a portion of a note for 10*l.* and a check (not his own, we assume) for 17*l.* The paragraph should properly be headed, "Singular discovery of stolen property;"—but long since the thief has paid all his debts, and the owners have cancelled all their claims. It is Mr. Smith's intention that the British Museum shall be their representatives. Among the papers mentioned is a printed order for turning the Lincoln's Inn Theatre into a guard-house, and suspending a performance announced on that account. If this be a fair specimen of the "curious documents relating to the rising in 1745," the seven guineas, which, we presume will *not* go to the Museum, may be suspected to be the most valuable portion of the property.—*Athenæum.*

We understand that Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the poet, has been placed on the pension list by Sir Robert Peel for an annuity of 200*l.*

The Pope has thrown the library of printed books in the Vatican open to the public, and ordered the preparation of a catalogue for their use.

A subscription is in progress for the widow and young family of Mr. Augustin Wade, the late song-writer and composer, who died prematurely in very indigent circumstances. Many music-sellers and pianoforte-makers have offered to receive subscriptions.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,
From Oct. 18 *to Oct.* 25.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alphabetical Index to the Subjects and Names of the Old and New Testament, 32mo. 1s. cl. 1s. 6d. roan.—Adcock's Engineers' Pocket-book, 1846, fc. 8vo. 6s. roan tuck.—Arnold's (Rev. T. K.) First German Book, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—Ancient Domestic Architecture of England, by John Britton, and Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A. small 8vo. in case, 5s. cl.

Bates's College Lectures on Christian Antiquities, 8vo. 9s. cl.—Bourn's (Charles) Principles and Practice of Surveying Land, and Engineering, Trigonometrical, Subterraneous, and Marine, 8vo. 15s. cl.—Book of One Syllable, with engravings, square 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—British Weather Almanac and Prophetic Calendar, 1846, 12mo. 6d. swd.

College Life, Letters to an Undergraduate, by Rev. Thomas Whytehead, M.A. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Correspondence of Sir Philip Sydney and Hubert Languet, by S. A. Pears, M.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Diplomatists of Europe, from the French of M. Capefigue, edited by Major-General Monteith, fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.

Eight Sermons, preached during the Visitation of the Bishop of Exeter in 1845, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Evenings at Haddon Hall, by Baroness de Calabrella, with illustrations by G. Cattermole, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. cl. gilt edges.—Engledew's (Charles) Examination Questions on the Græcæ Grammaticæ Rudimenta, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Fox's (W. J.) Lectures to the Working Classes, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.

Herrick's (J.) Salvation Certain and Complete, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.

Introduction to Vegetable Physiology, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. II. "History of England," 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Lindsay's (John) View of the Coinage of Scotland, 4to. 1*l.* 5s. bds.—Loudon's (J. C.) Self-Instruction for Young Gardeners, Foresters, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Luther; or, the Spirit of Reformation, by Rev. Robert Montgomery. People's Edition, royal 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.

Mamma's Bible Stories, 6th edit. 16mo. 3s. 6d.—Moore's (G.) Power of the Soul over the Body, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Mill's (Rev.) Sermons Preached in Lent, 1845, before the University of Cambridge, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Miriam, a Jewish Tale, 8th edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Modern Poetical Speaker; or, a Collection of Pieces, adapted for Recitation, by Mrs. Palliser, 12mo. 6s. bd.

Only a Fiddler, Vol. II. by H. C. Anderson, imp. 32mo. 1s. 6d. swd.

Pilgrim's Reliquary (A), by the author of "Italy and the Rhineland," fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Plato's Divine Dialogues and the Apology for Socrates, translated, new edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Phillip's Syriac Grammar, new edit. 8vo. 10s. bds.

Ravensdale; a Tale, by a Lady, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.—Rees (G. O.) on the Analysis of the Blood and Urine in Health and Disease, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.

Stable Talk and Table Talk; or, Spectacles for Young Sportsmen, by Harry Hieover, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Songs of Home and Happiness, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Stowell's (Rev. H.) Tractarianism Tested by Holy Scripture, in a Series of Sermons, Vol. I. 12mo. 6s. cl.

Universal History on Scripture Principles, Vol. II. fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. ditto, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Wilson's (E.) Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin, pt. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Williams's (S. H.) First Note of the Lyre, crown 8vo. 5s. cl.

Zoology of the English Poets, by Robert H. Newell, B.D. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

The Lancet, for 21 Oct. 1843.
Gill's Commentary, complete, 2 copies.
Laman Blanchard's "Sonnets and other Poems." Published by Moxon.
Calder Campbell's "Palmer's last Lesson." Published 1838, by Houlston and Hughes, Strand.

To Readers and Correspondents.

E. M. R.'s "*Lines to a Swallow*" *are not original enough for publication.*

A STAMMERER.—*This infirmity has been cured by Mesmerism in many cases, some of which are recorded in Mr. Hall's excellent* "Experiences," *reviewed a fortnight since.*

RUFUS.—*The treatise on Arithmetic in the Library of Useful Knowledge. The prices of the books named are not known to us.*

A SUBSCRIBER's *verses do not suit us.*

The usual article on French Literature, which was in type, has been postponed for want of room.

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

THE PROJECTED MORNING NEWSPAPER.

IN spite of the disfavour which the madcap railway bubbles have brought upon all projects, however rational and promising, so much is the proposition for the establishment of THE MORNING MAIL approved by the public, that a very considerable number of applications for shares have been received during the week; and the applicants are all persons seeking investment—good substantial names, proving that the plan is looked upon as an enterprise that bids fair to be successful.

And it possesses this one great advantage above any of the railway schemes, that it can afford to wait. The railway projects require notices, and surveys, and deposits to large amounts, and all to be completed within a day now drawing nigh. Failing in either of these, the scheme itself must fail, or stand over for an indefinite period. Not so with the MORNING MAIL. It needs nothing of these preliminaries; it incurs a very trifling cost; it requires not to be completed within an appointed time. The shares may be taken up by degrees, after the panic that has now frighted many, even from wholesome enterprise, shall have given place to returning confidence; and, wearied of railway folly, other better investments will be sought. THE MORNING MAIL has but to abide its time. If those who feel an interest in it, and think well of the design, will but make it known to their friends, recommend it whenever an opportunity offers, and procure shares to be taken by those known to them as responsible parties, it will be accomplished more satisfactorily, if not more speedily, than by throwing away large sums in advertisements.

By thus proceeding with caution and deliberation, we believe we shall more consult the ultimate prosperity of the enterprise than by any hasty measures and extravagant expenditure. If it was a bubble scheme there would be a fear lest it should burst by too long keeping; but inasmuch as it will endure the most careful scrutiny, nothing will be lost by deliberate movements.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson; with Notes. By Sir NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, G.C.M.G. Vols. III. and IV. London, 1845. Colburn.

THREE volumes were the limits originally designed for this work, but so rich are the contributions that from all quarters have poured in upon the Editor during its progress that it has been enlarged to a fourth volume, and we may even hope for a fifth from the stores of collectors of curiosities, who cannot yet be prevailed upon to impart their treasures to the world.

Four years only of NELSON'S career are recorded in these two volumes, but they are the most stirring of his active life, when his hands and head were busiest, and his pen most diligent. Here, too, the character of the hero comes out more clearly upon the canvass, both in its lights and shadows. We see the original features as stamped by nature; but we see them, also, at times darkened by the shadows of a world where virtue is sorely tried, and on which he who would form a just judgment must take into account the temptations as well as the lapses of the fortunate.

In the year 1798 Nelson took the command of the *Vanguard*, and sailed for the Mediterranean, to keep watch upon the movements of the armament BUONAPARTE was preparing at Toulon. But the fleet had already quitted that port, and as it was conjectured for Egypt, whither the admiral forthwith sailed, with a reinforcement which had joined him: the result was the Battle of the Nile, the details of which must already be too familiar to our readers to permit us to linger over this portion of a work that contains so much beside of more novelty.

The news of the great victory was received at home with a perfect phrensy of joy, and there was no end to the honours and praises lavished upon the hero of the fight. A specimen of the intoxication of delight that had seized upon all classes, is this strange letter addressed to NELSON by the Countess SPENCER:—

Joy, joy, joy to you, brave, gallant, immortalized Nelson! May that great God, whose cause you so valiantly support, protect and bless you to the end of your brilliant career! Such a race surely never was run. My heart is absolutely bursting with different sensations of joy, of gratitude, of pride, of every emotion that ever warmed the bosom of a British woman, on hearing of her country's glory—and all produced by you, my dear, my good friend. And what shall I say to you for your attention to me, in your behaviour to Captain Capel? All, all I *can* say must fall short of my wishes, of my sentiments about you. This moment the guns are firing, illuminations are preparing, your gallant name is echoed from street to street, and every Briton feels his obligations to you weighing him down. But if these strangers feel in this manner about you, who can express what *we* of this house feel about you? What incalculable service have you been of to my dear Lord Spencer! How gratefully, as First Lord of the Admiralty, does he place on *your* brow these laurels so gloriously won! In a public, in a private view, what does he not feel at this illustrious achievement of yours, my dear Sir Horatio, and your gallant Squadron's! What a fair and splendid page have you and your heroic companions added to the records of his administration of the navy! And, as wife of this excellent man, what do *I* not feel for *you all*, as executors of *his* schemes and plans! But I am come to the end of my paper, luckily for you, or I should gallop on for ever at this rate. I am half mad, and I fear I have written a strange letter; but you'll excuse it. Almighty God protect you! Adieu! How anxious we shall be to hear of your health! Lady Nelson has had an express sent to her.

But amidst the compliments and congratulations poured upon him, there was one that would seem to have been almost premonitory of his early fate. The strangest present ever sent by one man to another was probably that of his friend Captain HALLOWELL—a coffin, entirely constructed from the timber of the mast of *L'Orient*. The following is Sir H. NICOLAS'S account of this singular offering:—

So careful was he that nothing whatever should be used in its construction that was not taken from it, that the staples were formed of the spikes drawn from the cheeks of the mast, which were driven into the edge of the coffin; and when the lid was put on, toggles were put into the staples to keep it down, so as to prevent the necessity of using nails or screws for that purpose. The nails in the coffin were likewise made from the spikes taken from the mast. A paper was pasted on the bottom, containing the following certificate:—"I do hereby certify that every part of this coffin is made of the wood and iron of *L'Orient*, most of which was picked up by his Majesty's ship, under my command, in the Bay of Aboukir. *Swiftsure*, May 23, 1799.—BEN. HALLOWELL." This singular present was accompanied by the following letter, which is taken from the *original*, in the Nelson Papers, a fact it is necessary to state, because both Charnock and Harrison, not contented with destroying its simplicity, altered the address to "Sir," and changed the date to "August, 1798," to make it appear that the coffin was sent immediately after the Battle of the Nile. Though printed correctly by Clarke and M'Arthur, Southey followed the copy given by Charnock and Harrison. It is greatly to be regretted that Nelson's reply has not been found:—

"The Right Hon. Lord Nelson, K.B.

"My Lord,—Herewith I send you a Coffin, made of part of *L'Orient's* mainmast, that when you are tired of this life you may be buried in one of your own trophies—but may that period be far distant, is the sincere wish of your obedient and much obliged servant, "BEN. HALLOWELL.

"*Swiftsure*, May 23rd, 1799."

The astonishment that prevailed among the crew of the *Vanguard*, Lord Nelson's flag-ship, when they were convinced it was a *coffin* which had been brought on board, will be long remembered by their officers. "We shall have hot work of it, indeed," said one of the seamen; "you see the admiral intends to fight till he is killed, and there he is to be buried." Lord Nelson highly appreciated the present, and for some time had it placed upright, with the lid on, against the bulk-head of his cabin, behind the chair on which he sat at dinner. At length, by the entreaties of an old servant, he was prevailed on to allow it to be carried below. When his lordship left the *Vanguard*, the coffin was removed into the *Foudroyant*, where it remained, for many days, on the gratings of the quarter-deck. While his officers were one day looking at it, he came out of the cabin: "You may look at it, gentlemen," said he, "as long as you please; but, depend on it, none of you shall have it." It is satisfactory to state that Nelson was actually buried in this coffin.

But the evil genius that had so often contrived to mar his influence at the Admiralty, and of which some instances were recorded in our notices of the former volumes, still contrived to poison against him the ear of royalty, and to deprive him of a portion of the honours to which he was entitled—measuring his services by those of others. Sir JOHN JERVIS had been created an Earl for the battle of St. Vincent, and Admiral DUNCAN a Viscount for Camperdown; but NELSON, for the Nile, which so far surpassed them in brilliancy and in importance, was promoted only to the dignity of a Baron. The announcement was thus made to him:

Admiralty, 7th October, 1798.

My dear Lord,—I have the greatest satisfaction in obeying his Majesty's commands, by acquainting you that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to testify his Royal approbation of your conduct in the signal and brilliant Victory you obtained over the French Fleet on the 1st of August, by conferring on you the dignity of a Baron of Great Britain, by the name, style, and title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk. In congratulating your lordship on this high distinction, I have particular pleasure in remarking, that it is the highest honour that has ever been conferred on an officer of your standing in the Service, and who was not a Commander-in-Chief; and the addition to the title is meant more especially to mark the occasion on which it was granted, which, however, without any such precaution, is certainly of a nature never to be forgotten.

No wonder that Lord HOOD should comment on this palpable pretext after this fashion:

In my humble judgment, a more flimsy reason was never given. All remunerations should be proportionate to the service done to the public, let the officer who does it be first, second, or third in command. But, in fact, your lordship stood in the situation of Commander-in-Chief off the mouth of the Nile, and could not possibly receive any advice or assistance, at the distance of near a thousand leagues from Earl St. Vincent, and conquered from your own personal zeal, ability, and judgment. I do assure you, my dear and much-loved lord, I am not singular in the sentiments I have stated. They are in unison with the general voice of your grateful country.

While thus receiving honours and wealth, he was not forgetful of his friends. We find him continually putting in claims for promotions for deserving officers, and endeavouring to secure to every one his due share of the common glory. He divided among his family 2,000*l.* out of the East India Company's munificent grant, and settled 500*l.* a year upon his father out of the estate presented to him by the King of Naples. He was then commanded to the Bay of Naples, and he went reluctantly; and now began the unhappy portion of his life—the blot upon his fame dead, as it was the source of his great disquietude living. Here it was that his attachment for Lady HAMILTON commenced, and which ultimately separated both of them from society. How far the manners of the Court and people with whom he was abiding had produced this moral lapse is a question which future philosophers may discuss, but it is evident from the letters that the change was gradual, probably imperceptible to himself. The court of Naples, which at the beginning he had so hated and despised, he learned by degrees first to endure, then to like, as its habits fell in with his own impetuous passions. The fact appears to be that the King and Queen of Naples, the latter more especially, had seen his growing attachment to Lady HAMILTON, and had cleverly contrived to win him by shewing attention to and regard for her. Hence, such passages as these in his correspondence at this period. "She (the Queen) begs me not to quit Palermo; for that Sir WILLIAM and Lady HAMILTON, and myself are her only comforts."—"I could lay down my life for such good and gracious monarchs."—"I am here, nor will the King or Queen allow me to move."

The whole character of the man changed with this unfortunate passion. Like all minds conscious of guilt he was ill at ease, and his self-reproaches found vent in peevishness towards others, and sometimes in desponding language as respects himself. As for instance in the following:

Our great queen, who truly admires you, our dear, invaluable Lady Hamilton, our good Sir William, and give me leave to add myself to this excellent group, have but one opinion about you, viz. that you are everything which is great and good. Let me say so. * * * Let me thank you for your goodness to Capt. Nisbet. I wish he may deserve it: the thought half kills me. My dear lord, there is no true happiness in this life, and in my present state I could quit it with a smile. May God Almighty bless you with health, happiness, and long life, is the fervent prayer of your affectionate friend, NELSON.

Sir SIDNEY SMITH appears to have been the subject of much soreness for reasons not very intelligible. In various letters he expresses his feelings in no very mild tones.

If Sir Sidney was an object of anger, I would not serve unless he was taken away; but I despise such frippery and nonsense as he is composed of. * * * I shall, my lord, keep a sufficient force in the Levant for the service required of us, but not a ship for Capt. Smith's parade and nonsense—Commodore Smith—I beg his pardon, for he wears a broad pendant—has he any orders for this presumption over the heads of so many good and gallant officers with me? Whenever Sir Sidney Smith went on board the *Tigre* in state, as he calls it, the royal standard was hoisted at the mast-head, and twenty-one guns fired. The Turks, however, who love solid sense and not frippery, see into the knight, and wonder that some of Sir Sidney's superiors were not sent to Constantinople; but I have done with the knight.

Yet, while addressing such remarks as these to others, he could thus write to Sir SIDNEY himself:—

To Capt. Sir William Sidney Smith, H. M. Ship Tigre.
Palermo, 20th August, 1799.

My dear Sir,—I have received with the truest satisfaction all your very interesting letters to July 16th. The immense fatigue you have had in defending Acre against such a chosen army of French villains, headed by that arch-villain Bounaparte, has never been exceeded; and the bravery shewn by you and your brave companions is such as to merit every encomium which all the civilized world can bestow. As an individual, and as an admiral, will you accept of my feeble tribute of praise and admiration, and make them acceptable to all those under your command. * * * Be assured, my dear Sir Sidney, of my perfect esteem and regard, and do not let any one persuade you to the contrary. But my character is, that I will not suffer the smallest tittle of my command to be taken from me; but with pleasure I give way to my friends, among whom I beg you will allow me to consider you, and that I am, with the truest esteem and affection, your faithful humble servant, NELSON.

And about the same period we find these "bloody instructions"—sad—sad detractions from our notions of the British seaman, brave but humane.

Your news of the hanging of thirteen Jacobins gave us great pleasure; and the three priests, I hope, return in the *Aurora*, to dangle on the tree best adapted to their weight of sins.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Lusitanian Sketches of the Pen and Pencil. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq. In two vols. Parker. 1845.

MR. KINGSTON is a cheerful, good-tempered, open-hearted, and open-handed gentleman, who goes about the world accommodating himself readily to all companies, making friends everywhere,—looking at the bright side of things, and the best features, mental and bodily, of persons; quick to observe whatever presents itself upon the surface of society, too easy or too indolent to dive below and search into causes. Such he is shewn to be, not only by the volumes before us, but by his novel of *The Prime Minister*, which we noticed in THE CRITIC some time since with little approbation, because it was evident that he had applied himself to novel writing, as being

the most popular form of composition and not as that to which his genius had prompted him.

In these *Lusitanian Sketches* he is seen to much greater advantage. Although there is an evident flimsiness about them, both in tone of thought and style of writing, yet are they just the sort of light, easy, lively reading, which pleases the many, who prefer a book which can keep them awake by its liveliness, and yet demands no toil of reflection or attention to be understood. It is a book which the listless may lounge over, lolling upon a sofa, during a wet day or a long evening, and which will just permit them to please themselves with the belief that they have not been wasting their time, without the fatigue of actual work. Hence will Mr. KINGSTON's Sketches certainly be popular, and the extracts we shall make will, we think, fully bear out the view we have taken of them.

Mr. KINGSTON's acquaintance with Portugal appears to date back for some years. These sketches, however, are of recent production, having been made since the autumn of 1843, when the tours began which furnished the materials for them. One of them was through Guimaraens and Salamonde, the route of the famous retreat of Marshal SOULT. A second took the direction of Coimbra, Busaco, and Almeida, crossing the frontier of Spain to Salamanca. A third was to the vine countries, of which a vivid description is given, and Mr. KINGSTON takes the opportunity to introduce some useful information as to port wine, and hints to buyers, that may be turned to profitable account.

An added value is given to these *Sketches* from the paucity of information relating to Portugal with which travellers have supplied us. It is rather strange that when tourists are looking out for some unworn tract whereon to exercise their limbs and pens, that Portugal should have been so long passed by, and that it should have been left to the sagacity of Mr. KINGSTON to bring home the first minute account of it which has been offered to the English readers for many years, during which its political and social condition have undergone so great a revolution. Certainly the subject would have admitted of a better book, but we are thankful for such as he has given us, and we must await the more solid information from some successor whose journal may be more substantial, but will scarcely be so pleasant and amusing.

Mr. KINGSTON introduces his notes with a dedication to the Earl of CARNARVON, which contains a deserved tribute to his lordship's merits, personal and literary. Having then briefly stated the direction of his various tours, he very frankly requests the reader to skip whatever may seem uninteresting. In like fashion we propose to ramble through his pages, and cull, by way of specimen, such passages as may strike our fancy.

At the cathedral at Guimaraens he gleans the following story of

THE TREASURES OF OUR LADY.

We wandered into the sacristy, but could find no one to shew us the treasures it contains. These treasures are called "The Treasures of Our Lady"—Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora. A young lady of my acquaintance made an odd mistake on that subject when visiting Guimaraens some time ago—a very natural one, it must be confessed. On her first arrival, while dressing, the maid-servant at the hotel informed her that among the many wonderful things her native city contained were those in the cathedral, particularly "Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora," which she understood—Our Lady's scissors. When, therefore, she with the rest of her party visited the sacristy, and several venerable priests, whose fair round bellies were with fat *caldo* lined, were standing round, and politely exhibiting the holy treasures of their shrine, she, after all had been shewn, with much hesitation, from considering that they might be unwilling to allow eyes profane to behold so valuable a relic, begged to see "the scissors of Nossa Senhora." "What does the lady want to see?" said one worthy priest, holding his sides, while his cheeks filled out, his lips curling, and a bright sparkle illuminating his eyes. "The scissors of Nossa Senhora!" said the young lady, quietly. "The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha! The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha!" repeated the priests in chorus; and never was such holy cacchination before heard. At length the first who recovered his breath and voice, with tears in his eyes, explained, amid numerous bursts of merriment, that however much they should value so inestimable a treasure, they did not possess it; that they had already exhibited "*os thesouros* de Nossa Senhora," but that for "suas *tesouras*," they unhappily possessed them not. "Ha! ha! ha!" and again they all laughed. Whoever visits the cathedral of Guimaraens, and wishes to hear a hearty laugh, let him ask to see the "scissors" of Nossa Senhora.

And here is a desciption of the town itself, a fair specimen of his graphic style:—

GUIMARAENS.

Few towns in Portugal are more beautifully situated, or surrounded by a more fertile and lovely country, than Guimaraens. In the orchards in the neighbourhood grow those delicious plums which, being dried, are packed in small round boxes by the nuns, and ornamented with silver and silk flowers. They are well known in England by the name of Guimaraens plums. I remarked particularly the great number of elegant crosses of every shape throughout the town, chiefly of stone, the stems of a light spiral form with merely a cross-piece at the top; also in every direction the numerous shrines, the architecture and ornaments of which were far from deserving of the same admiration. I understand that there are many other objects to be shewn in the town, which we did not see; particularly various relics of peculiar sanctity, not exhibited except to the devout eyes of true believers; but I trust on a second visit that I may be considered as such, and enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of viewing them, when I promise to give a full and exact description of their peculiar virtues. On leaving Guimaraens, we passed under a dark and venerable gateway of the ancient town, on which the hand of time had worked with slight effect; and we might have fancied ourselves a company of the knightly followers of the brave Alfonso Henrique, had we not been clothed in the effeminate habiliments of white jackets and straw hats, which I opine they did not wear. It were endless to describe the beautiful scenery we passed—on each side fertile valleys and laughing hills, rich orchards and luxuriant corn-fields, while every hedge was overhung by the slender tendrils of the vine loaded with its juicy fruit; so that, as we rode along, we might pick and eat to our heart's content. Such is the fertile province of the Minho—the bright gem of Lusitania's lovely land. There are, it is true, steep and rugged serras intervening—the bold outlines of the landscape: but far up their sides extend corn-fields or vineyards, and on their summits graze numerous flocks of sheep or goats. When the gradual extension of good roads enables the farmers to bring their produce at a less expense to market, not a spot of ground will remain unemployed; so that this province will become, for its size, one of the richest in the world, as it is now the richest in Portugal.

Again:—

LUSITANIAN LOVE-MAKING.

Among the peasantry love-making is a more refined affair than in England. A Lusitanian clown, when he meets his mistress respectfully takes off his hat, and stands leaning at some distance on his long stick, while she, on the other side of a gate, or with her basket resting on a wall, looks demurely on the ground, a smile playing on her lips, every now and then turning on her swain such sparkling glances from her bright eyes that it is no wonder his heart is inflamed—and I believe that very rarely is fickle or false. I have a very high opinion of the Portuguese peasantry, but particularly of the females, who are possessed of all the amiable qualities which adorn the sex throughout the world, with as large a share of beauty as generally falls to the lot of any.

He reached Guimaraens at night, and found it a scene of festivity which made rest impossible even for weary men. It was the vigil of the parent saint.

At the same time all the windows of the houses in the square were lighted up. Suddenly up went a rocket before our noses, and flames burst forth from the windows of the tower, while the whole platform on the summit appeared one mass of fire, among which dark figures could be seen moving about. Then rose up a flight of rockets, throwing their sparks in a fiery shower below. It was difficult to persuade oneself that the tower was not really in flames. As the rockets arose, so did the sound of some twenty large drums most unscientifically played, while the bell-ringers redoubled their efforts. "I hope this will not last all night," I exclaimed. "Depend upon it, it will: the people here are very pious." "By their works ye shall know them," said a friend. "By their fire-works, you mean," observed another. "Come, no joking on so serious a subject," I cried. "Oh dear! oh dear!" Bang, bang, bang! drum, drum, drum! whiz, whiz, whiz! What a hurly-burly! The city must be on fire. Oh! hang these sort of righteous people. Away flew the rockets, more sonorous rang the bells, louder beat the drums. "There is such a noise, I cannot see to eat," exclaimed O'Shaughnessy. Bang, drum, whiz! there will be no end of it. "Thank the saints, the bell-ringers' arms must get tired," observed some one. "Do not solace yourself with that idea, my friend," said another; "there are relays of bell-ringers and

drummers; for every man who pulls those bells, and beats those drums, gets a dispensation for so many sins." "Oh dreadful! then the rockets cannot last for ever, that's a comfort." All this time we were hallooing at the top of our voices. "Well, I shall try to sleep. A midshipman slept through the battle of Navarino; and I don't think this noise can be much louder," cried the most sleepy of the party, with a hopeless yawn. At that moment the dreadful assemblage of somnifugeous sounds increased tenfold, but great was our delight to find it was a last effort. Suddenly the fires ceased to burn, the drums to sound, the rockets to whiz; the lights in the windows disappeared, the people retired to their homes; and in ten minutes not a noise was heard but the cry of a roving cat, or the howl of a hungry dog.

Very animated is this picture of

BATHING IN THE DOURO.

It is an amusing sight, and enlivened withal, to look at the rows of white tents, the beautiful girls and their elegant dresses, the crowds of spectators, each sheltered by a bright-coloured umbrella, and some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, fat and thin, tall and short, old and young, in the water together, dipping and spluttering, shouting and shrieking, as the white-crested wave rolls towards them—some attempting to swim, others, fearful of being carried out to sea, clinging to their attendants' arms, and endeavouring to make their escape to *terra firma*. Here an old woman bearing aloft a little cherub, independent of any costume, to dip it a due number of times—there a bathing-girl encouraging a stout old gentleman to venture into the water, after he has received the first souse on the head from the contents of a basin, to prevent his feeling the effect of the shock to his feet. Sometimes three or four young ladies will go in together, or a gentleman may be seen leading gallantly some fair one of his acquaintance: but everything is conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum; so that, however extraordinary the style may appear at first to the stranger, he soon becomes accustomed to it.

The most amusing scenes have passed, never to recur, when the friars came down to bathe. Some years ago there was an enormously fat friar, who was ordered to take a certain number of baths at a certain hour in the morning, and it was the general amusement to go down and see him perform the ceremony. He had ten persons to attend him, six men who stood on the shore holding ropes attached to his waist (for he had, conscious of his own floating qualities, a most pious horror of being washed away), and four women who accompanied him into the water. When they got him there, with a proper solicitude for his health, they took good care to make him perform his ablutions abundantly. While the men slackened the rope, they used to dip him and duck him most unmercifully, pressing his head down with their hands, like the merry wives of Windsor packing Sir John Falstaff into the clothes-basket. He dared not resist, for fear they should leave him to his fate, and they would not let him out till he had taken the prescribed number of dips—he spluttering, and crying, and praying, and swearing all the time. Now and then, though seldom, the same scene is enacted with a stout artisan, or a country farmer.

According to Mr. KINGSTON Portugal is in course of rapid improvement. Her government is becoming more stable; manufactures and commerce are increasing; education is spreading among all classes; superstition is losing its hold upon the masses; the monks, by whom the country was overrun but a few years since, are now treated with disrespect and derision; even the Pope is unpopular, and the doctrines and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church are openly questioned.

One of the most novel and interesting chapters is that devoted to the "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," and from this we shall take more largely. Here is one:—

THE BRUXA.

The most terrific of all the supernatural beings in Portugal is the *bruxa* (pronounced *broocha*). She is somewhat in her propensities like the Eastern ghoul, or vampire, from whom, probably, she was derived. In the daytime she is like any other woman, performing the duties of her household in a most exemplary manner. She may be a daughter of honest, good parents; she may marry, and have children; she may even be considered amiable, and is often very beautiful, though there is a certain fierce expression in her eye, and an ominous wrinkle on her otherwise fair brow, which the sceptical would suppose proceeded from care or affliction. Nobody can tell who are bruxas and who are not. They never allow any mortal to discover it; and woe betide the wretch who shall attempt to pry into their secrets! They are a heaven-accursed sisterhood—their souls pledged to the prince of darkness by a compact renewed every night. Sometimes their daughters become bruxas, if they by chance escape their infanticidal and vampirish propensities, or else they keep up their numbers by inveigling some hapless maiden whose heart has been turned from the right path, and who has abandoned the holy religion of the church, to join their association. She knows not whither she is to be led, or what is to be her fate, till it is too late to retract—when the fatal compact is signed and sealed with her blood—then, miserable girl! her shrieks, her cries are of no avail. Repentance is impossible; even the saints themselves have no longer power or will to preserve her. From sunset to sunrise this demoniacal power possesses her; for during the day she returns to her family, no one suspecting the dreadful truth. When darkness has overspread the world, and the spirits of evil are let loose, the bruxas rise from their couches, leaving, if married, their mortal and unsuspecting husbands, and flying to the company of their diabolical paramours. They are then, as a punishment for their crime we may suppose, transformed into the shape of some noxious bird of night—owls or bats of gigantic size. Away they fly at a prodigious rate, far from their homes, over hill and dale, but especially across marshes, stagnant pools, and lakes—unwillingly they skim along the surface, gazing on their hideous forms reflected in the water, and perfectly conscious of their fate. They will sometimes on these nocturnal rambles, encounter some friend or relation proceeding in one direction, and either by allurements, such as practised by Ariel in Prospero's Island, or by force, will carry him to an opposite point, far away from the one he wished to reach; indeed, over strangers or any body they meet they have the same power, provided he is not under the especial protection of the saints. Many a poor wretch has thus been led across the country, over rough rocks, and through brambles and briers, which have scratched his face and torn his clothes, till, almost worn to death, wet, weary, and bloody, he has at length returned home—his wife cursing the hellish bruxas who have thus maltreated and led him astray. Truly the wine-shops have less to answer for than the bruxas; for surely he could not have scratched his face against the bush hung up near the door, or, when drunk, have tumbled into a ditch! Oh, no! the good man was never drunk in his life—he is rather pale now from very natural fear—the diabolical bruxas did it all! After these demon-excited occupations, they, in one or other of the hideous forms allotted to them, with vampirish hunger will fly back to their peaceful homes, where sleep in calm repose their innocent offspring, born of a mortal father. Yet feeling a human loathing for their terrific task, their accursed propensities overcome their maternal love, and seizing on their babes, their black wings fanning them to repose, they suck the life-blood from their veins—dreadful fate! conscious all the time that they are destroying the only ones they love on earth. When they have destroyed these, they enter the cottages of their neighbours and friends, depriving of life in the same way their sleeping infants; and often when a child is found dead, livid, and marked with punctures, the sage women whisper to each other with fear and trembling, "A bruxa has done this," casting eyes of dread suspicion at each other, for no one knows who the bruxa may be. As the first streaks of the grey dawn appear, the miserable females return to their mortal forms, awaiting the time when they must perform their dread orgies, never forgetful of their fate. I do not think that the most poetical imagination could paint a more dreadful lot than that of the hapless bruxa—a being devoutly believed in, and dreaded, in most parts of the country.

Travels in Luristan and Arabistan. By the Baron de BODE. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Madden and Co.

THESE travels have greatly disappointed us. There was a freshness and promise about the names of Luristan and Arabistan which occasioned an instant call for the paper-knife and a hasty cutting of the leaves. Places so unfamiliar must be replete with novelty for eyes wearied with falling continually upon the same names in books of travel, proving how gregarious an animal is man, and how he loves to follow in the track of others, rather than explore a new path for himself.

And where are these two strangely-sounding countries? asks the reader. In a word, then, they are two provinces of Persia, the one inhabited by the Lurs, and thence called Luristan, and the other by Chab Arabs, and from them termed Arabistan.

And who was the Baron who thus dared their exploration? An *attaché* of the Russian embassy in Persia; a restless, reckless, adventurous gentleman, who had been selected for the post he filled on account of these and other qualifications that peculiarly fitted him for duties that were as much those of observation as of representation. A visit to Persepolis had been long and anxiously desired by the Baron, when at length an opportunity offered of which he was only too glad to avail

himself. At the latter part of the year 1840 he was invited by the governor of Ispahan to join him in a tax-gathering tour through the provinces of Luristan and Arabistan; a proposal which was joyfully accepted. Under such auspices, and with such advantages, it was that the travels described in these volumes was undertaken.

The route traversed was this:—Starting from Teheran, the Baron proceeded to Ispahan, visited Persepolis, and thence to Shiraz. Then, turning to the west, he went to Kazerun, and along the mountain chain to Burujird. This district is not quite virgin to the tourist. A great portion of it had been previously explored by KINNEIR and Major RAWLINSON. But in justice to the Baron it should be stated that he lost no opportunity for diverging from their track, nor did he fail to collect much which they had overlooked.

The Baron writes English with ease and even with elegance, and there is a briskness of tone that carries the reader cheerily along from page to page. The style is that with which the reviews of foreign literature in THE CRITIC must have made its readers familiar—a certain egotism, not unpleasing, which leads the writer to mingle his individuality with his works, and thus to combine with description somewhat of personal interest. His fault is that he has too much expanded the work by mere words. His details are often so minute as to be tedious. Compressed into a single volume, as the whole might well have been, for the entire tour occupied only sixty-seven days, it would have been one of the most attractive productions of the season; but now it labours under the charge of leanness as a whole, though so pleasant and lively in parts.

Omitting the mass of learned notes about Persepolis and its ruins, and the elaborate essay or encyclopædical article on the two countries he visited, we shall confine the few extracts we can make to the more miscellaneous and readable of the contents. This is the

"ORIGIN OF THE HELEJ."

This tribe is of Turkish origin; at least Turkish is the language spoken by them. They have not the reputation of being very bright; and the Persians, who pride themselves on their ready wit, their polite and easy manners, tax the Helej with being very uncouth and heavy. The low estimate they form of their mental and social capabilities, is best exemplified by the short though significant sentence with which the name of Helej is associated. The Persians say in common parlance, *Har, Hirs, Helej*—meaning a donkey, a bear, and a Helej.

The meaning of *meum* and *tuum* is ill-defined at Luristan, as witness this trait of

A NOBLE THIEF.

On entering the country of the Mamaseni, I cautioned my servants to keep a sharp eye over our things, as the natives are known to be notorious thieves, when they cannot indulge in open plunder. I was fortunate enough not to lose one single article while travelling through this country; but I learned from a friend who visited the encampment of Chenoshejan a few months later, that the Mamaseni contrived to steal from under his pillow while he was asleep, his sword, which they drew cautiously out of the scabbard, leaving the latter behind.

Suspecting Jehangir Khan himself of the theft, yet admiring the clever way in which it had been committed, the European next morning handed over the scabbard to his host, observing that his newly-acquired sword probably required one. The Khan took it and thanked him.

As a specimen of the vivid painting of the Baron take a description of

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

On waking the next morning, we found that the rain had changed into snow, and it was doubted whether we could succeed that day in crossing the high chain. However, eight stout peasants were procured to lead the way, by treading the snow under foot, and thus opening a path for the horses, there being no road.

Fortunately for us, the weather cleared up as we were ascending the mountains; but the difficulties and the fatigues we had to encounter during our progress beggar all description. Notwithstanding the efforts of the men to prepare a beaten track, the snow was not sufficiently solid, and it was so deep that the horses were continually sinking up to their girths, still unable to arrive at any solid footing. There was no possibility of keeping one's saddle; so our party dismounted, each leading his horse; man and beast were continually stumbling, falling, sinking, and plunging, in order to extricate themselves from this abyss of snow.

The country around presented one uniform white sheet, not spread over an even surface, but over one upon which the convulsions of nature had been most busy, and where they had left indelible traces of their passage. It was the lofty chain of Alvend. Mountains overhung mountains, behind which still higher mountains reared their heads, the whole group clad in the same silvery mantle.

It was a chilling sight to look at these regions of eternal snow and ice; and yet our party was far from feeling cold. The perspiration ran down our faces, while a column of steam rose from our panting horses, and the white foam from under the saddles shewed plainly how strenuous were their exertions.

But we must hasten to a conclusion, for other claims are crowding upon our space. It is a scene of peril and excitement that occurred while

EXPLORING THE TOMBS.

The descent was more difficult than the ascent had been. With my Persian servant we were lowered down in the same manner as we had been hoisted up, by means of a rope twisted round our bodies, with the end committed to the charge of the person who stood on the upper platform; but as no one could keep the rope for the kedkhuda who remained there the last, and there were no means of fastening it at the top, he was obliged to come down by himself, clinging in his descent to the vertical rock, which offered very few rough places on which he could lay hold with his hands or fix his feet. It was a nervous spectacle to look upon the man as it were hanging in the air full seventy feet from the ground, just touching the edge of the rock with his tiptoes, and cautiously examining and feeling every trifling projection of the mountain, to ascertain if it would afford any support to his weight. The muscles of his bare arms and legs were completely contracted from the exertion, and the least cramp would have brought him headlong down. We stood gazing from the lower platform, still at a considerable distance from the ground, in breathless anxiety, offering prayers for his safe descent. I reproached myself for having urged him to this rash enterprise, and if a fatal accident had befallen him it would have weighed heavily on my conscience through life. I should never have forgiven myself for having sacrificed a human being to the mere gratification of a vain curiosity after all. But God is ever watchful and merciful to his creatures. At length we had the satisfaction of seeing the daring climber join us in safety amid the loud *Mashallah* and *Barikallah* ("God be praised!" and "Bravo!") of the party, who had just before been ejaculating, *Yah Allah! Yah Ali!* ("God help! Ali help!")

FICTION.

The Attractive Man. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

More than once we have had occasion to express our opinion of Mrs. TROLLOPE's merits and demerits. It is not necessary to repeat them now. Suffice it that here they are mingled with the usual profusion. There is the same hard, but faithful portraiture; the same coarseness and vulgarity of thought; the same power of description; the same unscrupulous employment of ridicule by misrepresentation; the same lax code of morals. Each of her former novels has been devoted to satirizing some class of the community—often with justice, sometimes unfairly, but always with severity. In *The Attractive Man* she has levelled her poisoned arrows against her own sex indiscriminately, for all the female characters she introduces are disagreeable, if not bad women. Theodore Vidal, "the attractive man," is the personage round whom they centre. He makes conquests wherever he moves, and the ladies are represented as running after him and almost making love to him. Foremost are the two heroines, Mary Clementson and Clara Maynard, to both of whom he engages himself, and marriage in each case is broken off by an accident, upon which the young ladies find consolation in other lovers, to whom they are ultimately united. But these are agreeable and interesting personages compared with the subordinate characters—Lucy Dalton, no better than she should be, and her drunken mamma; Lady Sarah Monkton, who *talks* love to all but her husband; and the Misses Jenkins, angling for a rich old fool, when they should be thinking of their graves.

Such is the staple of this novel, and inasmuch as it presents human nature only in its worst and most hateful aspect, it is a false picture. And yet so vigorously is it painted that we cannot help feeling a sort of pleasure in the performance while we loath the subject. There is reality in this sketch of Mary Clementson's

FIRST BALL.

It would have been impossible for any language in the world, though possessed in the greatest perfection—and Mary's vocabulary was by no means a poor one—but it would have been quite impossible for any language, or all languages mixed together, to have sufficed her to express all the variety of happy feelings which now beset her. She talked, it is true, all the time this scene lasted, as fast as it was well possible to speak; but she had recourse to pantomime unceasing, to assist her. One moment she was making grotesquely solemn curtseys of reception for all the company that were to come; then she was playing the violin with her father's riding-whip upon his boot-jack, and performing the choicest steps her dancing-master had taught her; then she flew to the glass, and first shaking all her redundant tresses over her bright face, she began to arrange them in braids and bows, as much like the wig of Mademoiselle Panache as possible; these, and a multitude of similar monkey-tricks, all performed at full speed, talking as fast as she could gabble the whole time, at length put her completely out of breath; and then, having sat panting upon a hat-box for two minutes and a half, she jumped up again, exclaiming, "Now then, papa, I must go and tell the old ladies all about it!" Neither Mrs. Morris nor Mademoiselle Panache, however, quite deserved the epithet of "old ladies;" Mrs. Morris, the elder of the two, having but just completed her forty-third year, and Mademoiselle Panache being two years younger. But the housemaids and the groom always called them "the old ladies;" and Mary, therefore, did so likewise. But it was done without the slightest intention of being disrespectful. She was, in fact, very fond of both her governesses; for they both treated her with unceasing indulgence, and moreover the French lady was always ready to waltz with her, and the English lady to play to her. Then the Frenchwoman was passionately fond of acting; and many a gay hour was passed between her pupil and herself in repeating together the scenes of all the most lively French comedies, in which there was nothing "*trop fort*" for "*la petite.*" Mrs. Morris had various agreeable talents also. She was an admirable and fearless horsewoman; and Mary, under her auspices, had enjoyed her favourite exercise in much greater perfection than she could have done without her. Moreover, Mrs. Morris was not only an excellent musician, but a charming singer; and as Mary's voice was as sweet and as clear as that of a lark, they beguiled many a long summer's day and winter's evening in singing duets together. In short, these ladies exerted themselves quite as much to amuse the young heiress as to instruct her, and decidedly the best part of her accomplishments were acquired in this manner. Her two governesses were also really very fond of her; and in truth she was such a sweet-tempered little creature, that it would not have been very easy to help it. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that their joy did not quite equal hers, when they learnt the news brought home by Mr. Clementson. Not, indeed, but that a little more variety in their lives would have been very agreeable to both of them; but the prospect of it came clouded with the probability that the very comfortable quarters and liberal salaries which they had enjoyed for the last ten years might probably melt away and vanish in the broad sunshine of fashion and gaiety which now at length seemed ready to burst in upon them. They looked into each other's faces and exchanged a sigh. "Are you not enchanted?" demanded Mary, looking first at one and then at the other. "Certainly, dearest!" replied Mrs. Morris, "it is enough to enchant any body to see you look so happy." "Mais oui, mignonne; le moyen de n'être pas enchanté quand vous êtes contente?" said Mademoiselle Panache. "Mais, hélas!" she added, "n'est-ce pas que nous allons vous quitter?" Mary's answer to this was a violent burst of tears—short, however, as it was violent; for she was both laughing and scolding the minute after—laughing at the idea of setting up for herself in the world, as she called it, and scolding them both for supposing she could be so very happy if she thought two of her best friends were going to leave her. "No, indeed," she added; "I shall tell papa that I intend to have you both living with me till the very day I am married; and then, I suppose, we must part for a little while, because people would laugh at me so if I insisted upon keeping my governesses after I was married; married women, you know, never do have governesses. But then I shall have you both back again the very moment I have got a little girl to teach. You are both of you such dear, kind, good souls, and both of you so very clever! Besides, you know, my dear darlings, that it is not at all likely that I should be married quite directly. Indeed, I mean to tell papa that I won't; I have thought a great deal about that already, I assure you, though I dare say that you neither of you gave me credit for having so much gravity and wisdom in my thoughts. But I have long had it in my head that this dear delightful time of being grown up must come some time or other, though I can't say I expected it would be so beautifully sudden.—Oh! bless you! you dear little birds!" she added, after the pause of a moment, and running to a balcony that had been fabricated for her particular satisfaction. "Don't they seem to be singing on purpose to wish me joy? And the flowers, too! Nobody will ever persuade me, Mrs. Morris, that there is not some sort of mysterious sensibility in flowers. I have observed a thousand times over, I have indeed, that they do smile and look bright and glad upon one at particularly happy moments; and quite early in the morning, for instance, when one goes out unexpectedly to talk to them a little. And then, don't they breathe upon you?—don't they? Deny it if you can! I know they have some sort of soul in them, and I never will marry any man who won't let me convince him of it." At the end of this long harangue, which had been uttered with wonderful rapidity, the young lady became suddenly silent.

We suppose that any novel by Mrs. TROLLOPE must be added to every large library. But we recommend that only one copy be kept of the *Attractive Man*. It is certain not to be so popular as many of her previous works.

Struggles for Fame. By ELIZA METEYARD. 3 vols. Newby. 1845.

WE are generally enabled to form a pretty correct notion of the worth, or rather the worthlessness, of a work, by the fact that it is *not* sent to us for review. THE CRITIC is now known to the publishers as the guide which it has pleased the greater portions of the circulating libraries and book clubs in the United Kingdom to adopt in the replenishing of their shelves; and, aware of its independence and plain-speaking, they cautiously avoid sending to it any work which they suspect to be of doubtful quality, trusting that by escaping a truthful review here, it may have some chance of an order from such as are to be caught by an advertisement alone, or by the puffs in some hireling journals. But in order that they shall not thus escape, and our readers be so misled, we have made arrangements for obtaining a sight of such as are thus withheld.

One of these is the novel before us, a mixture of absurdity and vulgarity unfit for any decent library, and altogether unbecoming the pen of a lady. Miss (or Mrs.) METEYARD possesses a certain amount of talent of a particular kind, but it is mingled with so much bad taste, and so deformed by an utter want of judgment, that it is worse than worthless. The lowest of low life, with its slang and wickedness, are attempted to be pictured; but inasmuch as the authoress writes from what she has read, and not from personal observation, even these want the charm of reality. They are at the best but bad copies.

The Master Passion, and other Tales and Sketches. By T. COLLEY GRATTAN, Esq. author of "Highways and Byways." In 3 vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

MR. GRATTAN reappears with the prestige of past triumphs. He excels in the construction of short tales of tragic interest, having great command of pathos, and very vivid powers of description. His talent is narrative rather than dramatic, hence he is incompetent to sustain a continuous interest through a regular novel, even if he possesses the power to weave an intricate plot. He has done wisely, therefore, in the present instance, to confine himself to short tales and sketches, of which upwards of twenty are contained in these volumes. Some are humorous, or, we should rather say, attempts at humour, for this is not Mr. GRATTAN'S forte. *The Master Passion*, which is the longest, is a powerful story of tragic interest, precisely adapted to his capacities, and therefore entirely successful. We think we have seen some of the others in the magazines; but, be that as it may, the volumes may be added to shelves that are not obliged to be very choice in their purchases.

POETRY.

Mangan's German Anthology.

(*Concluded from p.* 521.)

BOTH in GOETHE and SCHILLER, although operating in a very different and distinct manner, we find that poetry is not congenial to the elements of internal suffering, nor external strife. SCHILLER declared in his grievous moments that he would abandon poetry. Like a Prometheus, he struggled with

the chain that bound him, but found it too strong to be broken. GOETHE did not wish, nor endeavour, to leave poetry entirely; but from his peculiarity of mind, in which we are puzzled to decide whether or not the will was active or dormant, he quitted poetry when oppressed with troubles, and closetted himself with more harsh and rigorous science. SCHILLER differs more from GOETHE in his minor than in his major poems. GOETHE is often more sportive than SCHILLER; SCHILLER is generally dignified. In his small poems—if we may be allowed the term *small* in writing of such a man—he walks erect; he discourses and reasons. He writes to his friends of the men of "loftier powers" who have passed away, but spices it with the necessity of present action:—

"For us, for us the current moment rolls,
And we, we live, and have our claims."

Mark with what earnestness he speaks

THE WORDS OF REALITY.

I name you Three Words which ought to resound
In thunder from zone to zone;
But the world understands them not—they are found
In the depths of the heart alone.
That man must indeed be utterly base
In whose heart the Three Words no longer find place.

First,—MAN IS FREE, IS CREATED FREE,
Though born a manacled slave.
I abhor the abuses of liberty—
I hear how the populace rave—
But I never can dread, and I dare not disdain,
The slave who stands up and shivers his chain!

And,—VIRTUE IS NOT AN EMPTY NAME:—
'Tis the paction of Man with his soul,
That, though baulked of his worthiest earthly aim
He will still seek a heavenly goal;
For, that to which worldling natures are blind
Is a pillar of light for the childlike mind.

And,—A GOD, AN IMMUTABLE WILL, EXISTS,
However *Men* waver and yield:—
Beyond Space, beyond Time, and their dimming mists,
The Ancient of Days is revealed;
And while Time and the Universe haste to decay,
Their unchangeable Author is Lord for aye!

Then, treasure those Words. They ought to resound
In thunder from zone to zone;
But the world will not teach thee their force;—they are found
In the depths of the heart alone:
Thou never, O Man! canst be utterly base
While *those* Three Words in thy heart find place!

There is something noble in the course which SCHILLER and GOETHE pursued. Encased in the armour of a high purpose, both proceeded in spite of the tumult of critics and schools. Individuality was their law.

We do not see in the few translations from HERDER that marked difference which distinguished him from GOETHE; but we find in the more numerous translations from GOETHE, that which distinguished him from HERDER. HERDER was the creature of ideas. He reduced the palpable to the "infinitude of a great idea," while GOETHE transmuted ideas into forms. GOETHE always spoke with the tongue of nature. He was nature's partner, who helped to cultivate her flowers, and then sang of their beauty. Here is a fine idea which GOETHE has converted into a form:—

THE ROSE.

Once a boy beheld a bright
Rose in dingle growing;
Far, far off it pleased his sight;
Near he viewed it with delight;
Soft it seemed and glowing.
Lo! the rose, the rose so bright,
Rose so brightly blowing!

Spake the boy, "I'll pluck thee, grand
Rose all wildly blowing."
Spake the rose, "I'll wound thy hand,
Thus the scheme thy wit hath planned
Deftly overthrowing."
O! the rose, the rose so grand,
Rose so grandly glowing.

But the stripling plucked the red
Rose in glory growing,
And the thorn his flesh hath bled,
And the rose's pride is fled,
And her beauty's going.
Wo! the rose, the rose once red
Rose once redly glowing.

The translations from BUERGER are long, and we would not mar his sweet warbling ballads by any curtailment. BUERGER is one of our favourites, and we cannot dismiss him thus ungraciously; we *must* present something from his pen, which shall be some stanzas that have not been surpassed by CAMPBELL, or by any other writer on the same subject, for richness of colouring, or sweetness of tone.

HOPE.

Oh! maiden of heavenly birth,
Than rubies and gold more precious,
Who camest of old upon earth,
To solace the human species!
As fair as the morn that uncloses
Her gates in a region sunny,
Thou openest lips of roses,
And utterest words of honey.

When Innocence forth at the portals
Of Sorrow and Sin was driven,
For sake of afflicted mortals
Thou leftest thy home in Heaven,
To mitigate Anguish and Trouble,
The monstrous brood of Crime,
And restore us the prospects noble
That were lost in the olden time.

Tranquillity never-ending
And Happiness move in thy train:
Where Might is with Might contending,
And labour and tumult reign,
Thou succourest those that are toiling,
Ere yet all their force hath departed;
And pourest thy balsam of oil in
The wounds of the Broken-hearted.

Thou lendest new strength to the warrior
When battle is round him and peril;
Thou formest the husbandman's barrier
'Gainst Grief, when his fields are sterile;
From the sun and the bright Spring showers,
From the winds and the gentle dew,
Thou gatherest sweets for the flowers
And growth for the meads anew.

When armies of sorrows come swooping,
And Reason is captive to Sadness,
Thou raisest the soul that was drooping,
And givest it spirit and gladness;
The powers Despair had degraded
Thou snatchest from dreary decay,
And all that was shrunken and faded
Reblooms in the light of thy ray.

When the Sick on his couch lies faintest
Thou deadenest half of his dolours;
For still as he suffers thou paintest
The Future in rainbow colours.
By thee are his visions vermillioned;
Thou thronest his soul in a palace,
In which, under purple pavilioned,
He quaffs Immortality's chalice.

Down into the mine's black hollows,
Where the slave is dreeing his doom,
A ray from thy lamp ever follows
His footsteps throughout the gloom;
And the wretch condemned in the galleys
To swink at the ponderous oar,
Revived by thy whisperings, rallies,
And thinks on his labours no more.

O goddess! the gales of whose breath
Are the heralds of Life when we languish,
And who dashest the potion of Death
From the lips of the martyr to Anguish:
No earthly event is so tragic
But thou winnest good from it still,
And the lightning-like might of thy magic
Is conqueror over all ill!

We must necessarily pass in silence many of the poets before us, whose merits are considerable. Space will not admit of our reviewing them individually.

Mr. MANGAN'S two volumes will amply repay the purchaser, since he will be introduced to some of the writings—

not an extensive part, but choice—of such men as RUECKERT, KERNER, TIEK, UHLAND, &c. There is also in the volumes before us valuable material for a young poet. He will find nothing in them heavy and wearisome, but a graceful elasticity, over which the beautiful is the presiding spirit. And having said thus much, we must hold a moment's communion with UHLAND, and close our notice.

THE CASTLE OVER THE SEA.

"Sawest thou the castle that beetles over
The wine-dark sea?
The rosy sunset clouds do hover
Above it so goldenly!

"It hath a leaning as though it would bend to
The waves below;
It hath a longing as though to ascend to
The skies in their gorgeous glow."—

"—Well saw I the castle that beetles over
The wine-dark sea;
And a pall of watery clouds did cover
Its battlements gloomsomely."—

"—The winds and the moon-lit waves were singing
A choral song?
And the brilliant castle-hall was ringing
With melody all night long?"—

"—The winds and the moonless waves were sleeping
In stillness all;
But many voices of woe and weeping
Rose out from the castle-hall."—

"And sawest thou not step forth so lightly
The King and the Queen,
Their festal dresses bespangled brightly,
Their crowns of a dazzling sheen?

"And by their side a resplendent vision,
A virgin fair,
The glorious child of some clime elysian,
With starry gems in her hair?"—

"—Well saw I the twain by the wine-dark water
Walk slower and slower;
They were clad in weeds, and their virgin daughter
Was found at their side no more!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Smith's Book for a Rainy Day.

(*Concluded from p.* 523.)

AMONG other singular employments SMITH was engaged by the Duke of ROXBURGH to take likenesses of notorious criminals. To obtain these frequently demanded all his address and courage, but he was as persevering as any of "our own reporters" of the present day. In this pursuit he witnessed

THE EXECUTION OF GOVERNOR WALL.

The late Duke of Roxburgh, whose wonderful library will ever be spoken of with the highest delight by bibliomaniacs, had an attachment to the portraits of malefactors as closely as Rowland Hill to his petted toad. I made many drawings of such characters for his grace during their trials or confinement; that which I made this year was of Governor Wall, whose trial produced much discussion. Having been deprived of admission at the Old Bailey on the day of his trial, I went to the duke, and he immediately wrote to a nobleman high in power, for an order to admit me to see the unfortunate criminal in the condemned cell, which application was firmly, and, in my humble opinion, very properly, refused. I walked home, where I found Isaac Solomon waiting to shew me some of his improved black-lead pencils. Isaac, upon hearing me relate to my family the disappointment I had experienced, assured me that he could procure me a sight of the governor, if I would only accompany him in the evening to Hatton-garden, and smoke a pipe with Dr. Ford, the ordinary of Newgate, with whom he said he was particularly intimate. Away we trudged; and upon entering the club-room of a public-house, we found the said doctor most pompously seated in a superb masonic chair under a stately crimson canopy placed between the windows. The room was clouded with smoke whiffed to the ceiling, which gave me a better idea of what I had heard of the Black-hole of Calcutta than any place I had seen. There were present at least a hundred associates of every denomination; of this number, my Jew, being a favoured man, was admitted to a whispering audience with the doctor, which soon produced my introduction to him. "Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us." Standing beneath a masonic lustre, the doctor immediately recognised me as a friend of John Ireland, but more particularly of his older crony Atkinson Bush; he requested me to take a pipe, to me a most detestable preliminary. He then whispered, "Meet me at the felon's door at the break of day." There I punctually applied; but, notwithstanding the order of the doctor, I found it absolutely necessary, to protect myself from an increasing mob, to shew the turnkey half-a-crown, who soon closed his hand and let me in. I was then introduced to a most diabolical-looking little wretch, denominated "the yeoman of the halter," Jack Ketch's head man. The doctor soon arrived in his canonicals, and with his head as stiffly erect as a sheriff's coachman when he is going to court, with an enormous nosegay under his chin, gravely uttered, "Come this way, Mr. Smith." As we crossed the press-yard a cock crew; and the solitary clanking of a restless chain was dreadfully horrible. The prisoners had not risen. Upon our entering a stone-cold room, a most sickly stench of green twigs, with which an old round-shouldered goggle-eyed man was endeavouring to kindle a fire, annoyed me almost as much as the canaster fumigation of the doctor's Hatton-garden friends. The prisoner entered. He was Death's counterfeit,—tall, shrivelled, and pale; and his soul shot so piercingly through the port-holes of his head that the first glance of him nearly petrified me. I said in my heart, putting my pencil in my pocket, God forbid that I should disturb thy last moments! His hands were clasped, and he was truly penitent. After the yeoman had requested him to stand up, "he pinioned him," as the Newgate phrase is, and tied the cord with so little feeling, that the governor, who had not given the wretch the accustomed fee, observed, you have tied me very tight;" upon which Dr. Ford ordered him to slacken the cord, which he did, but not without muttering. "Thank you, sir," said the governor to the doctor; "it is of little moment." He then observed to the attendant, who had brought in an immense iron shovel full of coals to throw on the fire, "Ay, in one hour that will be a blazing fire;" then, turning to the doctor, questioned him, "Do tell me, sir: I am informed I shall go down with great force; is it so?" After the construction and action of the machine had been explained, the doctor questioned the governor as to what kind of men he had at Goree. "Sir," he answered, "they sent me the very riff-raff." The poor soul then joined the doctor in prayer; and never did I witness more contrition at any condemned sermon than he then evinced. The sheriff arrived, attended by his officers, to receive the prisoner from the keeper. A new hat was then partly flattened on his head, for, owing to its being too small in the crown, it stood many inches too high behind. As we were crossing the press-yard, the dreadful execrations of some of the felons so shook his frame, that he observed, "the clock had struck;" and quickening his pace, he soon arrived at the room where the sheriff was to give a receipt for his body, according to the usual custom. Owing, however, to some informality in the wording of this receipt, he was not brought out so soon as the multitude expected; and it was this delay which occasioned a partial exultation from those who betted as to a reprieve, and not from any pleasure in seeing him executed. After the execution, as soon as I was permitted to leave the prison, I found the yeoman selling the rope with which the malefactor had been suspended at a shilling an inch.

In a later portion of his reminiscences, he relates many anecdotes, and presents some of the correspondence of the famous Mrs. ABINGTON, the actress. Here is a letter of hers, given to him by HARLEY:—

Mrs. Abington to Mrs. Jordan.

No. 19, Eton-street, Grosvenor-place, 6th January, 1807.

I beg leave, dear madam, to make my grateful acknowledgments for the favour of your kind remembrance. Your ticket [card?] with those of dear Miss Betsworth and the Miss Jordans was sent to my present habitation on New Year's-day.

I have not slept in London since I came from the Wealds of Kent; where I passed my summer upon a visit to Sir Walter and Lady Jane James, and their lovely family. It is near a grand scene of Gothic magnificence, called Bayhim Abbey, a seat of Lord Camden's, the brother of Lady Jane. In their peaceful retreat and accomplished society I have very much recovered my health and spirits; and hope to have the happiness of seeing you soon, as I am now looking for something to inhabit in London. In the mean time, if you, dear madam, or the Miss Jordans, will do me the honour of calling at my present abode, which is two rooms, where I keep my clothes and trumpery, I shall be much flattered; and beg you to accept the compliments of the season, and a sincere wish that you may see many, many returns, with every happiness you are so well entitled to expect. Adieu, my dearest madam. Be pleased to make my compliments to the ladies, and believe me your most obliged, &c.

F. ABINGTON.

Not unacceptable will be this

ESSAY ON WIGS.

The term *busby*, now sometimes used when a large bushy wig is spoken of, most probably originated from the wig denominated a buzz, frizzled and bushy. At all events, we are not satisfied that the term *busby* could have arisen, as many persons believe, from Doctor Busby, master of Westminster School, as all his portraits either represent him with a close cap, or with a cap and hat. During a most minute investigation of a regular series of English portraits, which I was led into by a friend, in order, if possible, to clear up this point, I was induced to look into the origin of wigs in England, and their various sorts and successions, by commencing at the time of William the Conqueror. In this search I was not able to find any representation of wigs earlier than those worn by King Charles the Second upon his restoration, in proof of which I refer the reader to Faithorne's numerous portraits of that monarch, and he will find that that sort of wig continued to be worn, with very little deviation, by succeeding kings till George the Second's time, with whom it ended. King George the Third commenced his reign with wearing his own hair dressed and powdered, in the style of Woollett's beautiful engraving of his Majesty, after a picture painted by Ramsey. It is worthy of observation, that in the reign of King Charles the Second the Lord Mayors of London followed his Majesty's example by wearing wigs precisely of the same make, and equal to those worn by the royal family, the highest courtiers, and persons of the first eminence in official capacities. Nay, indeed, Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, a wood and coal monger, wore wigs of this shape, perhaps because he was a justice of the peace within the king's court. The same kind of wig, equally deep, but with curls rather looser and more tastefully flowing, was also worn by the following high literary characters in the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, and Queen Anne,—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Steele, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Butler, Rowe, Prior, Wycherly, &c. Of these, perhaps the two last mentioned were the most foppish in their wigs, particularly Wycherly, from whom the sets of large and beautifully engraven combs of the finest tortoise-shell are named. With these combs (which were carried in cases in their pockets), the wearers of wigs adjusted their curls, ruffled and entangled by the wind.* I have somewhere read, that Wycherly, who was esteemed one of the handsomest men of his day, was frequently seen standing in the pit of the theatre combing and adjusting the curls of his wig whilst in lolling conversations with the first ladies of fashion in the boxes. Most of Sir Godfrey Kneller's portraits were painted in this flowing wig, particularly that celebrated series entitled "Queen Anne's Admirals." The actors at this time wore immense wigs, particularly Bullock, Pinkethman, &c.; Cibber's was in moderation. It must here be observed, that I now allude to their private wigs—their stage wigs were, as they are now, purposely caricatured to please the galleries. I believe that the first wig worn by an English divine was that of John Wallis, engraved by Burgers, and published at Oxford in the year 1699; it was profusely curled, but not so deep over the shoulders as those of statesmen. There were many singular, and, indeed, learned characters whose wigs were peculiarly shaped—such, for instance, as that of Bubb Doddington, Lord Chesterfield, and the Duke of Newcastle. Mac Ardell's print of Lord Anson, after a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was, I have every reason to think, the first of the shape erroneously called the busby. This sort Dr. Samuel Johnson, Armstrong, Hunter, the Rev. George Whitfield, Lord Monboddo, &c., wore in their latter years. The earliest engraved portraits of Dr. Johnson exhibit a wig with five rows of curls, commonly called "a story wig." Among the old dandies of this description of wig, we may class Mr. Saunders Welch, Mr. Nollekens's father-in-law—he had nine stories. So was that worn by Mr. Nathaniel Hillier, an extensive print-collector, as is represented in an engraved portrait of that gentleman. Dr. Goldsmith's wig was small and remarkably slovenly, as may be seen by Brotherton's etching. Sir Joshua's portrait of him is without a wig. Mr. Garrick's wigs (I mean his private ones) were three in number: the first is engraved by Wood, published in the year 1745; the second is by Sherwin, engraved for Tom Davis; the last is from a private plate by Mrs. Solly, after a drawing by Dance. I will leave off here with the wig, and give a few instances of the tails. These, perhaps, originated with the Chinese; but the first specimen of a tail, which I have hitherto been able to procure, to which a date can be given, is in Sherwin's print of Frederick, King of Prussia."

With two or three brief anecdotes we conclude. Of Mr. MITCHELL, the banker, he records a

CURIOUS ANTIPATHY.

He could sit in a room without experiencing the least emotion from a cat; but directly he perceived a kitten his flesh shook on his bones, like a snail in vinegar. I once relieved him from one of these paroxysms, by taking a kitten out of the room; on my return he thanked me, and declared his feelings to be insupportable upon such an occasion. Long subsequently I asked him whether he could in any way account for this agitation. He said he could not; adding, that he experienced no such sensations upon seeing a full-grown cat; but that a kitten, after he had looked at it for a minute or two, in his imagination grew to the size of an overpowering elephant.

NANCY DAWSON.

1767. Nancy Dawson, the famous hornpipe-dancer, died this year, May 27th, at Hampstead; she was buried behind the Foundling Hospital, in the ground belonging to St. George the Martyr, where there is a tombstone to her memory, simply stating, "Here lies Nancy Dawson." Every verse of a song in praise of her declares the poet to be dying for Nancy Dawson; and its tune, which many of my readers must recollect, is, in my opinion, as lively as that of "Sir Roger de Coverly." I have been informed, that Nancy, when a girl, set up the skittles at a tavern in High-street, Marylebone. Sir William Musgrove, in his *Adversaria* (No, 5719) in the British Museum, says that "Nancy Dawson was the wife of a publican, near Kelso, on the borders of Scotland."

ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

1818. It was the regular custom of Mr. Alderman Boydell, who was a very early riser, at five o'clock, to go immediately to the pump in Ironmonger-lane. There, after placing his wig upon the ball at the top of it, he used to sluice his head with its water. This well-known and highly respected character, who has done more for the British artists than all the print-publishers put together, was also one of the last men who wore a three-cornered hat. I recollect another character, a bricklayer, of the name of Pride, of Vine-street, Piccadilly, who wore the three-cornered hat commonly called "The Cumberland Cock."

MRS. GARRICK.

Mrs. Garrick being about to quit her seat, said she should be glad to see me at Hampton. "Madam," said I, "you are very good, but you would oblige me exceedingly by honouring me with your signature on this day." "What do you ask me for? I have not taken a pen in my hand for many months. Stay, let me compose myself; don't hurry me, and I will see what I can do. Would you like it written with my spectacles on, or without?" Preferring the latter, she wrote E. M. Garrick, but not without some exertion. "I suppose now, Sir, you wish to know my age? I was born at Vienna the 29th of February, 1724, though my coachman insists upon it that I am above 100. I was married at the parish of St. Giles, at eight o'clock in the morning, and immediately afterwards in the chapel of the Portuguese ambassador, in South Audley-street." A day or two after Mrs. Garrick's death, I went to the Adelphi, to know if a day had been fixed for the funeral. "No," replied George Harris, one of Mrs. Garrick's confidential servants; "but I will let you know when it is to take place. Would you like to see her—she is in her coffin?" "Yes, I should." Upon entering the back room on the first floor, in which Mrs. Garrick died, I found the deceased's two female servants standing by her remains. I made a drawing of her, and intended to have etched it. "Pray do tell me," looking at one of the maids, "why is the coffin covered with sheets?" "They are their wedding-sheets, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Garrick wished to have died." I was informed that one of these attentive women had incurred her mistress's displeasure by kindly pouring out a cup of tea, and handing it to her in her chair. "Put it down, you hussy; do you think I cannot help myself?" She took it herself, and, a short time after she had put it to her lips, died. This lady continued her practice of swearing now and then, particularly when any one attempted to impose upon her. A stone-mason brought in his bill with an overcharge of sixpence more than the sum agreed upon; on which occasion he endeavoured to appease her rage by thus addressing her: "My dear madam, do consider—" "My dear madam! what do you mean, you d—d fellow? Get out of the house immediately. My dear madam, indeed!"

Such agreeable gossip as this will be a welcome variety to the book-club.

* These combs are held as curiosities by many of our old families. The last I saw was in the possession of the friendly Doctor Meyrick, author of *The History of Armour*.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Mademoiselle de la Seiglière. By JULES SANDEAU. 1845.

THIS work is worthy of M. SANDEAU'S reputation. The unities are carefully preserved, the characters skilfully individualized, and the truth to nature, as nature exists in France,

is perfect. There is also a soberness of style about this writer which is positively refreshing, when viewed in contrast with the "convulsionary" abruptness of some of his contemporaries, and a calm beauty in many of his sketches which brings the objects that he describes clearly before the eye. The book opens with one of these delicately touched paintings :—

POITIERS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Should it ever chance that, in passing through Poitiers, one of those thousand little events of which human life is made up, should compel you to spend a whole day in the town, where I will suppose that you have neither relations, friends, nor business to occupy your time, you will be infallibly overtaken, at the end of a couple of hours, by that dull and profound *ennui* which envelops the province like an atmosphere, and which is breathed more particularly in the capital of Poitou. I know no other town throughout the kingdom, save Bourges, where this invisible fluid, a thousand times more fatal than the *mistral* or the sirocco, is so penetrating or subtle, or where it filters itself into all your being in a manner more sudden and more unforeseen. Moreover, at Bourges, you have, to counteract this plague, a pilgrimage to one of the finest cathedrals which art and Catholic faith have ever erected; there alone you may find food for at least a week's admiration, without mentioning the hotel of Jacques Cœur, another marvel, wherein you may, without interruption, meditate at your leisure upon the ingratitude of kings. In fine, all along the deserted streets, with their grass-grown pavements in front of the great hotels, flung back into the depths of their silent courts, *ennui* seems to assume a character of melancholy which is not without its charm. Bourges possesses the poetry of the cloister; Poitiers is a tomb. If then, despite the sincere wishes that I address to Heaven to preserve you from such a fate, some evil genius, some unlucky hazard, should detain you within those dreary walls, all that you have to do is to get beyond them as soon as possible. The open country is but a few steps off, and the environs, although not picturesque, have a fresh and smiling aspect. Walk to the banks of the Clain! The Clain is a small river, to which the Vienne cedes the honour of bathing the meadows of the chief place of the department, but the claim is not, on that account, either turbulent or overbearing. Equal in its humour, modest in its appearance, it is a well-conducted stream, which does not appear to be aware that it flows at the base of a royal court-house, a bishopric, and a prefecture. If you follow the path, towards the source of the river, after a walk of about six miles, you will come upon a valley formed by the circular recession of the two hills between which the Clain has worn its bed. Imagine two amphitheatres of verdure raised opposite each other, and separated by the stream which reflects them both; an old bridge, whose arches are draped with mosses and flexile water-plants, spans the two banks, and at this spot the Clain, widening with the hillocks which frame it in, forms a basin, whose pure waves are like a mirror, and which might be mistaken for one sheet of glittering crystal until it touches the banks where the surface is broken up, and the emancipated water flies off in a spray-like silver dust.

On your right, proudly seated upon the summit of the height, the chateau of La Seigliere, a real *bijou* of the *renaissance*, sees undulating at its feet the dense foliage of its park, while on your left, half hidden by a clump of oaks, the small castle of Vaubert seems to look with an humble and patient gaze upon the haughty attitude of its opulent neighbour. This little nook will please you; and if you have listened, before your visit there, to the drama which was enacted in the peaceful valley, perhaps you will feel, as you traverse it, something of the mysterious charm which is awakened in spots consecrated by history; perhaps you will seek, on the smooth turf, for traces long worn away; and moving slowly onward, buried in thought, you will evoke as you depart both shades and memories.

Independently of its own intrinsic beauty, this extract has served to bring us at once into the current of our story. The *fainéant* Marquis de la Seigliere for a time escapes the terrors of the revolution, but at length is in danger from its effects in his turn. Too indolent to support either his king or the directory, and averse to fighting, on the safe principle that *post cineres gloria sera venit*, he at length effects his escape with his beautiful young wife to Germany, taking with him the few valuables which they are enabled to secure. At that period the castle of Vaubert

Was a vast edifice, with towers and bastions, drawbridge and moat, battlements and platforms; a true fortress, which crushed by its massive importance the elegant and elaborate architecture of its slender and graceful neighbour. The domain by which it was surrounded, and which had constituted from time immemorial the barony of Vaubert, did not yield, either in extent or value, to the dependencies of La Seigliere. Those who spoke of La Seigliere and Vaubert spoke of the lords of that part of the country.

Overtaken, simultaneously with his neighbour, by the vengeance of the revolution, the Baron de Vaubert emigrated on the same day, and to the same spot; where, ultimately, the two families agreed to live under one roof, and to have all interests in common until brighter days should dawn. The baron, in addition to his wife, had also a son to share his exile, and a short time after their arrival in Germany the beautiful young Marquise de la Seigliere lost her life in giving birth to a daughter, who, as a natural consequence, was forthwith betrothed to the young de Vaubert by the two expatriated fathers. Meanwhile, the land-steward of the marquis, a hard-headed, persevering agriculturalist, contrives to amass a sufficient sum of money to enable him to become the proprietor of his late master's estate. First he purchases the chateau, then the park, and gradually field after field, and forest after forest, until the whole property is once more intact; when, satisfied that he has become as great a man as his late lord, he resolves to quit his farm, and to inhabit the chateau.

TAKING POSSESSION.

At length, when France had once more begun to breathe, and all was beginning to be calm, on a fine spring morning he put his wife and son into the wicker waggon which served him for a carriage, and then, seating himself upon one of the shafts, with the whip in one hand and the reins in the other, he started to take possession of the chateau which was the capital of his little kingdom.

This taking possession was less triumphant and less joyous than might be believed. In traversing the vast apartments, so hastily deserted by their rightful owners, and now so silent and so cheerless, under the gilded ceilings, on the polished floors, and among the sculptured panels which were still full of the memories of their exiled masters, Madame Stamply, who was simply an honest farmer's wife, became strangely agitated; and when she found herself standing before the portrait of the marchioness, which she recognised at once by its gentle expression and happy smile, the poor woman could contain herself no longer.

"Oh, John," she said, wiping her eyes, "do not let us stay here; our hearts will never be at ease. I am already ashamed of our good fortune when I think that *Madame la Marquise* is perhaps in want. Do you remember, Stamply, how fond she was of our cream? Poor dear soul! who can tell if she gets any so good now?"

"Bah! bah!" exclaimed Stamply; "cream is good everywhere."

"It is of no use that I tell myself;" pursued his wife; "that we have earned this fortune by our labour, still I feel something like remorse. Does it not seem to you that these portraits look down angrily upon us, and that they are about to speak? Let us go. This fine house was not built for us; we should never sleep here in peace; and, believe me, it is already enough for us to want for nothing, while a La Seigliere is in trouble. Come; let us go back to our farm. Your father died there, your son was born there, and there we have lived happily together. Let us live on so still; honest men will applaud us, the envious will respect us, and God, seeing that we enjoy our wealth modestly, will look upon us without anger, and will bless our fields and our boy."

Thus spoke the farmer's wife, for she was right-hearted, and although uneducated, possessed of good plain sense and healthy judgment. Seeing that her husband listened to her with a saddened air, and appeared about to yield, she renewed her entreaties; but Stamply soon conquered the emotion which he could not at first control. He had received some education, had adopted sundry of the new ideas, and although he still retained for the marquis, and still more for his wife, some remains of respect and gratitude, still by degrees, as he increased in wealth, the instincts of self-aggrandizement had gradually grown upon him, and had, latterly, absorbed all the faculties of his soul. Moreover, he had a son, and children are always a marvellous pretext for encouraging and legitimatising the egotism and avarice of families.

"All that is very well," he said in his turn; "but a house is made to live in, and I suppose that we did not buy this one for the accommodation of sheep and oxen. If our masters left the country, it was not our fault; it was not we who placed them beyond the pale of the law, and sequestrated their property. We did not come by this estate dishonestly, we owe it to the nation, and our own labour. There are no more masters; titles are abolished; all Frenchmen are free and equal; and I do not know why the Stamplys should not sleep as soundly here as the La Seiglieres."

"Hush! Stamply, hush!" exclaimed his wife; "respect the

unfortanate, and do not outrage the family which for untold years has supported you and yours."

Of course the words of the poor woman do not avail; and she ultimately becomes hypochondriacal, and dies miserably, under the impression that her husband has acquired the property by dishonest means. Her son, forsaking the college in which he was placed, enters the army, and accompanies Napoleon to Moscow, whence news arrive of his death. The neighbours, some envious, some disdainful, and all suspicious, shun the metamorphosed farmer, who has dared to play the nobleman in his master's halls; his hired lacqueys sneer at him to his face; he is unloved, lonely, and wretched.

Years have passed away, and the Baron de Vaubert, whose active spirit has ill brooked so long a period of mental and moral lethargy, resolves to return to France, and to endeavour to repossess himself of some portion of his forfeited estate. After immense exertion he succeeds in this attempt, and writes to desire that his wife will join him at Poitiers with his son, now eighteen years of age. Within the short period which elapses between the departure of his letter and the arrival of his family, the baron dies, without having had time to arrange his worldly affairs, and the haughty widow reaches the valley of the Clain only to find the castle in ruins, and her husband a corse, Reduced almost to beggary with her son, through whose means alone she can ever hope to redeem her fortunes, she ponders over his betrothal to Mademoiselle de la Seigliere, and determines, at whatever expense of principle, to effect, if human skill can suffice for such a purpose, the restoration of her property by the ex-steward. To this end, she introduces herself to the shunned and calumniated old man, who has now become bent and gray, and whose hope and ambition have long been buried in the grave of his boy. By a long tissue of artifice, falsehood, and hollow sophistry, she at length masters the mind of the old man, and induces him to recall the marquis from exile, to the repossession of his forfeited millions; retaining only for himself the position of a friend in the household, who has won his place at the hearth and in the heart of his master, by holding in trust, throughout a period of trial and danger, the property which must have been irrevocably lost, had it passed into other hands. He was not to breathe to the marquis one syllable of the fact that the earnings of a whole life had purchased the fair lands which he was about to yield up, for no better recompense than an approving word; he must tender all as a mere matter of course—nay, even urge the marquis to relieve him from so weighty a responsibility; because, explained the baroness, the delicacy of high birth was easily wounded; and that should the marquis harbour one suspicion that it was in reality a donation which his former dependent had proffered, there would be no hope of conquering his repugnance to return.

This last clause in the arrangement startles the wavering old man; but, spirit-broken as he had become, he is no match for the astute and manœuvring baroness. She reminds him of the general execration and abhorrence in which he is held; she recalls to his mind the dying conviction of his wife; she points to the early and obscure grave of his son,—and then she paints a glowing picture of his domestication in the family of the marquis—honoured, happy, and peaceful; the patriarch of the family, to whom they would owe their all, and whom they would feel that they could never sufficiently repay. He yields at last. The marquis and his daughter return to their gorgeous home.

Stamply received his lord at the gate of the park, and forthwith presented to him, instead of keys upon a silver salver, the act of donation, which was couched in the most touching terms; and in which the giver, with extreme delicacy, humbled himself before the receiver.

"My lord Marquis, you are at home," he said.

The harangue was short, and the marquis approved it highly. He put in his pocket the deed of transfer which made him once more master of all his domain, embraced Stamply, took his arm, and, followed by his daughter, who walked between Madame de Vaubert and her son, he entered the château as young in heart as he had left it, and without any more ceremony than if he had just returned from a walk.

From this moment, the interest of the tale increases; the finicking and frivolous marquis, who will not see that he is under more than a very slight obligation to the gratitude and principle of his benefactor, suffers himself to be governed in every thing by the domineering spirit of the grasping and intriguing baroness. For a while Stamply is the petted idol of the circle; he occupies the handsomest apartment in the château, and is placed on the marquis's right hand at table. His taste is consulted, his advice sought, and his opinions adopted; but as the old patrician associates of the family once more gather about them, the leather breeches and gaiters of the ex-steward, his coarse voice and vulgar notions, begin to disgust those whom he has served; they discover that the late hours congenial, and, indeed, necessary to the habits of the marquis, are injurious to the health of their dear friend; and, despite his assurances to the contrary, he is accommodated with a separate table. Then their eyes and ears are suddenly opened to the fact that the apartment first selected for him is too much exposed to the southern sun to be wholesome for a man of his years; and so extremely anxious does the baroness prove herself upon this particular point, that the poor victim of her avarice and falsehood is so often moved from room to room by her order, always under the pretext of care for his health, that he has no resting-place, until he is finally consigned to a paltry chamber above the offices. The eyes of the self-made beggar are at length unsealed. In a short time the inhabitants of the chateau appear to have altogether forgotten his existence; and when they occasionally meet him during his wanderings in the grounds, they exchange with him a brief good-morrow, and pass on. Yet is not the old man utterly destitute. The young and fair, and meek-hearted Helen de la Seigliere, to whom the whirl of dissipation and frivolity, of which the chateau is the centre, is painful and wearisome, attaches herself to the old steward, although unconscious that he has done more than an act of justice in restoring the domains of her father; she spends hours with him in his squalid room, listening to his tales of the personal beauty and military prowess of his son; and, finally, upon his death-bed, he bequeaths to the fair girl, whom he has made a wealthy heiress, the eloquent letters addressed to him by the young soldier during the commencement of his campaigns.

A SURPRISE.

In the recess of an open window, opposite to a pretty stand of old Sevres porcelain, covered with cut crystal, gold plate, and the remains of an epicurean breakfast, M. de la Seigliere, reclining rather than sitting in a folding-chair, with a spring seat, was enjoying, in his morning dress, that state of well-being and beatitude which are derivable from inveterate egotism, robust health, ample fortune, good-temper, and easy digestion. He had awoke in excellent humour, and had never felt more satisfied with himself. Enveloped in a flowered silk dressing-gown, his chin freshly shaved, his mouth smiling, his linen dazzlingly white, his leg slender, his calf well rounded, his hand white, dimpled, half-hidden under a ruffle of Valenciennes lace, and playing with a snuff-box, enriched with the portrait of a woman, which did not appear to have been that of the marchioness, exhaling at every movement the soft odours of violet and marechal powder, he sat there, thinking of nothing, but breathing with delight the balmy odour of his woods, whose summits the finger of autumn had begun to rust, and following with a half-unconscious eye the return of his stud in their stable coverings, as his grooms were leading them homeward from their morning exercise, when he perceived, crossing the bridge which spanned the Clain, Madame de Vaubert, who was evidently on her way to the chateau. He rose, stretched out his right leg, examined himself from head to foot, beat off, with the ends of his fingers, some grains of snuff which were scattered on his shirt-frill of English point, and then, leaning over the balcony, he awaited the advent of his visitor. An individual of the least observation would have remarked in the early apparition of the baroness, as well as in her neglect of personal appearance, the certain indication of a heart violently agitated; but the marquis made no discovery of the sort. When she entered, he gallantly kissed her hand, without even remarking the paleness which overspread her countenance.

"Baroness," he said, "you are each day younger and more charming. If you continue to progress thus, in a few months you will scarce be twenty years of age."

"Marquis," retorted Madame de Vaubert, drily, "that is not now the question. Let us speak seriously; the subject is worthy of the effort. Marquis, all is lost! All, I tell you; the thunder has burst above our heads."

"Thunder!" exclaimed the marquis, looking out upon a sky, sparkling with azure and beaming with light.

"Yes," said Madame de Vaubert; "imagine that the thunder, issuing from that cloudless sky, is reducing your chateau to cinders, burning your farms, and consuming your harvests at

your feet; you will imagine nothing so improbable as the blow which has just been struck. After having escaped the tempest, you are about to founder in port."

M. de la Seigliere grew pale. Both sat down.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the baroness, coldly.

"What, madam?"

"Because, if you do not, you are in error," pursued Madame de Vaubert; "young Stamply, the Bernard about whom his father so often fatigued our ears, the dead and buried hero, who for the last six years has been stretched beneath the ice of Russia——"

"Well!" said M. de la Seigliere.

"Well!" echoed the baroness; "he was seen yesterday in the neighbourhood—seen in flesh and blood; seen, mind, fairly seen, and spoken to, and it is really he himself, it is Bernard, Bernard Stamply, the son of your old steward; he exists; he lives; the fellow is not dead!"

"What is that to me?" said the marquis, with perfect indifference, and the tone and manner of one at once surprised and delighted that, when he anticipated the fall of an avalanche upon his head, he is only conscious of having his nose tickled by a feather from the wing of a tomtit.

"How! What is it to you?" cried Madame de Vaubert; "Young Stamply is not dead; he has returned to the neighbourhood; he has been recognised, and you ask me what is that to you?"

"Certainly I do," replied M. de la Seigliere, with innocent astonishment; "if the lad has reasons for clinging to life, all the better for him that he is not now under ground. I should like to see him. Why has he not been here?"

"Be patient," said the baroness; "he will not fail to come."

"Let him come!" exclaimed the marquis; "we will receive him; we will make him welcome; if he requires help, we will assist him to carve out his fortune; I have not forgotten the delicacy of his father's proceedings. Old Stamply did his duty; I will do mine in my turn. It is only just that the lad should derive some benefit from the fortune which his father husbanded for me. I am not an ingrate. It shall not be said that a La Seigliere left in poverty the son of a faithful servant. Let Bernard be brought to me; if he is afraid, let him be assured of my protection; he shall have whatever he may ask."

"And if he asks for all?" said the baroness.

At these words M. de la Seigliere shuddered, and turned towards her with a look of alarm.

"Have you read a book called *The Code?*" tranquilly inquired Madame de Vaubert.

"Never," answered the marquis, proudly.

"I did so this morning, in your interest. Like you, I was ignorant yesterday of its contents; for your sake I have played the attorney's clerk. It is a book drily written, much esteemed by those whose interests it advocates, but little valued by those with whom it interferes. I doubt, for example, that you would be much delighted with the chapter on 'Donations between the Living.' Read it, nevertheless, I recommend it to your attention."

"Madame la Baronne," said M. de la Seigliere, rising, with a slight gesture of impatience, "will you tell me what all this means?"

"My lord Marquis," replied Madame de Vaubert, rising in her turn with the gravity of a judge, "it means that all gratuitous donations are revoked by law when a legitimate child exists, even should it be posthumous; it means that John Stamply, during his son's life, could only dispose in your favour of one-half of his property, and that, having ceded the whole in the hypothesis of his son's death, his intentions are void. It means, in short, that you are no longer under your own roof—that Bernard can compel you to restore his titles, and that, armed with legal authority, this lad whose fortunes you just now talked of furthering, can, when he pleases, make you disgorge your wealth, and bow you politely to the door. Do you now understand?"

M. de la Seiglière was thunderstruck; but, such was his adorable ignorance of the affairs of this life, that he soon passed from astonishment and stupor to exasperation and defiance.

"Much I care for your Code, and your donations between the living!" he exclaimed, with the petulance of a spoiled child; "what do I understand about such things? What is it all to me? What I do know is, that I am in my own house. Besides, what do you call a donation? What was stolen from me has been restored; the property that I had been deprived of is again mine by restitution, and do you call that a donation? The word is well chosen! As though a La Seiglière would receive a gift! The thing is ridiculous. As though the La Seiglière had ever received a gift from any man on earth! What! *ventre-saint-gris!* I am at home, happy and peaceful; and because a vagabond who was thought to be dead presumes to be alive, am I to give up to him the fortune of which his worthy father had robbed me? The Code has so decided! Why, those who compiled it must have been cannibals; and it is called a Civil Code, I believe! What arrant impertinence! The code of an usurper, perpetuating rapine and robbery from father to son: in one word, the Code of Napoleon! I recognise in this the finger of M. de Buonaparte. He was thinking of his wolf's cub: it was the manœuvre of a fond parent and a far-sighted wolf."

He talked for a long time in the same loose and incoherent style, walking to and fro, stamping upon the floor, draping about him in a tragi-comic manner the skirts of his dressing-gown, and repeating continually, in a stifled voice struggling with rage, "A donation! a donation!"

Madame de Vaubert had great trouble in pacifying him, and in making him understand all that had taken place more than a quarter of a century before, and what was still passing. Hitherto she had respected his illusions, but now the gravity of his position did not admit of further mystification. She therefore abruptly tore the bandage from his eyes; and vainly did the poor marquis writhe and struggle, and, like a blind man suddenly restored to sight who shrinks at the light, close his heavy lids. Madame de Vaubert conquered, and, forcing him to look steadily at the truth, inundated him on all sides with a flood of light. On witnessing the astonishment of M. de la Seiglière, as he listened to the impartial summary of the history of recent events, a spectator might have mistaken him for a man who had fallen asleep on the banks of the Clain, and had awakened in China, in the midst of a group of bouzes, wearing himself the disguise of a mandarin.

Horrorstricken on discovering that he had for years been a pensioner on the bounty of his ex-steward, the marquis, after a few violent struggles between his pride and his love of ease, becomes perfectly ductile in the hands of the subtle baroness, and reluctantly allows her to endeavour to cajole the son as she had already cajoled the father. All their efforts would, however, have proved abortive had not Mdlle. de la Seigliere accidentally entered the room before the departure of young Stamply, who lost no time in arriving at the chateau, vehemently asserting his rights. For a time the young dragon had yielded to the flattering welcome, and suffered his vanity to be fed by the high-bred attentions which were extended to him. He had even complied with the repeated request of the baroness that he would relate to them the details of his campaign in Russia, and his subsequent imprisonment in Siberia; but still they could not turn him from his purpose, nor induce him to become a guest at the chateau, until the apparition of the beautiful Helen made him forgetful of all save herself.

With another excellent scene between the marquis and his familiar spirit, Madame de Vaubert, we shall conclude our notice of this very clever work.

A PAGE FROM THE WORLD'S VOLUME.

Left alone by the fireside, the baroness and the marquis glanced at each other. "Well, marquis," said the baroness at last, "is not this young Bernard charming? The father smelt of the stable, and the son is redolent of the guardhouse."

"The wretch!" exclaimed the marquis, arrived at the last pitch of exasperation, "I thought he would never have done with his battle of Moscow. The battle of Moscow, forsooth! A fine affair, truly! What was it? Who knows any thing about it? Who talks of it? I never was in battle; but if I ever should be—by the sword of my ancestors! my lady baroness, I would wear another pair of sleeves. Every soul among the enemy should fall. I would not even suffer one invalid to escape. The battle of Moscow, indeed! And this nobody to give himself the airs of a Cæsar and an Alexander! Pretty heroes these! And these are the skirmishes about which M. de Buonaparte has made so much noise, and that the enemies of the monarchy have extolled so highly! After all they prove to have been merely wholesome and healthy exercises. The slain picked themselves up again, and the living were all the better for their exertions. *Vive Dieu!* when we nobles make war it is differently managed. When a patrician falls, he never rises again. But, were one merely a clown, a serf, a Stamply, having once been killed in the service of France, one ought, at least, not to come back to tell the tale one's self. If he had possessed a pennyworth of pride, this profligate would have blushed to find himself alive, and would have flung himself head foremost into the river."

"What, would you have such people possess no dignity?" said Madame de Vaubert, with a smile.

"Let him live then, if he will, but let him hide himself," cried the marquis * * * * But here he comes to talk of his country, and his liberty, and his paternal roof—big words which they all lavish to justify their excesses, and to conceal their misconduct."

"His country, his liberty, and his paternal roof, and all these enhanced in value by a million of inheritance, you must nevertheless admit," said Madame de Vaubert, "are sufficient

to induce a man to forsake the enamelled shores of the Don, and the companionship of Bas-Kirs."

"A million of inheritance!" echoed the marquis; "and where the devil is he to seek it?"

"In your pocket," replied the baroness, discouraged by being obliged continually to bring him back to the fact of his actual position.

"Ah, indeed!" cried M. de la Seigliere; "he is then really dangerous, this Bernard!"

"There is nothing to alarm you at present. Bernard is caged; the lion is muzzled; you grasp your prey."

"Pretty prey, truly! Tell me, for Heaven's sake, what it is you wish me to do."

"Time will teach you. This morning it was necessary to instal the enemy in the citadel; that is done. It will soon be necessary to expel him; that shall be done also. * * * On that subject you must allow me to compliment you. You displayed the *sang froid* of a hero, the wit of a demon, and the grace of an angel. Indeed, marquis, you must pardon me the expression, you were adorable."

"It is certain," said the marquis, crossing his legs, and playing with the laced frill of his shirt; "it is certain that the fellow saw me all fire."

"Ah! marquis, how well you managed him! Of a gauntlet of iron you made a glove of Swedish leather. I knew that you were brave and bold, but I must own that I was far from suspecting you of so much diplomacy. It is indeed great to possess at once the strength of the oak and the elasticity of the reed. Marquis de la Seiglière, the Prince of Benevento, usurped your place at the congress of Vienna.

"Do you think so, baroness?" asked the marquis, stroking his chin.

"By one touch you would have bent the bow of Nimrod," smiled Madame de Vaubert; "you could tame tigers, and teach panthers to eat from your hand."

"What would you have?" asked M. de la Seiglière disdainfully; "it is the history of all that sort of persons; at a distance they talk only of devouring you; but, if we condescend to smile upon them they crawl at our feet. Nevertheless, baroness, I shall not forget that I am not yet at an age to enact the part of Don Diego; and if this fellow were a gentleman, I would even now put in practice the lessons of Saint George.

"Marquis," haughtily replied Madame de Vaubert; "if this fellow were a gentleman, and you were Don Diego, you would not have to seek far for Rodriguez."

And here we conclude, simply informing such of our readers as may have become interested in the story, that the beautiful and amiable heroine marries neither the foppish son of Madame de Vaubert, nor the high-hearted orphan of the ex-steward; and that, despite this fact, she lives and dies the heiress of the proud domains of La Seigliere.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Karl von Holtei, and the German Theatre.

(*Continued from p.* 526.)

And, nevertheless, Holtei had the boldness to make one more effort in Dresden, where he appeared in the part of *Juraints*, in Korner's *Zring*. He was hissed off. His feelings, the following day, were wretched indeed. He says, "In every greeting I saw scorn and contempt, in every word I heard a jest against me; when I saw two heads talking earnestly together, I was sure that *Juraints* was the subject of their whispers." So selfish are we all, even in the deepest moments of despair and humiliation, that we refer all things to ourselves as the central of attraction, to the rest of existence. Tieck, only, spoke comfort to him; of him Holtei says,—

Tieck's encouraging smile played around my sorrow like a small blue flame around the spot where a treasure is concealed.

We have here an interesting account of Tieck, as reader of Shakspeare, and a comparison between him and Karl Schall:

His fine, noble countenance, intellectual eyes, and powerful golden voice, commanded my whole soul. I felt no doubt of the master-power which all the world acknowledged in him, but, whether I would or no, I was compelled to think of Schall, Schall, with his copper nose, and his rhinoceros face. I hardly dared confess to myself that I held him for a greater artist than Tieck; that Schall, free from all mannerism, made much deeper effect, and, without that perfect harmony, the result of extreme cultivation, without that flexibility of form, in Tieck the result of daily and constant exercise, was far richer in genuine traits of talent, and in the momentary impulses of genius.

Again, in another passage, referring to Schall:

His lisping tongue was loosened, a pure strong voice emanated from the uneasy mass of flesh and blood, the copper, Bardolf face seemed suddenly bright and clear, while the small eyes glanced with brilliancy and fire.

Holtei's own reading of the Shakspearian *Coriolanus*, a performance which excited much enthusiasm in Vienna, he described, modestly enough, as a feeble echo of Schall's masterpiece.

Failing thus, as tragedian in Breslau, Holtei united himself with his friend Julius Roham, celebrated for his *Lieder*, and with him set out on a tour, ostensibly for the purpose of giving songs and declamations; a plan which met with some little success. After some time, circumstances separated them: Holtei joined a party of strolling players, giving occasional public readings; for instance, one at Quedlinburg, where he only disposed of one ticket; so that his audience was formed of those to whom he had given free admittance. But he had within him a spring of inexhaustible buoyancy, and youthful elasticity, of which he says,—

Men blame light-heartedness. The light-heartedness of the old or middle-aged becomes a sin, but the light-heartedness of the young has in it something great and noble. It is the conquest of nature over circumstances, the triumph of truth over hypocrisy and imposition.

With the death of his foster-mother and Holtei's marriage with Luise Rogee the third volume closes.

The fourth contains much gossip and detail with reference to the theatrical condition of Berlin, together with much which cannot now be interesting to the public of 1845. At the time the Konigsstadte Theatre was established, the theatrical world of Berlin presented an array which it has not equalled since; the school of Iffland had been deservedly trampled underfoot; classical pieces were then admirably performed. Devrient, the Wolffs, Madame Stich, Lemm, Beschort, Wauer, Kruger, Rebenstein, and others, formed a company which has not since been excelled. In those days the theatre was visited as a temple devoted to art; people spoke with a certain feeling of awe of the performance of one of Shakspeare's tragedies, wherein Devrient would be found to harrow up one's inward soul, or of a classic representation of Goethe's *Iambics* by Stich, Lemm, and Wolff. One must have lived through some period of this brilliant era to comprehend that the stage really exercised another influence beyond that of mere entertainment and diversion.

So long as Holtei's first wife was a member of the royal company, nothing else theatrical was to be mentioned to him. To such a degree was this party feeling carried, that he himself styles it "extravagant folly." Holtei, of an enthusiastic nature, the absolute slave of the circumstances in which he chanced to be placed, was now a disciple of Schiller, now of Goethe, now of Shakspeare, now of Tieck, all in rapid succession. After the death of his wife, we see him suddenly appointed as secretary, poet, and registrar at the very theatre he so recently detested and abused. He is eager to shield himself, on this occasion, from all imputations of mercenary motives, but of this we will say nothing; we have in Germany witnessed more remarkable secessions than that from one theatre to another. From this time Holtei can "never think too highly" of the new establishment. But to us this trait of his mind has nothing in it surprising; it has its foundation in his inmost character.

Here, however, Holtei would have been quite in his true position; here fortune, against whom he incessantly complained, would have come to his aid, had he only been able to make better use of his time, and provide the theatre with *vaudevilles* and *liederspielen*, a class of compositions for which he was peculiarly qualified. But his dramatic contributions were limited to a few prologues, opera texts, and so forth; the well-known *Kalkbrenner*, and the little piece so popular in its songs, *Der alte Feldherr*. The latter gained him the little satisfaction of his being styled by the immortal Tzschoppe, "a restless hair-brain," spite of this title the *Alte Feldherr* contains songs which were, and have been ever since, in the mouths and hearts of all men. Fortune is often strange in

her dispensations. HOLTEI is perhaps as immortal as GOETHE, although the HOLTEI immortality only rests upon two simple songs. These songs will live and be sung when probably the name of HOLTEI is lost to the world; and most likely, of the many poets and authors trumpeted in our journals, as much will not remain many years hence.

At this period, indeed, HOLTEI was so taken up with engagements of various kinds, that his labours in behalf of the stage were neither very numerous nor very important. He says,—

Every one regretted that I did not better employ my time in producing novelties for the theatre which were then much needed, and at the same time every one endeavoured, all in his power, to divorce me from my proper pursuits, and involve me in the whirl and dissipation of society. My life became daily and daily one of mere externals—and yet I did nothing to avert the evil.

HOLTEI shared this disadvantage with many other poets and authors of distinction, who, as petted toys, or, on account of their genuine talent, are willingly received in society, and easily led aside into its turmoil and distractions. No one can replace to them the loss of their time, the destruction of their productive powers; people generally regard poetry and writing of all kinds as a mere pastime, or at the very utmost, as a labour which can be begun and continued like a young girl's knitting, laid aside any moment, or taken up at any other opportunity. In repentance and lamentation over this wasted period of his life, HOLTEI spends many pages of his memoirs.

Another cause of his uneasy and dissatisfied feelings he honestly confesses:—

The hardest thing that can happen to a man of mind and cultivation, is, in my opinion, the little estimation in which he is held when he is nothing more, and can be nothing more, than the husband of his wife. It is bad enough when she supports him on her property, but a hundred times worse when he lives on the harvest of her talents. To be the husband of an actress, singer, or dancer, and nothing more,—in comparison a street organ-player is worthy of envy.

The last part of the fourth volume is chiefly occupied with Paris, whither HOLTEI paid a visit of some length, and in particular with the Parisian theatres, to which he gave his most earnest attention. On this occasion he expresses himself thus:

A theatre of any degree of rank, *must* retain the power of punishing every neglect or indifference of the actors immediately and unappealably. In France, the most admired and favoured actor is hissed off, if he misses his part twice. But our Germans! In Paris it does not depend upon the caprice of the manager, or the humour of a little clique in the pit, as to the destiny of a piece; the poet insists upon his three representations, and the public have time and opportunity to confirm or reverse its judgment. The actor must listen to the poet, and woe to him who refuses. What a trouble and anxiety with us, before any thing, even our best works, can be produced; what with hindrances of all kinds, opposition in every quarter, passing through the census, and so on. No, whoever wishes to find pleasure in the theatre must go to Paris.

All this is neither very brilliant nor very admirably expressed, but it has the higher merit of being true. Our real concern may be with HOLTEI and his relation to the theatre, nevertheless we may observe that many of the tales of scandal which HOLTEI, in spite of his high esteem for KARL SCHALL, makes no scruple in relating, had much better been covered with the mantle of Christian love. On the other side it is difficult to comprehend how KARL SCHALL, merely in his capacity of reader, should be brought so much forward. In the memory of his friend his name may be "dear and cherished," but to literature and mankind in general, it matters but little whether KARL SCHALL existed or not. We must class him among those whom the history of literature would only think of with unwillingness. Certainly the accounts of his theatrical and reviewing life are interesting in one point of view—namely, as proving to what a degree of degradation the relation between the drama and the critics may be brought.

Passing through Weimar HOLTEI visited the aged GOETHE, and seems to have felt no little awe in this, his first interview, with the king of German poets. HOLTEI had heard much of the repelling coldness with which GOETHE received so many of his passing visitors, changing pert, arrogant, and unceasing chatterers into embarrassed clowns, with their simple yes and no; he knew too, that GOETHE had other and better things to do, than to open himself to every one who accidentally approached him; so he was hardly surprised to find the poet distant and chilling to him, as long as HOLTEI endeavoured to make a favourable impression upon him; but when at last a turn in the conversation enabled him to recover perfect ease, and display the amiable *naïveté* of his character, then GOETHE became easy to him also; and was invited to dinner. Afterwards HOLTEI visited him in his little garden-house, in the park, where his reception was even more genial and friendly. GOETHE said here, "We have spent many happy years here, and now that we are drawing near the end, may the serpent fix his teeth in the tail, that it may end as it has begun."

To secure HOLTEI some friendly attention, let us quote a few remarks on SCHILLER, whose antagonist HOLTEI had once been:—

In the first years of youth, when mind and heart celebrate their spring, and the freshness of all things comes upon the life, now first awakening to consciousness, then it is that we really drink in the words of Schiller, and swear by his name. Then comes the earnest time of life, the youth ripens into man, and he feels proud in the thought that he has turned from the delights of his young days to other things; and among them he turns away, too, from his Schiller. He says he has grown out of him; and, by way of criticism, utters something about his "poetry of reflection," about its "philosophical and ideal tendency," about its "subjectivity;" and thus he *un-Schillerises* himself. On he goes, bravely and boldly, ungrateful to the friend of his youth, whom he fancies he needs no more. But life is not what he imagined. Vain and hollow, "flat and unprofitable" appear to him all the world's efforts. Long-forgotten dreams rise up before him, the longing after lost happiness becomes now a necessity. A glance is cast behind,—and see, there stands his Schiller, whom he thought to need no more; there he stands with his sweet-smelling roses, his blooming myrtle-wreaths, his fresh green bower. It is he, the unchanged, the healing singer; and in humility the grey head is bowed down, that he may bless the brow, as he did thirty years since.

We see, from this autobiography, that HOLTEI remained throughout his life what his temperament, education, and circumstances compelled him to be, and would lead us to suppose. There is, we imagine, no man, hardly, who does not ascribe all his good-fortune to his own powers; at the same time, there is hardly any man who does not impute all his ill-success to the bad influence of others, or to the effects of circumstances, so that LEOPOLD SCHEFER's remark remains true, that each man's life is spent *for* him quite as much as he lives it *himself*.

H. MARGGRAFF.

JOURNAL OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

Isabella Reina de Granada. Novela Historica, per Don FRANCISCO MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA.

AMIDST the translations from the French, translations from the English, and translations from the German, which, few and far between, form the Spanish literature, it is pleasant to find a genuine Spanish work; one too, which, with somewhat of the lightness of the modern novel, blends a large portion of the ancient Castilian dignity: the name of MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA will attract some readers, the merits of the work ought to secure many. The tale is concerning Dona Isabella de Solis, who, by a singular chain of events, became queen of Granada; and we are introduced to her in the castle of her father, the Comendador de Solis, at Martos. Here, like a flower closed up in a secret garden, she grew and flourished; nor did it appear that she desired to make herself popular among the youths and maidens of Castile. Self-willed and proud, she had but one companion, an old Moorish woman, who had recovered her from a lingering disease, of which no one could tell the cause, but which all the people about her father's residence attributed to magic. And as thus they found out to their satisfaction a cause for the evil, so to magic, likewise, they attributed the recovery, and looked upon the old Moorish woman (whom in conformity with the polite customs of the time they called *La Perra—"female dog!"*) with horror and detestation. In the heart, however, of Isabella, the old woman had no rival; and soon she so far possessed herself of the will of the young lady, that she turned and governed her as she wished. One of her objects seemed to be to make the Castilian

damsel discontented with her own country, and to excite in her a great admiration for Granada, and in this she succeeded.

Isabella, though but fifteen years of age, had been long betrothed to Don Pedro Venegas, son of the Count of San Lucar; and the period was now approaching when the marriage should take place. The festivities and rejoicings on so auspicious an occasion somewhat remind us of a royal procession of Elizabeth; but, like that, they came at last to an end, and the bride and bridegroom stand before the altar.

A BRIDAL INTERRUPTED.

And now, kneeling breathless and trembling, she listened to the sacred words which were to unite them for ever; when suddenly was heard so fierce a clamour, that the priest suspended his voice, and all stood as if rooted to the spot. At first they thought it some quarrel among the people at the castle, overcome with wine and excitement; but an instant after was heard the cry of "fire!" which struck terror into their minds; and as the tumult approached, they distinguished the clashing of arms, the swift running of fugitives, and the groans of men wounded and dying. Isabella fell senseless in the arms of the bridegroom; the friends and vassals who surrounded them fled in dismay; the comendador rushed forwards, like a thunderbolt, to find out for himself the cause of the misfortune; but scarcely had he reached the door of the chapel, when he was driven back by a crowd running there as to the last place of refuge. He cried out, but no one replied; he asked a thousand questions, but no one answered; only was there heard sobs, shrieks, and lamentations as of those whose death was nigh. The cause of the calamity was soon discovered; the Moors of the frontier, availing themselves of the night, and trusting to the carelessness which peace had inspired in the Christians, and also reckoning on the intoxication and slumber of some, and the occupation of others, had made a sudden and successful attack, poured their bands into the castle, and given it up at once to fire and sword. The unhappy Christians, scarcely crediting their own senses, supposed at first the strange warriors were friends in disguise—(no uncommon jest in Spanish festivities at that time)—had offered no resistance, and passed at once from their rejoicings to death. Neither age nor sex were respected—the priest at the altar—the mother with her infant. Here was the prey—there the destroyer. The fury of the infidels increased at the sight of the consecrated things; and there, with his sword in his hand, leaning against a pillar, pale and with his eyes closed, was the comendador,—none knew whether living or dead; but the touch of a Moorish scimitar brought him to the ground, and it then appeared that he had received a hundred wounds. Before the altar, sustaining his bride, and making with his body a shield for her, stood the young Venegas. He had no arms, nor hoped for human succour; but after what he had already seen, he no longer wished for life.

From this scene of terror and desolation Isabella and her Moorish attendant, whom we must henceforth call Arlaja, escaped, and were taken into the kingdom of Granada. And here it will be necessary to regard the relative conditions of that kingdom and Castile. The former had been for some time tributary to the latter; but Castile, vexed by internal dissensions,—at war with France on one side and Portugal on the other,—impoverished and overtaxed, was obviously unable to support a war with her southern neighbour, and Abu Hassan, the then sovereign of Granada, replied to the ambassadors of Ferdinand, who came to demand the yearly tribute, "that the sovereigns of Granada who had paid that tribute were dead, and that the mint of the city no longer furnished silver and gold for sequins and dinars, but iron for lances and scimitars." Under these circumstances it appeared unlikely that peace could long be profound. The character of Abu Hassan, however, was weak and unwarlike; he had commenced his reign with great expectations, he had given promise of high qualities, but he had long been a slave to pleasure and averse from state business. In order to stimulate him, the King of Fez sent many ambassadors, representing how necessary it was that the Moorish dominion in Spain should be preserved, and urging Abu Hassan to more active exertions. All these endeavours failed; Abu Hassan received with courtesy the ambassadors, but continued his inactive life. The last of these envoys, Aben Farruch by name, was a Moor of great skill and sagacity, and his intention was by no means to content himself with delivering to the King of Granada the advice of his royal brother, but to compel him, if possible, to a war with Castile. Hence he was the instigator of the sacking of the Castle of Martos; he it was who carried it into execution, and carried away Isabella and Arlaja into Granada. Not long after their arrival in that country, Aben Farruch and Arlaja, now become his ally, determined to present Isabella to Abu Hassan, at once because they thought her worthy of such distinction as because they wished to conciliate the king. Struck with her marvellous beauty, Abu Hassan tried all means to obtain her love, nor was he without success. The heart of Isabella was his own, but her Castilian pride prevented her from becoming the mistress even of a king. About this time, however, a circumstance occurred which changed not the domestic circumstances only of Abu Hassan, but also his political relations—the beautiful Spanish captive was seized upon, together with her attendant, in a garden which the king had given her, and carried away.

MOORISH BANDITTI.

In a few minutes Isabella heard a light sound in a neighbouring underwood; she turned her head in alarm, and in a low voice aroused her companion, who at once arose; but it was too late for flight; six or seven men, covered with green boughs, seized upon them without speaking a single word, cast thick veils over their faces to prevent their crying out, and, dragging them along the ground, brought them to the mouth of a cave carefully concealed by bushes. Here they entered, and descended so far that Arlaja thought it was their intention to bury their miserable victims in the heart of the earth. She noted also—for Isabella had fainted—that the path was too narrow to admit more than two persons to walk abreast, and with such perpetual turnings and windings that it was impossible to say in what direction it led. All she knew certainly was, by the cold and heavy impression made upon her by the air, that it was a place where the rays of the sun never penetrated. Several hours they waited here, and when Isabella recovered her senses she was compelled, by every species of insult, to move forward; nay, to so great an extent did her conductors carry their cruelties, that they pricked her with their daggers to accelerate her steps.

After some time the light of day burst upon them, and an ancient and venerable man meeting them at the termination of the cavern, his appearance had so powerful an effect upon their conductors that they took flight, and left Isabella and Arlaja with the old man. The wounds of the former were now examined, and Arlaja, finding from the colour of the edges that they had been inflicted with poisoned weapons, sucked the venom from the wounds, and bathed them with the juice of heath.

It was not till two days had elapsed that Abu Hassan discovered Isabella, and at once attributed her abduction to the machinations of Aixa, his queen; nor was he wrong in thus deciding. Rage mastered his mind; and calling together a counsel of the Abencerrages, his favourite tribe, long consultations were held whether Aixa should be put to death; but Abu Hassan determined at last to spare her life, but to repudiate her, and to banish her from Granada. This sentence is conveyed to her by the vizier, Aben Hamet, and the queen haughtily replies, "I accepted, without vain-glory, the hand of Abu Hassan—I relinquish it without regret." But while she thus speaks she has organized the germs of an insurrection, the object of which is the dethronement of Abu Hassan and the placing on the throne his and her son, Abdelehi, more commonly known by the name of Boabdil. As soon as this divorce is arranged, the king determines to offer his hand and crown to his Christian captive, and she for his sake gives up her religion and becomes Queen of Granada. In the mean time Aben Farruch takes great pains to rekindle war; and, urged by him, and stimulated by the returning prosperity of the kingdom, the king attacks Zahara, a town in Andalusia, and carries it by storm. But the boldness of this attack, foreign as it was to the indolent character of the king, induced a vehement feeling throughout Christian Spain; and the first return on the side of the Castilians was the successful siege of Alhama, a blow to the Moorish power that occasioned the greatest terror in Granada. Many ballads are still extant on the subject, the most celebrated of which is translated by Lord Byron:—

Passavease el rey Moro, &c.

While the war raged, and while Abu Hassan was with his army before Alhama, besieging there the Marquis of Cadiz, Aixa seized the opportunity, excited the Zegris to revolt, and placed her son Boabdil on the throne. While Aben Hamet supposed that this insurrection would go on in the usual way, the insurgents resolved to carry their point by a *coup-de-main*, and to begin by setting Aixa and her son at liberty, and establishing them in the palace of the Alhambra.

A MIDNIGHT ESCAPE.

The night was already far advanced, the air neither clear nor dark, but the moon obscured by clouds, when from a window of the palace of Darlaroca, where Aixa was confined, together with Boabdil, a ladder, made of sashes and veils and scarfs, was flung down the precipice, and made fast to a tree below and to the pillar of the projecting window above. The tree below grew in a narrow and precipitous path, hanging over and projecting beyond which was the wall of the palace out of which jutted the window in question, one of those which in Moorish buildings are called *aximez*; beneath was a descent, steep and rocky, of several hundred feet.

By this frail and narrow bridge, which trembled at every movement, in darkness and surrounded by dangers, a woman had to descend—but that woman was Aixa. One thought only made her heart beat quicker than usual, and that was that her son, the one object of her love and care, had to tread the same path; and it was no small proof of the authority and dominion which she exercised over the timid youth, that she had induced him to make the attempt, and to go down first; for Aixa suspected that if he remained in the palace to follow her footsteps the peril would keep him back, and he would, by his irresolution, disappoint hopes so high and well founded. And, indeed, Boabdil was, with one foot on the ladder, on the point of renouncing the enterprise, when his mother gave him her hand, and said to him, in a voice vibrating between tenderness and severity, "Tremble not, my son; it is a crown that awaits you below!" The prince was silent, holding his breath, at the peril before him, yet he feared still more the anger of Aixa if he drew back or vacillated; and he descended—down and down, till some of the Zegris receiving him in their arms, he gave a scream of terror at finding himself surrounded by strangers armed and ferocious. This was the only signal that Aixa could have that her son had safely descended, and in that moment all her self-possession returned to her. For a moment, indeed, when swinging over the abyss, she thought of her danger, but it was only as it reflected upon her son; and when she rejoined him on the platform below, she spake but few words, but they were decisive —"To the Alhambra!"

The amiable but pusillanimous Boabdil was now compelled to take the field against his father; but in an attack of the Castilians he was taken prisoner, and thus his rebellion was stopped.

In the mean time Isabella, who had now received the name of Zorayda, was walking in the gardens of the Alcazar, at Malaga, in the cool of the evening, when a man leaped down from a tree near the wall, and stood before her. Her consternation may be well conceived when she sees that the intruder was no other than Don Pedro de Venegas, to whom she had been united in the chapel of her father's castle. He claims her as his own; but she has changed her name, renounced her faith, and yielded her heart to her Moorish lord.

And now we have the history of Don Pedro, who had been wounded in the assault at Martos, and, it was supposed, killed; but the strength of his constitution and his youth were in his favour, and he speedily recovered. He, however, had been taken over to Africa, and there received into a Moorish family of rank, who treated him with the greatest kindness. He found there an aged Moor, Al Amin, who, inquiring his name, and hearing that it was Venegas, told him that several of his family were settled at Granada, especially the sons of his uncle; and further, that this uncle, who had embraced the faith of Mohammed, had been his (Al Amin's) dearest friend. He informed him also that they had married into the royal house, and were among the principal persons at the court of Abu Hassan. Then he alluded to the still higher fortune of of a Christian lady who had been made captive, and now, by the glorious name of Zorayda, sat on the throne of Granada. A few inquiries convince Don Pedro that this queen was his own wife, and he determines to recover her or to perish in the attempt. How fruitless it was we have seen; and from that time we hear no more of Don Pedro; the king supposed that the man who had intruded into the gardens was an emissary of Aixa, and redoubled his tenderness to Zorayda. While these things take place at Malaga, the brother of Abu Hassan, commonly called El Zagal, but whose real name was Abdelehi, defeated the armies of the Christians with great slaughter, and the narrative concludes with the restoration of Abu Hassan to the throne, and the re-establishment of Zorayda in the Alhambra.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Longfellow's Poets and Poetry of Europe.

(*Concluded from page* 527.)

Mr. Longfellow has divided his view of French poetry, very nearly as he has done the German, into six periods, and arranged the translated specimens into corresponding divisions. They would fall more naturally, perhaps, under three heads,—the first embracing the earlier poems, and coming down to the middle of the seventeenth century, the second extending to the reign of Louis XIV. and the third comprising what has been written since the earlier part of the eighteenth century. This arrangement would have shewn, at least, in what unequal measure the treasures of French poetry have been made available for the English reader. That which belongs to the second of our periods, the most brilliant of the three, the courtly and magnificent age of the Great Monarch, seems either not to have attracted the notice of English translators, or to have defied their skill. French poetry of the classical school, indeed, is not well suited to our Anglo-Saxon tastes, and can with difficulty be rendered into our language without the loss of its most striking characteristics. Polished to the last degree of nicety, and often dependent for its principal charm on the most subtile idioms and the most delicate shades of expression, most of it is as untranslatable into English verse as the Odes of Horace. The editor, as we have said, has given us little from this period except a scene or two from some rather flat adaptations of the works of its great dramatists to the English stage.

But from the earliest of our three periods, Mr. Taylor, Miss Costello, and Mr. Longfellow have furnished an abundance of versions, most of them being very tasteful and rhythmical. The songs of the Jongleurs, the Trouvères, and the Troubadours come under this head. The vocation of all three differed not much from that of the Minnesingers of Germany, for the burden of their songs "was love, still love." The Jongleurs were simply wandering minstrels, who sang what they wrote, while the Trouvères composed, but did not sing; these two classes belonged to the North of France, while the strains of the Troubadours, softer and more voluptuous, came from the sweet South. As a specimen of their lays, and of the graceful versions of Miss Costello, we will extract two of the specimens, leaving it for our readers to ascertain whether Tom Moore has stolen from the Troubadours, or whether the fair translator has borrowed from the Irish bard the softness and melody of her versification.

Who has not looked upon her brow
  Has never dreamed of perfect bliss;
But once to see her is to know
  What beauty, what perfection, is.
Her charms are of the growth of heaven,
  She decks the night with hues of day:
Blest are the eyes to which 'tis given
  On her to gaze the soul away!

No, never since the fatal time
When the world fell for woman's crime,
  Has Heaven in tender mercy sent—
All preordaining, all foreseeing—
  A breath of purity that lent
Existence to so fair a being!
Whatever earth can boast of rare,
  Of precious, and of good,—
Gaze on her form 'tis mingled there,
  With added grace endued.

Why, why is she so much above
  All others whom I might behold,—
Whom I, unblamed, might dare to love,
  To whom my sorrows might be told?
O, when I see her, passing fair,
I feel how vain is all my care:
I feel she all transcends my praise,
I feel she must contemn my lays:
I feel, alas! no claim have I
To gain that bright divinity!
Were she less lovely, less divine,
Less passion and despair were mine!

The French poets of the present century appear to considerable advantage in this volume; and yet, they hardly have their due. But very few of their effusions have been skilfully

married to English verse, though they are more translatable than the works of their immediate predecessors, the classical school. There is a very good introductory notice of CHATEAUBRIAND; but the two translated scraps of his verses give no idea of his poetic talent. Five or six of BERANGER'S inimitable lyrics have been capitally rendered in some of the English magazines, and Mr. LONGFELLOW has done well in transferring the versions to his volume. A few translations from VICTOR HUGO, executed with great spirit and elegance, have been borrowed from our contemporary, the *Democratic Review*. The specimens given of the poetry of Madame TASTU and of AUGUSTE BARBIER are enough to make one wish for more from the same source.

From the well-trodden field of Italian poetry the editor's gleanings have been considerable, and they form one of the most attractive portions of the volume. The chronological arrangement is into four periods,—the first including the poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the second extending over the fifteenth, the third over the sixteenth, century, while the fourth reaches from the year 1600 to the present day. Of these, the first and third are evidently the most interesting; the former comprising the immortal names of the *trecentisti*, of DANTE, PETRARCH, and BOCCACCIO, and the latter shining with the hardly less splendid fame of ARIOSTO, MICHEL ANGELO, and TASSO. English translators have been as fond of trying their skill upon the great Italian poets, as they have been fearful of the French; and Mr. LONGFELLOW has consequently had more scope than usual for exercising his taste in making selections. He has generally shown nice discernment and true appreciation of the relative merits of different translators. He has passed over, for the most part, the watery transfusions of HOOLE, and has gleaned from the ephemeral pages of the minor periodicals many scraps of translation, executed with great spirit, fidelity, and grace, which might otherwise have floated down to oblivion. We are not so well satisfied to find no specimen of CARY'S translation of DANTE, which, though it is unrhymed, and is in ordinary blank verse, instead of the metre of the original, is still executed with so much vigour, precision, and beauty, as well to deserve the reputation it has long enjoyed, of being a classic in this department of English literature. The gem, as it seems to us, of the specimens here brought together of versions from DANTE is the following exquisite translation from the twenty-third book of the *Paradise*, by Mr. F. C. GRAY. We quote it the more readily, as in Mr. LONGFELLOW'S volume it appears, we believe, for the first time in print, and as it fully exemplifies our ideal of the manner in which such work should be performed,—not slavishly literal, but preserving all the spirit and general meaning of the original, which it fully rivals in grace and elegance. It is a perfect little poem, made so thoroughly English, as, for the eye unacquainted with the Italian, to retain no trace of its foreign origin. Mark the manner in which the interlocking rhyme and measure sustain the prolonged sense, and bear out the elaborate and beautiful comparisons in their full meaning and harmony.

BEATRICE.

Like as the bird, who on her nest all night
Had rested, darkling, with her tender brood,
'Mid the loved foliage, longing now for light,
To gaze on their dear looks and bring them food,—
Sweet task, whose pleasures all its toil repay,—
Anticipates the dawn, and, through the wood
Ascending, perches on the topmost spray,
There, all impatience, watching to descry
The first faint glimmer of approaching day:
Thus did my lady, toward the southern sky,
Erect and motionless, her visage turn;
The mute suspense that filled her wistful eye
Made me like one who waits a friend's return,
Lives on this hope, and will no other own.
Soon did my eye a rising light discern;
High up the heavens its kindling splendours shone,
And Beatrice exclaimed, "See, they appear,
The Lord's triumphal hosts! For this alone
These spheres have rolled and reaped their harvest here!"
Her face seemed all on fire, and in her eye
Danced joy unspeakable to mortal ear.
As when full-orbed Diana smiles on high,
While the eternal nymphs her form surround,
And, scattering beauty through the cloudless sky,
Float on the bosom of the blue profound:
O'er thousands of bright flowers was seen to blaze
One sun transcendent, from whom all around,
As from our sun the planets, drew their rays;
He through these living lights poured such a tide
Of glory, as o'erpowered my feeble gaze.
"O Beatrice, my sweet, my precious guide!"

The introductory notice of Dante, we believe, was written by Mr. LONGFELLOW himself, and we quote from it the following beautiful and just explanation of the general idea on which the poet's great work depends.

We are to consider the Divine Poem as the mirror of the age in which its author lived; or rather, perhaps, as a mirror of Italy in that age. The principal historic events and personages, the character and learning of the time, are faithfully imaged and reproduced therein. Most of the events described had just transpired; most of the persons were just dead; the memory of both was still warm in the minds of men. The poet did not merely imagine, as a possibility; but felt, as a reality. He was wandering about homeless as he composed; almost borrowing the ink he wrote with. They who had wronged him still lived to wrong him further. No wonder, then, that in his troubled, burning soul arose great thoughts and awful, like Farinata, from his burning sepulchre. When he approached a city's gates, he could not but be reminded that into the gates of Florence he could go no more. When he beheld the towers of feudal castles cresting the distant hills, he felt how arrogant are the strong, how much abused the weak. Every brook and river reminded him of the Arno, and the brooklets that descend from Casentino. Every voice he heard told him, by its strange accent, that he was an exile; and every home he saw said to him, in its sympathies even, "Thou art homeless!" All these things found expression in his poem; and much of the beautiful description of landscape, and of the morning and the evening, bears the freshness of that impression which is made on the mind of a foot-traveller, who sits under the trees at noon, and leaves or enters towns when the morning or evening bells are ringing, and he has only to hear "how many a tale their music tells."

Dante, in his Latin treatise "De Monarchiâ," says, that man is a kind of middle term between the corruptible and the incorruptible, and, being thus twofold in his nature, is destined to a twofold end; "namely, to happiness in this life, which consists in the practice of virtue, and is figured forth in the Terrestrial Paradise; and eternal beatitude, which consists in the fruition of the divine presence; to which we cannot arrive by any virtue of our own, unless aided by divine light; and this is the Celestial Paradise." This idea forms the thread of the "Commedia."

Midway in life the poet finds himself lost in the gloomy forest of worldly cares, beset by Pride, Avarice, and Sensual Pleasure. Moral Philosophy, embodied in the form of Virgil, leads him forth through the hell of worldly sin and passion and suffering, through the purgatory of repentant feelings, to the quiet repose of earthly happiness. Farther than this mere philosophy cannot go. Here Divine Wisdom, or Theology, in the form of Beatrice, receives the pilgrim, and, ascending from planet to planet, brings him to the throne of God.

Upon this slender, golden thread hangs this universe of a poem; in which things visible and invisible have their appointed place, and the spheres and populous stars revolve harmonious about their centre.

TASSO fares well in this volume. A well-written sketch of his life, and a discriminating criticism on his poetry, are followed by extracts from very good translations of his works. The specimens of the "Jerusalem Delivered," with excellent taste, are taken from the version by FAIRFAX, one of the oldest, but certainly the best, of the numerous translations of this immortal poem. Most of his sonnets which are quoted are in the English dress given to them by Mr. R. H. WILDE, whose two volumes of *Conjectures and Researches* respecting TASSO are a most honourable monument to the taste, scholarship, and critical acumen of the writer. Of the crowd of Italian poets who have flourished during the past two centuries, as full notices and specimens are given as will be desired by the ordinary reader.

It only remains for us to notice the collections made to illustrate the history of poetry in Spain and Portugal. Three periods are established in the annals of the former,—the first reaching from 1150 to 1500, the second including the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the third coming down to the present day. The comparative barrenness of the latter division reminds one of the mournful decline in the condition and prospects of noble and romantic Spain. Ten pages suffice for notices and specimens of the Spanish poets, who have flourished during the last century and a half, while more than five times that number give but an insufficient idea of the

rich harvest of poetry, in that storied and picturesque land, during the two preceding centuries. This second period is adorned with the great names of CERVANTES, LOPE DE VEGA, and CALDERON, of GARCILASO DE LA VEGA, PONCE DE LEON, and ERCILLA, and a crowd of minor bards, almost any of which outshines the brightest of those belonging to a later day. The high spirit for which the people were always remarkable was nurtured by their rich and chivalric life, by their widely-spread renown in war, and by their marvellous and successful adventures on the ocean and in the newly discovered world. National pride and magnanimity of feeling could not but flourish under such influences as these; the serious and religious element, always predominant in the Spanish character, coloured and modified the effects produced by external circumstances, and the spirit of honour, loyalty, and faith imbued all their imaginative literature. Lyric poetry and the drama, the poetry of passionate love or equally passionate devotion, were the particular forms and modes of verse in which their fervid life and excited imaginations were most readily and frequently embodied. There was, perhaps, a tendency to exaggeration in their poetry, flowing from the strong excitement of their minds; but this was kept down in all their works of the highest class, through the innate gravity and dignity which were manifest in their noble bearing. True pride preserves from bombast, and concentrated passion rarely falls into mere rant. Even the mysticism, to which the rapturous devotional feeling of some of their poets was prone, was checked and overborne by the mandates of a severe taste, and carefully nurtured judgment.

The editor was fortunate in being able to select versions of Spanish poetry from the works of a multitude of excellent translators. BOWRING, WIFFIN, ROSCOE, Lord HOLLAND, SHELLEY, and BRYANT are among those to whom he is indebted, and he has, as it were, repaid the loan with a few of his own musical and faithful renderings into English. We have already exhausted our space for quotation, but must find room for the following morsel of exquisite versification by our own BRYANT, taken from the anonymous poetry of the earliest period. We know nothing of the source whence it was drawn, but it is one of those cases in which it will appear a mere impertinence to ask whether the version be faithful to the original. The translator who has succeeded so perfectly has made the English verses in every sense his own.

THE SIESTA.

Airs! that wander and murmur round,
  Bearing delight where'er ye blow,—
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
  While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
  Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er:
Sweet be her slumbers,—though in my breast
  The pain she has waked may slumber no more!
Breathing soft from the blue profound,
  Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
  While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs! that over the bending boughs,
  And under the shadows of the leaves,
Murmur soft, like my timid vows,
  Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves,—
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
  Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
  While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

We would willingly dwell upon the beautiful ballads, which are the most precious part of the early poetry of Spain, and which appear in this volume in very pleasing, but very paraphrastic, versions into English. But we must pass on, to speak very briefly of the specimens of Portuguese poetry. The editor has here adopted the same division into historic periods as in the case of Spain; the materials from which he has drawn were copious, for besides many of the translators already mentioned, STRANGFORD, ADAMSON, and Mrs. HEMANS, have made numerous and valuable contributions for a Portuguese anthology. As for the originals, one name is written so high above all the others, that the foreign readers attention is fastened almost exclusively upon it. Neither the first nor the third period in the literary annals of Portugal seem very rich, if we look at the quality of the wares, rather than their quantity; and the second appears engrossed, as it were, with the single fame of CAMOENS, the writer of the national epic, who, in his lifetime, was steeped in poverty to the lips, and died in an hospital. As usual in such cases, a splendid monument was erected to him fifteen years after his death, when his name had become honourable to his country, though his country could no longer be of service to him. The *Lusiad* is the heroic poem of Portugal's heroic age; it celebrates one of those grand feats of maritime adventure, which form epochs in the history of the world. VASCO DE GAMA'S great discovery of a passage round the Cape of Good Hope seems hardly to afford sufficient material for an epic; but CAMOENS himself had followed in this distinguished captain's track, and the story of his own adventures and sufferings in the East Indies might have furnished out a poem of equal or greater length. The merit of the work is probably to be ascribed in a considerable measure to his personal adventures; if he had seen and suffered less, he might have written less forcibly. Misery is the most effectual, as it has been the most common, stimulant of genius. The defects of the poem are nearly as conspicuous as its beauties; overwrought description, an ill-constructed story, and incongruous machinery are great drawbacks from the pleasure given by an epic. These faults, unluckily, are not likely to be lessened in a translation, and CAMOENS certainly is under no great obligations to Mr. MICKLE, who has done the *Lusiad* into English. A better idea of the poetic genius of the Portuguese bard will be gained from some very pleasing versions of his minor poems.

We have endeavoured to give the reader some idea of the very varied and interesting contents of Mr. LONGFELLOW'S volume; but the sketch has necessarily been an exceedingly meagre one. The book abounds with material for the gratification of a cultivated taste, and for the instruction of every mind of a generous and inquiring nature. But it does not admit of abridgment, and the nearest approach to a summary account of it would be to copy its table of contents. It suggests many themes for criticism and reflection, which we have reluctantly passed over, and now leave for the unbiassed consideration of those who may be able to dwell long and studiously upon its attractive pages.

ART.

STATUE OF HER MAJESTY AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—The colossal statue of her Majesty, which has lately been placed in the centre of the Royal Exchange, was yesterday divested of its coverings. The statue is executed by Lough, the eminent sculptor, and is formed out of one solid block of white marble, upwards of nine feet in height. At three o'clock the members of the Gresham Committee walked from Mercer's-hall to the Royal Exchange, and witnessed the removal of the holland wrappers that had before hidden the statue from public view. When the cloths were taken down, loud and continued cheers resounded from those who had assembled. There was no formal ceremony, and the whole proceedings did not occupy a quarter of an hour. The front of the statue faces the great western entrance, and it is generally considered an excellent colossal representation of her Majesty in person. Yesterday was the anniversary of the opening of the Royal Exchange by her Majesty in person.

Thorwaldsen's Statue of Byron arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge, last week. Since that time preparations have been going on with considerable activity in the noble library of the college for the reception of the work therein, and we believe that it will be placed upon its pedestal in the early part of next week. —*Camb. Chronicle.*

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—We attended here on Tuesday for the purpose, as we anticipated, of witnessing the new ballet of *Le Diable à Quatre*, with ADOLPHE ADAM'S music, but the indisposition of Miss BALLIN, occasioned by fatigue at its rehearsals, had necessitated the postponement of the new piece. We were, however, highly gratified by seeing Mrs. STIRLING'S performance of *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*. This, in our opinion, is a true thing; proving incontestably that, excellent as Mrs. STIRLING is in other parts, Shakspearian comedy is her real province. We have seen many eminent actresses of late

years in the character, but by none has its full spirit been so thoroughly appreciated. FANNY KEMBLE was a very admirable *Beatrice*, but Mrs. STIRLING is *the Beatrice* of SHAKSPEARE.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The following is the programme of the arrangements for the ensuing season of French plays. The season will commence on Monday, November 3, with Monsieur LAFONT, Mons. CARTIGNY, Mademoiselle MARTELLEUR (of the Theatre Français,) and Mademoiselle EUGENIE ST. MARC, of the Vaudeville, during whose engagements at the commencement of the season will be produced the favourite plays of *La Partie de Chasse de Henri Quatre, Leonide, La Somnambule, Roquefinette, Père et Fils, La Mère au Bal, André, Serment de Collège.* At the end of December, Madame ALBERT, whose appearance last year was prevented by a domestic calamity, will appear in *La Femme Jalouse, Madame Gregoire, Marie Mignot, Une Femme à Quarante Ans, La Lectrice, Caleb, Un Secret, Un Duel sous Richelieu.* Previously to Madame ALBERT's departure, Monsieur LAPERRIERE (of the Theatre du Vaudeville) will make his first appearance in this country, and will perform with Madame ALBERT in several pieces, in addition to *Un Premier Amour, Elle est Folle, Le Débutant, L'Image, Phillippe, Un Secret.* Early in February, Monsieur FELIX (of the Theatre du Vaudeville) will make his first appearance in this country, together with Madame DOCHE, during whose engagement will be produced *Jeanne et Jeanneton, Mémoires du Diable, L'Image, Satan, Les hors Loges, La Jolie Fille du Faubourg, La Polka en Province.* Early in April, Mademoiselle ROSE CHERI (of the Gymnase) will make her first appearance in this country, and will perform in the several new plays—*Le Changement de Main, Marquise de Rantzan, Madame de Cerigny, Les Deux Sœurs, Rebecca.* After whom Mademoiselle DEJAZET will appear for a limited number of representation. During her stay she will play once only each of her most popular characters, besides the new comedies of *Un Conte de Fée* and *La Gardeinde de Dusons.* At the end of Mademoiselle DEJAZET's engagement Mademoiselle PLESSY will appear, together with M. LAFONT, in some of the finest comedies of the French stage. Mr. MITCHELL has also succeeded in engaging Mademoiselle RACHEL for a few performances, to be selected from *Le Cid, Phædre, Tancrede, Polyenese, Jeanne d'Arc* by SOUMET, and the new tragedy of *Virginie* by LATOUR.

SURREY THEATRE.—A well-constructed version of the story which, dramatized under the title of *The Merchant's Daughter*, attracted such full houses to the Adelphi, is performing a similar service for this theatre. We looked in the other evening to report upon *The Rover's Secret*, for so the play is here designated, but found the task a needless one. There was a full and apparently well gratified audience.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—The town was curiously amused a few weeks ago, with the rumour of a private performance of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, which took place at the little theatre belonging to Miss KELLY, in Dean-street, Soho; and highly eulogistic whispers were circulated concerning the apt ability of "BOZ," the accomplished JOHN FOSTER, and the numerous wits connected with *Punch*, who sustained the leading characters. The audience consisted of the most distinguished literary men and critics of the day; and their testimony to the merits of "the players"—evidenced in their consummate tact and perfect knowledge of stage business—seems to be warm and universal. Stimulated by the success of the experiment, a second performance is talked of; and we have not only some reason for knowing that it will take place on Saturday the 15th of November, but that his Royal Highness Prince ALBERT will honour it with his presence. The "company" in the former instance included the names of CHARLES DICKENS, DOUGLAS JERROLD, JOHN FOSTER, MARK LEMON, DUDLEY COSTELLO, LEECH, FRANK STONE, and others of kindred repute: and we presume there will be no alteration in the arrangements when the ghost of "rare Ben" summons them together again.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Among the inventions deposited in the above institution we observe Mr. Bencraft's patent hames for the prevention of galled shoulders. All those who are acquainted with the formation of a horse's shoulder well know that the trace attached to the hames has been made to bear upon the most objectionable part; viz. in front of the joint which connects the leg to the shoulder-blade, thereby imposing upon it continuous pressure and friction, and at the same time greatly impeding the action of the fore limbs. It is evident that in the horse the shoulder and that portion of the front of the spine which forms the withers should be the point of draft; but it is equally clear, both with reference to the economy of draft and the ease and freedom of the progression of the animal, that in the application of draft, the motion of the shoulder-joint should be as little interfered with as possible; and the inventor confidently asserts that by repeated trials of his patent hames it will be found that they generally diffuse the draft over the inner surface or bearing of the collar, giving it a tendency upwards; and thus, by relieving the shoulder-joint from pressure and setting at liberty the main muscles by which the movements of the fore limbs are effected, the progressive power of the horse is greatly increased, and his freedom and lightness of action materially improved; and he is thereby effectually protected from the continuous suffering consequent on galled shoulders. The general appearance, and the benefits both to man and horse, will be duly appreciated by the humane public.

ADELAIDE GALLERY.—M. KELLER (whose troop of gymnasts attracted so much attention at Vauxhall) has been engaged to exhibit his *tableaux vivans* at this gallery. His group for the most part are embodiments of the action, and, as far as may be, of the costume, of the most celebrated European pictures. The attitudes are of course greatly varied, and picturesque in an eminent degree. The effect of this *tableaux* is equally impressive and agreeable. Among the other attractions, Mr. RUSSELL's Lectures on Character, PILBROW's Atmospheric Railway, and the singing of Miss RUSSELL, maintain their popularity.

NECROLOGY.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

THIS distinguished individual expired at Ramsgate, on Sunday, the 12th inst. after a long and protracted illness, which she bore throughout with great fortitude and resignation. The subject of this brief memoir was the daughter of the late Mr. John Gurney, of Earlham-hall, Norfolk, and sister to Mr. Samuel Gurney, of Upton-hall, in this county, banker. But few of her own sex stand so pre-eminent for their works of philanthropy and for alleviating the sufferings and promoting the happiness of their fellow-creatures as Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. At the early age of eighteen, by permission of her father, she converted an apartment in Earlham-hall into a school-room, where she daily gave twenty-four poor children elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. In the year 1800 she married Mr. Joseph Fry (who still survives), a member of the Society of Friends, who materially aided her praiseworthy exertions by appropriating a large sum annually to her use, by which Mrs. Fry was enabled to extend the sphere of her usefulness. In the year 1816 Mrs. Fry succeeded in establishing a ladies' committee for the reformation of the interior of Newgate, and in this laudable undertaking she met with the cordial co-operation of the sheriffs of London and the governor of the prison. Not more than a year had elapsed before the beneficial effects of Mrs. Fry's committee were exhibited. The prison, which was previously a scene of riot, licentiousness, and filth, was exchanged for order, sobriety, and comparative neatness, in the chambers as well as in the persons of the female prisoners. Prior to the latter date, the female inmates were left without any employment—an evil which the discriminating powers of the subject of this memoir soon discovered, and instantly set about to remove it by the establishment of a manufactory for the women's tried side, as well as a school for children, which were daily superintended by the ladies of the committee. No sooner were the benefits of the manufactory known, than the women on the untried side petitioned the ladies' committee for a similar provision, which was granted, and we may observe the moral results surpassed the most sanguine anticipations of its promoters. We find the grand jury of the City of London, in their report dated the 21st February, 1818, expressing themselves in reference to Mrs. Fry's exertions as under:—"They cannot," they say, "conclude their report without expressing in an especial manner the peculiar gratification they experience in observing the important service rendered by Mrs. Fry and her friends, and the habits of religion, order, industry, and cleanliness which her humane, benevolent, and praiseworthy exertions have introduced among the female prisoners; and that if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the males, as well as the females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be restored to it repentant, and probably become useful members of society." Similar sentiments were expressed by the London Grand Jury in a letter to Mrs. Fry, enclosing a donation in aid of her laudable design. The subject of this memoir not only elicited the encomiums of the English press, but her name was associated with every philanthropic object in most of the continental nations of Europe. In the slave-trade question her exertions were surpassed only by a few of the opposite sex. Such was her humane and benevolent disposition, that her sympathy extended to the whole human family, without reference to country, clime, or religion. She was looked upon as a physician to body and soul; she fed and comforted the poor, supplied them with clothes, and did every thing that would administer to their well-being, and promote their happiness. In the neighbourhood where she resided (Upton, in this county), her benevolence is too well known to need comment. Her readiness to hear the cause of the distressed and destitute, and alleviate their sufferings, won for her the respect of all classes, and raised for her a name which reflects

credit on her sex as well as on the Society of Friends, of which she was so distinguished a membdr. The funeral of Mrs. Fry took place on Saturday, the 18th inst. when her remains were interred in the Friends burial-ground at Barking.—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

MR. BASEVI, THE ARCHITECT.

It gives us great pain to have to record the death of Geo. Basevi, esq. the eminent architect, which happened on Thursday morning, at Ely, under the following circumstances:—It appears that the Dean of Ely (Dr. Peacock) and one of the minor canons of the cathedral, were inspecting the restorations now being made in the interior of the great western tower, attended by Mr. Basevi, when the last-named ill-fated gentleman, in stepping back the better to make an observation, fell through an opening of the floor of the bell-chamber into the story next below, a distance of about forty feet, and was killed on the spot. The body was removed to the Deanery, where an inquest was held in the course of the day before Wm. Marshall, esq. one of the coroners of the Isle of Ely, and a jury composed of many of the principal gentry of the city and neighbourhood, who, after diligent investigation, returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

JAMES MILLINGEN, ESQ.

(*From the Literary Gazette.*)

This gentleman, whose return to England has been for some months anxiously looked for by his friends, died suddenly on the 1st instant at Florence. He had long been suffering from illness and infirmity; but had only a few days before applied in person for his passport to come home. Mr. Millingen was the eldest son of Mr. M. Millingen, formerly of Queen-square, Westminster. It was in that neighbourhood that the celebrated Dr. Cratcherode, his father's friend, observed the youth's early disposition to pursue archæologic studies, and he encouraged its growth by frequent gifts of duplicate coins, &c. He was at that time at Westminster School, and a most distinguished scholar under Dr. Wingfield, who was his private tutor; and was on the eve of repairing to one of our universities when his father unfortunately took his family to France, where he lost all his property during the revolution.

He had thus from early life distinguished himself amongst archæologists, and those who cultivated a taste for classic art, as one of the most accomplished of his class; he was a good practical scholar, and particularly well versed in those branches of Greek literature and history which bore on that subject. He had much critical acumen; and in judgment of the genuineness and origin of works of art, whether medals, sculpture in bronze or in marble, ancient vases or bas-reliefs in terra cotta, gold ornaments, or other precious remains of the taste and ingenuity of the ancients, he had long been almost without a rival; and there were few antiquaries in Germany, Italy or France, none, we may almost say, in this country, who did not bow to his opinion on such matters, or very unwillingly dissent from it. Mr. Millingen contributed also largely to the literature of the fine arts. He published a folio volume on the fictile vases formerly in the possession of Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples; another on those of Sir John Coghill; a very valuable volume in quarto, on unedited antiquities of various kinds; besides several short, but most valuable treatises on Greek coins, principally those of Magna Græcia, and on the Roman As; also on the introduction of the arts into Italy by the Greek colonies in Etruria.

As a collector of objects of fine art, Mr. M. was also very happy and judicious; whatever he possessed, or parted with, was sure to be a gem of its kind. He continued this pursuit quite to the last year of his life; and he had only recently forwarded the fruits of his late researches in Italy to the trustees of the British Museum, by whom they will probably be purchased as valuable accessions to our great national collection. Mr. Millingen enjoyed a pension of 100*l.* a year from this government, as a person devoted to literary pursuits; and was an honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature, of which he had formerly been elected a Royal Associate, and to which he contributed some excellent papers [see *Literary Gazette* reports]. He was, moreover, a Foreign Associate of the French Institute, and member of most of the learned academies of Europe.

Mr. M. has left two sons; one of them, Dr. Julius M. who accompanied Lord Byron in Greece, and is now physician to the Sultan, at Constantinople. The other is on the retired list of the medical department of the East India Company; in which service another of his sons, Captain M. died at Madras. Mr. Millingen was brother to Dr. Millingen, a medical officer in the army, who served in all the Peninsular campaigns, and was principal surgeon of our cavalry at Waterloo. Dr. M. was also for some time the resident physician of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum; and is very popularly known as the author of *The Curiosities of Medical Experience, Aphorisms in Insanity,* and other publications.

NOTICE.

With the present number of THE CRITIC *is circulated, in the form of a Supplement, a Prospectus of the* METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY, *which we commend to the attentive perusal of our readers. To the Prospectus is appended a collection of the authorities upon which the calculations of the Company are based. Having personally watched the progress of this enterprise from its inception, now nearly two years since, we are enabled to give to our readers the most positive assurance that it is a substantial and* bonâ fide *scheme, and that the estimates have been framed with so much precaution that reliance may be placed upon the results, which shew a profit of at least 15 per cent. after supplying the manure to the market gardener and farmer at a price not exceeding sixpence per ton. As the subject is one of great public and scientific interest, we shall return to it.*

It should be added, that this Supplement is not intended for binding with the volume, and therefore is not paged.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE panic in the speculating world has affected all regular and honest callings, and the book trade shares the depression. Very few works of interest have been published of late, and still less are promised. We have endeavoured to relieve this dulness of the season with ample notices of the literary doings of our Continental neighbours, and it will be seen that to-day we add the first of a series of reviews of the current literature of Spain, to those of France, Germany, Italy, and America. This is quite a new feature in such a periodical, and may we ask the Booksellers to make a point of directing to it the notice of their customers. This added cost can only be met by increased circulation, and for that we must rely upon the personal recommendations and exertions of those who approve of THE CRITIC.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY, THE POETESS.—It appears from a letter in the *Witness,* Edinburgh paper, from Mr. William Anderson, author of *Landscape Lyrics,* that the late Mrs. James Gray, authoress of *Poems from the Antique,* better known as Miss M. A. Browne, was *not* a sister of Mrs. Hemans, as is commonly supposed. The maiden name, Browne, of these gifted ladies, and the sisterly similarity that is evinced in their genius and style of poetry, no doubt led to the mistake. Mr. Anderson's authority for the statement is a letter from Mrs. Gray herself, a short time previous to her lamented death.

The work entitled *Vestiges of Creation,* which has excited so much attention, and which has been attributed to so many different authors, we have good reason to believe is the production of Sir Richard R. Vyvyan, M.P. for Helston. We hear that the hon. bart. is preparing for the press another philosophical work entitled *The Harmony of the Visible Creation,* which, we believe, will command equal attention in the scientific world.—*Falmouth Packet.*

Count Cassini, the last of the name, a member of the Academy of Sciences, formerly Director of the Royal Observatory of Paris, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and of the Legion of Honour, died, on the 18th inst. at his chateau of Thury-sous-Clermont (Oise), aged 90.

A correspondent at Naples writes on the 9th:—"In the morning of Thursday last (2nd inst.) the Scientific Congress, with its president, the Minister of State, Sant Angelo, went to Pompeii, where excavations were made under the direction of M. Carlo Bomicci, chief conservator of the antiquities of the kingdom. In a street near the temple of Augustus, were found two shops filled with iron and brass kitchen utensils, apparently set out for sale. Opposite these shops was uncovered a magazine containing blocks of indigenous and African marble, and five statues of white marble, one of which is a faun, and another of a woman clothed in drapery, which the antiquarians present believed to represent the goddess of Envy. At one end of the Via Fortuna a house was cleared, on the ground-floor of which was the furniture of a counting-house, or office, in which were some silver coins of Vespasian and Galba, and some marble weights. All the heights around Pompeii were covered with people, and most of the streets and squares so filled that the old Roman city seemed to have recovered its quondam population in full life and vigour."

A newspaper was published for the first time at St. Helena in June last.

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

THE MORNING MAIL.

IN spite of the flatness of the market, every post brings applications for shares, proving that this great enterprise is not taken up, like the railways, with a view to dealing in scrip, but as a *bonâ fide* investment, which the applicants believe to be a profitable one.

The nature of this project is so peculiar,—the shares so small—the deposit so trifling—the circumstances under which it is brought before the public, as guaranteed by a journal already established, and therefore more responsible than any Committee,—that it has been resolved to adopt a plan which has been recommended by many of those who take an interest in the enterprise. It is this:—

The getting-up of the Company is necessarily attended with some expenses. It must be advertised, and prospectuses must be printed and circulated. It is proposed that the cost of this shall be thus provided for, and so the work proceed vigorously.

As the deposit is only *one shilling* a share, it is presumed that no person feeling an interest in the enterprise, and desirous of its success, will hesitate to make the advance of this deposit immediately, accompanying his application with a post-office order or postage stamps (according to the amount or as most convenient), for the deposit of one shilling per share.

The money so received will be thus accounted for:—

THE CRITIC will publish from time to time an account of the deposits so received, and of the items of expenditure, so that the Shareholders may always know precisely how it is applied.

Should not the plan be ultimately proceeded with, the balance (if any) shall be returned to the Shareholders in rateable proportion.

By this arrangement the necessary fund for carrying out the plan will be procured; the utmost the Shareholders can risk will be the sum of *one shilling* for each share—a sum very trifling for so great an end; if it should fail, the loss will be no consideration; if it succeeds, the gain will be immense.

THE CRITIC pledges itself to a strict account of the deposits so paid.

Shareholders, therefore, are requested to transmit with their applications for shares the deposit of one shilling per share, which may be done, if under 10s., in penny postage stamps, and, if above that sum, by post-office order.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent. By WILLIAM ROSCOE. *With a Memoir of the Author.* London, 1845. Bogue.

OF all the publishing enterprises of our time this is the boldest and the most promising. Mr. BOGUE has designed, under the title of a "European Library," a complete collection of standard works, in all branches of literature, English and Foreign; uniformly printed, in an elegant form, a handsome type, and at a price which will bring them within the reach of large classes of the community to whom they must have been unattainable hitherto.

The excellence of this scheme lies in the resolution to limit the series to reprints of standard works, without alteration or abbreviation. It has been too much the fashion of late years to send forth in cheap forms crude compilations, manufactured with haste and carelessness, to meet the demands of the market, and these have been imposed upon credulous buyers as original works of worth. The standard productions of genius of all ages and countries have been, indeed, reprinted at various times, and in various forms, and at various prices, some cheaply, others in costly shape, but this is, we believe, the first systematic endeavour to supply the public with a complete and uniform collection, comprising all the works a moderate library ought to contain, uniform in size and appearance, and at a price which can only be maintained by an enormous sale; but of that we should think there can be no doubt, if the volume before us be a fair specimen of the series.

It was with excellent judgment that *Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici* was chosen for the opening of the series. It is unquestionably one of our standard histories. Few books have enjoyed more wide-spread popularity, and few have better deserved their fame. It is a very model of historical biography, copious without descending to frivolous minutiæ, philosophical without dogmatism, comprehensive without losing sight of the principal subject of the discourse. The style of the composition is peculiarly graceful and graphic, and many have been attracted by it to the study of history, whom severer works have deterred by their stiff and formal strain. It is a work which every person would have desired to place upon his bookshelf, but hitherto its cost has forbidden its possession to all save the wealthy. Now it is brought within the means of the humblest book-buyer, and it will be found in every household.

The series of which this is the beginning is, we understand, to be edited by Mr. WILLIAM HAZLITT, whose learning has presided over the production of this volume. It could not have been confided to better hands, and with such an editor and such a publisher, the country may anticipate a work which will be among the most valuable and remarkable productions of our enterprising age.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B. By T. B. TUPPER, Esq. London, 1845. Simpkin and Marshall.

ALTHOUGH bearing the name of London publishers this little volume was printed in Guernsey, of which island the subject of the memoir was a native; and it fills a vacant space in our biographical literature. Sir ISAAC BROCK occupied a conspicuous position during the American war, commanding the British army in Canada, and filling the office of Provisional Lieutenant-Governor. His vigour and energy, both in the field and in the council, would have produced a very different turn of affairs and saved the honour of Great Britain, but for the indecision and timidity of the Governor-General, who refused to sanction his bold and active policy.

That such was the fact has been ever since more than suspected, but it is placed beyond doubt by the correspondence contained in the volume, which everywhere breathes the language of a noble mind, where intelligence to discern the right is united with firmness to pursue it. The style is plain, manly, almost dignified, without any attempt at eloquence, and such as belongs to the ideal of a British officer.

In his government of Upper Canada BROCK was distinguished for his stern impartiality; in a position where it is most difficult, he kept himself aloof from faction, and by his firmness, mingled with mildness, in the administration of the law, he restored harmony where distraction had before prevailed and united the entire colony as one man against the common enemy. Even the Indians were gladly submissive to his rule and obedient to his orders, more from respect and regard than from fear.

Over the minds of the Indians Sir Isaac Brock gained an ascendancy altogether unexampled, and this he judiciously exercised for purposes conducive equally to the cause of humanity and the interests of his country. He led them to throw aside the scalping-knife, and taught them to feel pleasure and pride in

extending compassion to a vanquished enemy. In return they revered him as their common father, and while under his command were guilty of no excesses. These untutored people, the children of the forest, are ever apt to value personal much more than mental qualities, but the union of both in their leader was happily calculated to impress their haughty and masculine minds with respect and admiration; and the speech delivered by the celebrated Tecumseh, after the capture of Detroit, is illustrative of the sentiments with which the prowess of a British soldier could inspire these warlike tribes. "I have heard," said the chief, "much of your fame, and am happy again to shake by the hand a brave brother warrior. The Americans endeavour to give us a mean opinion of British generals, but we have been the witnesses of your valour. Your bold and sudden movements frightened the enemy, and you compelled them to surrender to half their own force."

His splendid victory at Detroit is often alluded to in his letters. He was charged by the envious with rashness for the attempt. But he asserts that desperate circumstances require desperate remedies; confidence in the general had departed, and despondency prevailed everywhere. Something was necessary to be done. The jealous said that it was a wanton risk, and its success a piece of good fortune, but Brock denies this. "In justice to my own discernment, I must say it proceeded from a cool calculation of the *pours* and *contres*."

But be this as it may, the consequences were most important. Mr. Tupper observes of them,—

The surrender of Detroit was so unexpected, that it produced an almost electrical effect throughout the Canadas; it was the first enterprise in which the militia had been engaged, and its success not only imparted confidence to that body, but it inspired the timid, fixed the wavering, and awed the disaffected. Major-General Brock from this moment became the idol of the great mass of those whom he governed; and when he returned to York, whither he arrived on the 27th of August, he was received amidst the heartfelt acclamations of a grateful people. They remembered that in the short space of nineteen days he had not only met the legislature and settled the public business of the province under the most trying circumstances that a commander could encounter; but, with means incredibly limited, he had gone nearly 300 miles in pursuit of an invading enemy of almost double his own force, and compelled him to surrender, thus extending the British dominion without bloodshed over an extent of country almost equal to Upper Canada.

It deserves to be recorded as an instance of good fortune, unprecedented perhaps in military annals, and especially in a country where the advantages and facilities of escape were so great, that from the 6th of August, the day on which Major-General Brock left York for Detroit, to the time immediately preceding the battle of Queenstown, the force under his personal command suffered no diminution in its numbers, either by desertion, natural death, or the sword. This comprehended a period of nearly ten weeks, during which an army was captured and a journey of several hundred miles by land and water accomplished with extreme rapidity. The swiftness of his movements was indeed most remarkable. He appears to have been everywhere. To-day at York, engaged in his civil and military duties; to-morrow at Fort George, superintending the defence of the Niagara frontier, or at Kingston reviewing and animating the militia. To-day at Fort George watching the enemy, the next at York dissolving the legislature, and a fortnight after on his return from the capture of Detroit.

Nor was his country unmindful of his services. Unhappily his life was not spared sufficiently long to permit of his personally enjoying the honours that were preparing for him. He fell gloriously at Queenstown, fighting for his country, on the 13th of Oct. 1812. The inhabitants of the province erected a monument to his memory near the spot, and which records that he died "revered and lamented by the people whom he governed, and deplored by the Sovereign to whose service his life had been devoted." The Parliament of the province addressed the throne requesting a grant for his brothers, and used this language of eulogy:

He had endeared himself to us by his able, virtuous, and impartial administration of the civil government, and by the zeal, military talents, and bravery, which marked his conduct in the field.

To his energy, his promptitude, and his decision, do we feel ourselves in a great degree indebted for having at this moment the happiness of enjoying the privileges of his Majesty's subjects. His disinterested and manly conduct aroused the spirit of the country, and called it forth for self-defence against a most insidious foe.

The British Parliament also voted a public monument to be erected in St. Paul's, where it may be seen in the north transept.

It is related by Hewison, in his account of Canada, that the memory of Brock is still held there in reverence.

He was more popular and more beloved by them than any man they ever had amongst them, and with reason; for he possessed in an eminent degree those talents which shine alike in the Cabinet and in the field. His manners and disposition were so conciliating as to gain the affections of all whom he commanded, while his innate nobleness and dignity of mind secured for him a respect almost amounting to veneration. He is now styled "The Hero of Upper Canada;" and, had he lived, there is no doubt but the war had terminated very differently from what it did. The Canadian farmers are not over-burdened with sensibility, yet I have seen several of them shed tears when a eulogium was pronounced upon the immortal and generous-minded deliverer of their country."

And by Christie, in his *Historical Memoirs*, his character has thus been sketched:—

He was one of those extraordinary men who seem born to influence mankind, and mark the age in which they live. Conscious of the ascendancy of his genius over those who surrounded him, he blended the mildest manners with the severity and discipline of a camp; and though his deportment was somewhat grave and imposing, the noble frankness of his character imparted at once confidence and respect to those who had occasion to approach his person. As a soldier he was brave to a fault, and not less judicious than decisive in his measures. The energy of his character was strongly expressed in his countenance, and in the robust and manly symmetry of his frame. As a civil governor he was firm, prudent, and equitable. Whether we view him as a man, a statesman, or a soldier, he equally deserves the esteem and respect of his contemporaries and of posterity. The Indians who flocked to his standard were attached to him with almost enthusiastic affection, and even the enemy expressed an involuntary regret at his untimely fall. His prodigality of life bereft the country of his services at the early age of forty-two years. The remains of this gallant officer were, during the funeral service, honoured with a discharge of minute guns from the American as well as the British batteries, and with those of his faithful aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donnell, were interred in the same grave at Fort George, on the 16th of October, amidst the tears of an affectionate soldiery and a grateful people, who will cherish his memory with veneration, and hand to their posterity the imperishable name of Brock.

And, with these few extracts, we commend this acceptable addition to our military biography, to the notice of our readers.

Sir Harris Nicolas's Life of Lord Nelson.

(*Concluded from p.* 534.)

From the third volume we take a few curious anecdotes collected by a Miss Knight, a friend of Lady Hamilton, who kept a journal for many years, and which is now in the possession of Lady Egerton. In that are preserved the following:—

He says, that when he was seventeen years of age, he won 300*l.* at a gaming-table; but he was so shocked at reflecting that, had he lost them, he should not have known how to pay them, that from that time to this he has never played again.

When Admiral Nelson's arm was cut off, the surgeon asked if he should not embalm it, to send it to England to be buried; but he said, "Throw it into the hammock, with the brave fellow that was killed beside me,"—a common seaman.

As we were going in the admiral's barge, the other day, looking at the ships and talking of the victory, Sir William Hamilton could not be pacified for the French calling it a drawn battle. "Nay, it was a drawn battle," said the admiral; "for they drew the blanks, and we the prizes."

The queen has desired to have a portrait of the admiral. Little Prince Leopold says, he will get a copy, and stand continually opposite to it, saying, "Dear Nelson, teach me to become like you."

The fourth volume extends from September 1799, to December 1801, and concludes the residence of Nelson in the Mediterranean, until his retirement and return to England, which he had scarcely reached when he was called upon to join the expedition against Copenhagen, under Sir Hyde Parker. On the return of the latter he took the command of the Baltic fleet, but was now obliged by bad health to resign it. But his country could not for long dispense with his ser-

vices. Before he had enjoyed needful rest he was called upon to command the fleet that had been fitted out to defend the British shores from the threatened invasion of NAPOLEON. This service, however, was neither long nor difficult. Peace came, and NELSON returned once more to his country-seat, and there the close of the volume leaves him.

The contents of this volume, being for the most part materials contributed by persons whose interest in a national undertaking had been excited during its progress, are necessarily very miscellaneous, and so will be our extracts.

Here again we find the same complaints of the indifference and neglect with which his applications were received at the Admiralty, where it is evident he had no friends. Thus he writes

To Lady Collier.

[Autograph in the possession of Commodore Sir Francis Augustus Collier, K.C.H.]

Merton, October 24th, 1801.

Dear Madam,—If your son has served his time, I hope, if he is still in the Foudroyant, that he is promoted, as many will be made by the capture of the French ships at Alexandria. If he has not served, he stands no chance, for it cannot be done; and *if you will inquire of Lord St. Vincent or Sir Thomas Troubridge*, they will tell you that I cannot get a Lieutenant made. If he has served his time and quitted a flag-ship, he is wrong, unless with the approbation of Lord Keith. With every good wish for your son, I have the honour to be, Madam, your most obedient servant. NELSON AND BRONTE.

As a specimen of NELSON in his noblest, his natural mood, when his heart was unshadowed by the presence of bad passions and their fruits, read this letter:—

To Alexander John Ball, esq. Commissioner of his Majesty's Navy, Gibraltar.

[Autograph in the possession of Sir William Keith Ball, bart.]

St. George, Kioge Bay, June 4th, 1801.

My dear invaluable Friend,—Although I may not answer letters regularly, or perform many other little acts which the world deem as of the very utmost importance, and for the omission of which it is necessary to cut each other's throats; although I own I fail most miserably (towards my real friends in particular) in those things, yet believe me, Ball, my heart entertains the very warmest affection for you; and it has been no fault of mine, and not a little mortification, that you have not the red ribbon and other rewards that would have kept you afloat, and not to have made you a commissioner: but as, I trust, the war is at a close, you must, like Lord Hood, take your flag when it comes to you; for who is to command our fleets in a future war? for whatever peace we may make under the present Government of France cannot be lasting. I pity the poor Maltese; they have sustained an irreparable loss in your friendly counsel and an able director in their public concerns: you was truly their father, and, I agree with you, they may not like step-fathers: however, I hope that you will find as much pleasure in your new office as it is possible for it to afford, although I am sure it will not be equal to your merit. As I know you have always been kind to me, I know you will be sorry to hear that I have been even at Death's door, apparently in a consumption. I am now rallied a little; but the disorder is in itself so flattering that I know not whether I am really better, and no one will tell me; but all in the fleet are so truly kind to me, that I should be a wretch not to *cheer up*. Foley has put me under a regimen of milk, at four in the morning; Murray has given me lozenges; and all have proved their desire to keep my mind easy; for I hear of no complaints, or other wishes than to have me with them.

Very amusing is the perplexity of the seaman how he is to wear the honours that had been so thickly showered upon him.

To Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms.

[Autograph in the possession of James Pulman, esq. Richmond Herald.]

Palermo, 1st November, 1799.

My dear Sir,—I am not certain that I answered your kind congratulatory letter on my elevation to the peerage: if not, I beg your pardon, and probably deferred it at the moment in expectation of receiving the plan of the arms you sent to Lord Grenville, but which has never reached me. I should be much obliged to you for them; but now I suppose the ducal arms of Bronté must have a place. If his Majesty approves of my taking the title of Bronté, I must have your opinion how I am to sign my name. At present I describe myself "Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronté in Sicily." As the pelises given to me and Sir Sidney Smith are novel, I must beg you will turn in your mind how I am to wear it when I first go to the King; and as the aigrette is directed to be worn, where am I to put it? In my hat, having only one arm, is impossible, as I must have my hand at liberty; therefore, I think, on my outward garment. I shall have much pleasure in putting myself into your management, for, believe me, dear Sir, your most obliged servant,

BRONTE NELSON.

I have just received the Imperial Order of the Crescent from the Grand Signior,—a diamond star; in the centre, the crescent and a small star."

There is a fine bold English spirit in a letter addressed to a Government Board—such language must have sounded strangely to the ears of officials accustomed only to soft phrases and flatteries.

To the Commissioners for Victualling his Majesty's Navy.

[Letter-book.]

Palermo, 5th December, 1799.

Gentlemen,—Letters which had passed between Mr. Lock and myself, brought forward, yesterday, in the presence of Sir William Hamilton, a meeting between us; and as it turns out that false friends in this country, and nonsensical ones in England, have been the cause of Mr. Lock's highly improper conduct, and as any inquiry can only end in the ruin of Mr. Lock's character, I consent not to desire the inquiry demanded in my letter of the 14th November by Captain Hardy. It was justice to the public and a vindication of my own honour that I sought, and not ruin to a young man setting off in life with a family of children. This lesson will, I trust and believe, be of more use to Mr. Lock than the approbation of ignorant people. I do not mean to withdraw a syllable of my last letter to the Board, for they will see that I did not believe them capable of such conduct; only to that part which gives up the demand for inquiry. If there are those residing in Somerset-place who merit the full force of some of my words, let them have it. One of my greatest boasts is, that no man can ever say I have told a lie. With every sentiment of proper respect to the Board, I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant, BRONTE NELSON.

Among other valuable materials collected by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS are some autograph letters by other personages of note, contemporaries of NELSON. An interesting epistle by TROUBRIDGE will throw some light upon his character.

5th January, 1800.

I have this day saved 30,000 people from dying; but with this day my ability ceases. As the King of Naples, or rather the Queen and her party, are bent on starving us, I see no alternative but to leave these poor unhappy people to starve, without our being witnesses to their distress. I curse the day I ever served the King of Naples. I, who know your lordship so well, can pity the distress you must suffer. What must be our situation on the spot? If the Neapolitan government will not supply corn, I pray your lordship to recall us. We are of no use. The Maltese soldiers must call on the French in Valetta who have the *ability* to relieve them. The consequence will be, General Graham and his troops will be cut up to a man, if I do not withdraw them. I hourly expect him to apply to me for that purpose. All we brought, I shall leave—I mean the guns, &c. belonging to his Sicilian Majesty. I never expected to be treated in this manner by General Acton, who certainly influences the King's council. He complains he cannot get his orders put in force; how can he expect it, when he never punishes any of the traitors? On the contrary, is he not daily promoting the traitors we exposed to him? We have characters, my lord, to lose, these people have none. Do not suffer their infamous conduct to fall on us. Our country is just, but severe. I foresee we shall forfeit the little we have gained. Before supplies can possibly come, many thousands must perish, even if these supplies arrive in two days. The situation is worse than ever; there are not even locusts. Such is the fever of my brain this minute, that I *assure you, on my honour*, if the Palermo traitors were here, I would shoot them first, and then myself. Girgenti, I beg to inform you, is full of corn—the money is ready to pay for it—we do not ask it as a gift. The moment the *Transfer* arrives, I shall send her, with Italinsky, to Palermo, who, I suppose, will tell the Government the Russian troops cannot go to Malta to be starved, and I hope influence the generals to withdraw their men from the country. I know well how things will then go on. God bless your lordship is the prayer of the most unhappy being existing at present, your ever faithful and sincere, T. TROUBRIDGE. Oh! could you see the horrid distress I daily experience, something would be done. I wrote you long letters, *viâ* Messina, by the *Strombolo*, who is gone to seize corn, if any can be got hold of; money first to be offered. I have called on the governor of Girgenti to fulfil the treaty, and not shut their ports against us."—*Autograph* in the Nelson papers.

And here we will close this the most valuable of recent contributions to our national history, hoping that we may yet be

called upon to review another volume for which materials cannot be wanting; nor must we omit to express the highest admiration of the sound judgment, good taste, and careful industry which have distinguished the editor in the performance of the very responsible task he had undertaken.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Pilgrim's Reliquary. By the Author of "Fragments of Italy and the Rhineland." London, 1845. Pickering.

If typographical beauty were a book's best recommendation, this would be the most popular of the season, for it is a very gem of the art, and honourable even to the Aldine press of Mr. Pickering. But the critic, if not the public, demands something more than the pleasure of the eye. The intellect—the taste—must be satisfied before he can pronounce a sentence of unqualified approval upon any volume submitted to his tribunal.

And so judging, we cannot say of *The Pilgrim's Reliquary* that its substance is as excellent as its form. Merits it has undoubtedly, but they are mingled with many faults; and travels may often be found in coarser and homelier costumes surpassing this superbly-dressed tour in attractiveness and information.

Mr. Thomas Henry White, for such is the author's name, appears to have taken a pretty extensive tour in the year 1844; keeping, however, to well-trodden tracks, where thousands of pilgrims from our shores are to be seen passing along during the months of summer. He went from Paris to Italy, south and north; thence to Switzerland, and through Germany to the Danube; thence to Munich and home by the Rhine. But this would be of little moment if he had possessed the faculty of keen observation, or the genius that takes original views of men and things. To such no path is so beaten, or so written about, that he will not find something new to cater for the entertainment of his readers. For it is not objects so much as the manner of viewing them that constitute the charm of a traveller's note-book. Only an architect cares for minute descriptions of buildings; nobody regards with approval an attempt to picture by words a magnificent or beautiful landscape, because words cannot convey the slightest idea of it. All that the reader can find amusement in is the impressions which these make upon the traveller's mind, the emotions they excite in him, the thoughts they suggest; for these by sympathy are reflected upon his own mind, and move him to fellow-feeling. The tourist who purposes publication should never forget that while inanimate objects interest only partially, man, be he the humblest and most despised of his race, excites the curiosity of all his fellow-men, and this interest is never exhausted, nor is that curiosity ever satisfied.

It is the fault of Mr. White, that his reliquary concerns itself too much about *things*, and too little about *persons*. He forgets that all the churches, and town-halls, and statues, and pictures, and antiquities, he describes so minutely, have been described by fifty travellers before him; and as they are unaltered, his painting wants the charm of novelty. Then he has fallen into the error of substituting repeated interjections of commonplace sentimentalisms expressive of raptures felt by every body for reflections which convey or suggest new trains of thought. Again, there is a great deal too much affectation of extensive reading. Quotations are thrust forward with a frequency that offends: his volume is almost a collection of fragments from the poets: some of them are sufficiently apt to the occasion, but others are manifestly dragged in head and shoulders, fit or unfit, either to fill out the page, to supply a vacancy in the mind of the author, or to give an aspect of extensive reading. An entire commonplace-book must have been cut to pieces to garnish this volume.

His style, however, is easy, flowing, and agreeable. Mr. White is a practised writer, and well acquainted with the tricks of his art. As a traveller, he seems to have preserved a commendable good-temper, and to have possessed the restless curiosity which never permits "a sight" to remain unvisited, whatever the fatigue of reaching it. Passages of interest and of beauty are to be found in these pages, and we proceed to extract some of the most striking, such as will present them in their best aspect. Here are his

MEDITATIONS IN POMPEII.

It is not Melancholy that affects you as you traverse the streets, and intrude into the houses, uninvited visitors, of Pompeii, for all is meretricious though elegant vanity, that glares at you upon every side; it is not Awe—for neither in their original proportions nor in the detail of the buildings is there any pretensions to grandeur in this city of Hercules; and as for Compassion, I felt no more than I should for the harlot, whose rouged complexion, tinselled jewels, and artificial flowers daylight has overtaken and exposed. Curiosity is your prevailing sensation, and that is just sufficiently gratified to be tantalized! Antique, without being venerable, Pompeii wears a most unhappy aspect, and Time has amply indemnified himself for the compulsory arrest of his ordinary process by maliciously revealing her original voluptuousness in painful contrast with her present decay. Wandering through streets little wider than the back lanes of our provincial towns, and roaming from house to house, whose mean dimensions are encumbered with mockeries of those majestic diameters which still survive in Athens and in Rome, the eye is at once invaded and offended by a wilderness of colours, which, even in the freshness of their early glow, and notwithstanding their graces of design, must always have been gaudy, but which now merit an epithet, which, from the respect due to misfortune, I forbear to fix upon them. Littleness and prettiness must always have been characteristics of Pompeii in her most palmy state; now the littleness remains, but as for the prettiness, alas! alas!—It is no great stretch to say that it seemed to me more like the model of a Greek town than the town itself. Villas, temples, theatre, forum, all elaborate of littleness, seem built to be beheld, but never to be inhabited.

Doubtless this city of the demigod suffers every disadvantage from the circumstances under which it meets the modern eye. The vaulted ceiling, the draperies in dusky luxuriance, which no longer mitigate the startling violence of those scarlets, and yellows, and greens, must once have enhanced their magnificence, and mellowed down the glare of those ornamental paintings which undoubtedly were solely intended for the soothing medium of such glimmering and subdued lights. They seem designed to receive a perpetual twilight, such as the brilliance and heat of a Neapolitan atmosphere made necessary for comfort, and thus would communicate a species of gorgeous gloom all the day long.

And if with venial partiality we compare these litte inconvenient edifices with the united grandeur, beauty, and comfort which distinguish the architecture and arrangements of modern habitations; still while beholding the exquisite loveliness of their pictorial designs, and their divine delineations of the human form,

"Gods that with heroes leave their starry bowers,"

we must admit that if in the one instance we have left them immeasurably behind, we have but imperfectly kept pace with them in the other.

And again:

ROME IN MAY.

Rome, 24th May, 1844.

Rome is remarkably melancholy in May. I need scarcely say that, to my fancy, it is a most pleasant, a most contemplative melancholy. That palsied city of age! that catacomb of renown! the memory of whose illustrious dead seems more vigorous than the bodily presence of her dead alive! In winter and spring the English impart a species of galvanic gaiety utterly alien from her monumental gloom. But in May the glorious old ghost flings away her gauds, wraps her solemn mantle around her, pulls down her cowl over her brow, and becomes once more the sublime phantom she really is. With the exception of an ostentatious parade of paltry equipages, tarnished liveries, and wretched horses on the Corso, and a frantic attempt at an opera, Rome in May is a picturesque receptacle for monks and goatherds, and nightingales and bells. Like some haunted place, it appears to be beloved and frequented only by the apparitions of an obsolete race. Yet many minds will find it infinitely more congenial thus, than amidst all the popular splendour of its Holy Week.

Her tranquillity, nay, her very desolation is enchanting. The summer's-day circuit of the Seven Hills seems all your own. You wander whither you will, meeting few, and disturbed by none. In short, the very antiquity of the place is one perpetual novelty, and its grave monotony a serene recreation. I write this in the Villa Borghese, beneath groves of acacias, redolent with odours, and booming with myriads of bees, the yellow hay in aromatic quiles, pitched like pavilions below the old red walls of Rome, and nightingales and blackbirds contending in gushes of ecstatic song! Coleridge must have been here when he wrote thus:

"'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night

Would be too short for him to utter forth
His Lovechant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its Music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great Lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up; and grass
Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere, in one place, I knew
So many Nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and Thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings."

The innate love of art among the Italians of all classes is equally noticed by Mr. WHITE.

May 31, 1844.

It is a charming thing to see the peasantry of Rome and its neighbourhood admitted as freely to these incomparable saloons of art, as the most distinguished among the aristocracy of genius, birth, or wealth.

There was a fine swarthy countryman, six feet high, with black curly hair, and that noble countenance so mournful in repose, but so brilliant when lighted up by emotion, and so peculiar to Italy, standing by me in front of the Laocöon; and I was amused, I may say instructed, by his minute inspection of every part of the group. It was the wondering attention of an intellect admiring, but not conscious of comprehending what it deeply felt. If not a genius himself, who knows how mysteriously he may kindle genius in his sons, as he recounts from time to time the wonders of art which he has seen in these saloons, in his own white cottage home, among the Sabine hills, as they repose beneath the deep shade of his walnut and fig trees amidst the airy glow of such a summer as this?

BELLS IN ITALY.

By the way, they are always ringing the bells in Italy. If you hear some old Campanile rolling out its chimes till its Romanesque masonry rocks again, demand the cause of this musical uproar, they will tell you the bells are ringing for rain. Wait a little month, you will hear the bells ringing again, for there has been too much rain. Anon, beneath the bluest of skies, and the brightest of sunshine, the belfry will again begin to rock, ringing out its thanksgiving for fair weather. There will be a thunderstorm perhaps in the night, and the storm clocks will reverberate the peal, for bell ringing you know is an antidote to thunder. And thus one peal deafens another, from the beginning of the year to the end.

We do not remember to have before seen a description of

THE OUBLIETTES.

I have frequently heard of Oubliettes, and seldom without a shudder at the ominous import of the term; but I never saw one of these formidable pits till to-day, and its brief chronicle is truly horrible. It is a broad square tower, standing in one of the courts of Chillon, and of very moderate height; on one side of which is an arched recess, where formerly stood the altar and image of the Blessed Virgin. The criminal (whose doom—sealed by personal enmity, or by that most inexorable of tyrants, State Policy—was concealed from his knowledge) was conducted to this tower by his guards, and directed to kneel before the altar, in order to return thanks for his deliverance. While the hapless wretch was in the rapture of adoration, the bolts of a huge trap-door beneath his knees were withdrawn, and he was precipitated into an abysm of three hundred feet; of course, either dashed to pieces by the fall, or left to writhe to death with his shattered members. Well has the bard of the village churchyard said,

"O! who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind."

But these doomed wretches had not a moment allowed to look back upon the bright sunshine they had just relinquished; nay, it was in the midst of their momentary expectation to revisit its beams that they were plucked from light and life for ever. In succeeding ages, a stair was considerately introduced, and the hellish pit divided into three floors, each provided with a sufficient lock and key, and each destined to be at once the death-chamber and grave of a man! The only difference was, that he was mercifully permitted to perish of mere hunger, instead of numbering the last hours of his agonized existence by the throbs of his lacerated limbs. A concealed current, communicating with the river, was employed to consign the mutilated and putrifying carcass to the fishes of the Rhone.

The tower at Frankfort, a curious edifice, not so famous as many objects of less intrinsic interest, produces the following

LEGEND.

The hero of this brief legend was a knightly chief of marauders, who, like Rob Roy of old, were most conscientiously of opinion

"That they should take who had the power,
And they might keep who can:"

they were, in fact, what the dear Fatherland in his homely phrase denominates Raubritters; but as the Franconian chief-magistrate did not happen to coincide in their sentiments, our friend, after seeing two of his followers led away half-naked to the Rod and the Wheel, and sensibly anticipating a similar disagreeable result to himself, began to feel his fortitude deserting him, at the precise moment when he had most need of it. The Raubritter was a gallant fellow to look at, and both by look and gesture had continued to menace the prince who had condemned him, even while they were stripping his shirt below his breast, and pulling off his cap from his bright Saxon hair; while the very executioners seemed to handle tenderly the muscular frame they were so soon to mangle and destroy. He now approached the old Roman gate-tower; and as he beheld through its arch the reeking quarters of his companions, exposed on the scaffold beyond its gloomy vista, his firmness gave way.

There have been, and always will be, brave men, who have dared the front of battle, with all its horrible contingencies of wounds, maiming, and death. The antagonistic energy which sets man against man, utterly obliterates every feeling but that of blind and deadly wrath—the masterful desire to die upon his foe. But it is a very different thing when a man has lain in a cold weltering dungeon, brooding in solitude

"On promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshewn:"

a promise, alas! of which those iron walls guarantee the performance. When the high heart and the gallant blood is compelled to creep, inch by inch, to the goal of its career, and that goal shame and torment—the bared body first, and then the scourge, and the wheel, and the axe, to complete the solemn pomp of agony. This said pomp, however, the Raubritter was full fain to decline. He did not promise, like Johnnie Armstrong—

"Grant me my life, my liege, my king!
And a great gift I'll gie to thee;
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steids
Were a' foaled in a year to me.

I'll gie thee a' thae milk-white steids,
That prance and nicker at a speir,
And as muckle goude English gilt
As four o' their braid backs dow bear."

But he looked up to the central spire of the tower, whose summit, rising superior to the rest, waved its gonfannon to the gusts, and offered its glitter to the stormy sunlight, and promised (if they would give him a bow and arrow, and his life) to pierce its centre. They consented—he *did* pierce the centre, and his life was the prize of his skill.

The tomb of ALBERT DURER, at Nuremberg, was visited by Mr. WHITE. He remarks of it—

"EMIGRAVIT" is the beautiful word employed in his epitaph to denote his death. It answers literally to our "*Departed*," and is at once a sublime eulogium on the immortality of talent and a graceful metaphrasis, rivalling in delicacy the Greek "ΕΚΟΙΜΑΣΕ!"

The streets and fountains of this fine old city are warmly eulogised, but not more than they deserve, as all who have seen will admit; and we advise all who have not seen to take an early opportunity to pay them a visit.

Oh! that I could *paint*, or (still better) *pocket*, one of these extraordinary streets. Never surely did eye behold such a complete outlawry of architecture! Such a banditti of buildings! they barricade the highway, they occupy the bridges, they besiege the ramparts. They look as if their original designs had challenged each other to every possible violation of regularity and precedent; and as for their inhabitants, you would swear all idea of good neighbourhood among them was utterly out of the question, so haughtily does one house look *down*, so enviously another look *up*, to the next door. After gaping and admiring at one freak of masonic decoration after another, at last I fairly stood still and laughed at a group of six houses forming the curve of a street. Here, one huge broad gable, prodigal of ornament as any old maid, repudiates the adjoining oriels and dormers, w not to be left behind, jostles the weathercocks and gloriette the next into the background; while this in turn, flaring a with painted dome and gilded minaret, blockades with ign nious shadow the fourth, and so on, until, I fancy, with the it was "*mere oblivion*." *Væ victis!* was the word, and th

happy mass of barbaric sculptures, like some overdressed city madam repulsed from Willis's, had fairly slunk into a side street!

The fountains in Nuremberg are numerous, and among its many beauties most beautiful. The naked Triton, large as life, in the grove of the Maximilian Platz, would dignify the finest piazza in Rome. The Schöner Brunnen, in the market-place, to which Christianity, Hebraism, and Heathenry, have each contributed their champions, is an exquisite specimen of that spiral tabernacle-work, which embellished the twelfth century; while the Cinque Cento is excellently represented in that bronze group of the Seven Cardinal Virtues, &c. which flanks the western front of Saint Lorens. As for Labenwolf's Peasant with his two geese spouting water, from beneath his arms, it is of "*all hours*," a gem which it is scarcely a crime to covet for one's cabinet; and to secure which many an antiquary would hazard a limb.

Mr. WHITE, differing from WM. HOWITT and Mrs. SHELLEY, admires the Germans, and we agree with him. There is truth as well as lively writing in his sketch of the

CHARACTER OF THE GERMANS.

I love the Germans, they are a race worthy of their chivalrous, sublime, romantic, Fatherland. What though people *do* say that a German consists of three things, the pipe, the cloak, and the man? so much the better. The pipe is a genial comforter, the cloak a faithful guardian, and the man a hearty, kindly, goodly creature, deserving the best offices of both. Yes, I do love the German, he is so *genuine*. Courteous without fawning, homely but highminded, frank yet perfectly wellbred; the politeness of the German is less the politeness of the lip than of the heart. Equally remote from the punctilious accolade of the Italian, the complimentary paroxysms of the Parisian, and that savage shyness which distinguishes a portion of my beloved compatriots, the address of a German to a stranger makes you feel at once that he would do something for you if he could, instead of implying what he *could* do for you if he *would*. Indeed, to meet a trueborn Britton abroad and remark his moody reserve, his barbaric recoil from casual intercourse, you might either imagine him a newly-caught aboriginal from the Druid forests of Mona, or some spell-bound individual, who, although like the ancient mariner, he may

"Pass like night from land to land;"—

certainly

"has *not strange power of speech!*"

For my own part, I deem it no breach of charity to affirm, of shy and silent men in *general*, that they are the vainest creatures under the sun. In nine cases out of ten, your shy man has set up a graven image in his own heart, and trembles to open the shrine, lest it should not receive the same homage from others which he so obsequiously offers himself. He resembles the schoolboy with his single piece of money, of whose value he is so sensitive, that he hesitates to lay it out, lest its return should not be commensurate with its imaginary worth. He occupies his place in society much in the same way as the dark veiled skeleton of the Egyptian banquet, with this difference, however, that he appropriates his full share of those viands and wines, which of course the ghostly lady left untasted; and while *her* presence conveyed a sublime and impressive moral, *his* generally inflicts an unnecessary nuisance. Meantime he looks on superciliously, while others, less penurious of language than himself, are contributing as they may to the treasury of conversation;—is only merit, that, although as little as possible resembling an echo, yet, like an echo, *he never contradicts you*. Nevertheless, were I to choose, I would rather hear the sociable cackling of the goose by his farmyard pond, than see the silent goggle of the owl upon his lonely barn-gable. But

"Oh, my Anthonio, I do know of those
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I'm very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."
Merchant of Venice.

To Mr. WHITE'S Tour are appended some extremely interesting extracts from the unpublished travels of an English ecclesiastic, written sixty years ago. These we purpose to make the subject of another notice next week.

FICTION.

Githa of the Forest. By the Author of "Lord Dacre of Gilsland," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Churton.

THE range of the Historical Novel has been almost restricted to the Conquest. We remember but one that has ventured into a remoter period, Mr. ATHERSTONE'S *Sea-kings in England;* but the success of that was not such as to encourage other adventurers in the same field. That was a romance of extraordinary merit, full of interest, beautifully written, containing descriptions worthy of SCOTT; it was warmly praised by the press and honoured with an elaborate and flattering notice in the *Edinburgh Review*, and withal it was not a successful work; it never reached a second edition, and little more than repaid the expenses of publication.

There could be no hesitation in attributing this comparative failure to the remote period of our history selected for illustration by Mr. ATHERSTONE. With the times of the Anglo-Saxons, our generation has little sympathy; we look upon the northern mythology very much as upon that of Greece and Rome, as a sort of magnificent dream, apt enough for a poem, but not fitted for the historical romance, in which we expect to find the past revived, and the dead living and speaking again. When SCOTT summons RICHARD, and ELIZABETH, and JAMES upon his stage, he recals personages in whose existence we have entire faith; when he paints the splendid rites of Roman Catholicism, or the unceremonious mountain worship of the Covenanters, we recognise the revival of events which our minds have already embodied in idea, and which we have already placed in the category of unquestioned facts. But when the novelist retreats into the dim obscurity of an era that is almost mythologic, and brings palpably before us the Northmen, with their grand and gloomy religion; the Saxons in their early civilization,—an infant Hercules—manners and men altogether so differing from any with which we are familiar, and a state of society we are unable distinctly to comprehend, we feel very much as if, instead of an historical romance we were reading a prose epic: the mind is averse to the labour of distinguishing the real from the ideal; it yields to the belief that fancy is the presiding genius of the whole; it wearies of scenes and personages with which it has no sympathies, and the romance shares the fate of an epic poem of similar length: it is admired as the work of a brilliant imagination—a few passages are read with pleasure, but few labour through the whole; and, like the epic, it is laid aside before it is half read, with abundance of praise of the performance, but with confessed unwillingness to investigate all its beauties.

The same objection will, we suspect, be found to prevail against the popularity of *Githa of the Forest*. The scene is laid in the Anglo-Saxon period of our history, when the country was subjected to the incessant invasions of the Danes, and it changes alternately from England to Norway. The most prominent historical events portrayed are the massacre of the Croyland monks, and the victory achieved over the Danes at Reading. Githa's father has starved to death a wretched Dane, of whose person he had obtained possession by stratagem. For this he is pursued by the unceasing vengeance of the family of the murdered man. His daughter, Imma, obtains the post of serving maiden to Githa, and this position enables her to advance the common object. She conducts a Danish army to their retreat, and captures Githa and her wicked father, with Edmund, her lover. Out of these materials the necessary complications of difficulty and distress arise. But the authoress is not skilful in the weaving of a plot. She cannot dexterously take up the threads of her story, and conduct them naturally to the end. She resorts to extravagant contrivances in order to bring things about, and her improbabilities are often so monstrous as to be annoying. Her *forte* is description. In this she is graphic, forcible, and full of colour. In dialogue she is tame and undramatic. It is evident that she does not possess, or does not exercise, the actor's art of becoming for the moment the personage she is painting, and feeling and therefore speaking as he would have felt; yet without this no composition can be dramatic.

We have noticed this romance at such length because it is not one of the flimsy productions of the season, written as fast as the pen can fly over the paper, and intended only to be read and forgotten. *Githa of the Forest* is very much above the average of fictions, and the authoress has capacities for still greater things than she has yet achieved. It is in a friendly and encouraging spirit that we have freely pointed out her faults, in hope that she will endeavour to amend them by diligent study and the exercise of patience in writing; shunning the temptation to too hasty composition, and not forgetting

the art to blot. We can commend this romance to the libraries and to readers as better than most of those it is our wearisome task to examine. It will certainly reward perusal.

POETRY.

Jugurtha: a Poem. London: Painter.

Odes, by the author of "Jugartha." London: Painter.

THE only man who can rival the writer of the books before us is the author of the *Wars of Jehovah in Heaven, Earth, and Hell*. *Jugurtha* is an historic poem, but, wanting the spirit of poetry, it would be more profitable for a reader who required information to turn at once to the pages of the historian. It is superlatively prosy. We feel our inability to review the *Odes*. They have overshot the mark of criticism, and, like *Macbeth's* ambition, fallen "on the other side." These *Odes* are as unintelligible to us as the jargon of an Ojibbeway. We confess that we have spent a few idle moments in the vain hope of discovering what the author meant by some of his lines; we have endeavoured to soar with him, but, like Icarus, the wax of our wings melted, and we have tumbled down headlong, leaving our companion enthroned in the clouds of his own mysteries. But our readers may be more fortunate, and, even as the Philistines discovered Samson's riddle, they may be gifted enough to solve what we cannot. We put them on the trial:—

> Distinct are the degrees of Thought;
> To entertain, and contemplate high truths,
> Far humbler mental effort is, than taking stand
> On such free intuition thence to launch the bright wing'd spirit fraught
> With hope's ecstatic throb up o'er
> Heaven's hallowed palaces on high:
> What if of Reason both be born, both equally are not her proud appliance.

There is an unconquerable destiny hurrying on our author. He is compelled to attempt what before was unattempted. Greatness is *thrust* upon him by mischievous fate, and therefore we do not so much wonder at his spurning from his presence the simple natural language in which such a poor beggarly poet as GOLDSMITH wrote.

> Yet, O my soul,
> Why dost thou pant for rapid wings,
> Along the sky,
> The covert groves
> Adown the undulating corn,
> Proud o'er the *nitrevested* hills,
> Or on the surface of the sounding sea,
> *Vagariful* to roam?

We seriously denounce the whole class of poetry—no, not poetry, but versification—of which the *Odes* before us form a part. We would that we could find some "senna or some purgative drug" to cleanse the world of letters of inflated phrases and pompous words, so that we could return once more to the unmixed and musical purity of our language.

Does our author think that his odes are an exhibition of his active imagination? Does he think that those who cannot understand his enigmas will rather believe in their own deficiency than question *his* superior invention? We trust he is not so deluded. Poetry is a language that all can understand. It is the only universal tongue, while the odes under notice are only the language of *one* man—the author. Imagination invents, but it invents by rule. It has its limits and its distances. SHAKESPEARE'S imagination went only as far as it could pull up the public to it. When imagination exceeds this point, it becomes a freak of madness, and a rational public have nothing in common with it. Our author should remember that Parnassus is not fabled to be very *high*—but only *steep*; but we fear that, like the celebrated Dutchman, he has taken such a lofty leap that he will never reach the earth again.

Westminster Abbey and other Poems. By OWEN HOWELL. London: Clark and Co.

THIS small book is useful as well as ornamental. The writer has preceded his poem by some historical remarks on Westminster Abbey, and some wood engravings of the most celebrated tombs. Mr. HOWELL seems to require nothing more from his readers than that they should take his small book into the Abbey of which it treats, and there read. Mr. HOWELL knows the importance of time and place; and we venture to say that if a man were to read the poem before us among tombs, where time and change shew how busy they have been, he would form a high, if not an exaggerated opinion, of its merits.

It is from this cause that criticism is often false, condemning with too severe a censure, or praising with too liberal a praise. When there is a sympathy in feeling between the author and the reader, the latter stands in too close connection with the former to be a nice critic, and when there is an entire want of sympathy, then he is too far removed to be a correct reviewer.

Romeo looks only like a madman to him who is incompetent to love, simply because "all things in season seasoned are."

But, read without the saddening influences of tombs and epitaphs, the poem of *Westminster Abbey* is much beyond the common rate of poems. Mr. HOWELL is a graceful writer. He writes with a flowing pen; and it is much in his praise to say, that although the argument of his poem is hackneyed, yet he has kept the *poetry* of it entire, which is a long way towards success.

With the exception of "Melancholy," the other poems in the book are very inferior to *Westminster Abbey*. They rather speak of an inexperienced writer than of one who has cultivated his taste.

EDUCATION.

Eclogæ Lucretianæ; or Select Passages from the "De Rerum Natura" of Titus Lucretius Carus, with English Notes. By ROBERT GIBSON, B. A. London: Fellowes.

THE object of this little volume is to make the beauties of Lucretius better known to youthful students, by means of well-selected extracts from the more striking portions of his poems and explanatory notes. Mr. GIBSON has displayed taste in the one, and learning in the other.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

ANOTHER heap of these having accumulated, we proceed to clear the table with a short notice of each.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine for November contains the usual variety of fiction, essay, and poetry, all directed to a wholesome, because practical, moral purpose. "The History of St. Giles and St. James," by Mr. JERROLD, is continued, and the interest deepens with every page. The "Essay on the decline of the Drama" is full of home-truths, but we fear that they will be preached in vain. It is an attractive feature of this periodical that the articles are generally short and pithily written, so that the reader never yawns over the pages. The "Egotism of the Aristocracy" is another happy hit at a prevailing folly, but we must remark that it is to be charged to the account of the tuft-hunting of the people, rather than upon the vanity of the titled and wealthy.

The Local Historian's Table-Book, Part LVIII. edited by M. A. RICHARDSON, is a continuation of a valuable local periodical already noticed. This number contains the diary of interesting events in the counties to which it belongs, viz. Northumberland and Durham, and a further collection of "Traditions and Legendary Poems." It must be an invaluable addition to the topographical library, and to the inhabitants of the two counties indispensable.

The Journal of the British Archæological Association, established 1843. No. III. This quarterly magazine is the production of the society whose name it bears, and contains the best of the papers read at its meetings, illustrated with numerous engravings. The contents of this part are very rich in curious information. Mr. HAIGH has discoursed learnedly on some monumental stones discovered at Hartlepool; the editor, Mr. WRIGHT has indited "A Word on Mediæval Bridge-builders." Mr. SMITH'S essay on "Pilgrim Signs and Leaden Tokens," is curious; and the Rev. B. POST'S "Treatise on the Coins of Cunobeline and the Ancient Britons" is a very treasure of antiquarian lore. A collection of intelligence relating to archæology is appended, and to those

who are fond of such research this periodical cannot but be right welcome.

Dolman's Magazine for November has more variety than any of its predecessors, and the subjects treated are of greater interest. "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Brougham" is a slashing article, written with much ability. "The Irish Hornpipe" is a most amusing tale, told with great spirit.

The Dublin University Magazine for November opens with an article, which will be read with great interest just now, on the German Catholic Church, and which contains the most succinct account we have yet seen of the new reformation. Of fictions the number contains but two—a continuation of the novel of "The Whychcots," and "A Night with Mephistophiles;" the latter very cleverly written. "Black-letter Recreations" is a collection of spirited commentaries on a variety of subjects, political and social; and No. 5 of "Italian Poets" treats of ARIOSTO, and presents us with some excellent translations of his best passages. The political article turns of course on the present state of Irish politics, and is entitled "The Duties of Irish Protestants—Peel and the Standard."

George Cruikshank's Table-Book for November is signalized, like its predecessor, by a caricature, full of talent, satirizing some folly of the day; the subject of the present one being "John Bull in a Quandary, or the anticipated Effects of the Railway Calls." The multitude of figures introduced, each having a meaning of its own, and full of character and expression, will amaze the reader, who needs to dwell upon it for some time to discover its many merits. Some clever woodcuts are scattered about the pages, whose literature is of a superior kind to any we have yet seen in this periodical.

Dr. Thomas Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy. Part IX.—This completes the volume and the work, which we have noticed so often before that nothing remains to be said of it, save that it is the best of its class, and is extremely well got up. This part contains the preface, index, &c. and the remainder of the plates.

The O'Donoghue: a Tale of Ireland, fifty Years ago. By HARRY LORREQUER.—This double number completes a novel which is one of the best that has proceeded from the pen of this lively and amusing writer. It contains four engravings full of spirit and expression, and of themselves worth the cost of the number.

Mores Catholici (No. XII.) still proceeds with unabated learning and research, and full of passages of fine poetry and composition of the purest English. To the Roman Catholics it must be a right welcome publication.

The Irish Monthly Magazine for November is a new periodical evidently under able management, for the articles are judiciously selected, and the writing is of a class very superior to that usually found in young magazines. The contents consist of essays, tales, poetry, and reviews of books, with some excellent translations. "The Threefold Prediction" is a narrative of singular power, and Mr. MANGAN'S "Loose Leaves from an Odd Volume," will reward perusal. From a collection of "Gleanings from Goethe," we take a few of the most memorable passages.

Shakspeare.—It is dangerous for growing talents to read Shakspeare; he compels them to reproduce him, and they imagine they produce themselves.

The very best of Shakspeare's dramas are here and there wanting in facility; they are something more than they should be, and for this very reason indicate the great poet.

Disputed Authorships.—Among the many strange absurdities of the schools none appears to me so ridiculous as the controversy respecting the genuineness of old writings—of old works. Which is it then, the author or the work that we admire or censure? Is it the author only we always have before us;—why should the name trouble us when we expound a work of genius?

Who will assert that we have Virgil or Homer before us while we read the words that are ascribed to either? We have the writer before us—what more then do we need? In truth, I think, that the scholars who go so laboriously to work in this unessential matter are not much wiser than a certain very beautiful lady who once asked me with the sweetest possible smile—"Who then was the author of Shakspeare's Plays?"

Art and Science.—Art and Science are words that are frequently employed, and the difference of which is seldom accurately understood; the one is often used for the other.

The definitions, too, that are given of them do not please me. I have found Science somewhere compared with Wit—Art with Humour. In this comparison I find more of imagination than of philosophy; it gives indeed an idea of the difference of both, but not of the properties of either.

I think one might call Science, the knowledge of the universal—abstract knowledge. Art, on the other hand, would be the application of Science. Science would be Reason, and Art its mechanical exercise; whence it might also be called practical science. Thus, in fine, Science would be the theorem, Art the problem.

Perhaps an objection may be made that poetry is deemed Art, and yet that it is not mechanical. But I deny that it is an art; neither is it a science. Art and Science are acquired by thinking; poetry is not, for it is inspiration: it was conceived in the soul at the very moment it became active. It ought neither to be called Art nor Science, but Genius.

There is no *patriotic* art, and no *patriotic* science; both belong, as does every supreme good, to the whole world, and can only be advanced by the free, universal, reciprocal operation of all contemporaries, with a steady regard to what remains to us of the past, and what we know of it.

Literature.—Literature is the fragment of fragments; the least of what has been said and done was written; of what has been written, but the smallest portion has remained.

Superstition.—Superstition is the poetry of life, therefore it is no injury to the poet to be superstitious.

In all times it has been only individuals who have wrought for the good of science, and knowledge, and truth—not the Age. The Age it was that poisoned Socrates; the Age that burned the Hussites, and in this respect all Ages have been alike.

The Colliseum by moonlight.—Of the beauty of a walk through Rome beneath the light of the full moon no one that has not seen it can form any idea. The individual is swallowed up in the great masses of light and shadow, and only the greatest and most universal pictures are presented to the eye. For the last three days we have had the brightest and most splendid nights, and we have enjoyed them well, and to perfection. An especially beautiful sight is presented by the Colliseum. It is closed at night; a hermit dwells in it in a little chapel, and the beggars nestle in the sunken vaults. On the level ground they had lighted a fire; a gentle current of air wafted the smoke first towards the arena, so that the lower part of the ruins was covered, and the immense walls loomed darkly above it. We stood at the iron bars and beheld the phenomenon, while the moon stood high and bright. By little and little the smoke penetrated through the partitions, gaps, and openings, and the moon lighted it like a mist; it was a delicious sight. Thus lighted up should be seen the capitol, the fore-court of St. Peter's, and other great streets and squares. Thus, sun and moon, as well as the human mind, have here quite a different business from what they have in other places—here, where masses of monstrous size, and yet of elegant forms, ever meet their glance.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine and Foreign Miscellany for November has a great deal more attraction for the general reader than might be anticipated from its title. There is a variety of original literature relating to the colonies, but instructive as well as entertaining to us at home: such, for instance, as Mr. LEIGH'S Australian tale, entitled "The Emigrant;" Mr. ELLERMAN'S "Reminiscences of the Island of Cuba;" Dr. M'HENRY'S "Account of the Liberated African Establishment at St. Helena." Besides these there is a mass of colonial intelligence, useful not to the colonists alone, but to all who have or feel an interest in their welfare.

The Balloon.—This is the fourth number of a periodical devoted to aerostation. It contains a great deal of curious information on the subject.

Sharpe's London Magazine is a new weekly periodical of the size and price of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, but with the additional attractions of woodcuts, very well executed. The original articles are very respectably written, and the selected literature is arranged with judgment and good taste.

The Railway Review is one of the many new periodicals called forth by the railway mania. Its purpose seems to be to collect, arrange, and digest the railway intelligence of the month, and thus to present it in a more accessible form than it is found in the newspapers.

The Pictorial Penny Shakspere (Part II.) *and the Pictorial Balladist* (Part II.) are two cheap issues of works universally attractive. They are neatly printed, illustrated by very respectable woodcuts; and the ballads are selected with discretion. In cheapness these publications have no rival.

The Oxford and Cambridge Review, for November.—"The Religious Movement in Germany" is the first topic handled in this number of a review, which was said to have been established to represent the Puseyite party; but certainly the

article exhibits its bias moderately, and rather concealed than avowed; as witness the summing up of this essay:—

Ardently, then, as we desire the reformation of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, and hopefully as we received the first intelligence of a reaction against the spirit of ultra-popery that produced the exhibition at Trèves, yet it is not from efforts such as Ronge's that we can expect any good to follow, except perhaps *indirectly*. As the mighty movement of the sixteenth century awoke a reforming spirit in the Roman Catholic Church itself, and produced that correction of the most flagrant abuses which was one great consequence of the labours of the unfortunate Synod of Trent, so this new schism may lead possibly to similar results, by drawing attention to the special grounds of complaint, and leading to a removal of them. It is thus that good may be brought out of evil, and the way paved for that ultimate reunion of Christendom for which so many hearts now long, so many voices daily pray. Self-purification is the one thing needed; and that is needed, not by one branch only, but more or less by all. Let each reform its own abuses, amend its own errors, repent of its own sins; and then it will be given to each to see more and more the good that is in the remainder; till at length all will be drawn together by the strong cords of love, and general intercommunion will be re-established. Sects and schisms would not long resist a united Church Catholic; and so Christendom would be at one again.

CHAPMAN'S *Homer* is next examined with the minute eye of a first class man skilled in verbal criticism—more learned than useful. A review of VON DRUMANN'S *History of Rome* follows. The troubles in Switzerland are treated of in the fourth article. The *Memoirs of Lord Lyttelton*, DRUMMOND'S *Principles of Revealed Religion*, and WARREN'S *Introduction to Law Studies*, are the remaining themes. There is much good writing in this *Review*; evidently it is supported by able pens, and it is worthy of its name. From the last article, which is entitled "The Career of the Bar, its Hopes, its Character, its Training," we take a passage full of wholesome truths.

This is one of the reasons why success at college is so often followed by failure at the Bar. The kind of talent necessary for the former is very different, it is true, from that which is required at the latter; the one is more imaginative, the other more intellectual. Still the main difference is this; at college, talent is only necessary; at the Bar, determination is essential. Then the obstacles to be surmounted in the one are essentially different from those to be met with in the other. At college, a reading man has his own world in his own imagination, he has the books before him, and every help to study around him. He is disturbed by no care, he is engrossed by his only occupation. A mind of no unusual strength, but of a calm disposition, and of delicate and tasteful predilections, may, in such circumstances, eminently succeed. If he be not a very hard reader, his course his slightly different, but his state of mind is much the same. His only distractions are bright delusions of champagne suppers and morning *chassés*, his most extensive view of human evils ranges no further than jyps and proctors, he has an unbounded faith in the inexhaustibility of tradesmen's stores, and of his father's means; he has no want that, with a little ingenuity, he cannot supply, no wish that he will not indulge, and his experience of earthly cares does not go beyond a morning headache, or some other unpleasant but curable mishap. Transferred to London and the study of the law, he soon feels the change of his position. At first the delusions of college life still haunt him. He continues for some time to encourage his precocious prejudices, he still considers college excesses as the height of fashion, and talks of his college friends as of European notorieties. But this does not last long. He begins to find that London duns are neither so silent nor so confiding as his former acquaintances, and that the non-payment of debts is looked upon with less sympathy in London than at college. Not having been a hard reader, he is now irremediably bored even with his hour's newspaper reading in the chambers of his conveyancer. He had never any great vocation for the bar, and he gets tired of it; a lively imagination had won him, with little trouble, a kind of a distinction at college, but his imagination flags over a lease and release, or a covenant to stand seised; his friends had inveigled him into keeping terms, because he was clever, and his mother thought he was sure to be Lord Chancellor, he wrote such pretty verses! He is the first to discover their mistake.

If he was a reading man, at college he was probably distinguished by his exquisite taste and his singular application. It may be that he has not a particle of that energy and hardness of character, which, if not natural, must be acquired in order to support the buffets of the law; it is possible that he is devoid of that fire and activity indispensable for a Nisi Prius advocate.

Rodwell's Memoirs of an Umbrella, Part IV.—This completes the work, which is amusing, and remarkable for a profusion of clever and spirited woodcuts.

Knight's Political Dictionary.—Part IX. extends from the words "Law, Criminal," to "Libel." It is a work of great utility, and will be a valuable acquisition to the library of reference.

The Connoisseur for November contains a portrait of NICHOLAS POUSSIN, some original music and essays, and intelligence on art.

The Philathenic Magazine for November is one of those periodicals whose vitality is a problem we cannot solve. It is of average merit, but contains no original features. Who buys, who reads them?

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Zoology of the English Poets corrected by the Writings of Modern Naturalists. By R. H. NEWELL, B.D. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

THE design of this volume is not original. We remember a Zoology of the Bible, and of Shakspeare. But it is one that bears extension, for we can never have too much of natural history in any shape, and above all where it is mingled with poetry, to which it is so nearly allied. Mr. NEWELL has selected eight beasts, thirteen birds, seven reptiles, and nine insects, and collected what poets have sung and naturalists said about them. It is impossible to make this the subject of criticism—the design speaks for itself. We merely offer two or three specimens of the execution. It will be seen that Mr. NEWELL has introduced some original anecdotes and observations. Such is this of

THE FIELDFARE.

The fieldfare is a well-known migratory thrush, that comes to us from the north, and is one of the latest, if not the last, species that makes its annual and regular winter visit to Great Britain and the north of Ireland. It seldom appears much before the beginning of November, depending on the temperature of the season, and frequently later than that; arriving here in large flocks in search of food, and, if the weather continue open and mild, spreading themselves over pasture-lands, to look for worms, slugs, the larvæ of insects, and other soft-bodied animals of that sort; but on the occurrence of snow or frost they betake themselves to the hedges, and feed greedily on haws and various other berries. Mr. C. Hewitson, in a recent visit to Norway, made the following interesting observations on the nesting habits of the fieldfare:—After a long ramble through some very thick woods, our attention was attracted by the harsh cries of several birds, which we at first supposed must be shrikes, but which afterwards proved to be fieldfares, anxiously watching over their newly-established dwellings. We were soon delighted by the discovery of several of their nests, and even surprised to find them (so contrary to the habits of other species of *turdus* with which we are acquainted) breeding in society. Their nests were at various heights from the ground, from four feet to thirty or forty feet, or upwards, mixed with old ones of the preceding year: they were, for the most part, placed against the trunk of the spruce-fir; some were, however, at a considerable distance from it, upon the upper surface, and toward the smaller end of the thicker branches; they resembled most nearly those of the ring-ouzel: the outside is composed of sticks and coarse grass and weeds, gathered wet, matted together with a small quantity of clay, and lined with a thick bed of fine dry grass: none of them yet contained more than three eggs, although we afterwards found that five was more commonly the number than four; and that even six was very frequent: they are very similar to those of the blackbird, and even more so to the ring-ouzel. The fieldfare is the most abundant bird in Norway, and is generally diffused over that part which we visited; building, as already noticed, in society, two hundred nests or more being frequently seen within a very small space. Mr. Gisborne's winter sketch of these birds is pleasing and correct:—

> Lo! on yon branch, whose naked spray o'ertops
> The oak's still clustering shade, the fieldfares sit
> Torpid and motionless, yet peering round,
> Suspicious of deceit. At our approach
> They mount, and loudly chattering from on high,
> Bid the wild woods of human guile beware.
> *Walks in a Forest: Winter*, 3.

Of the cry of the bittern it is remarked,—

The cry which the bird emits in the mornings and evenings of February and March was formerly supposed to be produced

by the bird inserting its bill into a reed, and then blowing through it.

> Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
> And as a bittern bumps within a reed,
> To thee, O lake! she said, I tell—
> DRYDEN. *Wife of Bath*, l. 195.

Chaucer, in his corresponding line, seems to follow another explanation which has been given, that the bittern thrusts its bill into mud or water, and, after retaining the air awhile, suddenly expels it.

> And as a bittore bumbleth in the mire.

Thomson has adopted this explanation:

> As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
> And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
> Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
> Deform the day delightless; so that scarce
> The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulfed,
> To shake the sounding marsh.—*Spring*, l. 18.

The sound is now more rationally believed to be the call of love, uttered in that season by the male, in order to invite the female to him.

And this is noticed:—

THE BEE'S FLIGHT.

Mr. Rogers, in his elegant poem, supposes the bee to be conducted to the hive by retracing the scents of the various flowers which it had visited.

> Hark! the bee winds her small but sullen horn,
> Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn;
> O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
> And many a stream allures her to its source.
> 'Tis morn, 'tis night; that eye, so finely wrought,
> Beyond the reach of sense, the soar of thought,
> Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind,
> Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
> Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
> Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
> With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
> Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
> Hail, memory, hail! thy universal reign
> Guards the least link of being's glorious chain.
> *Pleasures of Memory*, Pt. 1.

This idea, however, is more poetical than accurate, bees flying straight to their hives from great distances. The poet might have employed with as much effect the real fact of bees distinguishing their own hive out of numbers near them when conducted to the spot by instinct. This recognition of home seems clearly the result of memory. A more intimate acquaintance with the natural history of this insect, which modern discoveries have so much enlarged, would supply the poet with many interesting facts less trite and common than those usually adduced, and equally adapted to his purpose. The bee is, of all the social insects, the one whose instinct is most perfect, the only one whose habits are not carnivorous, and whose existence is one of the blessings of nature. The others are born for destruction; *she*, on the contrary, appears to have been made to secure the fecundation of vegetables, by transporting from one to another the pollen of their flowers, which the winds alone could not as certainly have propagated. Our domestic bee can live in every climate; it can brave the wintry breath of Siberia, and the heats of the torrid zone.

But enough of this sort of small talk: it indicates sufficiently the character of the volume.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

WE are sadly barren of lettered chat just now. All the world is "talking Algiers." Here is what I have been able to collect.

A week ago a rumour was rife in Paris that M. SCRIBE, following in the steps of his literary contemporary, M. VICTOR HUGO, had committed a grievous sin *contra bonos mores* with the wife of an artist. The scandal, diversely dished up, with an affectation of mystery as regarded the individuals concerned, perfectly and carefully diaphanous, after having run the gauntlet of the press, was thoroughly and provokingly contradicted by the immediate appearance of the eminent dramatist in the capital, where, accompanied by his "heart-broken and outraged wife," as the journalists had pathetically designated her, he shewed himself nightly at the different theatres; having, for that express purpose, left his villa at Montalais, where he was busily engaged upon the novel which is to occupy the *feuilleton* of the *Siècle* during the ensuing year. Much conversation has been caused in the *monde artiste* by an adventure which has just happened to M. DE LAMARTINE, perhaps the most exacting and the worst dressing man in France. M. DE LAMARTINE can write poetry, compile travels, make laws, enact the literary lion, in short, in every way, but he cannot dress himself like any body else. When, the other day, he was at Neris, a lady asked his permission to cut off a shred of his cloak, which he condescendingly permitted. The fair enthusiast reminds me of the man who, some years ago, carried off the hat of THOMAS MOORE from a party instead of his own, because he wanted it for *an autograph!*

But it is a *mot* of M. VILLEMAIN which has delighted the wits for the last week. An academician, who is also a peer of France, and a poet, has a brother, whose appearance is totally different from his own. The poet is tall and slight, while his kinsman, whose whole existence is one page of prose, has expanded into a fleshly luxuriance which causes him to be, in conjunction with M. MOREAU ROZIER, the terror of all the omnibus cads in Paris. A few days ago, this Gallic DANIEL LAMBERT, while lounging on the Quai Voltaire, met M. VILLEMAIN, the life-secretary of the Academy, whom he had not seen for a considerable time. "Really," said the Academician, "if you had not proclaimed your identity, I should never have recognised you. You must take care not to increase any more in bulk, or you will be arrested as a counterfeit LOUIS XVIII."

"I care very little about it," was the reply; "we each have our own fate in this world, as we have our peculiar faces; it is from that fact we derive our originality. As my brother is thin, it is my province to be fat."

"You are perfectly right," conceded VILLEMAIN, "and thus, if I understand you rightly, your brother has taken upon himself to demonstrate the degree to which the genius of man may be extended, while you, my good sir, exemplify to what point his skin may be stretched!"

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE WORKS OF DICKENS.

[The following article is a translation of a German critique on the genius and works of DICKENS, which has excited great interest and been much applauded in Germany. As the opinions of foreign judges upon English authors cannot fail to be both instructive and attractive here, we hasten to present to our readers this singularly able and impartial criticism.]

THE romances and tales of the English have, through the truth of their representations and their freedom from false ideality, exercised great influence on the progress of cultivation in all Europe, particularly upon that of Germany. Even where the materials of their fictions happened to be unknown to the reader, and regarded and enjoyed only as works of phantasy, their style of execution has always been such as to render it comparatively easy to realize them, and enter into the full spirit in which they were written. They were also an example, to Germans especially, to return to the study of Nature and simplicity. To us, we imagine, it has been given to pluck the fruit that has ripened on English ground; for not one of their numerous admirable works of this class can properly be said to have attained any thing like perfection or true artistic development. "How little," says SOLGER, "is wanting in WALTER SCOTT, to make him a genuine poet; and yet that little is every thing."

It appears to us that CHARLES DICKENS has, in these last few years, acquired a popularity scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of the abovenamed writer. He may, in part, owe it to the incidental circumstance, that the relation in which he stands to the current thoughts of the present literature of the day is precisely similar to that taken by Sir WALTER, many years since. Ideas and fancies of the middle age occupied every brain; the middle ages themselves were ennobled and embodied into an idea; knights, monks, and ladies, became pure categories. Then, implanting into the garments of ages since, the hearts and souls of sound, hearty, and *daily-living* men, he led the wandering fancies of modern times, with gentle hand, to a natural and rational resting-place. Even so at the present moment, certain social points of view have claimed the attention of all mankind; the fate and condition of the working classes has suddenly called forth a degree of sympathy which reminds us of that roused ten years ago by the unemancipated women; questions which hitherto have held place among the pools and marshes of statesmanship and political economy, only noticed by the philosopher and politician, now originate in brains of romantic tendency a tumultuous and confused picture of circumstances, which, if they ever existed in more cases than one, would assuredly end the history of the world at once, in one universal crash.

Thus CHARLES DICKENS has chosen as the field of his representations the, so-called, lower spheres of life; he conceals not their misery, their moral degradation, nor even the bitterness of their condition—for how can this fail when the others are there?

—but he shows also the means of cure, borne by these evils, like all others, in themselves. If now the effect he produces be in some measure analogous to that of art, softening and healing in its influence, we should be in great error were we to suppose, that he produces this effect by any artistic means. On the contrary, he goes on his way in the most unartistic style possible.

The *Sketches*, with which he first appeared on the world, and to which we must again and again refer, as fundamentally important in the estimation of his whole character as an author, —these sketches were suffered to pass by, almost unheeded. He saw at once what was wanting in them, what had caused their failure; the public desired more connection, more dependence of one part on another, a history, in short. And for this he had to look about him and consider. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, is a title which, while it left him free to turn and and wind about at pleasure, seemed, at the same time to promise a certain degree of unity.

But wide as the bounds were in which he was thus lightly limited, he found it utterly impossible to confine himself within them. He evidences the greatest uncertainty and doubt, as to what unity and simplicity consist in. At first he seeks it in the subject of a fantastic club, and in the parody of real life thus readily offered to him; but only seeks it here to leave it again; so that the whole becomes but one sketch, like the many pictures it is meant to hold together. Only quite at the end do we learn the dissolution of the Pickwick Club—"to hold up appearances," as he, in such cases, idiomatically and untranslatably expresses it; we learn then just about as much of the history of the club, as we do of a man's life when we see upon his tombstone the usual inscription, "He was born, he took a wife, and he died;" but the middle phrase left out, because he happened to die a bachelor. In the remainder of the course pursued by the Pickwickians, we find DICKENS hovering undecided between two very different fundamental ideas. No one performs a prominent part, but merry adventures of various kinds are attached to the names of the several clubists. Gradually, however, Pickwick assumes the rank of hero; and, by means of his assiduous amiability almost always in the wrong, gives the stamp of comic embarrassment to such events as occur. And now there arises the necessity of delivering the adventurous old gentleman easily and cleverly from his many vicissitudes. But to do this and provide against due dilemma, was too much for the writer to manage alone. So he calls to his aid Sam Weller, one with whom his pen is free and familiar; and thus behold him, on a sudden, following the place of Don Quixote, the enthusiastic insane wanderer, and the squire of strong household common sense. But the preference of the English romancers for this course of proceeding is proverbial. The romance of Cervantes is confessedly the ground-plan of *Tom Jones;* and in *Humphrey's Clock* DICKENS himself refers to it. But in the *Pickwick Papers* the depths of the plan have not been sounded as in *Tom Jones*. The journey there only forms the point of connection; and how on earth could one at home meet with such direct opportunities for so many amiable follies? But in Don Quixote, the adventurous wandering forms the greatest, or rather the whole, folly. This difference makes itself perceptible in a thousand ways, and with the journey itself there is no positive connection; the adventures to which they lead are only most superficially united, and might be lengthened out to eternity. Then the author seizes upon a very commonplace love-story, winds it together with his other materials, and makes Pickwick the go-between of the lovers, a *deus ex machina*. Like the club, so its celebrated founder requires at the last but little ceremony to be dismissed altogether.

It is not the question whether Dickens, in his following works, should or should not have been more provident and systematic; but when, from some passing necessity, he finds himself compelled to put an end to these episodes, does it not still more give them the appearance of aids to construction? His common expedient seems to be the fancy, in contradiction to the Aristotelian principle, that the artistic unity of a history does *not* consist in its revolving round one centre. SMOLLET certainly indulged the same notion. But his *Roderick Random* is a young naval surgeon, who drives himself through the world in regular seaman fashion. But such a central point would be too much for DICKENS.

A good old fellow like Herr Pickwick might certainly meet with a great deal, but assuredly not with every thing. Now, then, another individual must be selected, possibly an insignificant one, a kind of personified *tabula rasa*, as the means upon which other things are to be described. Such an one as Oliver Twist, a poor desolate orphan, who is thrown from hand to hand, falls under robbers and murderers, and, by means of a ring, drawn from the hand of his dying mother, discovers the family to which he belongs. Or such a pair as the orphans in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Or, what is better still, a poor idiot like Barnaby Rudge. And each and all of these, in order to multiply the surfaces for description which chance may offer, are instantly despatched on their several journeys. How is it that a man of such intellect condescends to such petty means, a satirist lay himself so open to others, that not even the blindest eye could fail to see through him and them! But so far from this, DICKENS never exerts himself to avoid the most worn-out, antiquated, and threadbare expedients. He debases himself, too (more remarkable after his jesting in *Pickwick* on this very prosaic system of the English romancers), to report closely the situation and condition of all his characters at the end of his tale. As if the individuals who make their appearance in the progress of a story were not simply what they do and say, and no more; and, when once this is done, were not *bound* to disappear and die away, like a tone which has formed part of a melody.

And not only this. In the "Old Curiosity Shop," a tale which, with its well-combined chief characters must be exempted from the above faults, we find the "single gentleman" relating to his travelling companion, that the old man whom they are in search of had a younger brother, who, as they both loved the same maiden, had left the country, and grown rich in America. The subject naturally becomes tedious to Mr. Garland; he remarks to him, that the rest he can easily imagine, he himself is the brother. At the end of the history Mr. Humphrey, who has read it from the clock to his friends, receives the reproaches of his companions that he has concealed from them the name of the "single gentleman." He replies, he had good reasons therefor, seeing that he was himself the single gentleman. So the only thing wanting then, is, that Mr. DICKENS, the editor of the whole, should confess to us that the man, who not only by means of the clock, but of the towers of St. Paul's, makes such deep and sage reflections, and has besides so many excellent notions: in one word, Mr. Humphreys happens to be himself.

We are aware that few, if any, will agree with us in thus accusing DICKENS of weakness in the conduct of a story. We may receive this severe reproof, when we venture on such an assertion: Know ye not (so it might run) that the artistic progress of a composition is quite another thing to the orderly and regular recital of a history? As among the painters, colour and drawing, though they form the groundwork of the whole, may yet be apparently debased, or perhaps neglected, for the sake of certain effects, so likewise may the poet replace the external consistency of circumstances by the contrast and harmony of the characters, and the reflex which they cast upon one another; and that, what the uneducated ear would merely discover to be a simple flowing melody is found to consist of a scientific and involved figure.

This remark, we must answer, contains in it much truth, and we will reflect upon it; but first we must observe, that it appears to us to depend wholly upon the *characters* whether the history is exceptionable or not, and for this reason, that the history or tale can never be more than an external addition, when it is not developed from the individuals themselves; not as if all should result from its well-known action, otherwise the poet resigns his prerogative of having a deeper insight into the causes and motives of human actions than the actor himself or the mere spectator; besides, an individual consists not only of this conscious self, but of the complex union of action and suffering; he is a relative central point of the world. In works of art, however, as much as life's progress as consists of suffering and accident must have the character of fate, a fate that by no possibility could be otherwise, and must, when the individual stands livingly before the mind of the poet, result from the very nature of his organization.

But with DICKENS nothing can be developed from the individuals, because they do not develop themselves. We have seen above how wearisomely, in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, he returns, from "The Old Curiosity Shop," in which he had unexpectedly involved himself, to his own original idea. But the want of flexibility, or rather dexterity, is the least fault in the identification of Master Humphrey with the "single gentleman;" the worst is, that thereby the groundwork of their individuality is quite lost sight of. Master Humphrey informs us, in the beginning of things, that he was born deformed, had always been solitary and retiring, and thus became a silent observer of the little world around him. He implies that he has never stirred from the side of his beloved clock, and that his life has been very similar to it in regular uniformity; and now he asserts his identity with a boisterous-brained fellow, who has been traversing foreign countries for the last quarter of a century, introduces himself to us as having forcibly hired a chamber for two years from absolutely repulsive people, brings them into the utmost consternation with the idea that he has slept with closed doors for six-and-twenty hours, and at last particularly distinguishes himself by his habit of ranting up and down for a considerable length of time together!

Great inconsistencies of this kind, similar blunders against the unity of character, we certainly do not meet with constantly. It would have been quite as consistent if Pickwick, at his resurrection in the abovenamed story, had been turned into a Frenchman. But where he is more careful, he still brings his materials merely into a *negative* unity. He does not start with a full con-

templation of a decided individuality. He commences for the most part in periodical numbers. Various characters arise. The tale progresses; but one cannot for ever produce new persons, so of course, as it happens further on, the adventures must be divided between such characters as there are. Consequently, we find circumstances applied to them which do not in the least *accord* with their *previous* characteristics; while the wonders among which they first appeared being still continued, an appearance is maintained of a well-supported unity. For instance, Richard Swiveller. At his first appearance he is described as a miserable *bel esprit;* but, thinks the author, as he has neither committed theft nor murder, he is not too bad to reform, and therewith he is raised to the condition of a necessary defender and protector of oppressed virtue.

Thus they are compelled to do and say things which please DICKENS more than themselves. Pickwick is in an error when he estimates his Sam Weller for an original; he is only a means of presenting original ideas; just as the tales which his master relates in his own history, and in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, might quite as well have come from any one else. Consequently, it cannot be helped but that DICKENS must of necessity fall into the grossest trivialities. Dennis, the hangman, who had always been remarkable for the *gusto* with which he exercised his calling, is himself condemned to death for participating in the "No Popery Rebellion." How does he die?—with the greatest cowardice.

This is assuredly an easy style of composition, adding one trait indiscriminately on to another. But DICKENS has the merit of discovering one, still more convenient; namely, that of seizing upon one feature, and never introducing another. It is related of SCHANDZ, that for five-and-twenty successive years, whenever the door of his room creaked, he made the determination to have the hinges oiled. Without doubt this may be a very characteristic trait, but still it is only one of the many which every individual offers to observation. If, now, DICKENS had come upon him, he would never have failed every time the sun rose, and the door creaked, supposing the tale ran on for five-and-twenty years, to make the old man repeat his good intention. Just think of Wardle's "Joe! damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again!" or old Willet, who dies with the well-known reflection on his son's lost arm on his lips. It is not necessary to remark that all this is any thing but delightful. DICKENS possesses, too, a wonderful capability of seizing upon the bubbles which rise on the surface of family life. But is it not quite enough to signify those moral depths? why must they be repeated to disgust, as though we were bodily present with these wearisome aunts and uncles, and compelled, as relations, to submit to their tedium?

In this way DICKENS fancies he is presenting us with living characters when they are but masks. But if he does not breathe into them the breath of life, we must say that he does something very analogous to it; that is to say, he repeats these characteristics with others, which by their conjunction preserve a sort of consistency. Thus he gives them, what we may call a general tone of character, but this only to some few of his chief persons. As a striking example of this we must once more name Pickwick, who in fact makes his appearance again in *Nicholas Nickleby*, under the form of the amiable brothers. In *Barnaby Rudge*, too, we have Mr. Chester, that frontispiece to Lord Chesterfield's Letters; and at last, the whole tribe of desperate villains who peer out here and there. Moreover DICKENS must have devoted himself seriously to study this side of life (which to the romance writer, who must seize upon inward progress, as much as upon external circumstances, is of the utmost importance), for his efforts in this branch are almost perfect.

But he must not rest satisfied with this; true and animated characters can never arise on a passive ground. The only means of representing them, then, is by internal description; and yet the true poet can, with one almost imperceptible touch, paint a whole character. Think of Werter's Charlotte. She lost her mother early, and must therefore devote herself to the education of her sisters and brothers. How well, then, we comprehend at once that, warmly engaged to Albert, she meets the passionate Werter from the first with the most perfect calmness. But DICKENS's characters stand before you in their rough outlines: there they are; *how* they became so no one can tell—scarcely even have we the addition of a few prefatory notes for the clear understanding of external circumstances. If, then, we find in DICKENS neither the characters nor the relation well managed, what further measure shall we apply to him? From whatever point of sight we may regard him, it is not probable that we shall discover any thing like artistic representation. We find in him, too, the remarkable quality of making his characters act with motives into which he cannot himself see clearly. Of this kind is the conduct of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*, in the conversation on the landing-place. She will not betray her companion in sin. Is it from affection to her after-murderer? This is not said. Or is it from a false feeling of right and wrong? This, also, combined with a certain romantic sentiment, which leads her to abide the consequences of her course of life and to await its punishment, appears to us to be the sad motive of her conduct. But this indecision and indetermination in the seizing of motives is to be found everywhere. Neither can each tale be said to preserve a distinctive groundwork of ideas; what is found in one is very likely to be met with in another. This fact justifies us in not having once attempted to go through them in due succession.

May these remarks satisfy those who have hitherto flattered themselves that their pleasure in DICKENS's works arose from a love of artistic beauty. We have still many more to make. The world is accustomed to regard DICKENS as an humourist, and to place him not only before all who, in the present day, have adopted that line of writing,—which, however, would not be granting much,—but by the side of the celebrated old wits of England.

(*To be continued.*)

JOURNAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

La Spedizione di Carlo Odvardo Stuart, negli anni 1743-44-45-46, *descritta latinamente nel* 1751, dal Jesuita GIULIO CORDACA, e ora fatta Italiana da ANTONIO GUSSALI. Milano, 1845.

The Expedition of Charles Edward Stuart, in the years 1743-44-45-46, *written in Latin A.D.* 1751, by the Jesuit JULIO CORDACA, and now translated into Italian by ANTONIO GUSSALI. Milan, 1845.

THE work of the Jesuit CORDACA, so interesting to all readers of English history, has never, so far as we can learn, been translated into English; and though it has necessarily been referred to by all those who have treated on the events of that time, yet its merits, both of authenticity and of elegance, have not made it generally known to the English reader. We have before us a translation but recently given to the Italian public, and we shall therefore take this opportunity of offering to our readers some account of a book which ought to be well known to every student of our country's annals. It is perhaps, too, an advantage which ought to be highly estimated, that this work was written by a foreigner, and one who regarded the effects of Charles Edward's expedition not on the country of his ancestors only, but on the whole of Europe. It was an eventful time at which his daring and chivalrous expedition was made, for the continental states were disturbed by many internal causes. A foreigner by birth, and a man too of unpopular manners, sat on the throne of England; and there existed in the minds of many of the older nobility a vivid recollection of the graciousness of the Stuart kings. Many, as CORDACA observes, openly ridiculed their German king, and wanted rather a rival to him in whose favour they might rebel, than the will to raise a rebellion.

The great value, however, of the Jesuit's publication is, that it reveals to us what we can find in no other equally authentic source,—the youth, the education, the early military exploits of the prince, and the history of his departure from Rome to invade this country. After making all due allowance for the manifest partiality of CORDACA, it is clear that there must have been something extremely prepossessing and indeed fascinating in the manners, even from a child, of this unfortunate prince. Nor were his mental qualities less attractive than his external advantages.

Indeed it scarcely admits of a doubt that had he been permitted to sit on the throne of his forefathers he would have outshone all the rest of his race. Nor is it fair to take the spectacle of his degraded age as any specimen of what, under brighter auspices, he would have been. His early inclinations appear to have been all military, and, after many attempts to obtain his father's consent that he should acquire by practical service the requisite military experience, an opportunity occurred which he was permitted to embrace.

CHARLES EDWARD'S FIRST MILITARY SERVICE.

The war between the Spaniards and the Austrians in 1734 gave the young prince his first insight into the operations of war. The German fortune was declining, and nearly the whole of the realm was reduced under the power of Charles, prince of Spain. The advanced portions of the German troops were pursued by the Duke of Berwick—himself a prince, though illegitimate, of the house of Stuart—to Gaeta, and preparations were made by the Duke for investing them there. To the Duke's camp Charles Edward obtained his father's permission to repair.

There he gave himself up so entirely to every part of a soldier's duty that he won the affections of the whole army and set an example even to veteran officers. The Germans defended the fortress with great valour, and though assailed both by land and sea, maintained their spirits, and made frequent sallies on their assailants. The most dangerous situations and the most spirited assaults were ever the self-elected posts of the young prince; so much so, indeed, that the Duke of Berwick, to whose custody he had been committed by the King, could not avoid reproving him for his rashness, while at the same time he was astonished both by his skill and valour. When at last the Austrians were compelled to surrender, Edward was the first to enter the beleaguered fortress, and that not through the now open gates, but by the breach, and he mounted the walls by means of broken stones and shot-holes. Such was his first insight into military service, from whence it was easy to discern what he would become as a general, when he should no longer draw the sword as a learner, but to conquer and reign.

The peace which followed this exploit restored the prince to his family, and, in the peaceful life which with them he led at Rome, his mind was continually exercised on his own political prospects. He watched the aspect of events, traced out the intrigues of courts, and as troubles appeared which brought the prospect of a general war, so his hopes rose, and he held himself prepared to enter the lists for his father's crown. It is with the *immediate* preparations for this perilous enterprise, the negotiations at JAMES'S Court at Rome, the support given by the French king, and the manner in which JAMES was induced to allow his son's departure, that we are principally interested in this book; and accordingly we shall confine ourselves to that portion of it which treats of these preliminary measures, the rest being already known to most readers by means of other publications. The Cardinal PIERRE GUERRIN DE TENCIN had been just called to the councils of LOUIS XV. a circumstance highly favourable to the hopes of the House of STUART, for TENCIN, having obtained the purple through JAMES, felt himself under deep obligations to him, and was in all respects disposed to favour his claims. While at Rome he had cultivated the acquaintance of CHARLES EDWARD, and his nephew, the Chevalier TENCIN, had become one of the prince's most intimate friends, and now that the cardinal was recalled from the Court of Rome, where he had been ambassador, to aid the counsels of his sovereign, he not only cordially entered into the designs of the exiled family, but strove to procure for CHARLES EDWARD an invitation to France. It was evident that whatever was done in this way must be done privately, and that if the slightest clue was given, the whole design must become public and be speedily frustrated. Nor was it less important to seek a favourable opportunity. The wary eye of the cardinal soon perceived the proper juncture for interfering. A peace had been made between GEORGE II. and MARIA THERESA, and forces had been directed upon the Scheldt. New subsidies of troops were directed from England against Flanders, and the Dutch, hitherto neuter, now declared on the Austrian side. From this concatination of perils TENCIN thought that he perceived the means of rescuing France, and by the same operations, of reseating JAMES on the throne of his ancestors. CORDACA appears to think that the French minister was solely influenced in this conduct by private friendship, but the very statements which he himself makes with respect to the state of Europe shew that his measures were wisely taken, and that the welfare of his own country was in every respect consulted. TENCIN made a very strong statement to the French monarch of the advantages to be obtained by so powerful a diversion in England; and the result of his counsel was, that two gentlemen were despatched from the Court of Versailles on a secret mission to Rome. Both were Englishmen, and one was charged with an invitation from LOUIS, and furnished with credentials to JAMES. One was to accompany the young prince in his journey, and was supplied with English passports in case of stoppage. The mission was successful. An audience was obtained, and the ambassadors proceeded to fulfil their instructions by informing JAMES and his son that an armament was already prepared at Brest to make a descent, under the prince's command, upon Scotland, and that the Court of London was yet in complete ignorance of the projected attempt. All, therefore, that was necessary to ensure success was rapidity and secrecy, and that these two were inseparable. The good Jesuit gives us, at considerable length, the speeches made by JAMES and his counsellors on this occasion, and, as they are for the most part exactly reported (or are considered to have been so), we shall make a few extracts from these pages of royal eloquence:—

FIRST OPINIONS OF JAMES ON THE INTENDED EXPEDITION.

The magnitude of the enterprise moved the king, not so much for himself as for his sons; for he lamented that they who were born to reign should be left in a private station, and in exile. He replied, that for his own part his life was already on the decline, that he was averse from toil and discord, and that he willingly renounced the crown; the more, indeed, as in Rome nothing was wanting to him of the royal state save its cares and its dangers. In addition to this personal feeling, he feared the uncertainty of war, nor did he consider that so great an undertaking was yet mature. He desired, moreover, to have full and accurate accounts of the supplies promised; the quantity of provisions; the number of men; the amount of money. He felt that he was risking the life of his son, the sole delight and the only hope of the royal house. He observed that the very greatness of the promises made him hold back in something like suspicion for their sincerity, which he fully believed did not remove their difficulty of fulfilment. Princes, though friends, were often compelled to obey necessity rather than friendship. He went on to remark that an attempt which appeared so easy in a quiet conversation, would be found most difficult in execution; that the powers now so fiercely engaged in combat would, at some time, and perhaps soon, make peace, and who could foretel the conditions? Who could say that the king of France would be able to make those conditions himself, or even to secure honourable ones?

Much more to the same effect he said, and it may easily be imagined that the fervid and chivalrous mind of Charles Edward was not a little chafed by such pompous trivialities. It exhibits in a very strong light the intellectual as well as the moral weakness of James; that he considered the offers of Louis rather as requests for a favour than a proposition to place him on his father's throne. He was evidently blind to the marvellously favourable character of the times, and shews himself slothful and pusillanimous when he should have been active and daring. But that which was wanting in the Old Pretender was abundantly possessed by the younger. James saw that his unworthy love of ease struck the mind of his son with shame as well as sorrow, and accordingly he finished off his speech after another pattern. "For the rest," he continued, "this matter concerns the prince more than me, and he therefore is more qualified to reply. I have had in my time enough of vicissitude and intrigue, and now, borne down by years and labours, I ought to be thinking of a celestial kingdom rather than the fugitive honours of this world. He, on the other hand, is at the right age both for counsel and execution, let him do as he thinks best. I yield to him, nor let it ever be said that I basely refused the proffered assistance, and despised the advancement of my family. Having thus spoken, he intimated to the prince to express his opinion.

Although this oration needs, perhaps, no comment, yet it is not often that one so thoroughly characteristic is to be met with. Weakness, poorness of spirit, and ingratitude make up the staple of it: there is sufficient cunning to attempt a series of misrepresentation, and not skill enough to succeed; for in the first place JAMES had passed by no means a remarkably arduous life; he was not far advanced in age, for he had not yet attained his 58th year; he knew perfectly well the power of France, and he knew the character of LOUIS to be, with all its faults, generous, upright, and honourable. In fact the speech may be paraphrased thus: "I am unwilling to risk my ease and safety; I would rather play at being a king here, than fight for being a real king in England. However, if my son chooses to combat for me, he may; and I by no means intend to refuse what the King of France proposes, seeing that I am neither to be troubled nor endangered by it. At the same time I claim great sympathy for the vicarious peril in which in my son's person I am placed." CORDACA seems rather ashamed of JAMES throughout, though so good a son of the church can hardly be expected to be severe on so devout a king; it is, notwithstanding, to be observed, that he gives an abstract of what "his Majesty was graciously pleased to observe," while he adds the replies of the prince in his own words.

CHARLES EDWARD'S OPINIONS OF THE INVASION.

SIRE,—Were the subject of which we treat any other than your kingdom, your honour, and your glory, I should certainly think on the difficulty of the enterprise, nor perhaps would any argument induce me to leave your presence, where it is at once my duty and my pleasure to be; but when that is proposed to me, which you, both by precept and example have taught me to pre-

fer to all beside, even to life itself, I see no cause why we should delay this expedition. An undertaking you say of peril and fatigue; be it so—such alone are the paths by which we arrive at glory. The event of the war is uncertain; it is—but the honour is certain, the hope is immense; he who dares nothing can hope for nothing. Do not, however, suppose that rashness and courage have with me the same meaning, or that I am about blindly to peril even my own life. We are not yet talking of invading Scotland with arms in our hands, we are but discussing my removal to France; there, as from a nearer point, we shall consult about war, which I certainly shall not hazard, unless I judge the hopes greater than the danger. Having these views, there is no reason that you should fear for me; rather, indeed, that you should congratulate both me and yourself;—me, that I shall be able to leave a life of shameful sloth and show a bold face to fortune;—you, that your well-known virtues will have a second youth in the person of a son, not, I hope, degenerate." (Here the King, much affected covered his face with his hands, to hide the tears which began to flow.) "Ah!" continued Charles Edward—"Ah, Sire, I feel how grievous the parting from a son must be to a tender father; but in public and weighty matters the voice of private affection must not be heard—if in this our separation tears could be permitted, surely they might be allowed to me—who leave all I love, to go afar—perhaps to death;—but away with such thoughts as these, the call of glory must be obeyed, even though nature rebel."

The effect of this speech was satisfactory, the King gave way to his son's inclinations, and his departure for Paris was resolved on. But the putting the plan in practice was, as James had observed, a very different thing from its contemplation. By sea the English were everywhere masters; no ship could pass from the Roman states without their knowledge, and if the slightest hint had been given of the design they would have been additionally vigilant. The passage by sea was at once abandoned. By land again the difficulties were not much inferior, the plague, though it was in the depth of winter, had broken out in Sicily, and a "*cordon sanitaire*" was established round each of the Italian states. No person was allowed to enter any city, except after a strict examination; and in Genoa not until fifteen days of quarantine. The season was peculiarly unfavourable; floods of rain and drifts of snow had made many of the roads impassable, and the same weather still continued. All these were serious obstacles to an undertaking whose only hope of success lay in secrecy and rapidity. And even if the way had been easy from Rome to Paris, how could the prince's departure be kept a secret, to say nothing of the various ambassadors, all of whom kept a watchful eye upon the ex-royal family of England, some with one motive, some with another; the very populace were accustomed to pry minutely into the lives and actions of the great, and displayed very extraordinary talents for discovery. But the greatest danger arose from the domestics of the family; from whom it was necessary to conceal, not merely the occasion but the fact of the prince's absence, at least till such time as it would be too late to frustrate his plans. All these difficulties were, however, overcome, and he had been eleven days on his journey before any person, even in Rome, knew that he had left that city at all. The manner in which this secrecy was preserved is highlyinteresting. Of the twoEnglish travellers who acted as the ambassadors of Louis XV., one was sent back to Paris to announce to the King the speedy arrival of Charles Edward, and the other, carrying his wardrobe, went to Massa to make arrangements for his passage through the Genoese territories. The prince himself determined to travel on horseback as a courier, with no other companion than a single domestic; a man of tried integrity was selected for this office, but even he was not allowed to know the name of the person he was to accompany—he was only informed that it was a nobleman of King James's court, departing on a secret mission, and that by a given day he was to be prepared. The rest of the necessary arrangements were then made as follow. It was announced that a "*solemn hunting*" would take place at Cisterna, on the Appian way, on the 9th of January, 1744. The place thus selected was at the distance of about thirty miles from Rome, and by the abundance of wood and game peculiarly suitable for the occasion. Huntsmen and servants were sent thither with all the needful provisions and instruments; and as once a year, about this season, it was the custom for the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to invite the Roman court to a hunting party, which usually lasted for fifteen days, no suspicion was entertained. The persons who alone knew of the intended plan were the royal family, and a Scotchman named Dunbar, a prudent, thoughtful, and faithful man. The leave-taking of the King with his son took place in the dead of night, and without exciting suspicion. At this interview, James gave the young chevalier a patent appointing him Prince Regent of Great Britain and Ireland, and furnished him with every requisite authority. At two o'clock the following morning Charles Edward arose, and ordered a carriage with three saddle horses, declaring that he would begin the hunting on that very day. Sheridan, his aide-de-camp, accompanied him, and Stafford, his grand equerry, preceded him by about half an hour, while the domestic who was appointed to attend him into France, followed on horseback, leading another horse. As soon as these arrived at St. John's-gate, they waited as they had been directed, the coming of the prince. When he arrived at the gate, as though moved to the thought by the sight of the horses, he declared he would ride, and accordingly he left the carriage, and mounted the led horse. As soon as he had done this, he cried aloud to Sheridan—"I will ride by Albane to Cisterna, and do you go by Marino, and let us see which will be first to arrive." These ways are very different, one being a post road, the other, that which Charles Edward selected, a by-road, and scarcely passable in winter. Sheridan pretended to dissuade him, but in vain, and the prince rode off followed by Stafford, the line of whose duty had been already prescribed. In order still further to blind the servants, and to prevent their looking after the prince and Stafford, Sheridan pretended to fall from the carriage as he got in, and to have hurt himself considerably. Meantime Charles Edward muffled up to the eyes to avoid recognition, galloped on till a favourable opportunity offered of turning, and then dismissing Stafford, he returned to St. John's gate, and from thence into the great Tuscan road. But another difficulty had been foreseen and provided for;—the Roman law very strictly forbade all who began a journey with their own horses, to continue it with post horses; and hence, after a ride of thirty-five miles, it became necessary to contrive some artifice to obtain a change. Leaving the direct road, the travellers turned aside to the villa Farnese, where there resided the Cardinal Trajan Acquaviva, the Spanish minister, and, turning from thence, the prince was of course taken for a servant of the cardinal's. He himself, made previously aware of the plot, had ordered a pair of horses to be ready, and thus the chevalier and his attendant continued their route. On the fifth day after leaving Rome they arrived at Genoa, not having changed their clothes, or taken any other nourishment than a few raw eggs, and a little wine. Here they engaged a boat to carry them along the coast, from Savona to Antibo, within the territories of France, but contrary winds detained them six days; and if, in the mean time, news of their departure from Rome had reached the English admiral, Matthews, their further progress would have been stopped, and their persons in danger. The prince, impatient of this imprisonment, took a boat at Finale, and caused himself to be rowed in the night past the English fleet anchored off Villa Franca. But as the morning broke the boat was seen, and another from an English ship despatched in pursuit of her. It became a neck-and-neck race, both arriving at Antibo at the same time; and though the English appear to have had no suspicion of who the travellers were, they determined, if not to take, at least to examine the boat. The prince and his servant demanded admission into the city—the English officer did the same, declaring that he was come for provisions, and, if they were not admitted, stipulating that the Finalese people should be refused also. The Governor of Antibo, in his ignorance of the true state of the case, refused *both parties*. There was now only one chance of safety. Charles Edward besought the governor to compel the English to depart *first*; and as soon as this was done, he took the governor aside, and revealed to him his name and condition. He was now courteously received, and found no further obstacles in his way to Paris. It appears that none, save the governor, were made acquainted with his rank at Antibo.

In the mean time affairs at Rome were admirably managed; the prince's companions arrived at Cisterna, and when they found that he came not, were much alarmed. It was not long before the Duke of York came with his retinue, and he expressed also the greatest concern; but their fears, real or pretended, were to a certain extent relieved by the appearance of Stafford, who informed them that at Albano the prince had had a fall from his horse, and had suffered a slight accident, which, though not dangerous, might become tedious if not immediately attended to. He had been taken to the Villa Albano, a place belonging to the family, and there he had a doctor and some of his own people with him; but that as he particularly wished the king to know nothing about it, be begged his brother neither to come nor send to him. He stated that in three days he hoped to be able to join his friends, and requested that the duke would cause the hunt to go on as though he were there. These commands were, after some feigned opposition on the part of Sheridan, complied with, and no one spoke of the prince's supposed accident. Stafford sent regular bulletins for three days to the duke and to those whom it was necessary to amuse. When the three days were expired an order came to remove the scene of the hunting to Fogliano, a place twelve miles distant from Cisterna, and that the prince would be there the next day. It is, however, needless to say that he came not; but the duke continued the hunting, and caused all letters and messages to be intercepted that were sent to Rome, destroying all those which contained any allusion to the prince's absence. This was the more easily done, as the country was wild and retired,

and no direct communication took place with the capital, save by means of fishermen's boats; and the fishermen were too much occupied in their daily business to hear of such an event, or to care for its importance if they did. Thus eleven days passed before it was known in Rome that Charles Edward was not with his family, and three days from that time he was with Louis XV. at Paris.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Big Abel and the Little Manhattan. By CORNELIUS MATHEWS. New York, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

THIS fiction has fairly puzzled us. We cannot discern its meaning or discover its drift. Whether it be intended in soberness or satire, we are entirely ignorant. Story it has none; in its style it is an imitation of DICKENS, and like most imitations not the better for being made after a model. It contains some passages of powerful writing, especially in description, proving that the author has capacities which he might turn to better account, and which, as we read, only heighten our disappointment that so much ability should have been wasted on so trifling a theme—unless, indeed, it be, as we have some suspicion, a political allegory written with a party purpose, and therefore unintelligible to the uninitiated. In either case it is not likely to find favour with the English public.

ART.

THE COUNT DE SURVILLIERS' PICTURES.—The paintings and statuary of the late count were sold in September, at his residence, Bordintown, U.S., and the following are the prices obtained for the more important works:—Toilet of Venus, by Natoire, 325 dollars.—A Calm: Morning Scene, by Joseph Vernet, 950 d.—Two Lions and Faun, by Rubens, 7 ft. 8 in. long, by 4 ft. 7 in. high, 2,300 d.—Landscape, with Mountain Scenery, by S. Denis, 725 d.—Bay of Naples, by S. Denis, 1,000 d.—A Dutch Fair, by Francis Frank, 250 d.—The Entrance into the Ark, by Bassano, 225 d.—Herodias receiving the Head of John the Baptist, by Guercino, 400 d.—Scene near Naples, by Vernet, 550 d.—Hawk among Chickens, by Sneyders, 160 d.—Magdalen and two Cupids, by Vienne, 200 d.—The Lion caught in a Net, by Rubens, 1,800 d.—Visitation of St. Anna, by Sebastian del Piombo, 300 d.—Passage of the River Po by the French Army, by Boguet, 125 d.—Royal Stag Hunt, by Jacques Savery, 100 d.—Massanissa and Sophonisba, by Philip de Champagne, 200 d.—Christ breaking Bread with his two Disciples at Emmaus, by Gerardo Delle Notti, 171 d.—Marble Bust of Pauline, sister of Napoleon, Canova, 260 d.—Young Diana and Hound, by Bartoline, 380 d.—Antique Bronze Castings, Stork and Frog, from the Ruins of Pompeii, 130 d.—Antique Bronze Hawk and Animal, from the Ruins of Pompeii, 130 d.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

Vernal Influence. The Poetry from the "Songs of Spring," by Mrs. E. DARBY. Music by CHARLES OBERTHUR. London. Goodwin.

THERE is grace in this song. The music is buoyant as befits the sentiment, and there *is* music in the air. The composer has feeling and taste in him. Without any very striking merits, such as might claim the title of *genius*, this song is sufficiently above the average to justify its introduction to the family circle, where it is sure to please.

The Brabant Polka, for the Pianoforte. By CHARLES GOODBAN. London. Coventry and Hollier.

ENGLAND was once famous for her dance-music, but of late years she has lost her reputation for this. Our contre-danses contain some of the most lively, tuneful music in the world. With them the power of our composers seems to have departed, for in no other dance have they so well succeeded. In the Polka hitherto they have failed entirely: not one has caught the spirit of that cheerful dance. Mr. GOODBAN'S attempt is creditable to him, but he has not quite mastered the difficulty; his Polka is not *the* Polka; it is pleasant and lively and clever music, but it wants the undefinable something which gives that peculiar character to the Polka by which it is instantly recognised, if we hear but half a dozen notes. Mr. GOODBAN, however, is in the right road. Let him persevere, and ultimately he may succeed in triumphing over the difficulty which has hitherto perplexed greater men than himself.

Railroads now are all the Rage. A Song. By a Shareholder. London. Cramer and Co.

THE music of this song is a great deal better than the words, which are vile. The poetry would disgrace a child of seven years. Never was such trash set to music before. The author not only writes nonsense, but he does not know the ordinary principles of his art. His rhyme is as bad as his reason, and his metre is false to the rule of thumb. Such productions are a disgrace to the press.

Madame Anna Thillon is at present at Mons, in Belgium, where her performances are highly successful. Jules de Glimes, the talented conductor and professor of singing, will arrive in London this week, from Brussels. Signor Costa and Mr. Balfe have also arrived. There is a rumour that the former is engaged as perpetual director at the Philharmonic. Mayerbeer is on the point of leaving Paris, to fulfil his engagement at Berlin. He will consent, it is said, to the performance of his *Camp of Silesia*, at the Opera Comique, being much pleased with the tenor, M. Roger. Mr. Clement White, the vocalist and composer, has commenced the study of a series of Irish dramatic characters. He will open his campaign next week at the Theatre Royal, Northampton. The Society of British Musicians will probably give a series of six concerts at the Hanover Rooms, with a grand orchestra, in place of the usual second series of Chamber Concerts. The town of Liege has requested Madame Pleyel, the celebrated pianist, to perform at a concert for the benefit of its poor, which has been some time announced. The fair artist has, however, declined.—*Musical World.*

MILAN.—We some time ago quoted the enthusiastic eulogiums of the Marseilles press upon the brilliant *débuts* of Mlle. CATERINA HAYES, whose beauty and voice together seem to have turned the heads of half the gallant Marseillais. On the conclusion of her engagement there she was immediately secured by the director of La Scala for two years as prima donna, and is announced to open in the character of *Linda* early in November. This engagement of a young singer, so soon after her first *début*, and that singer a foreigner, is an event almost without parallel in the Scala, where vocalists often pay largely for liberty to appear and perform, instead of being paid.

COPENHAGEN.—The celebrated *cantatrice* Mlle. JENNY LIND arrived here on the 25th ult. and on the following day appeared at the National and Royal Theatre, in the character of *Donna Anna*, in MOZART'S opera of *Don Juan*. This siren of the north will, before her departure for her native city, Stockholm, where she has an engagement to appear for eight nights, play in the *Huguenots* of MEYERBEER, and the *Norma* of BELLINI. Her engagement at the Grand Opera at Berlin commences on the 1st November, where her first appearance will be in MEYERBEER'S opera of the *Camp in Silesia*.

BERLIN.—M. Flotow's opera of *Allessandro Stradella* has been very coldly received here; and but for the saving influence of some *morceaux* in the third act, would have been damned. M. Neilhardt, who, during the visit of the Empress of Russia to this capital, was the leader of the music at the chapel of the Dome during the ceremonies of the Greek church, has received from her Majesty a superb ring set in diamonds. The rehearsals of the opera of *L'Œdipe Roi*, of Sophocles, have been suspended; and M. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, who had come here to direct the choruses, has returned to Leipsic. Madame Pauline Garcia, who is giving concerts in this city, has met with great success.

VIENNA.—The opera of *Hans-Heiling* will not, it is announced, be represented this year at the theatre of the Porte-de-Carinthie; the three pieces which are most relied on for the season are *Allessandro Stradella*, *Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon*, and an opera buffa by Nicolai, the name of which has not transpired.—*Galignani.*

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—These charming entertainments were resumed on Monday, very greatly to our satisfaction. The event is peculiarly seasonable, now that the early setting in of winter puts us upon thoughts how best we may get rid of the dreary months before us; the French Plays are of themselves an antidote to November's fogs, to December's snows, to January's frosts, and conduct us pleasantly forward

through dismal February and cutting March into more genial times, and then make doubly pleasant the pleasant weather without. All thanks to Mr. MITCHELL for converting the stale jest "A Happy Christmas and Merry New Year" into a practical reality. The season opened with the most promising aspect; there was an audience such as one could never have expected to see assembled in London on the 3rd November,—dukes, marquises and marchionesses, lords and ladies, a *bonâ fide* audience, for the most part, and not a mere collection of the lessee's private acquaintance, got together to make up a show. And the edifice in which they found themselves has been made fit for the highest company in the world; during the recess, improvements and decorations have been effected which render the St. James's Theatre, we have no hesitation in saying, the most beautiful building of its class that we ever beheld, and we have seen a great many in different parts of Europe. The first thing that strikes you on entering the doors is, that the staircase hall is half as large again as it was last year; it is not so in reality, but the full effect is produced, and that goes nigh to answer the purpose; the only difference is in the arrangement of the lights, &c. On each side there is a range of handsome scagliola pillars, admirably proportioned, and with graceful capitals and pediments, supporting the roof; between these are figures supporting lamps, affording a brilliant illumination. The walls, &c. have been painted white, picked out with gold; the stairs new carpeted; and the result of all this is most striking. The corridors have been attended to with similar care, and with a similar result. On entering the boxes, the *coup d'œil* is effective in the very highest degree; there is every indication of immense outlay, but nothing gaudy, nothing tinselly, nothing merely made up of gold and silk, and so on. Gold and silk there are in abundance, but so chastely disposed, that while it fully pleases the eye, it does not offend our intellectual part. First let us speak of the new chandelier, a thoroughly elegant and costly-looking thing, worthy of all admiration in itself, but doubly so in contrast with the miserable, uncouth *papier mache* affair that preceded it; the mechanical arrangement of the new centre light, moreover, is very favourable to the audience, the illumination being modified in its individual intensity, though not in its general effect, by passing through an ample screen of glass, which envelopes it on every side, and which glitteringly displays all the colours of the rainbow. Around the chandelier is a circle of ornamental brass open-work, veiling apertures which have been made in the ceiling for the purposes of ventilation, beneficial even now, but most essential when hot June shall arrive. The royal box has been thoroughly redecorated and refurnished; the silk is richest tabaret, of crimson hue; the gold the finest, the paint the purest white; it is a *loge* right royal; and the boxes around are right noble, each rich in its silk, its gold, and its chaste dead-white. The stall seats have been all renewed, and in their costly array have a capital effect from above. Around the theatre has been throughout painted and gilded anew, and exquisite medallions at intervals around arrest the pleased eye. For matters behind the scenes, we last week mentioned in detail the arrangements which Mr. MITCHELL has entered into for carrying his season on triumphantly to its close. The entertainments on the opening night comprised *Une Partie de Chasse de Henri Quatre* and *La Somnambule*. In the first, a well-known and highly popular comedy, whose story is almost identical with that of *The Miller of Mansfield*, LAFONT gives us *le bon roi Henri* to the life. The jolly miller is represented by CARTIGNY, we need not say how perfectly; Madame CROSET is the miller's wife, and Mademoiselle HELOISE his daughter; the coziest of wives, the prettiest of daughters. *Lucas*, the fair *Catau's* rustic lover, was capitally impersonated. After the first piece, "God save the Queen" was sung, Miss HOBBS superintending the execution. *La Somnambule* is the original whence the various operas and ballets of that name have been, with more or less variation, adapted; it is, therefore, unnecessary to go into the plot. The heroine is represented by Mademoiselle ST. MARC, a lady new to this theatre, and who, we think, will prove a very useful accession. Her expression of non-expression, as she walks in her sleep, is exceedingly good.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The new ballet here is worth anybody's money; the music is agreeable, and, let us not forget to say, well performed, and the dancing original and very entertaining. *Le Diable à Quatre*, we will venture to predict, will have a long run at the Princess's Theatre. The story, in its broad outline, is that of *The Devil to Pay*, a proud virago of a countess being made, by the so potent wand of a magician, to change places with the good-hearted, submissive wife of a basket-maker, none but the changelings themselves being conscious of the matter, out of which arises a good deal of fun; as, for instance, more particularly, the *Polka à pas de Baton*, which the transmuted countess dances with her imperative basketmaker husband, enforced thereto by the *argumentum baculinum*. Nothing can be better in the way of ballet action than the performance of Miss BALLIN and Mr. GILBERT in this piece; it was, of all the dancing we have seen, next to the best. The new dancer, Mademoiselle MELANIE DUVAL, is by no means equal to the lady we have just eulogized, but her Terpsichorean qualities are still very efficient; and another thing to be borne in mind is, that her part in the ballet is by no means so good as that of Miss BALLIN. There are several other new polkas and mazourkas introduced, two of them danced by Miss and Mr. MARSHALL, with their accustomed vivacity. There is one mazourka of sixteen, and another of sixty! The scenery and decorations are excellent. The transfer of the countess to the cottage, and of the peasant to the palace, in air-borne cars across the stage, was capitally managed.

SURREY THEATRE.—*El Hyder*, a great favourite of ours in our younger days, and toward which we retain a kindness still, is now being acted here, with an effective cast; *The Rover's Secret* forming the second piece. If here be not attractions, where shall they be found?

THE SANATORIUM.—The amateur performance, at Miss Kelly's theatre, of *Every Man in his Humour*, and *A Good Night's Rest*, by Mr. G. A. à Beckett, Mr. Dudley Costello, Mr. Charles Dickens and Brothers, Mr. Evans, Mr. Forster, Mr. Douglas Jerrold, Mr. Leech, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Mayhew, Mr. Stanfield, and Mr. Frank Stone, which so delighted an audience composed, perhaps, of a greater number of intellectual and accomplished persons than ever before assembled on a similar occasion, is to be repeated, with the additional assistance of Mr. George Cattermole, on the 15th instant, at the St. James's Theatre, in aid of the building fund of the Sanatorium—an institution in which the distinguished men engaged in the performance have always taken the deepest interest, both from a full conviction of the excellence of its principle, and because it is designed for large classes of persons in whose suffering they naturally feel a strong sympathy. Their purpose has been responded to in a spirit cordial, like their own, by all who are acquainted with the nature of the institution, and by none more ardently than its president, Prince Albert, who has expressed high gratification at the prospect of being president. The performance is to be strictly private, as on the former occasion, and the following ladies, noblemen, and gentlemen have already consented to form a special committee for issuing invitation cards: namely,—The Earl and Countess of Clarendon, the Duke of Devonshire, Count D'Orsay, Lady Duff Gordon, Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Right Hon. S. Lushington, Viscount Morpeth, The Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lord and Lady Nugent, the Earl and Countess of Radnor, Lord and Lady Shelburne, Lord Dudley Stuart, Dr. Southwood Smith, &c. All acceptances are to be sent on or before Monday, the 10th of November, to Dr. Southwood Smith, 38, Finsbury-square, when a ticket of admission will be returned.

THE COLOSSEUM.—Indefatigable in his endeavours to make this the most magnificent public exhibition in Europe, the spirited proprietor has added new attractions, to a private view of which we were invited on Monday last. The conservatories, already described so far as words can paint a scene that must be witnessed to be appreciated, are now brilliantly illuminated, producing almost the effect of enchantment, and forcibly reminding the visitor of the gorgeous visions of the *Arabian Nights*. To the sculpture room, which for elegance and purity of design is without a rival in the world, and which really ought to be a national property, has been added an organ of great power and richness of tone, erected by Messrs. BEVINGTON; and with this, throughout the evening, a player of no ordinary skill gratifies the ears of the company with the music of the best masters, and the effect of which, as heard in almost every part of the building, is very fine. The grand picture of London by night has been further improved by the introduction of some natural effects of mist and cloud, making the illusion of the scene still more perfect; and at certain hours, by some ingenious contrivance, a thunderstorm passes along. We noticed two or three faults, which we name in hope that they may be amended. The rain was not well managed; the lightning was too local, and the clouds did not move regularly, but by jumps, all of which must have marred the effect. A little care would obviate these objections, and make the picture as perfect in execution as it is wonderful in its design. No comer from the country should fail to visit this truly magnificent exhibition, and the night view should be chosen as the most astonishing.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Amongst the attractions at this Institution, is a lecture now daily delivered by Dr. RYAN on the all-engrossing subject of the potato disease, which has spread alarm through the greater portion of southern Europe, as well as America. To such an extent has this dreadful failure of that invaluable esculent progressed, that commissions have been considered necessary by the various governments to investigate the nature of the disease, and if possible apply a remedy, but as yet without producing any certain results or perfect knowledge of the nature of the disease, or any means of checking its

progress. If this scourge of the vegetable kingdom were confined to one portion of Europe, it would not be so difficult to account for. It might be said that a heavy wet soil or marshy land might have produced the gangrenous appearance presented by this disease; but we would ask how does it occur that potato crops, whether grown in light dry soils, marshy lands, or mountain lands, are all equally affected? We hear daily accounts from Ireland that in one portion of the country the disease is but trivial, and no fears were entertained for the potato crops. But a few days elapse, when the same writer informs us that to such an extent has the disease progressed, that almost a total failure must be the result, and a famine attend that portion of the British empire. We therefore consider that every suggestion to avert the dreadful calamity which must fall on the most industrious and deserving of our fellow-subjects should be attended to. The method proposed by Dr. Ryan, and his views of the cause of this disease, seem to be in accordance with that of the Commissioners appointed by the Government;—that as the principal cause of the disease has been from cold and moisture, the only remedy now to be applied, is immediately to extract the starch (or farinaceous portion) from the potato; this is easily accomplished by first removing the skin of the potato, and then grating it into a pulp, and by washing this well in water, by which the starch and fibrous portion of the root will be precipitated in the vessel, it is then to be strained through a sieve or fine cloth, by which means the fibrous portion will be removed, and the starch left in the vessel, and this will, if mixed with boiling water, immediately produce a highly nutritious and palatable diet, and although the potato may be partially diseased it will not affect the starch thus produced. We consider these lectures worthy of public attention.

NECROLOGY.

SIR MATTHEW TIERNEY, BART.

NEVER do we remember to have seen the inhabitants of Brighton plunged into a more profound and universal grief than when the melancholy intelligence was circulated through the town that this eminent physician, who had commanded the respect and affectionate attachment of all classes, not less by his great professional talents than by his private virtues and his general philanthropy, had been suddenly snatched away from his family and friends by an attack of epilepsy, early on the morning of Tuesday the 28th ult. To his more immediate connections, to the wide circle of his acquaintance, to the poor whom he was ever ready to assist, to the public charities of Brighton, most of which were deeply indebted to his munificent patronage, his loss is equally irreparable. If any thing can deepen the poignancy of the general regret at this sad bereavement, it is the reflection that the deceased had just made arrangements for the sale of his London house, intending to reside entirely at Brighton, so that our town would thus have exclusively enjoyed the benefits which his kindness, his hospitalities, and his generous charity invariably diffused around him. The deceased was physician in ordinary to George IV. whose personal friendship he had the honour to enjoy for a great number of years, and also to William IV. and the Royal household when in Brighton. He was born in November, 1776, and was consequently in his 69th year. In 1808 he married a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Jones, of Bloomsbury-square, by whom he had no issue. He was created a baronet in 1818, and obtained a second patent in 1834, with remainder to his brother, Mr. Edward Tierney, of Fitzwilliam-street, Dublin, a Crown solicitor for Ireland. The deceased was appointed a Knight Commander of the Royal Guelphic Order of Hanover on the 7th of May, 1831. It will excite little surprise that the late Sir Matthew should have obtained the unlimited confidence of George IV. when we record the following proof of professional skill and courage, to which that Sovereign was probably indebted for his life:—Before the funeral of George III. took place the Prince Regent was seized with a violent illness. Sir Matthew, who happened to have arrived in London from Brighton that evening, was immediately in attendance, and found, on being introduced into the apartment of his Royal patient that he differed in opinion with the other medical attendants as to the proper measures to be adopted. The conference was carried on in a whisper, and, after a slight discussion, Sir Matthew offered to take upon himself the entire responsibility of acting upon his own views, and directed his Royal Highness to be bled. He passed the whole night by the bedside of his Royal Highness, who kept hold of his hand; and the first words he uttered were, "Well, Tierney, you certainly have nerve!" It was then discovered that the Royal patient, unknown to his attendants, had been perfectly aware of their discussion.—*Brighton Gazette.*

MRS. MURRAY.

It will not seem inappropriate that the death of Mrs. Murray, the widow of the late John Murray, of Albemarle-street, should be recorded in the *Literary Gazette*. She died at Hampstead, after a very long illness, borne with Christian patience and piety. Mrs. Murray was not herself addicted to those pursuits of literature which should require of us a tribute to her memory; but there is hardly a living author of distinction,—and alas, there are too many within the last twenty years gathered to the grave,—who has not had cause to think of her with affectionate regard. All who have enjoyed the intellectual and convivial society so often assembled round Mr. Murray's hospitable board, where reigned indeed the feast of reason and the flow of soul, will agree with us in tracing much of the chiefest pleasures of these happy hours to the presiding influence of the gentle and kind-hearted lady whose death has now filled her numerous friends with sad regrets and her attached family with deep affliction. She was a model of wife and mother.—*Literary Gazette.*

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON,

The well-known writer upon medical subjects in a variety of popular forms, and also a gentleman who adorned general literature by his publications (often noticed in our pages), died last week at Brighton. He had extended his practice to that town, which may now, indeed, be called a suburb of London; and, in journeying to and fro, caught the illness which carried him to his grave. Dr. Johnston enjoyed considerable practice, was much esteemed in the profession, and in social life was a very intelligent and pleasant companion. He was sixty-six years of age.—*Literary Gazette.*

M. ETIENNE POULAIN,

One of the guardians of the *Bibliotheque Mazarine*, has just closed his modest and laborious career. The scholars and artists who visit, at the Mazarine Library, the Pelasgic Museum, know not, perhaps, that this collection of models and plans in relief, unique in the world, is the workmanship of a simple keeper of the library in which they are deposited; and that he it is who, single-handed, under the direction of the late M. Petit-Radel, and, with the aid of a few imperfect prints, succeeded, by long patience, in restoring, with an intelligence and skill quite remarkable, this series of the most ancient monuments of the architectural art.—*Journal des Débats.*

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

MR. SPENCER T. HALL has recently given Mesmeric experiments before several parties of high distinction. One of these, last week, included one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen, and other aristocratic personages, who expressed the deepest interest in the phenomena developed by Mr. Hall.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

WITH THE CRITIC of Saturday last was transmitted to our readers a Prospectus of a company now being formed under the above title for the purpose of supplying the Sewage Water of London to the surrounding country.

The design is so novel, the results are so important, science is so deeply interested in the question, that the readers of THE CRITIC will doubtless be gratified to receive some further particulars of it, and which, we hope, will induce many to read

with attention that Prospectus and the valuable facts and evidence appended to it, and then to give it their aid.

We should state at the outset that it is no new scheme got up for the occasion. It has been in preparation for more than two years past. The outline of it was first submitted to the public by Mr. MARTIN, the distinguished artist, in a pamphlet published about eight years ago, and has since undergone great discussion and consideration, always with growing favour. About six years ago, a company was formed, under the highest auspices, for carrying out that plan, in combination with others for embanking and improving the Thames, and a bill passed through both Houses, with the unanimous approval of the Legislature, but was unfortunately stopped at the last stage by a disagreement among the Directors. Since that period, Mr. MARTIN has devoted to it a great deal of attention and many improvements had suggested themselves especially as to the mode of conveying the manure and throwing it upon the land. At the beginning of last year he invited some friends to inspect the plan: they were satisfied, not only of its practicability, but of the great profits that would accrue from it. They forthwith formed a committee;—practical men were invited to join it; Mr. SMITH, of Deanston, the most scientific agriculturist of the time, the great authority on all such matters, was consulted, and so satisfied was he of its value and certainty of success, that he joined the committee, and Mr. MYLNE, the well-known engineer of the New River Company, and Professor BRANDT, the famous chemist, added their valuable assistance, *con amore*. The most careful inquiries were instituted, first, as to the value of the sewage manure; secondly, as to the practicability of the plan for conveying to the surrounding country; thirdly, as to the cost of such conveyance, the price at which it could be sold, and the consequent profits to the company.

1st. Of the value of the material there appeared to be no doubt. The market-gardeners, farmers, and landowners in the neighbourhood of London were consulted, and they all agreed that if it could be conveyed to them at a moderate price, the benefits would be incalculable. The authorities and reports collected in the prospectus are conclusive upon this point.

2nd. The means of transit. This is precisely similar to those adopted by the water companies. If they can send water so many miles into every house in London at a trifling cost per gallon, by the like machinery can the sewage water be conveyed to the fields and gardens at a like trifling cost. Of this also, there is no doubt.

3rd. The cost of the conveyance. The same water companies prove by the experience of some half a century that the cost per gallon of sending water into every house in London is the merest trifle. Not so great will be the cost of sending back the sewage water into the country to fertilize the land, because there will be no houses to climb, and not so many pipes to lay.

4th. At what price can it be supplied, and in what quantity? The most careful and cautious estimates have been made, and taking a single district of *two sewers*, it is found that twenty square miles of country can be supplied with eighty tons per acre of this manure delivered upon the land at a charge not exceeding *sixpence per ton!*

The enormous advantage to the farmer and the gardener will be apparent from this—that the present cost of manure to them is from 8s. to 10s. per ton, and the cost of laying it on the land is upwards of 2s. per acre more, while the cost of spreading this will not exceed 6d. per acre.

But this is not all. It is the most fertilizing of the manures. The facts stated in the prospectus amply prove this, and to them we refer the reader.

5th. What, then, is to be the profit of the shareholders?

After adding largely to the estimates; allowing liberally for expenses; making every possible deduction that prudence and experience can suggest—selling it at from 4d. to 6d. per ton only—the profits of the shareholders cannot be less than from *fifteen to twenty per cent. per annum.*

What railway will ever yield such profits as this? What speculation is so certain of remuneration? Who would hazard his money in a bubble scheme when there is such a sound substantial investment offered as this, which can boast that it is not one of the floating schemes of the day, but an enterprise long projected, matured with care and forethought, sanctioned by the most prudent and experienced men in every department, and offered to the public, not for the purpose of gambling with the shares, but as a secure and profitable investment for those who desire to obtain a good interest for their money.

We shall return to this subject, but in the mean while we may state, that, in consequence of an interview with the Woods and Forests, it has been determined to limit the bill to be applied for next session to one district of the metropolis only, and therefore the capital has been reduced to 300,000*l.*, and the shares to 20*l.* each.

ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, AND LIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,—With great pleasure do I communicate to you, that in addition to other scientific discoveries of the highest order made during the last 40 years in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, which have greatly exalted the scientific glory of our country, and have entitled that institution to the gratitude of mankind, Mr. Faraday, its Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, yesterday announced to the members present, that, in the prosecution of his researches in electricity and magnetism, he had succeeded in obtaining *experimentally* what he had long sought for—namely, "the direct relation of electricity and magnetism to light."

The details of his experiments, which exhibit the magnetisation of light, the illumination of the lines of magnetic forces, and a *new* magnetic condition of matter, will be presented to the Royal Society immediately; but the public illustration of the several phenomena will be deferred till the approaching evening meetings of the members of the Royal Institution.

Knowing that you will be proud of first promulgating these important facts in the columns of the *Times*,

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Observatory, Kensington, Tuesday, Nov. 4. J. SOUTH.

AIR CHURN.—The Bishop of Derry has invented an atmospheric churn. Instead of the present unscientific mode of making butter by churning, his lordship accomplishes this measure by the simpler manner of forcing a full current of atmospheric air through the cream, by means of an exceedingly well-devised forcing-pump. The air passes through a glass tube connected with the air-pump, descending nearly to the bottom of the churn. The churn is of tin, and it fits into another tin cylinder provided with a funnel and stop-cock, so as to heat the cream to the necessary temperature. The pump is worked by means of a winch, which is not so laborious as the usual churn. Independently of the happy application of science to this important department of domestic economy, in a practical point of view it is extremely valuable. The milk is not moved by a dasher, as in the common churn; but the oxygen of the atmosphere is brought into close contact with the cream, so as to effect a full combination of the butyraceous part, and to convert it all into butter. On one occasion the churning was carried on for the space of one hour and forty-five minutes, and eleven gallons of cream produced twenty-six pounds of butter.—*Globe.*

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

IN reply to many applications from Booksellers for prospectuses of the MORNING MAIL, we beg to say that they will be ready in a day or two, and a quantity will be forwarded to each of those who have already given us directions how they may be sent. May we ask the others of our subscribers to do the like, and undertake to distribute and to procure shares to be taken? But their attention is directed to the arrangement which has been made for the immediate payment of the deposit of *one shilling per share*, which the Bookseller will be pleased to require with each application, and forward therewith, deducting 5 per cent. as his commission. For this purpose, every one of the 658 Booksellers subscrib-

ing to THE CRITIC may deem himself an agent for the MORNING MAIL.

The Publishing world is more dull than ever. Scarcely a work of promise is announced, and we hear that the prospects of the coming season are singularly gloomy.

We beg to renew the request preferred some time since, and partially answered, that the country Booksellers and Librarians would furnish THE CRITIC with their experiences of the kinds of works most in request. The information already collected upon this point has been found of great value, and makes us extremely desirous of more of the like, from similar practical sources.

It must have been observed that many catalogues of second-hand books have recently appeared among the advertisements in THE CRITIC. As the advertisers say that they have found the plan a very advantageous and cheap mode of circulating their lists in the best quarters, we have determined to insert such at the moderate charge of 1*l.* per column, being considerably less than the cost of printing an equal number, with the added advantage of a certain diffusion where they are most desired to be seen.

In this manner, a catalogue of considerable length might appear in portions of a column per week, as that of Mr. WILLIS is now doing.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.—The *Inverness Courier* says that Sir David Brewster, who is married to a daughter of the late Mr. James Macpherson, translator of *Ossian's Poems*, has discovered some letters among the papers of his father-in-law, which may lead to the discovery of a great secret—the authorship of "Junius." The person who, as Sir David thinks, may be identified as the author, is Lachlan Maclean, the son of an Irish Presbyterian clergyman, but descended from the ancient Scottish family of the M'Leans of Coll. He was bred to the study of medicine, but became a political writer and adventurer in London, and rose to some eminence. He was once an Under-Secretary of State, in which capacity he might have become acquainted with state secrets. Having been sent out to India by Government in 1776, he was shipwrecked and drowned on the passage—a circumstance that may account for the non-revealment of the secret as to the authorship of "Junius." His papers were all lost at the same time.

AUTOGRAPH OF GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.—A most precious article is about to be submitted to public sale. If one article more than another ever operated upon public curiosity, or had claims upon public attention, it is the possession of this precious manuscript, precious in every point of view. Its long claim to pre-eminent distinction, as a classic of unrivalled excellence in its way, the pomp and smoothness of its numbers, to say nothing of the elegant scription in which it is executed, must claim and extort all the applause which the most enthusiastic admirer of Gray must wish for. This precious original is to be sold, with many scraps of the same author, especially from Pliny the Elder, accompanied with pen and ink drawing of heads of birds, whole-length beetles, and other demonstrations of natural history, to which Gray was so much attached.—*Herald.*

The Queen has been pleased to bestow a pension of 200*l.* a year on Lady Shee, wife of Sir Martin Archer Shee, "in consideration of her husband's eminence as an artist, and of his services as President of the Royal Academy, during a period of fourteen years."

From the report read at the recent annual meeting of the Surtees Society, it appeared that the following volumes had been in the last year added to the publications of the society:—"The Rites and Monuments of the Cathedral Church of Durham;" "The Correspondence of Hutton, Archbishop of York;" "The Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter, Vol. I.;" and "The Bursar's Book of Expenses, before the Suppression of the Monastery of Durham." It was further stated that "The Legend of St. Godric, the Hermit-Saint of Finchale," written by Reginald, the monk of Durham, is in the press,—the transcript from the Bodleian manuscript and the collation of the Harleian manuscript having been completed,—and that it will be ready about the new year; that the volume of "Surveys of Durham, from the time of Henry II. to Elizabeth," was in progress; and that the second volume of the "Psalter," already mentioned, which MS. is glossed in the ancient dialect (as it is believed) of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, is partly transcribed for the press. The society then proceeded to the other business of the meeting. The publication of a volume of the "Depositions of Witnesses in Causes in the Ecclesiastical Courts at Durham during the reign of Queen Elizabeth," was determined on. It was ordered that, if access can be obtained, another volume of the wills registered at York be printed, in continuation of the volume already published by the society. It was also resolved that the period embraced by the researches of the society should be extended from the Restoration (hitherto its modern limit), to one hundred years before the present time.

Mr. Hunt, who has so much distinguished himself in the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, and is now curator of the Museum of Economic Geology in London, is announced in the *Falmouth Packet* as "preparing for the press a work on the Poetry of Science."

Mr. Richardson, already known as having undertaken an anti-slavery mission to Morocco, has, on a similar errand, penetrated the Great Desert as far as Ghadames, the grand commercial depot of Northern and Central Africa. His principal object is to collect statistics in relation to the slave-trade. In the face of many dangers, he has arrived safely at Ghadames.—*Globe.*

OPINION ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—For several months past I have been a subscriber to your excellent paper, which I think very highly of indeed, as it gives a most judicious and unbiassed review of the various works which come under its notice. I strongly recommend it to all, as a guide and a reference, who would purchase good books, and especially for the information it affords on the progress of foreign literature, mesmerism, &c. in which it stands unrivalled.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Dunfermline, Oct. 27, 1845. JAS. BOUAR, Bookseller.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Nov. 1 to Nov. 8.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anderson's Mercantile Correspondent, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Arrah Neil; or, the Times of Old, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

Book of Common Prayer, with 1,000 Ornamental Borders, Initials, and Titles, in Colours and Gold, royal 8vo. 2*l.* 5s. cl. 3*l.* 3s. mor.—Bray's (Anna Eliza) Novels and Romances, Vol. VII. "Trelawney of Trelawney," fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.

Chart, Illustrating the Architecture of Westminster Abbey, drawn and lithographed, by F. Bedford, jun. in gilt case, with printed description, 7s. 6d. cl.—Cyril Thornton, a new edit. fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. 3s. 6d. swd.—Cruttwell's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1846, 4to. 2s. swd.

Dale's (Rev. T.) Sabbath Companion, Vol. I. 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.; ditto, Vol. II. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Dawn of Life, by a Clergyman, fc. 3s. 6d. cl.—Dunster Castle; an Historical Romance of the Great Rebellion, by T. S. Hewlett, M.A. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—Drawing-Room Almanac Illuminated, embossed on card, 1846, 1s.

Faber's Eight Dissertations on Prophecy, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. cl.—Finden's Beauties of Moore, imp. 4to. 2*l.* 2s.; columbier, 3*l.* 3s. mor.

Gray's Country Solicitor's Practice, 4th edit. 12mo. 10s. cl.—Gray's Country Attorney's Practice, 6th edit. 12mo. 10s. cl.

Foster's Gospel Narrative, royal 8vo. 16s. bds.—Forget-me-Not, for 1846, fc. 8vo. 12s. bd.

Goodban's Music Cards, with Book of Directions, in box, 5s.—Grant's Chancery Practice, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 1*l.* 18s. bds.

Hall's Travelling Atlas, including all Railroads passed to the end of 1845, 8vo. 16s. roan tuck.—Hamilton's Housekeeping Book for any Year, post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. 1s. 8d.—Heath's Keepsake for 1846, edited by Lady Blessington, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. silk; India proofs, 2*l.* 12s. 6d. mor.—Heath's Book of Beauty, for 1846, edited by Lady Blessington, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 1s. silk; India proofs, 2*l.* 12s. 6d. mor.—How's Illustrated Book of Song, Vol. I. demy fol. 1*l.* 1s. cl. gilt.

Imposter (The); or, Born without a Conscience, by the author of "Ann Coningsby," fc. 6s. cl.

Jack Hornet; or, the March of Intellect, by the author of "Adventures of an Irish Gent." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

Life of Joseph; being a Course of Lectures, by the Rev. E. Dalton, fc. 6s. cl.—Lepage's French School, Part I. "Echo de Paris," 9th ed. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Lectures on Natural Philosophy, by Dr. Young, new edition, with Reflections and Notes, by Prof. Kelland, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s. cl.—Lempriere's (Rev. F. D.) Lectures upon the Collects, First Series, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Lyrical Treasury, royal 32mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Mason on Vestiges of Creation, post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Mayo's Lessons on the

Miracles of Our Blessed Lord, fc. 3s. 6d. cl.—Melaia, and other Poems, by E. Cook, 3rd edit. illustrated, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. 15s. mor.—Musical Bijou for 1846, folio, 18s. bds.—Manual of Heraldry, with 400 cuts, fc. 8vo. 4s. cl.—Music Introduced in Macbeth (How's Illustrated Edition) demy fol. 4s. bds.

Oliver and Boyd's Threepenny Almanack for 1836, 3d.

Pickering's Statutes, 8 & 9 Vict. 1845, 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.

Quested's Art of Land Surveying, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.

Rectory of Valehead, by Rev. R. W. Evans, B.D. 13th edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.

Statutes, 8 & 9 Vict. royal 8vo. 17s. 6d. bds. 4to. 2*l.* bds.

Thompson's (Mrs.) Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 and 1745, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8s. cl.—Tuck's Railway Shareholder's Manual, 6th edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.

United States Exploring Expedition, abridged, 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Virgilii Opera, cum Adnotationibus, edit. T. K. Arnold, A.M. Vol. II. "Æneidos," Libri I.—VI. 8vo. 12s. cl.

Wonder Seeker (The), by Miss M. F. Tytler, author of "Tales of Great and Brave," four illustrations, by Absalom, fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil, by Palmer and Crowquill, Part I. imp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. bd.—Wise Saws and Modern Instances: Tales by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, 2 vols. post 8vo. 15s. cl.

GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

(From an American Paper.)

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting coursers's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a King decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne of thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountains' steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world! the world is mine;
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of the god-like mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain granite cup
With a crystal gush overflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

THE PLANET MARS.—We have lately had our attention invited to the singular appearance now worn by the planet Mars. Hitherto this planet has been distinguished by a fiery redness of colour, which, to use the language of Sir John Herschell, "indicates, no doubt, an ochrey tinge in the general soil, like what the red sandstone districts of the earth may possibly offer to the inhabitants of Mars." Such is, however, no longer the case, that planet having lost all appearance of redness and put on a brilliant white aspect, vying in apparent magnitude and brightness with the planet Jupiter itself. The only changes which have heretofore been noticed in Mars, are those the knowledge of which was derived from observations with the large reflecting telescopes of Herschell. These telescopes exhibit the appearance of brilliant white spots at the poles, which spots, from the circumstance of their always becoming visible in winter, and disappearing as the poles advanced towards their summer position, have reasonably enough been attributed to the presence of snow. The novel appearance now described to us, however, by the Hon. Company's astronomer, Mr. Taylor, is such as that the whole of the planet, with the exception of a moderately broad equatorial belt, assumes a decidedly white aspect, strongly contrasting with what he has ever before noticed. We look forward with great anxiety and interest to those observations on the above planet which may be expected to have been made, through the medium of the numerous and powerful telescopes now at work in Europe. Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope will likewise (we venture to hope) have been perfected, so as to allow of his bringing it to bear upon the celestial body apparently undergoing the remarkable change discerned by Mr. Taylor, and for the benefit of those who do not enjoy an opportunity of looking through any large and powerful instrument, we confidently trust that the labours of the artist and engraver will be put in requisition, with a view of making them acquainted with these wonders of the heavens. —*Madras Spectator.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES AT POMPEII.—A letter from Naples of the 9th ult. informs us that a few days before the Scientific Congress now assembled at Naples, led by their president, M. St. Angelo, repaired to Pompeii, where, in the presence of the society, investigations were instituted under the direction of M. Carlo Bonucci, Chief Conservator of the Antiquities of the kingdom. The operations were crowned with success. In a street in the vicinity of the Augustan temple they discovered two shops fitted with different kitchen utensils made of iron and bronze, which were in all probability exposed there for sale. Opposite these shops they discovered a magazine, containing blocks of native and African marble, and five statues of white marble of different sizes, including that of a faun, and another representing the skeleton of a woman enveloped in flowing drapery. In this last statue the learned archæologists present recognised the Goddess of Envy. At one of the extremities of the Rue de la Fortune they cleared their way to a house which contained on the ground floor a large saloon, filled with some various articles of office furniture, in one of which were found some silver coins of the reigns of Vespasian and Galba, and several marble weights. All the heights surrounding Pompeii and several of the streets and squares of that city were crowded with people, so that it seemed for a moment as if the ancient Roman city had recovered its inhabitants, its life, and its activity.—*Paris paper.*

GRASSHOPPERS AT SEA.—Captain Hager, of the bark *Marcella*, brought home a preserved grasshopper, of the size of a man's thumb, as a sample of an immense field through which he sailed for five days. He fell in with them off the Western Islands, and the presumption was that they were blown off from Africa. The water was heavily crusted with them, the grasshoppers filling the surface to the depth of some inches, and extending in the course of the bark for 400 miles.—*Hongkong Register.*

An extraordinary case of somnambulism occurred at Chatham Barracks on Sunday night. Peter Slight, a young Scotchman, rose from his bed, by some means got into a drain, passed through it for a distance of five hundred feet, emerged from it, and, coming in contact with a post, fell down in a fit, in which state he was discovered, quite naked, and was conveyed to the military hospital. This was the fourth time he had walked in his sleep.

THE CRITIC,

And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

THE MORNING MAIL.

THE plan proposed last week for meeting the unavoidable expenses of procuring the necessary support by requiring the immediate payment of the deposit of *one shilling* per share, as a fund for this purpose, has met with the cordial concurrence of those who take an interest in the enterprise, and several payments of such deposits have been received. Of these, and of the expenditure, accounts will be regularly published in THE CRITIC, so that the shareholders will be enabled to see that the fund is duly applied.

Next week the first account of receipts and expenditure will be published, and in the meanwhile we must request those who have already sent in applications for shares to forward the amount of the one shilling deposit thereon, or their applications will not avail.

In answer to many queries as to the probable period for the commencement of the work, we can only say that it will depend entirely upon the taking up of the shares. The existing panic of course operates much against any enterprise at this moment, for although occasioned by the railway mania, it has extended to other enterprises of more substantial character, and more promising.

The *Morning Mail*, however, being independent of surveyors and notices, and Gazettes, and standing orders, and the other troubles of railway companies, can bide its time, proceeding gradually, gathering strength by degrees, and growing in numbers from week to week, until the favour with which the proposition has been universally received shall have satisfied the prudent and sagacious that it is an enterprise sufficiently promising to justify the venture of a few shillings, in the first instance, in the endeavour to bring it to maturity, and of a few pounds afterwards for its establishment, assured that the profit of success will be so great that it is well worth the trifling hazard.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Who was "Jack Wilson," the Singer of Shakespeare's Stage? By EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D., F.S.A. London, 1846. J. R. Smith.

WHO *was* JACK WILSON? will doubtless be echoed by not a few of our readers unversed in antiquarian lore. Where is his fame chronicled? Wherefore lives he still upon the roll? What is JACK WILSON to us of the nineteenth century more than P.P., clerk of our parish, or any other illustrious obscure? If you would be enlightened upon these points, listen, thou sneering sceptic!

It appears from the pamphlet before us that in the second volume of *The Shakespeare Society Papers*, Mr. COLLIER has an article on one "JACK WILSON," who was the performer of *Balthazar*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and, consequently, the singer of the song "Sigh no more, Ladies, sigh no more!" This important fact is ascertained by a stage direction in the folio of 1623, wherein the text hath it, "Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*," the name of the actor being inserted instead of that of the character. The game thus started, Mr. COLLIER follows upon the scent at full cry, resolved to catch the said JACK, or his shadow, and trace his birth, parentage, and education. After hunting for a long time, he finds, or fancies, that the illustrious JACK "was not merely a singer, but a composer, and in all probability the composer of 'Sigh no more.'" He was certainly, quoth Mr. C. the composer of the song in *Measure for Measure*, "Take, O! take, those lips away," as is proved by some manuscript music, as old in some parts as the time of the civil wars, in which that song is found with WILSON's name at the end of it as the author of the music.

So far Mr. COLLIER. But to antiquarians, equally with other benefactors of mankind, it is not permitted by the envious to enjoy their hard-earned honours unquestioned. Up starts Mr. RIMBAULT to contest the palm, and to tear from Mr. COLLIER his darling "JACK." COLLIER, he exclaims, has adopted my hypothesis that WILSON "was the composer of much of the music of SHAKESPEARE's plays," but to him shall not belong the honour of proving my conjecture true. "Whether this can be established we shall see anon." No, Mr. COLLIER, the song in question was composed by a *John* WILSON, I admit, but said *John* (can he be identical with your *Jack?*) is "no less a personage than Doctor JOHN WILSON, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, A.D. 1644." And thereupon Mr. RIMBAULT modestly says, "My hypothesis falls to the ground unless I can prove the identity of the JACK WILSON of SHAKESPEARE'S stage with the learned Oxford professor of half a century later."

Mr. R. forthwith sets on foot an inquiry into the history of Doctor *John* WILSON, tracing him from his birthplace at Faversham to his becoming a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and Musician in Ordinary to CHARLES the First; and it is related that he played the lute so well that the king "generally leaned on his shoulder during his performance." In 1644 he was created Doctor of Music in the University of Oxford, where he took up his abode, and lived comfortably through the troubles of the civil wars, respected by all parties. At the Restoration he went to London, was appointed Chamber Musician to CHARLES the Second, and died at his house in Westminster in 1673, at the ripe age of 79.

This is all that is known of his biography, and from these scanty notes Mr. RIMBAULT labours to discover whether he was the composer of the music, or any portion of it, of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, or the JACK WILSON of Mr. COLLIER. The conclusions to which he comes are that as he could not have been the *original* composer of the song "Take, O! take, those lips away," it is still less probable that he could have composed the song in *Measure for Measure;*" but though not the *original* composer, it is certain that of one of them at least he was an *early* composer.

Wilson was the composer of four other Shakespearian lyrics, a fact unknown to Mr. Collier when he wrote the article in the *Shakespeare Papers:* "Where the bee sucks," "Full fathom five," "Lawn as white as driven snow," and "From the fair Lavinian shore." They are all printed in the author's *Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads*, Oxford, 1660. We have now evidence from this work, that Wilson was the *original* composer of the music to *one* of Shakespeare's plays. He says in his preface, "Some of these ayres were *originally* composed by those whose names are affixed to them, but are here placed as being *new set* by the author of the rest." The two songs, "Where the bee sucks," and "Full fathom five," have appended to them the name of "R. Johnson," who, upon this evidence, we may undoubtedly conclude was the *original* composer of the music in the play of the *Tempest*. The song, "Lawn as white as driven snow," from the *Winter's Tale*, has the name of "John Wilson" attached to it, from which it is equally certain that he was its *original* composer.

The other evidence collected by Mr. RIMBAULT to prove his position must be sought in his pamphlet. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that Mr. COLLIER has formed a right judgment, though upon wrong premises; and that the Doctor's settings of the Shakespearian Lyrics—his companionship with the great dramatic composers, the two LAWESES—his familiar appellation of "JACK WILSON," and, above all, the thirty-two years' gap in the early history of his life, are evidences that "JACK WILSON," the singer of SHAKESPEARE'S stage, and Doctor JOHN WILSON, the learned Professor of the University of Oxford, were one and the same person.

NEWSPAPER

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Kingston's Lusitanian Sketches.

(*Concluded from page* 536.)

We concluded our last week's notice with the tradition of the "Bruxa." Another still more curious is that of

THE LOBISHOMES.

A destiny scarcely inferior in wretchedness to the bruxa's is that of the *lobishomes*, except that, as far as I can learn, it endures only for this life, and is owing to no fault on their part. They are born under an inauspicious star, and a sad necessity rules their fate. Every family is liable to this curse, from the highest to the lowest in the land; and though they themselves are conscious of it, they keep it a profound secret, as it is considered a great disgrace to be afflicted with it. It is common to both sexes among young people; those who suffer from it never attaining an advanced age. I have been unable to learn at what time of life it appears. If seven sons or seven daughters are born in one family, the seventh generally is subject to the demoniacal influence; at all events, one of the younger ones. The only preventive against this fate is by christening one of the seven Adam: should this be neglected, it is almost certain to visit the family. In the daytime they are free from the spell; but even then wear a peculiarly sad and pained expression of countenance. They mope by themselves, are taciturn and reserved; never enter society if they can avoid it, and then evidently are incapable of its enjoyment. The lower orders sit by themselves, without speaking, in a corner near the kitchen-fire—the expression of their countenances wild and forbidding, their hair and beard long and tangled, their garments disarranged and squalid. In travelling through the country such beings are frequently pointed out as lobishomes. As night draws on, these hapless beings rush from their abodes—the high-born damsel from her bower, the noble youth from his baronial hall, or the hard-featured peasant from his humble cot. No human power can restrain them—the demon has entered into them—they seek some solitary wild spot, untrod by the foot of man. There they leave their habiliments, and are immediately transformed into the appearance of horses, with long flowing manes and waving tails, fire darting from their nostrils, fury in their eyes; yet fear it is which urges them on. Away they fly, fleet as the wind, over rugged mountains and deep valleys, across streams and winter-torrents, through frost and snow, rain and the fierce lightning. Leagues are traversed in as many seconds—all other animals fly before them—they neigh in agony as they rush on, yet have no power to stop. On, on, on! their pulses beat quicker, their breath grows thick, but they cannot, they dare not, rest. They sweep round, forming a wide circuit some hundred leagues in extent, yet before the morning breaks they must return to the spot whence they set out; and there resuming their mortal forms, and donning their garments, they once more seek their homes, pale, fainting, and wretched. It is not surprising, after such a night's work, they should be averse to social intercourse. Often at midnight are the cottagers in remote districts startled from their slumbers by unearthly sounds, like the cry of a horse in agony; loud trampling is heard, and a noise as if a sudden blast passed by; and they exclaim, "It is some hapless lobishome; may the saints have mercy on him!" At times, also, as the shepherds are watching their flocks on the mountain's brow, they see a wild steed dash by, on the plain below, fleet as a fiery meteor, while the sheep and goats exhibit their consciousness of something supernatural, by scattering far and wide. Their faithful dogs, too, forget to obey their call; and it is with the utmost difficulty they contrive to reassemble their affrighted flocks. The lobishomes endure not this dreadful existence for more than seven years, if even so many. Death invariably putting an end to their sufferings at the termination of that period, frequently before. I have been informed of but one mode of escape from this doom, or, it may be said, of being freed from this extraordinary species of enchantment. While in full headlong career, they should be boldly encountered by some fearless person, who must wound them slightly in the chest, so that their blood shall flow. No sooner does the ruddy current reach the ground than they are instantly restored to their proper forms. The malign influence henceforth has no further power over them; nor do they ever resume the appearance of a horse; they then become like other mortals. All well-authenticated narrations speak of the horse as the only form they are thus compelled to assume, though some persons suppose, from the name given them, it is that of a wolf; but this I have ascertained to be a mistaken notion. It is to be hoped political economy and liberal institutions will completely banish this curse from the families of Lusitania to the far lands whence it came.

There is another equally singular.

There is an extraordinary belief very general among the common people, and one very difficult to eradicate, or indeed to disprove, that the souls of the dead enter into the bodies of living persons, ejecting the rightful owners for the time being, in order to perform some duty neglected during their proper lifetime. The only name I can learn from them is *almas d'outro mundo*—souls of the other world; and they are supposed to be peculiarly favoured in thus being permitted to escape many of the pains and penalties of purgatory. If a person dies owing another a sum of money, he will enter the body of some one, and make him both gain the amount and pay the debt; afterwards returning contentedly to the world of spirits, and leaving his deputy unconscious of what has occurred. The country-people will frequently point out a person and say, That is not such a man, it is only his body; the soul is that of ————, mentioning the name of some one who has been dead some weeks or months.

In spite of the staggering blows which superstition has received of late years, its influence must still be very great. As witness

PENANCE IN PORTUGAL.

The Portugese peasantry are still very much addicted to performing penances. As they are seldom very heavy, they find it an easy way of soothing their consciences. The most severe I have seen some poor women perform, such as crawling round a church many times on their bare knees: frequently they hang a bag of sand to their necks, to increase their toil, and let it run out as they proceed. This is done frequently under a pelting rain, the poor wretches literally tracing their progress with their blood. Sometimes these penances are inflicted by their confessors, for sins committed; at other times they are in fulfilment of vows made in consequence of recovery from sickness, or on account of finding any lost treasure. They are not in general, however, such sorrowful affairs. I have seen men with thick cloths tied round their knees; for though they had vowed to go round the church on their knees, they did not consider themselves obliged to spoil a new pair of trousers on the occasion; and as the handkerchief alone could not have preserved them, they were compelled to add pads also. They deserved as much credit as the pilgrims who boiled their peas which they put in their shoes. Young maidens frequently perform the same progress round the church, habited in thick cloth petticoats, and too often most irreverently laughing and joking all the time with attendant swains, who will on occasion most gallantly lift them over any very rough places. An old lady I formerly knew vowed to make a pilgrimage barefooted to a shrine at a considerable distance; but her friends persuading her it was more than she could perform in the way she first intended, she yet determined to keep her vow, so she ordered her sedan-chair, doffed her shoes and stockings, and was carried thither. Truly there appear to be many curious ways to heaven; and had I the creed of some persons, I might add, "few there be who find the right one;" but as I pity these poor people who are not taught better things, so, I believe, will their and my Maker. I do not give these accounts as amusing stories to be merely laughed at, but that the character of the people may be better understood. Theirs is not an earnest, deep character; they have faith in what we consider absurdities, and yet they laugh at them. On being asked if they really believe in the efficacy of such things, a shrug of the shoulders is the general answer. "We are told to believe in them, and why not?" is the utmost that can be extracted from them. One then finds the question put to oneself, and one is compelled either to say things which are considered little less than treason against the church, or to hold silence. Thus the uneducated, ignorant peasant gains the day with her "*Pois não?*" Why not? Nor is this species of penance exacted only of human beings. Frequently cattle, which have escaped a murrain that has destroyed their fellows, are led round some favourite shrine; horses, oxen, asses, and swine sometimes, shewing most irreverent unwillingness to fulfil their owners' vows by the performance of what they, more wise, must look upon as a useless ceremony. From days of yore, I fear pigs have had few religious tendencies—the exceptions, at all events, are rare. These exhibitions are by no means grateful to the ear. Grunting and squeaking they go round; sometimes, too, the hinder part foremost, when the penitential hog takes it into his head to turn back the way by which he came. Asses shew more respect to the sacred edifice, though they do sometimes bray rather loudly; but oxen appear the most piously inclined of any. While I am laughing, I am reminded of a story told by a friend of mine of two ladies who made a vow to walk to Matozinhos, a distance of four miles, without speaking. They tried it nine times, and were at last compelled to undergo a severe penance to exonerate them from what they found to be impossible of performance. Another favourite vow, made chiefly by farmers, is to present to their church their own weight in corn or wax; for weighing which a large pair of scales are suspended in the sacristy, or some room adjoining the church, into which the votary and his produce are placed. Should he desire to recover

it again, he may commute it with money—a very wise arrangement of the priests!"

Mr. KINGSTON continually asserts his preference for the Portuguese over the Spaniards. "I have," he says, "more confidence in their virtue and their valour." But he admits the superior cleanliness and domestic comfort of the latter. The humblest cottage in Spain ought to put them to shame. The Spaniards have a very good idea of what we call comfort and tidiness, the Portuguese peasant not the remotest approach to it. "The cottage of the former is built to keep out the heat of summer as well as the frosts of winter; that of the latter admits every icy blast, while the rays of the sun pierce through their thin roofs." And to this let us add a companion picture of domestic life.

It is a sight calculated to move all the tender sympathies of our nature, to behold the fond wife bending over the sleeping form of her beloved spouse, his head resting on her lap, as he is stretched out at his length before the door of their humble home, the abode of peace and contentment, if not of wealth and cleanliness. There he reposes, recruiting his weary limbs, after a day spent in toil to gain provision for his numerous offspring, who are seen running about, or rolling in the mud with a few civilized pigs, in the most primitive state of simplicity—careless of the dust, the sun, the dirt, or the fleas. They exhibit slight tendency to dandyism; for it cannot be said that they indulge even in an approach to superfluous clothing, being either entirely free from any covering but the bright blue balmy sky and a light coating of dirt, or else habited in little shirts reaching to about the middle. She, the partner of his joys and woes, is in the mean time employed in passing her fingers with eager zeal amid his crisply curled locks, giving constant notice of her activity by the sharp crack of her nails, as they encounter the noxious intruders. I fear the cottage-doors of our peasantry in England can rarely exhibit scenes of such domestic endearment! A stranger may be surprised that it has never occurred to them to wash their heads; but I feel assured that it would cost them much to abandon the gratification they experience from their long-established method of cleansing themselves.

As we have already intimated, a considerable section of the work is devoted to an account of the vintage, the wine, and the wine trade. The English love of Portugal wines is not of modern origin. So long ago as 1749 no less than 22,738 pipes of it were imported here. The present company was formed in 1756. The vintage and the wine-making are thus described:—

When once the vintage has commenced, time is invaluable. The vineyards are crowded with persons, some plucking the sound grapes and filling large hampers with them, others separating the rotten or dry bunches, while the Gallegos are employed in carrying the baskets down the steep sides of the hills on their backs. The presses are stone tanks, raised high from the floor, about two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty square. A boy stands in the centre, and rakes the grapes as they are thrown in, so as to form an even surface. When full, twenty or thirty men with bare feet and legs jump in, and to the sound of guitars, pipes, fiddles, drums, and of their own voices, continue dancing, or rather treading, for forty to fifty hours, with six hours intervening between every eighteen, till the juice is completely expressed and the skins perfectly bruised, so as to extract every particle of colour. It is found necessary to leave in the stalks, in order to impart that astringent quality so much admired in port wine, as well as to aid fermentation.

After the men are withdrawn, the juice, the husks, and stalks, are allowed to ferment together from two to six days; the husks and stalks then rise to the top, and form a complete cake. By this means the colour is still further extracted from the skin. It is a very critical time, much depending on the judgment and practice of the superintendent as to the right moment to draw off the liquor; for so active is the fermentation, that it may be, if allowed to remain too long in the press, completely spoiled. Nothing but long experience can enable a person to judge on this point, and many young merchants who have attempted to do so have had cause to repent their interference with the farmer's business.

The taste of the wine before drawn off into the *tonels* is sweet, nauseous, and sickening; and it is of a dark muddy colour; so that one can with difficulty believe it can ever become the bright, sparkling, and astringent fluid it appears in the course of two or three years.

The tonels or vats into which the wine is drawn are in a building on a lower spot than the one which contains the press, a channel leading from it to them. They contain frequently thirty pipes each.

The period when the wine is thus drawn off is the time when the rich and generous qualities of the grapes are to be retained, or lost never to be restored. From the rich nature of the Douro grape, the fermentation once begun will not stop of its own accord (even when the wine is drawn off from the husks and stalks), till it has caused it to become a bitter liquid, almost if not entirely undrinkable and useless, and finally vinegar. To retain, therefore, those much-prized qualities, it is absolutely necessary to add brandy at the very critical moment, so difficult to decide, before that stage which produces the bitterness commences. Brandy always has been and always must be added to the richer and finer wines, or from their very nature they overwork themselves, and, exhausting their own strength, are destroyed.

The grapes from which the rich luscious port wine is produced become, when hung up in the sun to dry, complete masses of sugar. This excessively saccharine matter, possessed only by those grapes growing in the positions most exposed to the sun's rays, gives that rich and fruity flavour of which the best port alone can boast. With the poorer and more watery grapes, the fermentation, not being so violent, will work itself out; and the little saccharine matter they contain completely disappearing, a dry light wine is the produce; which, though requiring brandy, requires less to preserve its good qualities, for the very reason that there are fewer good qualities to preserve. Such is the case with regard to the wines of Bordeaux. I do not mean to say that they do not possess good qualities, but that, being of a lighter nature than the best port, from the cooler climate or nature of the soil in which they are produced, the fermentation is not so violent, nor do they exhaust themselves from their own strength. No brandy is therefore requisite, and that delicious liquor claret is the produce; a successful imitation of which it has been vainly attempted to produce in Portugal.

In 1843 the produce was 72,462 pipes.

Of these, 18,002 pipes were approved for the English market, 15,714 were placed in the second quality list, 17,166 in the third and 21,580 were pronounced refuse, to be consumed only in the low taverns, or to be distilled into brandy. During the year 1843 only 21,244 pipes of port wine were shipped to England, a considerable deal of it probably of the fine vintage of 1840, which shews a great falling off from former years. Of the vintage 1844, 21,238 pipes were approved as of the first quality, and by an after division of them 14,000 only are permitted to be shipped for the English market, the produce being 66,566 pipes in all. During the year 25,493 pipes were exported to the United Kingdom. America takes some annually, some go to the continent, and a few hundreds have been sent to our Australian colonies, to our East-India possessions, and to China. Altogether the export for 1844 was only 8,453 pipes, exclusive of that to the United Kingdom. The system of approving wine sounds very well, and by it we may fancy in England that we should have all the good, and the rest of the world all the inferior, wine; but it is notorious, that though the best wine is generally approved, that very good wine is often pronounced unfit to be exported to Great Britain, and that yet much bad wine is sent to that country. The company, therefore, do not benefit the trade, though by imposing such restrictions they injure it, by keeping up the price of port wine, and allow in the mean time the taste for other wines to increase in England. The object for which this false scarcity is created, is to reduce the stocks of the native holders of wine in Villa Nova, whereby the price is for the time kept up, though ultimately they themselves will lose by the English refusing to drink their old worn-out wines.

The sale of the ports is thus conducted:

The company taste the wines in January; and, according as they think fit, issue tickets of approval or otherwise. The fair commences in the middle of February, previous to which the merchants hasten up to the wine-country, where they have establishments, and, accompanied by their head clerks, commissaries, and coopers, mounted on the backs of mules, and attended by a troop of servants on foot, they visit the different farms where the wine is kept. The wine is tasted from a silver saucer, with an elevation in the centre, which exhibits its colour; and as they taste, they make notes of the quality of each tonel in their books, which they compare on their return home. Sometimes the purchase is concluded on the spot, but generally the farmer proceeds to the merchants' houses to make his bargain. The purchase of wine requires all the judgment and knowledge of the merchant, his credit and profit depending on the work of a few days. It being concluded, he returns to Oporto. The wine is now drawn off into pipes, under the superintendence of a commissary, and is carried down over the most execrable roads to the river's side, in carts drawn by oxen. It is then embarked in large boats, carrying seventy pipes each, and brought to Villa Nova. Next it is stored in the merchants' vaults, or rather lodges, as they are called, they being entirely above ground. Here the wines are racked and lotted according to their respective qualities. The greatest care is now necessary in their treatment; they re-

quiring a little more delicate brandy. In about two years, or even in less, the fine wines of any superior vintage are considered in a fit state to ship to England. The older wines are kept from four to eight years in pipes before they are shipped, according to the quality required.

And we will conclude with Mr. KINGSTON's useful practical instructions

HOW TO CHOOSE GOOD PORT.

To select a pipe or a bin of wine is a matter of consideration, and every man ought to recollect two things—the state of the weather and the state of his own stomach. Let him choose a fine bright day, but not a cold one. He ought to have spent the previous evening quietly at home, and ought not to have drunk more than a pint of wine, or he will run a great risk of making a mistake. If he is heated, he will like a thin vapid wine; and if he comes from the cold air, he will prefer a highly brandied strong wine; neither of which will please him on the following day. This is a golden rule. Few persons can form an opinion of port wine by tasting it only once. After dinner, if you taste a dry old wine after sweets, or after drinking rich wine, the first will appear flavourless or casky. People often wrongly condemn fine old wine from not thinking of that fact. It must be remembered, in choosing wine from the cask, that it is seldom so soft, so bright, or so spirity as wine in bottle. There are many other descriptions of port of less value, but very good; some rather coarser and rougher, others thinner and less rich, varying much, according to their age; so that it is impossible to give any advice respecting them. There are also lighter clarety wines, which are very nice when drunk new in Portugal, but requiring brandy to keep in England, else that peculiar flavour disappears, and their best quality is lost. It is absurd, in my opinion, to attempt to make the wines of Portugal like those of Bordeaux. Those who can get claret will not drink thin port instead, and those who cannot afford to drink the former prefer a good stout stomachic wine, which goes the furthest. The commoner sorts, and most to be avoided, are thin stalky wines, with considerable colour and no softness, or very dark wines, of a vapid sweet taste, yet rough and strong; or very light-coloured, almost tawny, no body or spirit, and pretending to be very old, at a low price. Doubt these last always. They have less harm in them than have others; but they are best known by negatives, and will never improve; whereas the coarser wines may. These sort of wines are shipped frequently to the inferior class of wine merchants; and a person desirous of abusing port has only, in order that he may obtain credit, to take a sample of them, and exhibit it as the stuff the Oporto merchants ship. He is thus certain, moreover, to create a prejudice against port wine among persons ignorant of the existence of the inferior sorts above described.

And with these testimonials to justify our opinion, we commend *Lusitanian Sketches* to the book club and circulating library, as one of the most readable works the autumn has produced.

FICTION.

The Impostor; or, Born without a Conscience. By the Author of "Anti-Coningsby." Phrenologically illustrated. In three vols. London, 1845. Newby.

THE author of this novel can boast of entire originality both in its design and execution. How far it may be deemed a successful performance is very dubious, and it is still more questionable whether it is likely ever to become popular. Still some credit attaches to the very attempt to strike out a new path, and a lenient judgment may justly be claimed for him who has been courageous enough to dare the experiment.

The Impostor is intended to be a philosophical fiction, each of whose characters shall illustrate the doctrines of Phrenology: such they are phrenologically, and so ought they to act and speak. The idea is not a bad one, but it would demand the genius of a Shakspeare to carry it out. Our author has not succeeded in embodying his own conceptions, although he exhibits considerable talent in various directions; perhaps it is a task beyond any human capacity, because it would require the union of boundless knowledge with a brilliant imagination.

But the author has another object—to advance Mesmerism, which is made a prominent topic both of discussion and description throughout the three volumes. Now the author will admit that we should be as anxious as himself to promote the diffusion of facts, which we believe because we have personally proved them. But we cannot think the course he has adopted the best fitted for such an end. It is rarely that any science can be mingled with a fiction without injury, because the unthinking are apt to associate them in their minds thenceforth, and are perplexed between the false and the true—hesitating what is fact, what is fancy, and then, as the readiest mode of escaping the difficulty, they reject both.

This, however, is a matter more for his own consideration than for his reviewers, who are called upon to pass an opinion upon the result as a literary work, and not as respects its possible effect upon science or any of its branches.

Viewed as such, it must be admitted that *The Impostor* is not a successful novel. The philosophical design has overlaid the author's fancy, and there is a manifest want of coherency, the result of his endeavour to lose no occasion for promulgating his faith. Hence a constraint of manner. Then he is wanting in the constructive talent. He cannot weave a plot which shall be at once complicated and natural, imperceptibly involved, easily unravelled. But, on the other hand, he enjoys some qualifications that save his work from utter rejection. He has dramatic power, shewn in spirited dialogues, and wit, as exhibited in continual sparkling repartee, and a copious command of words wherein to express himself.

Occasionally, indeed, he indulges in commonplaces, almost in vulgarisms of expression, which he would do well to avoid in future, and which nothing can excuse but a suspicion we entertain that it is not from habit or want of education that they are employed, but from a preconcerted design to adopt a familiar style; and thus the not uncommon but unconscious lapse from familiarity into vulgarity.

There is another remarkable feature of this novel. Fancy portraits of the principal characters are presented, accompanied with a phrenological analysis; the purpose being, as we presume, to convey to the reader a distinct idea of the form of the head and expression of the features that would belong to persons of such a mental constitution as that described. But, however excellent the design, the execution does not successfully embody it. The "*heads*" are *too* fanciful, and the effect of thus portraying them is to destroy that which constitutes no small portion of the reader's pleasure—the creation of his own ideals, which will ever surpass aught that the painter's or the graver's art can embody.

To those who are already familiar with the facts of Phrenology and Mesmerism this novel may be amusing, as a curious endeavour to convey those facts through the medium of a fiction, but it will scarcely add to their store of information. They who are either ignorant or incredulous are not likely to be attracted by it to inquiry, for they will be more tempted than ever to set down the whole to the account of the fancy. The mere novel-reader will welcome it as a variety, if nothing more; for to him a new theme—a new style, is always attractive: and therefore the larger libraries may, with advantage, place *The Impostor* upon their shelves.

The Wandering Jew: a Tale of the Jesuits. Complete. By EUGENE SUE. Translated from the French, by D. M. AIRD. London, 1845. Bruce and Wyld.

THIS is a remarkable edition of a very remarkable work. The entire of a novel, that in the original occupies we know not how many volumes, presented, in a faithful and spirited translation, unabridged, for a couple of shillings! It forms one of the valuable series of fictions which has been published in *The Novel Newspaper*. The mere announcement of such a work at such a price is sufficient to ensure for it an enormous sale.

Jack Hornet; or, the March of Intellect. By Dr. MILLINGEN, Author of "Adventures of an Irish Gentleman," &c. 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

THE material for this novel is of the most commonplace description. The widow and daughter of a wealthy citizen, panting for aristocratic connection, gather together a company of such dregs of aristocracy as are ever ready to gratify the vanity of the vulgar rich by eating their good dinners, borrowing their money, and marrying their daughters. The adventures of such a set, enlivened by the jokes of Laurence Hornet and the absurdities of Jack Hornet, the follies of their half-witted friend the Baronet, and some subordinate characters, drawn with a broad, coarse pencil, which, however, is not wanting in humour and vigour of expression, make up the

substance of the story. This novel cannot be recommended to any library that requires to select only the better class of fictions.

POETRY.

Stella: a Poem. London: Longman and Co.

The writer of *Stella* (a lady, who withholds her name) has followed the contemptible practice, so general of late, of condemning her own literary labours. She remarks of her writings, "I cannot allow them to pass from me to the public without offering some *excuse for the many errors which, on a careful perusal, I find I might and ought to have corrected.*" This admission is an insult, but we believe an *unintentional* one, offered to the intelligence of the public. A writer has no excuse for publishing faults "which might have been corrected." The author of *Stella*, as a maid or as a mother, may have had a press of domestic duties; it is possible that she had little or no time to revise her poetry; but this should have told her to hide her verses in her desk, and not, as *Richard* was sent, to have intruded them—

> Deformed, unfinished, sent before their time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up;
> And that so lamely.

There is this advantage in the confession which the author of *Stella* has made, that we are saved the schoolmaster's task. If she had not admitted her literary errors, we should probably have detected them, and gravely pointed them out to her, as the means of preventing her from falling into the same mistakes in future. It is useless to refer our author to what she already knows, and our remarks are now entirely for the benefit of the public.

Stella was commenced by a girl of eighteen and finished by the full-grown woman. If it be praise to say that the latter part of the poem is slightly better than the commencement of it, we are willing to give that praise; but the first canto is so defective, that the admission amounts to no praise at all. Our readers will not call us unjust when we give a verse as a proof from the first canto of *Stella*.

> The young boy glanced more proudly as his sire
> Spoke of his poverty; champing the bit
> Like a young horse the rider doth desire
> To render to the bridle every whit
> Obedient; a little lord still higher
> Thrown back his head: "Did she not think that it,"
> He asked his playmate young, "would nice to be,
> Him in some future day an earl to see?"

To say the least, this is not sense, and certainly any thing but *English*. Our author has introduced a new idiom into our language.

Had Byron never lived, we have every reason to think that *Stella* had never dragged "its slow length along." In the stanza of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*, *Stella* is a sort of history of woman's love. Its design was to shew the ignorant world how little such a history is understood. But the author does not carry out her design. What she has not the power to unveil, she has a novel way of dismissing as an impossibility.

> Such was my heroine.—Faintly may my pen
> Thus shadow forth the beauties of her form,
> But come I to that pure heart's depths, ah! *then*
> Stop I full short; description the most warm
> Would be but mockery of that girl's love, when
> Their parting woke to life its lasting storm;
> She loved as woman loves, but *once*, enough—
> That *how* to dream of *telling*—pshaw!—stuff!

We see nothing in *Stella* to induce us to hope in the final triumph of its author as a poet. There is not to be found the beautiful bud that promises the bursting of the rose. *Stella* is often harsh and unmusical in versification, and this, it is true, may be corrected; but nature has withheld from its author that high quality which awakens and governs the sensibilities of mankind. In many a mind poetry exists, but few indeed are gifted for its utterance.

Ballads, and other Metrical Tales. London: James Burns.

One of the most attractive volumes in *Burns's Fireside Library*. It contains a selection of the best English ballads, ancient and modern, from the works of Percy, Retson, Evans, Jamieson, Gay, Logan, Leyden, Cunningham, Scott, and Southey. Here we have the fine old rhymes of "Chevy Chace," "the Red Cross Knight," "the Children in the Wood," "Griselda," "Robin Hood," and such like relics of the days of "merrie England," associated with such productions of kindred spirits as Percy's "Friar of Orders Gray;" Cunningham's "Sir Roland Græme," and Southey's "Lord William." They are exquisitely printed, and illustrated with many engravings of extraordinary beauty, after original drawings by Corbould, Selous, Pickersgill, Scott, and others. This ought to fill a prominent place in every fireside library, for it is right welcome fireside reading.

EDUCATION.

The Wonder-Seeker; or, The History of Charles Douglas. By M. Fraser Tytler. London, 1845. Grant and Griffith.

This is one of the very extensive class of juvenile works of which *Sandford and Merton* and *Evenings at Home* were the progenitors. Under the guise of a narrative, and by help of the introduction of some half-dozen characters to excite a personal interest in the proceedings, a course of lectures is conveyed. But Mr. Tytler has the good sense to confine himself almost entirely to the relation of facts, which always interest, and to avoid sermonizing, which as certainly repels the youthful mind, generally a great deal less informed, but a great deal more pure and good, than that which would instruct him. Yet, neglectful of this, how often do we find the instructors of youth substituting preaching for teaching, and cramming with sentiment when they should be training to action.

Mr. Tytler has introduced his information in a very pleasing form, and he has chosen the most attractive subjects, chiefly natural history; but these he has mingled with short tales, anecdotes, and some wholesome reflections; in short, such a miscellany as a well-read man might produce in an after-dinner conversation with children from the stores of his memory. It is a volume to be heartily commended to parents and teachers.

Double Entry Elucidated: an improved Method of Teaching Book-keeping. By B. F. Foster. London, 1845. Souter and Law.

To all engaged in business of any kind, and who have not enjoyed the advantage of an education in a counting-house where the best methods are pursued, there could not be a more welcome visitor than one that would give them plain instructions, illustrated by examples, for keeping their books. Such an adviser is Mr. Foster.

It is true, as we have heard many allege, that every person can strike out a system for himself. But the chances are greatly against his hitting upon the best at the first trial; and yet, when once adopted, what so difficult to change? Hence the importance of early training to the most complete system that experience and ingenuity have devised. Mr. Foster has done good service by placing it in the power of all who desire to learn a system, to do so by the study of a volume of moderate size, and by practice according to instances by which he illustrates his theory.

He begins by an analysis of the ledger; explaining the various classes of entries, and how it is framed from the other books. Next he treats of the formation of these from preceding books, and so forth, until the elements of the ledger are exhibited and traced back to the transactions of each member of the establishment.

The system, though seemingly complicated, is in truth very simple; and, if it were to be universally adopted, would vastly facilitate commercial transactions. Mr. Foster deserves the thanks of the community for his valuable contribution to our works of instruction, and we can heartily commend his treatise to every school and counting-house in the land.

RELIGION.

The Second Advent of the Lord Jesus Christ a past Event. By Robert Townley, A.B. late Minister of St. Matthew's, Liverpool. London, 1845. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Mr. Townley is a seceder from the Church of England. He

claims to have discovered a sound principle of Scripture interpretation; the foundation of which appears to be, that Scripture is its own interpreter. The doctrine to which his study of it has conducted him is, that "a past second advent is proved to a demonstration, and is unassailable." The purpose of his pamphlet is to exhibit the steps by which he has arrived at this startling conclusion; and we must refer to its pages those who may be interested to learn the method of the argument.

The Sacred Gift: a Series of Meditations upon Scripture Subjects, with twenty highly-finished engravings after celebrated paintings by the great masters. Second Series. By the Rev. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A. Author of "May you Like it," &c. London, 1845. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE principal attraction of this magnificent annual is its engravings, which are noticed particularly under the appropriate department of art. Of the literature so much cannot be said. Mr. TAYLER has associated with each of the grand pictures selected for engraving some composition either in prose or in rhyme, suggested by the subject; wherein he has put forth, in the plain but forcible language for which he is famous, the sentiments that would naturally arise in the bosom of a person of religious temperament on the contemplation of such a theme. Occasionally the editor has varied his pages with contributions from other pens, among which we observe the names of the Reverends HUGH M'NEILE, CANON SLADE, RAIKES, R. W. EVANS, HUGH STOWELL, and J. BAYLEE. Extracts from a work of this class would be out of place in a periodical such as this. We can only recommend it to the notice of our readers as the work of the most permanent worth the season has produced.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Keepsake for 1846. Edited by the Countess of BLESSINGTON. London: Longman and Co.

THE engravings, which are the principal attraction of this as of the other annuals, are noticed in the department of THE CRITIC devoted to art. In this place we purpose to review only the literary contents.

We have remarked in that notice the decline of the annuals from being collections of fugitive pieces by the best writers of the time, to be a sort of portfolio of engravings, into which are thrown also, by way of giving bulk, the album verses and prose effusions of the idle hours of the editor's friends. This was the necessary consequence of the public taste inclining to treat these books as drawing-room ornaments, to be looked at and not to be read; and it is quite evident that such is the feeling entertained by most of the contributors, whose modest compositions find a place provided only that they are prefaced by a name that can boast a title or is known in fashionable circles.

The *Keepsake* for the coming year, almost the last survivor of a troop once numbering some twenty brilliant ephemerides, is an apt instance of the preceding remarks. It is a beautiful work of art, an inferior work of literature. Names, indeed, are not wanting in the list of contents, but the productions to which they are affixed are not worthy of those names. We see those of Mrs. ABDY, Lord JOHN MANNERS, W. S. LANDOR, B. D'ISRAELI, Mrs. S. C. HALL, A. A. WATTS, Miss A. J. SPARROW, Lady E. S. WORTLEY, Miss TOULMIN, H. BERNAL, R. M. MILNES, Mrs. TORRE HOLME, Mrs. C. B. WILSON, M. EUGENE SUE, ALBERT SMITH, BARRY CORNWALL, and Lord ROBERTSON. But the result of their united abilities is not such as to encourage the practice of attaching names to trifles. The contents, as usual, are composed of poetry, tales, and essays. The first is of average merit, such as is found in the generality of magazines; the second are rather sketches than stories, interest being sacrificed to brevity. The best of them are Mrs. ROMER'S "Capucin," Mrs. S. C. HALL'S "Restitution," and Mr. BERNAL'S "Ladies ought to be lenient." But such a work as this can only be exhibited by extracts, and we take a few of those which strike us as most original in thought or brilliant in composition. Take first a graphic sketch of a famous personage by another personage who has achieved some fame:—

SHOUBRA.

BY DISRAELI, ESQ. M.P.

Oriental palaces, except perhaps in the great Indian peninsula, do not realize the dreams and glittering visions of the Arabian Nights, or indeed the authentic histories written in the flush and fulness of the success of the children of the Desert, the Tartar and the Saracen. Commerce once followed in the train of the conquerors of Asia, and the vast buildings which they hastily threw up of slight and perishing materials, were filled, not only with the plunder of the East, but furnished with all the productions of art and curious luxury, which the adventurous spirit of man brought from every quarter of the globe to Samarcand and Bagdad. The site of these mighty capitals is almost erased from the map of the modern traveller; but tribute and traffic have also ceased to sustain even the dilapidated serail of the once omnipotent Stamboul, and, until very recently, all that remained of the splendour of the Caliphs of Egypt was the vast necropolis, which still contains their palatian sepulchres.

How the bold Roumelian peasant who in our days has placed himself on the ancient throne of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, as Napoleon on the seat of the Merovingian kings, usurping political power by military prowess; how he lodged and contented himself in the valley of the Nile; was not altogether an uninteresting speculation; and it was with no common curiosity that some fifteen years ago, before he had conquered Syria and scared Constantinople, I made one morning a visit to Shoubra, the palace of Mehemet Ali.

Nothing can be conceived more animated and picturesque than Cairo during the early morning or at night. It seems the most bustling and populous city in the world. The narrow streets, abounding with bazaars, present the appearance of a mob, through which troops of richly-dressed cavaliers force with difficulty their prancing way, arrested often in their course by the procession of a harem returning from the bath, the women enveloped in inscrutable black garments, and veils and masks of white linen, and borne along by the prettiest donkeys in the world. The attendant eunuchs beat back the multitude; even the swaggering horsemen, with their golden and scarlet jackets, rich shawls and scarfs, and shining arms, trampling on those around, succeed in drawing aside; but all efforts are vain, for at the turning of the street appears the first still solemn visage of a long string of tall camels bearing provisions to the citadel, a Nubian astride on the neck of the leader, and beating a wild drum, to apprize the people of his approach. The streets, too, in which these scenes occur are in themselves full of variety and architectural beauty. The houses are lofty and latticed, abounding in balconies; fountains are frequent and vast, and richly adorned as Gothic shrines; sometimes the fortified palace of one of the old Mamlouks, now inhabited by a pacha, still oftener the exquisite shape of an Arabian mosque. The temples of Stamboul cannot vie with the fanes of Cairo. Their delicate domes and airy cupolas, their lofty minarets covered with tracery, and the flowing fancy of their arabesques, recalled to me the glories of the Alhambra, and the fantastic grace of the Alcazars and shrines of Seville and Cordova.

At night the illuminated coffee-houses, the streaming population, each carrying a lantern, in an atmosphere warmer and softer than our conservatories, and all the innocent amusements of an out-door life—the Nubian song, the Arabian tale, the Syrian magic—afford a different, but not less delightful scene.

It was many hours before noon, however, that I made my first visit to Shoubra, the sky as cloudless as it remained during the whole six months I was in Egypt, during which time I have no recollection that we were favoured by a single drop of rain; and yet the ever living breeze on the great river, and the excellent irrigation of the earth, produce a freshness in the sky and soil, which are missed in other Levantine regions, where there is more variety of the seasons.

Shoubra is about four or five miles from the metropolis; it rises on the banks of the Nile, and the road to it from Cairo is a broad but shady avenue, formed of sycamores of a noble growth and colour; on one side delightful glimpses of the river, with its palmy banks and sparkling villages, and on the other, after a certain tract of vivid vegetation, the golden sands of the desert, and the shifting hillocks which it forms; or, perhaps the grey peaks of some chain of pyramids.

The palace of Shoubra is a pile of long low buildings looking to the river—moderate in its character, and modest in its appointments; but clean, orderly, and in a state of complete repair; and, if we may use such an epithet with reference to oriental life, comfortable. It possesses all the refined conveniences of European manners, of which the pacha at the time I am referring to, was extremely proud. Most of these had been the recent gift of the French government, and his highness occasionally amused his guests—some scheik from Arabia, or some emir from the Lebanon—by the exhibition of some scientific means of domestic accommodation, with which use has made us familiar, but which

I was assured had sensibly impressed the magnates of the desert and the mountain with the progress of modern civilization.

The gardens of Shoubra, however, are vast, fanciful, and kept in admirable order. They appeared to me in their character also entirely oriental. You enter them by long, low, winding walks of impenetrable shade; you emerge upon an open ground sparkling with roses, arranged in beds of artificial forms, and leading to gilded pavilions and painted kiosks. Arched walks of orange-trees, with the fruit and the flowers hanging over your head, lead again to fountains, or to some other garden-court, where myrtles border beds of tulips, and you wander on mosaic walks of polished pebbles. A vase flashes amid a group of dark cypresses, and you are invited to repose under a Syrian walnut-tree by a couch or a summer-house.

The most striking picture, however, of this charming retreat is a lake surrounded by light cloisters of white marble, and in its centre a fountain of crocodiles, carved in the same material. That material as well as the art, however, are European. It was Carrara that gave the pure and glittering blocks, and the Tuscan chisel called them into life. It is a pity that the honourable board of directors, in their recent offering of the silver fountain to the pacha, had not been aware of the precedent thus afforded by his highness's own creation for the introduction of living forms into moslem sculpture and carving. They might have varied their huge present with advantage. Indeed, with the crocodile and the palm-tree, surely something more beautiful and not less characteristic, than their metallic mausoleum, might easily have been devised.

This marble pavilion at Shoubra, indeed, with its graceful terraced peristyles, its chambers and divans, the bright waters beneath, with their painted boats, wherein the ladies of the harem chase the gleaming shoals of gold and silver fish, is a scene worthy of a sultan; but my attendant, a Greek employed in the garden, told me that I ought to view it on some high festival and crowded by the court in their rich costumes, to appreciate all its impressive beauty. This was a scene not reserved for me, yet my first visit to Shoubra closed with an incident not immemorable. I had quitted the marble pavilion and was about to visit the wilderness where roam, in apparent liberty, many rare animals, when I came, somewhat suddenly, on a small circular plot into which several walks emptied, cut through a thick hedge of myrtle. By a sun-dial stood a little man, robust, though aged, rather stout, and of a very cheerful countenance; his attire plain and simple, a pelisse of dark silk, and a turban white as his snowy beard; he was in merry conversation with his companion, who turned out to be his jester. In the back ground, against the myrtle wall, stood three or four courtiers in rich dresses—courtiers, for the little old man was their princely master—the great Pacha of Egypt.

One of the cleverest contributions is anonymous:—

GLOVERS AND ROVERS.

BY ONE WHO HAS KNOWN POETS.

All maidens brown or fair,
Lofty or lowly,
Blithesome as May-birds are,
Or melancholy:—
If round the youth you love
You would cast fetters;
Do not throw down the glove
To men of letters!

The best are very vain,
The worst, sad sinners;
Callous to women's pain,
Fond of their dinners;
With wrongs they will oppress,
With sharp tongues hurt you,
Distrust—disdain—distress—
And then—desert you!

Swifts your poor hearts will break,
Slow vitriol-droppers!
Newtons, your fingers take
For old pipe-stoppers.
Burnses may beat in flames,
Ev'n red-hot colonels;
And Sternes show up your names
In sickly journals!

Lo! there, the arch *grisette*
Sure of her capture!—
Why—Yorick's heart is set
On—his new chapter!
Reckless of ache or wound,
Ready to fly, as
Fast as can wheels go round,
To new Marias!

Yes—maidens fair or brown,
Lofty or lowly,
Light as the thistle-down,
As cypress holy—
When poets whisper near,
Go, join the dancers;
And turn a stony ear,
To all romancers.

Choose, ere he quits the port,
Some gallant sailor;
Lure from his Indian fort,
Its curried jailor:—
Priest—Lawyer—Medicine-man,—
All are our betters;
Catch whom ye will (and can),
Save Him of letters!—

There is good thought as well as good writing in the discourse

OF FAIRS, FAIRINGS, AND FAIRIES.

BY ALBERT SMITH, ESQ.

I tell of festivals, and fairs, and plays
Of merriment, and mirth, and bonfire blaze;
I tell of brooks and blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers,—
I tell of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy king.

Quaint old Herrick! from whose pleasant synopsis the foregoing lines are taken, reading as though they were meant to be written upon green leaves, and sung only to the music of a glancing rill, tumbling, gurgling, and whirling down a hill-side over glittering pebbles, and through beds of sunny forget-me-nots; what a mercy it was, with his summery and country feelings, that he was born in those happy times when May was green and warm, and such things were as fairs and festivals; before daisies were driven, back and back, from their prairies like wild tribes, or trampled under foot by civilizing colonists; when all the practical use to which steam had been applied was, in removing the tight lids from the state-prison kettles of the middle ages!

How would his heart have broken gradually—(there were hearts, too, in his day; real home-made hearts, warranted sound, not very clever imitations—Birmingham hearts with sentiments of electrotyped brass, which the "frequent robberies" called into fashion in later times, like spurious plate)—how would it have gone piecemeal, one string after another, in the fashion of a harp in a hot room, if he could have witnessed the desecration of his groves by "junctions" and "extensions;" of his twilight by gas and camphine; of his real fairs by fancy ones; of his festivals and fairies, by what professional philanthropists call "an improved condition of the people," and country policemen.

We regret this state of things as deeply as he would have done, but our heart has not yet broken. It is encrusted with the barnacles of the world's rubs, as old submarine timber is coated and preserved by other *crustacea*. We cannot tell whether this may, or may not, be an advantage. We only know that so it is; but that, notwithstanding, we lament the gradual decay of all those pleasant things, which Herrick sang about, so rapidly hastening to the state of organic remains. Man has not yet been found in the form of a fossil; why not, we leave it to the geological disputants to determine; but we firmly believe that in a few ages the British Museum, should it be still existing, will be graced with fossil fairies and petrified May-poles.

Of those objects quoted at the head of our paper, the departure of the fairs and the fairies are most to be lamented. They went together, and within our recollection: we know not where to, but are comforted in a theory of astronomy—that the stars are suns to other solar systems; and that, if this be the case, perhaps one of these brighter orbs, where improvements have not arrived at the high-pressure pitch of our own globe, has offered them an asylum.

Not many years ago the village in which we lived—scarcely a score of miles from London, could boast both of fairies and rustic festivals. It was a quiet, sleepy-looking place, off the high-road; and when you ascended the hill near it, on a fine summer's afternoon, you saw its steeple peeping above the foliage in which the houses were embosomed, with the weathercock dozing and glittering in the warm sunlight; and all looking so tranquil that it required no small degree of harsh matter-of-fact persuading to make yourself believe the place was really inhabited by the bustling and industrious natives, who squabbled and wrangled as they carried on the trade in "malt, brooms, and poultry," for which the gazetteer told us the place was remarkable. There were long, long lanes, too, whose thoroughfare was the best compromise between turf and Macadam ever known, going away into the country, and arched over by bending trees, that in the absence of other excitement appeared to me bowing to one another all day long for amusement; and the limes that overhung the

pathway across the churchyard grew at one point so close to the chancel window, that they swept its casement as their morning shadows fell in quivering patches upon the old brasses and tablets of the interior; whilst without, the sunlight darted through their leaves to flicker on the green turf of the quiet graves below.

Beyond this was a wooded pasture where the fairies lived. Nobody we knew had actually ever seen them, although every body else knew somebody that had. But we were sure they were there, for the rings where they danced were very plainly seen; and in hot summers, when every thing else was parched up with the drought, these rings were always fresh and green, as though a circular spring of water ran beneath them. How the mushrooms grew on these rings, too! Tight button-like little fellows, lifting up their heads above the grass, no doubt on purpose for the fairies' own use, but whether as food, tables, or umbrellas, we never knew. It was something of a mystery where the tiny spirits went in the daytime: we opine that they never were caught in it, but followed the twilight round the earth, riding on its last shadows. A young lady who wrote poetry in our provincial paper, and was thought to be a little mad, said they lodged in the cowslips; but this was nonsense. The children could never have made chains with the petals if such had been the case.

It was on this spot, with its high wavy boundary of trees, that the fair was also held. And it *was* a fair—a downright earnest one, where you could buy a fiddle for sixpence, and not tender a five pound note for a *Louis quatorze* pen-wiper or a wire-gauze nothing, worked with floss-silk impossibilities, and get no change. There were shows too—wonderful shows; we have never seen any like them since; the exhibitions of London have, in fact, merely excited a feeling of contempt. Nothing of Landseer's ever came up to their canvass of the "lioness attacking the Exeter mail;" the surprise of the gentleman on the box in the fashionable coat—the terror of the respectable lady inside, the agony of the horses—it was grand! And how Maclise's greatest picture fell in our estimation when we thought of the vivid cartoon which showed "the Circassian negress with the silver hair!—the smallest man now travelling!!—the black wild Indian captured by the bravery of the British officer." All these marvels, together and alive, exhibiting to elegant company of all nations, in a beautiful room with crimson drapery for a ceiling! The Indian fed on raw meat, real raw meat from the butcher that supplied our own table, and he was a man above suspicion; indeed, he was twice overseer. The Ioways never did that. Certainly the interior of the caravan was not of the splendid description represented outside, but then a painter's license is very great, as the academy portraits, especially, yearly prove.

All day long the people from the neighbouring villages could be seen coming over the fields towards our fair, on every side; rosy-faced girls, in smart cotton prints that would have shamed your *mousselines de laines* into utter insignificance, as much as their cheeks would have outdone those of the metropolitan *belles* who wore them; smart young fellows, who looked like country editions of the choruses in "Somnambula" and the "Elisir d'Amore;" chubby children who had dreamt of trumpets, gingerbread, and halfpence at their actual disposal, for months previously. What a day it was for every body; and what a great one for the "Red Lion" public-house! Alas! the Red Lion public-house became an inn, then a tavern, and is now a railway hotel. But then it stood on the edge of the fair green, out of the dust and crowd, yet not too far removed but "the swarming sound of life" came pleasantly to its door, and here the visitors rested, and drank its famous ale—such ale, too! like liquid amber, through which the bubbles rose in myriads of tiny balloons, hastening to be drunk. The secret of brewing it has evidently been lost, with those of painting missals and making mummies.—And there was amusement, too, for those who rested here: the wandering curiosities strolled from the crowd to exhibit before its doors. Here the small boy, in ochre-coloured tights, which fitted indifferently, sang the song standing upon his head—here the Dutch girls carolled their *Lieber Augustin;* nobody knew where they came from, except from "abroad," and that was a locality somewhere in France, comprising India and everywhere else, in the judgment of the audience; certainly we preferred their singing to Heinefetter's or Loïve's; indeed we do not think the latter would ever have been so popular with the villagers as the broom girls. The only person who never thought much of them was the host's daughter; but this was because a gay fellow, who was much struck with them, was strongly suspected of being her "young man," and it required all his wit, and more than his usual fairing, to make all smooth again. And these fairings were very smart; they were of the same class as those objects of *virtu* which young English gentlemen of playful temperaments, and who are not proud, throw at with sticks at the races—pincushions, thimbles, and money-boxes. We never knew the swains buy "bunches of ribbons" in our time, and therefore look upon the vague "Johnny," of whose long stay at the fair a lyrical tradition is extant, to have been a fiction.

At night the revelry must have scared the fairies—what laughs and pretty screams, and "done thens," resounded on every side. Fancy fairs do not terminate so now-a-days; goodness—if they did, how popular they would become! There was always a game at "kiss in the ring" before dark. Imagine what "kiss in the ring" would be in the Regent's-park-gardens, and all the stall-keepers and patronesses joining in it!

But we have been idly gossiping of things long past, forgetting they have gone; our fair is as much an old extinct festival now, as setting the watch on St. John's eve, or meeting in Fenchurch-street to gather in the may; our fairies exist no longer, but, doubtless, like other broken-up families, have emigrated; where their green rings could be seen on the fair-green, there is now a railway embankment; the noble trees that surrounded it have fallen, and summer and winter, day and night, engines fly by, blazing, gasping, screaming, roaring, and exulting savagely in their own infernal powers; flinging their glowing cinders right and left to scorch the once velvet turf, and scaring the cattle into downright madness as the steam shoots out from their burnished valves, in passing what were formerly such quiet pastures. Mobs of strangers, too, overrun the village, who get a ride and rheumatism at a penny a mile in cheap excursion trains; and perking cottages, looking as if they had retired from London upon incomes, are springing up everywhere.

We know not if all this innovation be good—we cannot tell—it may be—at least, ingenious gentlemen, who can write large books, tell us that it is so, and we suppose they are right. But we would give a great deal to behold our old-fashioned rustic fair once more—not the suburban riots which now adopt the name. Sometimes we dream of one, and see the old amusements over again; but it is only to be awakened by the blowing of a battered horn, announcing the departure of a miserable omnibus, which half-a-dozen times a day carries unsympathizing strangers backwards and forwards, to and from the melancholy building, in form and proportions so like the Morgue at Paris which they call the "Station," and this, too, on the very spot where the fairies danced and the dear old festival was held!

With some lines by a genuine poet, although he has written many better things, we conclude:—

A WORD; WITH A NEW MORAL.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

In a humble cottage,
In a lowly chair,
Sate a soft-eyed fairy,
Dreaming idly there.
Into her budding bosom
(O, the sweet rose blossom!)
Ran her serpent hair.

On the vacant ether
She for ever gazed—
Gazing, nothing seeing,
Like a thing amazed.
Toward the cloister hoary
(Such her doom and glory)
Are her fancies raised.

Ha! her vision kindles,
Now, what sees she rise?
What too dear magician
Intercepts the skies?
Heart, what were those flushes!
Cheeks, burn not in blushes!
Close, O close, sweet eyes!

Words are spoke—how gently!
Yet each sound is heard:
Coursers wait: she speedeth,
Like a loosened bird.
At the holy altar
(Sweet heart, do not falter)
She hath said "the word!"

That one word hath given
Beauty unto worth!
That one word hath yielded
To thy life new birth.
So, be happy, dearest!
Learn, if *still* thou fearest,
Thou to heaven art nearest
When thou lovest earth.

The other annuals must be taken in turn from week to week.

The Juvenile Scrap-book. By the Author of "The Women of England." London, 1846. Fisher and Co.

THE literary contents of this superb Christmas and New-Year's gift consist of instructive narratives, tales, and poetry, either written or selected by Mrs. ELLIS, whose name is a guarantee for excellence in substance, and attractiveness in form. A short biographical memoir of MEHEMET ALI is extremely interesting. "The Independent Bees" is a fable full of admirable wisdom. An article entitled "Rich and Poor" asserts some wholesome truths. Speaking of the benevolence of the poor, the writer contends that it prevails among them to a greater extent than among the rich.

One thing is very remarkable in their character. It is the extraordinary generosity of the poor in comparison with that of the rich—not of the poor who want bread, for it would ill deserve the name of generosity to give one day, knowing that they should have to beg the next; but such gifts as the widow's mite, cast into the treasury, do indeed deserve our admiration. Yes; the poor widow, with a child dependent on her labour, sometimes comes forward with her gift, and casts it in, perhaps, when no one sees her; and she does this out of pure benevolence, knowing that her name will not appear upon the printed lists of subscribers, and that her single mite will only be counted in as a penny or a shilling, amongst hundreds of pounds. Nor is this all: she gives her mite knowing, and perhaps her little boy knows too, that in consequence of giving it he will have to wait a whole week longer for his new pair of shoes, or that his mother will have to give up her ride in the passing coach, on a little journey they were about to have taken together; and that they must therefore walk, through the middle of the day, along the hot and dusty road.

Such items as these have to be taken into account in all the little givings of the poor; and yet they do give in a manner which swells the charitable funds of the country at large to an amazing extent, considering that nothing they do in this way can be done without the giving up of something pleasant or useful to themselves.

How different are the feelings with which the wealthy give! and how startled many a kind-hearted young lady would be, if told that because she had given a few shillings to some useful institution, she must walk five miles along the highway, or wait a whole week for the possession of a piece of music upon which her heart was set!

The tale which follows, and fills a considerable portion of the volume, is deeply interesting, and full of wholesome admonition to the young, always best taught by example. The ballad of "Maggie Mayflower," with which the work closes, is very cleverly written, and tells an amusing anecdote with great spirit. We should like to have transferred it to our columns, but its length forbids. How the hearts of all the juvenile people will leap when this charming annual is presented to them!

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

Jenny, the Fair Débutante. By PAUL DE KOCK.

THERE is a great charm in the *nouvelettes*, or tale-telling of the popular French novelists. Their shorter narratives are always flung off with a freedom and vigour which at once betray the resolution of the writer to remain unfettered alike in space, style, and story; and to contract or expand his fable precisely as his fancy may direct. We have already introduced our readers to several admirable specimens of this order of composition, among which we would particularly point out the *Iron Ring* of the Vicomte d'ARLINCOURT, and the *Corsican Family* of M. DUMAS; while that which we propose to present to them as the subject of the present article will be found no less worthy of analysis.

The name of M. PAUL DE KOCK is almost *tabooed* in England; nor is it much to be wondered at; for although there scarcely exists a woman in Paris, whatever be her rank, who does not read his novels, there are very few who confess to it, save in the *grisette* world, which no one has so felicitously painted as himself. It is, however, a mistake to imagine that M. DE KOCK loses his power when he lays aside his coarseness; or that because he indulges at times in sweeping the kennel with his wings, he cannot also spread them pure and uncontaminated over the brighter and better objects of nature. The tale now before us will alone suffice to prove the fallacy of such a judgment. A witty French writer has said that the *soi disant bas bleus* of the *bourgeois* read the novels of Madame SAND as a study, and those of DE KOCK as an enjoyment; the satire is double-edged; but it is certain that did the clever author of *Jenny* always write as he has done in the story under notice, the most wholesome knowledge, as well as the most pure and unalloyed delight, would be gathered from his own pages.

The *Fair Débutante* is redolent of fresh, beautiful, healthy nature; and its writer has created an Arcadia even in Paris, by laying its leading scenes in the different metropolitan flower-markets; and by the conception of one of the most delightful specimens of single-hearted and right-minded humanity, which it has ever been our good fortune to encounter in the pages of romance. Here it is:—

A MODERN ANTIQUE.

It was on a Wednesday, and about a year ago: the market on the quay was gay and beautiful; shrubs, covered with bloom, fascinated the eye and charmed the scent. Groups of visitors were scattered over the market; some for the mere pleasure of the spectacle, and others to select plants,—a task by no means easy, where the taste was tempted on all sides.

In the midst of this crowd, pausing in front of the different stalls, was a little old man, attired in a suit which, in former times, might have been called black, but which appeared to have run the gauntlet of an entire generation. This little man, whose shrunk and withered frame seemed to be fully as much worn as his clothes, sported a wig, which probably had once been flaxen, but which was now foxy. By the process of long use, friction, and handling, it had become so much worn away at the edges, that it did not reach below his ears, thus failing to cover a portion of his grey hair, which harmonised but ill with the rest of his head-gear, and could not be concealed by a hat embrowned by age, and with brim so narrow, that an observer might fairly have questioned the possibility of his withdrawing it for the purpose of returning a salutation. Nevertheless, his attire, defective as it was, could not sadden his heart; for, beneath the threadbare coat and scanty wig, that little man appeared to be the happiest creature imaginable; his small grey eyes sparkled with vivacity; a smile played about his lips; and, as he walked along, he rubbed his hands joyously, like one who has just concluded a good bargain, or who is on the most pleasant terms with himself.

Such is the hero of the tale; and who does not at once feel an interest in the scratch wig and the seedy habiliments? There is no squalid poverty in the picture; no sullen want, half privation and half bitterness; no knavish adventurer, clad in the livery of unsuccessful cunning. On the contrary, you discover at the first glance that the ill-clad form is that of one who is a gentleman at heart; one of nature's own gentlemen, full of peace, and patience, and good will; and resolved not to live "out-at-elbows" with the world, because his well-worn garment may chance to need repair in that particular direction. By profession a writing-master, and by taste a poet, he is the author of thirty dramas, successively refused at every theatre in Paris, and the writer of odes, serenades, and ballads innumerable, which no journal will publish; but he is nevertheless as enthusiastic a minstrel as GENTIL BERNARD, or the inimitable BERANGER himself.

While he is cheapening a pot of violets, the only floral luxury in which his scanty means allow him to indulge, he is joined by a young girl intent upon making the same purchase; to whom, with true old world politeness, he cedes the coveted prize; insisting at the same time that, as the reward of his courtesy, she shall permit him to relieve her from the fatigue of carrying it home. Jenny, as guileless and as simple-hearted as himself, explains that she lives up six flights of stairs; but the old man scorns to display any dread of the exertion which such an ascent must naturally entail upon him, and heroically perseveres in his labour of gallantry.

What can be more freshly and unaffectedly told than the following?—

A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

The girl to whom he had shewn so much civility, was, at the utmost, twenty years of age. Her dress, although common in its material, was neat in its arrangement: a cotton gown hanging in full folds, a black apron, a handkerchief flung lightly over her shoulders, and a cap which, while it shaded her cheeks, left the back of her head uncovered, completed her costume. * *

The young girl opened a door and entered a small room, simply furnished, and in which it would have been difficult to detect one superfluous article, but where all was carefully arranged, and every thing well dusted and scrupulously clean.

The fair tenant of the chamber then hastened to relieve the

old man of his burthen, which he still carried on his arm; saying, as she moved forward a chair, "And now, Monsieur, I trust that you will share my humble meal. I only allowed you to confer the obligation of mounting so many stairs upon one who was a stranger to you, with this hope; and, surely, you will not say me nay. But first, as you must naturally desire to know something of your hostess, I will, in a few words, tell you all my history.

"My name is Jenny Desgrillon, and I am the daughter of honest shopkeeping parents, who brought me up as a print-colourer, a trade which I still follow. Three years ago I had the misfortune to become an orphan; and my father, in dying, placed me under the protection of one of his friends, M. Benoît, a grocer. This M. Benoît has a son, M. Fanfan, who is now paying his addresses to me, and wants to marry me; but for my own part, I confess that I have no love for M. Fanfan, and no anxiety to become the wife of a grocer; while, on the contrary, I have a decided predilection for the stage. Yes, Sir, I sigh to be an actress—to represent noble personages—to make my appearance in public—to be applauded by the world—to dress splendidly—to be now a princess, now a peasant; one day English, the next Polish—to hear a handsome cavalier vow that he adores me, and will sacrifice his life for me!—or a clever writer, putting my praises into verse, and swearing that I am divine, to the air of 'A kiss in the dark,' or the 'Apothecary's family.' Oh! that must indeed be happiness, of which I often dream, even while awake, as I am colouring Blue Beards and Tom Thumbs. But how can I ever hope to appear on the stage, when I know no one except the Benoîts, who are satisfied with going to see the giants and the wax-work. Ah! Sir; you will feel that I stand in need of advice and assistance; and your age and looks gave me courage, for an idea struck me that you might perhaps afford me help."

"*Mademoiselle*," said the old man, who had listened to the girl's harangue without interruption; "I feel honoured by your confidence; and as it ought to be reciprocal, I will now, in my turn tell you who I myself am. My name is Triptolemus Erasistratus Alexandrin; my grandfather was a schoolmaster, and my father an author. As for myself, I give lessons in writing and verse-making at twenty sous a quire. The terms are cheap enough, for mine is a very good hand; but the steel pens injure us sadly; every body professes to be able to write with them, although they have not an idea of the beauty of a hair-stroke or a bold line. Nevertheless, I should have contrived to gain a comfortable living, and not have been obliged to wear my clothes so close, had I not also, in the indulgence of an unlucky taste, neglected my pupils—that taste, Mademoiselle, was, like your own, dramatic."

Who cannot, after this revelation, imagine the blissful hours spent in that attic-chamber? Who cannot see the old man declaiming from one of his thirty rejected MSS. to the fair girl, who, seated at his feet, drinks in the dangerous and subtle poison? Who cannot fancy the moments in which, roused to enthusiasm by hope and instinct, the simple Jenny, starting to her feet, with hair unbound, and eyes beaming with proud excitement, endeavours to enact the heroine of the old man's drama? And so it comes to pass. The print-colourer becomes his pupil; her Wandering Jews and Cinderellas are left unpainted, while she studies attitudes, and practises tones. In the midst of these pursuits Alexandrin falls sick; he has never given his address to Jenny, and a month passed over without his having news of her progress. On his recovery he hastens to her lodging, but she inhabits it no longer, nor can he discover her new abode. The old man feels the deprivation keenly; she is the last love of a waning life. He has now nothing to cherish but his violets; and as those which he possesses have withered during his illness, he saunters sadly along the Boulevard St. Martin to the market of the Château d'Eau, to replace them by a new purchase. As he is about to do this, a lady, gaily dressed, stops to inquire the price of a moss-rose tree. It is Jenny; but no longer the Jenny of the little garret in the Rue de la Harpe. She recognises her tutor with gay delight; and purchases the rose-tree, of which, as before, he insists on becoming the bearer. But the worthy professor, as he follows the light steps of his companion, is thoroughly mystified; the fashionable bonnet, the silk dress, and the handsome shawl, bewilder his intellects. Their walk proves a short one, for Jenny stops before a neat house in the Boulevard, until he quite overtakes her, and then ushers him into a pretty apartment on the third floor. The tale of the young girl is soon told: she had procured an introduction to the manager of a minor theatre, who, on the strength of her pretty face and her enthusiasm for the art, had engaged her as his *prima donna*. Great is the old man's joy, but it is destined to be brief. The public, less indulgent than the director, condemn the raw and untaught actress; and, once more, she changes her dwelling, and Alexandrin loses sight of her again as thoroughly as before. In vain does he examine every play-bill upon which he can lay his hands; the name of Jenny Desgrillon is nowhere to be seen; and at length he decides that as she probably could not brook to accept an inferior engagement in the company to which she had originally belonged, she had passed into another under an assumed name. Six months roll on; and a fine day of summer sunshine tempts the solitary old man to stroll to the aristocratic flower-market of the Madelaine; not to make a purchase, for that he was too poor, but to look and to admire. As he is thus engaged, a lady alights from her chariot, and after glancing round her for a moment, stops beside the white camelia to which the old man is at the moment offering the tribute of his mute but heartfelt admiration. The voice in which its price is asked startles him—he ventures to look her in the face—he is not deceived—once more it is Jenny Desgrillon! He cannot withstand her beaming smile, nor resist her invitation for him to accompany her home, when she urges him to forgive her neglect, and to allow a renewal of their friendship; but we must not mar the next portion of the tale; and will consequently leave M. DE KOCK to tell it himself.

A REVELATION.

The chariot was close at hand. The lady sprang lightly in, but the old man hesitated. Jenny extended her hand, and he instinctively obeyed its impulsion, but he was unable to reconcile himself to the idea of rolling through the streets in a splendid carriage, as the *vis-à-vis* of a lady attired in feathers, silks, and cachemires.

They soon reached a handsome house in the Rue d'Antin, and the chariot rattled into the court-yard. The camelia was on this occasion carried by a footman, and the old man followed Jenny, who ushered him into a gorgeous apartment on the first-floor. Having traversed a richly-furnished saloon, they reached a boudoir hung with silk and fitted with cachemire. Jenny invited her tutor to take his place beside her on the divan; but, lost in admiration of all around him, he seated himself reluctantly upon its very edge, murmuring as he did so, "How magnificent! how superb!—To which theatre do you now belong, my dear Jenny?"

"I am called Jenny no longer. I am now known as Madame de St. Eugène. The name is better suited to me at present."

"Madame de St. Eugène! It is, indeed, more high-sounding."

"Added to which I am no longer on the stage. No longer attached to any theatre. I have abandoned a career in which, in order to ensure success, one is compelled to support a thousand annoyances, and a thousand vexations, and to be the victim of ill-natured criticisms, and petty rivalry. Do you remember, my dear Professor, the first representation of an unsuccessful play in which I performed?

"Yes, perfectly."

"Oh! I was then in despair! I do not know what I might have been driven to do; but just at the moment I received a visit from a gentleman, as unexceptionable as he was rich. He had seen me on the stage, where he thought me pretty; and so he laid his heart and his fortune, with a carriage and a cachemire, at my feet, on condition that I should no longer be an actress. I'faith, at such a time I had no inclination to refuse; for just then I detested the theatre as much as I admired cachemire shawls. I accepted his offers; and since that time I have resided here. I have attendants and a carriage at my disposal, and I have only to form a wish in order to see it gratified."

Alexandrin, whose features assumed a strange expression while he listened to his companion, shook his head, as he observed, "If you are happy, why are you so much altered? You no longer possess that bloom or that look of healthfulness which lighted up your pretty face when you lived on the sixth floor in the Rue de la Harpe. You are pale—your cheeks have lost their roundness, and the brightness of your eyes is gone. Forgive me, for I am only telling you what I feel."

"Oh, all that signifies nothing. I am so constantly at balls and parties, where I keep late hours, that I fatigue myself. But of what consequence can it be? It is the fashion to look pale; and I am told that it makes me handsomer."

"And what is the occupation of your husband—of M. de St. Eugène?" inquired Alexandrin, with emphasis; "shall I not be introduced to him?"

Jenny smiled, as she replied, "When M. de St. Eugène is here, I do not receive visitors; but he never comes before four o'clock. Therefore, my dear Alexandrin, let me see you in the mornings, at breakfast, and I will promise you the most delicate fare, for I remember that you are rather partial to dainties."

The old man rose, lifted his hat from the floor, and, bowing to the lady, said gravely, "Madame de St. Eugène, I have the honour to wish you good morning."

"Are you going to leave me so soon, my dear Professor?"

"Yes, Madame de St. Eugène; I have several lessons to give in writing. Ah, I should have done better had I never given any others."

"But, in that case, you will soon come again to see me? I pledge myself that you shall always find me at home, provided you are here before four o'clock."

"Enough, Madame de St. Eugène; I shall not fail to remember. Do not disturb yourself, I beg, Madame de St. Eugène." And as the old man hurriedly retreated from the splendid apartment occupied by the beautiful Jenny, he muttered to himself, "Oh no, this will not do for me. The young girl is now pursuing a career which I cannot approve; she has left the stage, for which I believe that she had a decided taste; and it turns out that her fancy was for feathered hats and cachemires. No, I shall not call upon her again; I will go no more to see her; I am fond of dainties, very likely—I do not deny it; but I will, nevertheless, commit no act of baseness. I must give up the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Jenny, now that she has become Madame de St. Eugène, and has a husband who is invisible, and whom she never sees before four o'clock."

The nature and simplicity of our extract are its best eulogium. The probity of the honest old man revolts at the heartless levity and unblushing vice of the young creature who had once been so dear to him. Once been! Alas for poor Triptolemus Erasistratus!—who, despite her folly and her fault, he still loves most tenderly. Still does he haunt the house he has resolved never again to enter; but at length, his affection proving stronger than his principle, he resolves to see her once more—only once—to warn and counsel her. When he arrives at the door, he sees a hearse standing before it, in which a coffin is about to be placed. He asks of the portress the name of the dead. It is Madame de St. Eugène, who has died from the effects of a cold, caught at a ball.

A FUNERAL.

The body was put into the hearse, and M. Alexandrin moved to the door, looking about him for those who were to accompany it; but there was not a mourner to be seen. No one followed the hearse of Jenny Desgrillon save that old man. He was the only one who wept for her whom many had admired. * * He attended Jenny to her last abode. A piece of ground had been purchased for her in the cemetery, and her tomb was surrounded by a low railing, within which a space had been reserved for planting flowers. The old man was there again on the morrow, carrying a small pot of violets, which he deposited on the young girl's grave.

"Poor Jenny!" he murmured, "this was the flower which commenced our friendship. Whenever I purchase one henceforward, it shall be to place it here."

Have we said one word too much in praise of this pure, and simple, and affecting tale?

We have received M. DUMAS'S last work, *La Reine Margot*, but we regret that we cannot do more than announce it in THE CRITIC. It is a very clever romance of the time of CHARLES IX. and includes, among its leading incidents, the sanguinary massacre of St. Bartholomew; but the plot is so linked together by crime and vice of the most undisguised and revolting nature, that it is one continual sin against propriety. *La Reine Margot*, who is no other than MARGUERITE of Navarre, plays a great *rôle* in the book, but one at once unworthy and unwomanly.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

GERMAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

MUNICH.—At Lengfeld the remains of a Roman colony have been lately discovered. Unfortunately the peasants have merely collected the coins, rings, and bronze ornaments, and destroyed the vessels of terracotta, so that the place is at present covered with fragments.

ROME.—The excavations lately commenced on the territory of the Prince of Canino, in the cemetery of the ancient Vulci, have brought to light a magnificent chariot of war. The wood-work which forms the skeleton, has naturally suffered from time, while the bronze-work, with which it is richly adorned, is in perfect preservation. Besides several vases, some mirrors have been discovered, both distinguished by their beauty and excellent condition. Among the vases, one closely resembles in form that in the possession of the King of Denmark. It is ornamented with black figures, finely drawn, representing the contest of Theseus with the Minotaurus.

VIENNA.—At the exhibition of works of industry in Vienna, 567 medals were distributed, 109 golden, 188 of silver, 270 of bronze, which, with the numerous marks of distinction, accorded a reward to about every seventeenth exhibitor. This city has, during the last few months, been a scene of more than usual gaiety. The presence of the Crown Prince of Wirtemberg was followed by the visit of the King and Queen of Saxony; then followed the Queen of Bavaria, then several members of the ducal family of Modena, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince Albert of Prussia. Gustav Schwab spent a short time lately here, too short a time for a first visit to the imperial city: his presence was no sooner known than he was found to be gone. Spindler has left the city, but to return again after a visit to Salzburg, Ischl, and the beautiful mountains of Gastein. We learn with great concern that the valuable Sclavian library of Ropitar is publicly announced for sale; thus the labours of a long life, devoted to books and knowledge, will be scattered almost to the four winds.

BADEN-BADEN.—The season here has been uncommonly brilliant; the promenades offering if possible more variety than usual to the eye. Diversions and amusements of all kinds are in the very nature of the place, so that little attention hardly is given to what elsewhere would be pronounced a great novelty. Among the various artists who have lately made this their sojourn, we may name the Indian singers, the sisters Birnou. If we mistake not, they were born in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and, early left orphans, travelled to London under the care of a guardian. Compelled by circumstances to employ their talents professionally, they went to Paris, and there studied under the best masters, and this year created some sensation by their first appearance. The eldest is an excellent pianist, while the foreign little Consuelo, if she may be so called, sings like an eastern nightingale. She sings in admirable style; the school in which she has been taught has made her sound and brilliant. After some Italian airs, she sung a composition of Spohr; evidencing the variety of her powers and the excellence of her musical education.

The Senate of the University of Leipsic—in which town the philosopher Leibnitz was born, and in whose schools he received all his education—has determined upon celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, by a species of commemoration worthy of the name it seeks to honour. It proposes to found, on the occasion, an academy, at Leipsic, under the title of the Leibnitz Academy; to be divided into two sections—one for the teaching of the natural and mathematical sciences, and the other for the study of history and philosophy. The royal assent has been given to this new institution—nothing similar to which, it is said, exists in Saxony.—*Athenæum.*

PUBLICATIONS IN GERMANY.—The following statistical returns, published in the French papers, but the authority not named, shew the progress of publication in Germany during the last three centuries:—In the year 1589, the number of works published was 362; in 1617, 371; in 1717, 558; in 1789, 2,115; in 1831, 6,389; in 1840, 9,776; and in 1844, nearly 11,000.

From Berlin we hear that the poet Tieck has had a serious attack of apoplexy; which has had no lamentable consequence for the present, but, being his second in three months (and the poet being sixty-two years of age) has given great alarm to his many friends.—The censorship of the same strange city is distinguishing itself after the fashion of Rome. It has published an *Index* of its own; embracing a variety of works, German and foreign, which, according to the terms of the ordinance, neither in their original language, nor in any translation whatever, now or hereafter, are *ever* to be imported into Prussia, or have passage through its territory, on any pretext whatsoever!—*Athenæum.*

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN AMERICA.

It may, perhaps, deserve mentioning, as characteristic of the times on which we have fallen, though no longer strikingly so, that among the literary ventures of our *neighbours* (as we may now call them, by patent of steam) across the Atlantic, we observe the announcement of a new journal, called *The American Woman*—edited, written, printed, and published, in Philadelphia, exclusively by, and for, women.

ART.

THE ANNUALS.

These publications, once as much literary as pictorial, have come, by degrees, to rest their claims to public patronage almost entirely upon their merits as works of art. There was policy in this. The annuals are not and cannot be made books for reading; they are in truth little more than collections of engravings, handsomely bound, for reclining upon drawing-room tables, where they serve the useful purpose of elegant ornaments, and excuses for occupation of hand and eye during the moments of stiffness or dulness that occur in an evening party. Whatever the original design of the annuals, such has been their destiny; and the proprietors have prudently adapted them to the needs of the public, and, paying little attention to literary worth, have devoted all their energies to the production of the highest excellence of the graver's skill, and thus they have succeeded in presenting a sort of yearly record of the progress of the pictorial art in England.

All the publications of this class belonging to the coming year, indeed, all which remain alive out of the multitudes that once crowded the critic's table at this season, are now before us. The result of inspection of their contents is not, we must confess, to convey a very flattering impression of the state and prospects of engraving in this country. Comparing the illustrations of these volumes with those of six years since, although we mark many differences, we are able to trace but few tokens of improvement. There is a more *finikin* style—that gives to the engraving, at the first glance, an aspect of more finish; but, on closer inspection and comparison with others of bolder handling, it will be discovered that this delicacy is deceptive, a mere trick of art. The effects produced by the genuine line engraving, bold and striking as they were, are not compensated by the minuteness of a style that preserves little more than the name. But we must not dwell too much upon general comments, for there is a long labour before us. Let us at once proceed to a specific notice of each of the new annuals, and we will take them in the order in which they have reached us.

The Keepsake contains thirteen engravings, of large size and great beauty, and upon the whole the subjects have been selected with more taste than usual, although there is still room for improvement in this particular. We believe, however, that it is a more difficult task than it is generally thought to be, to choose a picture for engraving, in consequence of the different aspect the same subject will present in colours and in plain white and black. As an instance of this, take D. Cox's charming *Fête Champêtre*, the original of which will be in the memory of many of our readers. Scarcely will they recognise it in the engraving, and this from no fault of the engraver, who has performed his task most ably, but because Cox's merit lies mainly in his *effects* of colour, which the graver cannot by any art convey. So it is with many others. Lucas's *Portrait of the Princess Royal*, which forms the frontispiece, is a sweet natural picture, the artist being content to make her a child, without attempting to ingraft the princess, and so to deform the nobility of nature. Another exquisite engraving is Wright's *Olympia;* a perfect gem, and as pretty a creature withal as eyes could desire to gaze at; a voluptuous as well as an intellectual beauty. Lake Price's *Cortile Salviati* presents some clever effects of light and shade, which make it a striking picture, and which shew extremely well in engraving. It is an instance of a happy choice, and might lead to a knowledge of the characteristics that adapt a picture for the graver. Frith's *Grisette*, is not one of his happiest productions; the incident the artist has illustrated is, we presume, that made immortal by Sterne, although the name has been changed. *Marie*, by Wood, is a figure in the attitude of grief, but with the frown of anger. It is, however, finely engraved. A work of laborious detail and finish is the splendid interior of the *Sala di Gran Senata at Venice*, by Lake Price, which has been engraved by Le Keux, with his usual painstaking accuracy. Corbould's *Ianthe* is just like all the other countless Corbouldes that have appeared in the annuals. Why he should be such a favourite with proprietors and editors we cannot understand, seeing that he is looked upon by the public as a stiff and unnatural mannerist. But it must be admitted that there is less fault to find with his other picture, entitled *The Bell*, in which terror is powerfully expressed upon the face of the girl who gazes at the mysterious monitor. The best in its execution, and the most interesting in its subject of the plates in this volume is Huskinson's *Rustic Fair*—a scene of animation in which the story is vividly told, and the engraver, Allen, has entirely succeeded in preserving even the expression of countenances. The last of the illustrations is *The Exchange*, by Egg; too formal to be quite to our taste, although it has some striking merits. The expression of both faces is masterly, but the subject is not a happy one.

Heath's Book of Beauty contains also thirteen engravings, all of which, save three, are portraits of living beauties; or rather, we should say, of ladies who think themselves such, for we must plead a want of taste to discover it in some of the faces presented to us in these pages. A fancy sketch of *The Bride*, by Frith, forms the frontispiece; and the self-satisfied smirk of one who has just signed a handsome settlement is cleverly expressed. Lady Katherine Jermyn is from the easel of Chalon, and her dress is superb. *Donna Inez* is a black-eyed importation from Spain, name unknown, sketched or imagined by Egg. *Mrs. Beresford Taylor* has a fine high intellectual forehead, and probably is pretty, only that most women appear so in miniature if a judicious artist has taken them, and doubtless Hayter has not spared flattery in this instance. *The Hon. Mrs.* ———, by Meadows, is excellent, both in design and execution. The pose of the figure is most happy. This *is* a handsome and a pleasing face, pity it should be anonymous. *The Misses MacLeod* are a pair of charming sisters, painted by Drummond, and obviously very good likenesses. The *Lady Henrietta* is another fair anonymous, the artist Wright. We are much pleased with *Lady Brooke*, it is a womanish face, with heart in the eyes, and amiability everywhere. Very different is the expression of *Mrs. Young*. From those keen black eyes there flashes out a fiery soul, and we would rather be the friend than the foe of such. It is not one of Sir W. Ross's happiest efforts. *Mrs. Arthur Lewis* is a fine face, but nothing more: there is mind in it, but no beauty; though preferable this to the loveliest countenance that ever looked inanity, it is not precisely the qualification for a *Book of Beauty*. Now *Miss Lucy B*——, another nameless young lady presented by Frith, *is* pretty and deserves her place, an approval we cannot conscientiously extend to her successor, styled simply "*A Portrait*," by Sir W. Ross; it is an exquisite engraving certainly, and for this, perhaps, it was chosen.

Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-book is after all the most interesting of the annuals, because its engravings are more numerous and more various in their subjects It is splendidly bound in green and gold, and being of quarto size it fills an imposing space upon the table. This superb volume contains no less than thirty-six engravings, some portraits, some paintings by the old masters, some of foreign scenery, and all in the first style of art. In portrait we are presented with *Sir Edward Codrington*, *Burke*, *Lady A. Villiers*, *Lord Fordwick*, and *Viscount Torrington:* the latter, the famous picture by Reynolds. In scenery there is a fine view of *Bergen on the Rhine*, which all who have seen will recognise instantly; *Hardwick Hall*, a rich picture; the *Bay of Baiæ*, clear and sunshiny; the *Court of the Old Palace*, *Florence*, and the *Palace of the Luxemburg*, both fine architectural views; the *Burial-ground at Thyatira;* a *View at Simla;* the *State Room of the Seven Towers;* the *Villa Doria*, *Genoa*, a fine scene of sea and shore; the *City of Cologne*, truthful and effective; and the *Stillness of the Night*, one of the most perfect moonlight pictures we have ever beheld,—it makes one feel solemn to look at it. Of fancy subjects there are *Canute and his Courtiers*, a stiff work, not quite worthy of the good company it is in; *Coriolanus and his Mother*, a pleasing composition that tells its story with good taste. *Jephtha's Daughter*, by Melville, a work of no common talent; *The Voyage of the Bird*, a clever sea-piece; *King Charles and his Children*, by Woodforde, R.A. a picture of extraordinary merit, and to which the engraver has done full justice,—it is one of the best in the volume. The *Soothing of Saul* does not please us so much; it wants freedom. Among the illustrative engravings are some interesting ones exhibiting Chinese manners and customs; such as a *Chinese Marriage Procession*, *Chinese Cat Merchants*, and a *Chinese*

Sacrifice to the Harvest Moon. From the old masters are taken the magnificent *Arcadian Shades* of Rubens, which forms the frontispiece, and is of itself worth a large proportion of the cost of the entire volume,—an engraving of extraordinary finish, and yet of great boldness; and SALVATOR ROSA'S *Prodigal Son*, likewise very skilfully embodied by ROLL. *Morning Prayer* and *Evening Prayer*, by PRENTIS, are a pair of companion prints, of masterly execution, and to which ample justice has been done by the graver of HOLL. Altogether this is a remarkable specimen of English art.

The Sacred Gift is, to our taste, by far the most *valuable* of the new annuals, because its worth is enduring. It will not pass away with the season, like most of its contemporaries, but years hence it will be as attractive, as interesting as now. And the reason is, that it is a collection of engravings after celebrated paintings by the old masters, of which we are presented with no less than twenty. The frontispiece is P. VEIT'S *Behold the Place where they laid Him;* to which the engraver has applied himself with a full appreciation of the beauties of the original and the result is one of the most exquisite engravings we have seen for many a day. RAPHAEL'S sublime *Transfiguration* is the second subject, and it is handled by H. ROBINSON with truth and effect. ZUICHI'S *Joseph*, ROLL'S *Joseph presented to Pharaoh*, POUSSIN'S powerful picture of the *Brazen Serpent*, in which the story is told in a manner perfectly original; the *Holy Family* of the same great artist, a delicious work, at which one might gaze for hours without weariness; MUTIANO'S vigorous composition, *Christ washing the Disciples' Feet;* OVERBOCK'S *Widow of Nain*, which does not so much please us; CORREGIO'S famous *Ecce Homo*, now the gem of our National Gallery, admirably engraved by W. H. EGLETON; DIETRICHY'S *Tribute Money*, a bit of clever grouping; WEST'S best work, the *Simon Peter;* N. POUSSIN'S *Deluge*, that terrible landscape; *The Syrophenician Woman*, by DROUSIS; N. POUSSIN'S *Crucifixion*, which, next to RAPHAEL'S, has ever struck us as the most dramatic, and which EGLETON has engraved with his wonted correct eye, and vigorous hand; CARLO MARATTE'S *John the Baptist*, a group of listening faces, full of earnestness and expressive of intelligent attention; VANDYKE'S *Leper Cleansed*, in which the figures stand out in such bold relief; WEST'S *Belshazzar*, a work upon which the fame of the artist cannot be rested, for it is poor and tame; N. POUSSIN'S *Manna in the Wilderness*, whose genius has triumphed over the difficulties of its subject; REMBRANDT'S magnificent *Christ in the Tempest*, in the best manner of that great painter; and lastly, WEST'S *Shunamite's Son*, a sweet solemn composition, make up a list whose mere names are sufficient to attract every lover of high art, and to make *The Sacred Gift* the most welcome and worthy present of the season.

The Juvenile Scrap-book is a charming present for the young, such as, in our boy-days, would have been deemed a fit new year's gift for any peer of the realm. Here are sixteen engravings on various subjects, but all of a superior class to aught before contained in any juvenile work. The *Portrait of the Prince of Wales* will be right welcome to young England; eyes of boys and girls will roam delighted over the picture of *The Poor Man's Home*, the view of *Forthelstoke Priory*, the stirring scene of the *Young Champion*, where the quarrel about the doll is so well told by the artist that we might imagine the very words that fine boy is uttering, and the sobs of the fair girl who is leaning her head upon the chair. *The Poor Man's Home*, and *The Poor Man's Friend*, are a pair of companion pictures, fitted even for the full-grown annuals, and *Maggie Mayflower* is introduced to us amid one of H. MELVILLE'S most lovely landscapes. This is the very book for a Christmas gift or a school prize.

The literature of these annuals will be noticed in its proper place. Here we deal only with their Art, which, in truth, is their most important portion.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The first meeting for the present session was held on the 3rd inst. at its rooms in Grosvenor-street, when, in the absence of Earl de Grey, the president, the chair was taken by W. Tite, esq. F.R.S. There was a numerous attendance of members, and several of the presents received since the last meeting were of considerable interest. Amongst these were the remainder of the drawings illustrative of the Alhambra, in Spain, from Mr. Owen Jones, a work which Professor Donaldson, who was present, described as being unexampled in the history of architecture, not only from the knowledge being obtained at vast expense and privations to the author, but being published by himself, and having given the impetus to a new order in this country. The donations from foreign societies were numerous, and there was an interesting recognition of the society from the Institute of Northern Antiquarians at Norway. The chairman, in a brief address on the present position and progress of the institute since its last meeting, congratulated the members on its increasing funds and prospects of utility. He next alluded, in very feeling terms, to the untimely death of Mr. Basevi, a very early member of the institute, and gave some interesting particulars of his biographical career, from which it appeared that he derived his education at Dr. Burney's school, and that prior to the erection of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge he had erected a church at Stockport and at Greenwich, while Belgrave-square was an equal instance of his talent. A paper by Mr. Trotman, on the economical application of pointed architecture to domestic purposes, concluded the business of the meeting.

MR. J. MINASI, THE ARTIST.—This gentleman, to whose very peculiar talent as an artist we have frequently borne testimony, is amongst the applicants for the relief afforded by the National Benevolent Institution to those whose age, decay, and narrow means compel them to solicit the support of the affluent and humane. He is now nearly seventy years of age, without any income or funds but such as depend on the precarious results of his profession. It is to be hoped he will not be without friends, at the approaching election, of those to whom the institution lends a helping hand. The King of the Belgians has sent him 150 proxies, and his interest is warmly advocated by many gentlemen of taste and many architects of high rank, who can best appreciate his merit as an honest man, and his claims as a fellow labourer in the fine arts. He was a pupil of the celebrated Bartolozzi, whose style is very perceptible in his labours.

The Royal Academicians have elected Mr. Alfred Elmore, Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper, and Mr. William Powell Frith, associates of their body.

MUSIC.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE third meeting of the 12th season of this society took place on Tuesday evening last. There was a copious attendance, occasioned, we would fain hope, by the increasing recognition of the merits and claims of this enterprising body. Upon former occasions we have urged upon the directors the necessity of inviting a patronage from *without*, in addition to collecting resources from within their own circle. Whether we may flatter ourselves that our suggestions have been in any degree attended to or not, a greater publicity has been decided upon by the society, and a series of concerts upon an extensive scale, at the Hanover-square Rooms, has been already advertised. This is as it should be. A Society of Musicians is fully as much entitled to an annual exposition as a Society of Painters. Our wish is, that it could challenge attention with as much facility and convenience.

In the programme of Monday evening were contained two compositions which might take place beside corresponding works of almost any living continental author. The one was a quartetto in F (played by THIRLWALL, PATEY, HILL, and LUCAS), composed by MACFARREN; the other a quartetto in A, by CAROLINE ORGER. In MACFARREN'S production there is, together with much that is crude and laborious, a masterly and comprehensive treatment which commanded the attention of the audience. In works of this kind, one has no right to dictate to the author the limits of duration within which he should confine himself; but at the same time, it cannot be denied that the effect of this elaborate composition would have been very much enhanced, as a public exhibition, if it had been less expanded in its treatment. There was a conspicuous air of disappointment in the audience, who had patiently endured the labyrinthian evolutions of a sound with which the quartet abounds, when the conclusion arrived, without a single strain to perpetuate the identity of the production in their minds. With all its high merits, we fear that this work is too metaphysical for public use, and for the great majority of amateurs. Miss ORGER'S pianoforte quartet, on the other hand, abounds in clear and intelligible phrases, vividly and agreeably expressed, and so forcible in their appeals to the sympathy of her hearers as to elicit the most rapturous applause at the termination of each movement. The

scherzo may take its place beside any existing movement of its kind. It was tumultuously demanded a second time. This work is a very remarkable instance of successful adventure into regions rarely trodden by the foot of female enterprise; in which to have failed would have brought no dishonour, while to succeed deserves the highest admiration. The accompaniments (for violin, viola, and violoncello) were so free and well-disposed, as to suggest a minute and practical acquaintance with the resources of each instrument. We hope that on any occasion of public display this charming production of the accomplished CAROLINE ORGER will hold a conspicuous position.

Of the vocal portion (the contribution of native composers) we cannot speak so favourably. Miss STEELE exerted herself in vain in an attempt to render captivating a song called *The Rose*, by H. B. RICHARDS; and Mr. LOCKEY had a like ungracious duty to discharge for a composition of W. H. KEARNS. In this latter *cantata* the composer has wasted no small power and patience upon the most stupid lines we ever encountered—out of the *Historic Fancies*, at least. Miss CUBITT gave with energy (approaching vulgarity) a setting (by H. GLOVER) of SHELLEY'S lament, *Swifter far than summer's flight*. Mr. DAVISON has already, and to greater advantage, united these lines to music. The performance included MENDELSSOHN'S favourite trio in D minor, splendidly played by DORELL (pianoforte), PATEY (violin), and LUCAS (violoncello); WEBER'S lovely quartetto, *Over the dark blue waters* (*Oberon*), nicely sung by Misses LOCKEY and CUBITT, and Messrs. LOCKEY and MACHIN; the latter gentleman (upon whose accession to the vocal force of the society we offer our congratulations) gave SPOHR'S beautiful polacca from *Jessonda* with great spirit and feeling. The performance of SPOHR'S nonetto was denied to the audience through the culpable negligence of the "contrabasso," against whom our wrath is not yet cool.

Mr. Moscheles, the distinguished pianist and composer, is expected daily in London from Carlsruhe, where he has been spending a few weeks with his family. A letter from abroad informs us that it is Miss Eliza Birch, and not her sister, the well known vocalist, who at present officiates as *prima donna* at the Scala in Milan. A correspondent at Stuttgard informs us that it is the intention of Molique, the great violinist and composer, to visit London next season. Miss Bassano is studying at Florence, where she is engaged for the approaching winter season, and will return to England in the spring. The next musical novelty, it is said, will be an opera by Mr. Benedict, on which that celebrated artist is at the present moment actively and exclusively employed. Camillo Sivori will remain here during the winter and the next season. Meanwhile he is engaged for the forthcoming Promenade Concerts by M. Jullien, who has returned to town after a brilliant provincial tour, which realized him no less a sum than 2,000*l.* net profit. Mr. Carte is giving a series of concerts in various parts of the provinces with great success. Concerts at Richmond, Blackheath, and Wandsworth have already taken place. Lancaster, Preston, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Durham have yet to come. A letter from Brussels informs us that it is more than probable that Madame Pleyel, the wonderful pianist, will pay London a professional visit next spring, previously to which she will proceed to Paris, where she will, doubtless, renew her triumphs of last winter.—*Musical World.*

The King of Prussia has conferred the royal order of the Red Eagle on Herr Schneider, the composer of the oratorio of "The Universal Judgment," and other sacred music.

PARIS.—M. Mathieu, a young tenor, who has gone through his studies at the Conservatoire with distinction, has just made a promising *début* at the Grand Opera, having selected the part of *Otello* for his first appearance. Without fulfilling all the conditions required by this arduous character, M. Mathieu fully merited the encouragement he received.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS: ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—No fewer than three new pieces were produced here on Monday last; *La Demoiselle Majeure*, *Les Deux Filles à Marier*, and *Le Capitaine Roquefinette*. The two first are amusing enough, but only the third is, we think, likely to become popular. *La Demoiselle Majeure* is, as the name imports, a lady who has arrived at very decided years of discretion, and is well disposed to exercise her rights of majority by accepting a husband. A difficulty, however, is in the way—no husband presents himself; a device peculiarly continental in its conception occurs to her; she pretends to have married her uncle, *M. Boisjolin* (a union, we may incidentally observe, permissible in France), in the full confidence that though as *demoiselle* she has achieved no lover, as *madame* she shall realize an admirer, and she trusts to fortune to convert the admirer into a real husband. And so it falls out: two adorers offer their *hommages*, one of whom she espouses. The part is well filled by Mademoiselle MARTELLEUR, and she is most pleasantly supported by M. NARCISSE, in the character of a prying busy-body, who insists upon everybody else adopting his views of their business. *Les Deux Filles à Marier*, has for its heroine ROSINE DE ROCHEVAL, whose great object it is to marry her elder sister to somebody or other, in order that she herself may be able to enter the state of matrimony, the mama having decidedly enacted that the eldest daughter shall go off first. The fair engineer effects her object by fascinating *M. Merivet*, a rich *propriétaire*, who comes to the house to buy a farm belonging to *Madame de Rocheval*, but is persuaded, instead, to take it as the *dot* of *Mademoiselle Athenais de Rocheval*. The siege of the at first resisting old bachelor is capital: Mademoiselle ST. MARC impersonated *Rosine*; M. CARTIGNY, the victim of her allurements. The third piece is *Le Capitaine Roquefinette*, a comedy in two acts, which has had a run of more than a hundred nights in Paris, and is likely to have great popularity here. It has been presented on the English stage,—at the Adelphi, under the title of *The Fortune of War*; it is the story of a harum-scarum adventurer, who, in one of his walks in search of a dinner, receives in his face a bouquet, thrown by a fair dame from a window, as he complacently imagines to him, but really destined for a cavalier, who precedes him a few paces, and who is the Duke D'ANJOU in disguise. Subsequently, the captain is fortunate enough to aid the young duke (or rather king, for he has been nominated to the throne of Spain, and is about to take his departure to assume it) in a duel he falls into, and in recompense receives a packet, appointing him *grand écuyer* to the King of Spain. He attributes his good fortune to the unknown fair one, and there is a good deal of amusing *qui pro quo* resulting from this misconception, which turns out a favourable one for the lady's real lover. Eventually the husband himself applies to the lucky adventurer, to get leave for him to accompany the king to Spain, the king and the lady nothing loath. The permission is at once acceded, and, "*Mon cher Baron*," says the captain to the baron, congratulatorily, "*votre affaire est faite!*" LAFONT plays *Le Capitaine Rouefinette*, in perfection, and he is most effectively supported.

THEATRE AT LISBON.—The superb new national theatre of Donna Maria Secunda, in the square of Dom Pedro or Rocio, was opened on the 29th ult. with a grand spectacle, to celebrate the birthday of the King Dom Fernando. The tickets were issued gratuitously from the Home-office, and the house was crowded with all the rank, wealth, and fashion of the Portuguese capital. The building, of a beautiful stone, is stated to be magnificent, in the Palladian style, and of the Ionic order; and occupying a whole side of the finest square in the city. There are two rows of seventeen windows each along the front, surmounted by *bassi relievi*, and semicircular windows. An elegant balustrade enables the company to be set down or taken up in bad weather without exposure to the wet. Altogether, the erection is spoken of as a *chef d'œuvre*, and the cost 50,000*l.*

THE BALL IN THE GUILDHALL, after Lord Mayor's day, which has been for some years past for the benefit of the Polish refugees, is this year to be for the Ward Schools of the city. Although we must have every sympathy with the Poles, yet the Ward Schools appear a more national appeal, and one we should more readily support. Independent, however, of the objects of the charity, the decorations of the hall and the brilliant gas illuminations, are well worth the encomiums passed upon them. The concert is under the direction of Mr. Benedict, and is, we understand, likely to be well attended.

A new comedy, by Mr. Richard Brinsley Knowles—a son, we suppose, of Sheridan Knowles—is promised at the Haymarket, after the engagement of Miss H. Faucit and Anderson terminates, which it was to do this week. They have been playing in the *Stranger* and *As You Like It*.

Mdlle. Taglioni has arrived in Paris on her way to Italy, after a farewell tour through various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, by which this celebrated *reine de la danse* is stated to have netted not less than 10,000*l.* Her lowest engagement, even at the smallest theatres, being 100 guineas a night!

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—As the subject of electro culture is at this moment engrossing public attention, we have thought it would be interesting to our readers to give a short extract from a lecture recently delivered by Dr. Bachhoffner at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The Doctor remarks that

it is a well known fact that in science, as in other things, we have for a time some hobby, which, as usual, we either ride to death, or throw on one side for its more favoured rival. One of those favoured creatures of science at this moment is electro-culture. No one who has studied the science of electricity can for a moment doubt that this agent in the hands of nature is in some measure concerned in almost every change that occurs either in organic, or inorganic matter; but whether this electricity is the cause or the effect of these changes is a point which, in our present state of knowledge, we cannot easily solve. In considering this important subject in its applications to agriculture, we must avoid the too ready condemnation of those experiments which have been performed, perhaps not in accordance with the detailed rules of established science, while we must at the same time fearfully exclaim against humbug and quackery, whether prompted by ignorance or cupidity. The early yet beautiful experiments of Mr. Williams, in his *Climate of Great Britain*, and the more recent experiments of Messrs. Pine and Weekes, &c. in reference to the influence of vegetable points on electrified surfaces, seem to admit of the inference which has been drawn, that there are the electrical organs of the plant. The action commonly resigned to these points is that of drawing the free electricity of the atmosphere to the plant, and thus adding of its conduction through the branches into the earth, during which it is supposed, in some way or other, to assist in promoting the electric vitality of vegetation. Although we are not disposed positively to contradict the above view, neither are we content to receive it as a fact, for the simple reason that it remains to be proved whether electricity is absolutely necessary to the growth and fructification of plants generally. However, for the sake of argument, we will admit the probability of the assumed action, and that the atmosphere is the grand store-room of the ethereal food. If so, we must admit also that as Nature is sometimes deficient in her supply of moisture to carry on the vegetable growth, so likewise there may exist a deficiency of electrical influence, or that she requires more of the maximum cultivation than her limited means can afford. To remedy this plans have been adopted, which may be divided into electrical atmospheric conductors and buried galvanic plates. The atmospheric conductors consist principally of wires extending into the atmosphere and terminating in the earth; so that the electricity may be collected and brought down to the roots of the plants. This mode of collecting electricity seems to derive its origin from the experiments of Mr. Cross, of Bloomfield. He certainly in this way collected the electric fluid for his laboratory; but the recent experiments of Mr. Weekes, and others, have abundantly proved that a blade of grass, as a collector of electricity, is infinitely superior to any metallic points; and as we know that the power of a plant is increased by its reduction in size, and as all vegetables are abundantly supplied with certain hair-like filaments, thorns, and points, may we not infer that nature has bountifully supplied the vegetable world with the means of collecting this ethereal food if such be required by them? Can, therefore, a wire mounted upon a pole, placed due north and south, or in any other fantastic way which the whim of the experimenter may suggest, do more than nature has from the commencement taken ample means to effect? Is this not rather like "painting the lily?" The experiments of Poullett tend to show that electricity is evolved during the growth of plants. If this be true, we may infer that the points of which we have spoken are intended to give out that electricity which is elicited during vegetable growth. At any rate we ought to establish one position or another before we proceed to apply such means as may, instead of assisting, actually thwart the effects of nature. The great facts which the agriculturist ought to prove are then the absolute necessity of electricity to vegetation, and secondly, its mode of action; and we would warn him especially not to be led away by unfair and illusive pseudo experiments, whose results are moulded to the wishes or intentions of the operator, and not based upon truth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE VALHALLAH FOR ENGLAND, AND THE MONUMENTS OF EDINBURGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In a recent number of your Journal I noticed with considerable satisfaction, a proposal for the erection of a Valhallah, or Hall of Fame, for England. While I most heartily concur in the propriety of such an establishment, I do not approve of the means which your correspondent suggests for the accomplishment of this desirable object. We have been termed, by way of reproach, on account of our attention to business, a nation of shopkeepers; but, were we to adopt your correspondent's method of paying honour to the memory of the mighty dead, making it merely the cloak for a profitable speculation, we should, in my opinion, merit a much worse title than that of honest shopkeepers. With your permission, I shall, on a future occasion, lay before your readers a few suggestions which, if carried into effect, would, I think, enable us to attain the desired end, in a way alike honourable to all parties. My present object is to call your attention to the manner in which "The Modern Athens," sustains its claims to be considered a highly intellectual city, as exemplified in its treatment of the monuments of the illustrious dead committed to its charge.

Within a minute's walk of the post-office of Edinburgh stands a picturesque rocky eminence, namely the Calton Hill. On it are erected several public monuments, viz. to NELSON, BURNS, Professors STEWART and PLAYFAIR, besides an unfinished structure intended to commemorate those who fell in the last war. No situation could possibly be better for these memorials; it seems as if nature had expressly adapted it for such a purpose. Strangers naturally direct their steps to this point for the purpose of inspecting the monuments, and enjoying the very extended view of the surrounding country which it affords. On arriving at the stair leading up to the hill, the visitor will remark, amongst a multitude of other painted boards inviting him to visit observatories, groups of statuary, &c. two advertisements calling his attention to the monuments of NELSON and BURNS. The view from the tower of the former he is informed in set phrase, "is equal, if not superior, to the far-famed Bay of Naples," and the charge for admission is only threepence. BURNS's monument again boasts of having the full-length statue of the poet, by FLAXMAN, which may be seen for the trifling charge of twopence. This is carrying out your correspondent's idea as regards an admission charge, but on a somewhat different principle. He proposes honestly to expend his own money and derive an interest from it, while promoting a worthy object. We of "Modern Athens" are wiser in our generation, we get other people to advance the money for their erection, and then step in, and reap where we have not sown. The lower part of this monument to NELSON, as it is in bitter irony called, is occcupied by a confectioner, and fitted up into refreshment rooms, and for this I am told a rent of 90*l.* is paid. As I before mentioned, threepence is charged for admission to the top of the tower, which is also used as a steamboat signal station, so that with rents and tolls a very handsome revenue must be derived from this monument. I cannot state positively who pockets the proceeds of this transaction. It has been publicly stated, and remains as yet uncontradicted, that it is the Town Council of Edinburgh, but the statement is almost too monstrous for credibility. Be that as it may, it is indisputable that the disgraceful shabbiness of having collected money from all quarters of Scotland under the pretence of erecting a monument to the great NELSON, and then converting it into a shop and a show-house, attaches to some parties at Edinburgh who have the sanction of the corporation for their conduct. The finger of scorn ought to be pointed at them from every quarter, until they abandon their traffic, and allow the building to stand for what it was originally intended—and what it is still falsely represented to be—a memorial of the heroic deeds of our greatest admiral. There are some people, Mr. Editor, dead to every principle of patriotism when money is concerned, and I do not think that I display any want of Christian charity when I say that I fear such is the character of the parties who have usurped a property in this monument. I would suggest that a subscription be entered into in London for purchasing NELSON'S monument from the corporation of Edinburgh, or whoever else pretends to be proprietors of it, in order to rescue the memory of your gallant countryman from being mixed up with the sordid and selfish speculations of a greedy few. For my part, as matters are at present ordered, I blush when a stranger asks me the name of the erection.

As regards the monument of BURNS, I shall say but little. We starved him while alive, and it is quite in keeping that we should endeavour to make a profit of him when dead. As a nation we are justly proud of his fame, and what better way can there be of showing this than by making all visitors to his shrine pay a twopenny homage to his memory? The greater

part of the money for this monument was sent from India, and I can easily imagine the *satisfaction* with which the contributors will learn this characteristic proceeding of the Town Council of Edinburgh.

The Scott monument is, I fear, doomed to a like prostitution. Already, even in its unfinished state, a charge of one shilling is made for permission to enter its precincts. It is to be hoped, however, that the force of public opinion will prevent this fair bud of imposition from blossoming forth into a full-grown job. I am, yours respectfully,

Edinburgh, Nov. 8, 1845. W. H.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

A LOVE SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

With heart and eyes I love thee!
The first can still be true,
Though it before have counted o'er
(As other men's may do)—
The beads of love's long rosary,
With prayers, ever new.

And with the last their language
Though taken ne'er till now,
From other books than women's looks
Who kept no stricter vow
Than that which bindeth for a day,
And in a day may go!

The heart, with which I love thee,
Hath loved the light and vain;
And, wronged, betrayed, inconstant made,
By finding pleasure pain,
It wandered on—still meeting none
To make it fix again!

The eyes that gaze upon thee
With looks that are less fond
Than true and pure, have tracked the lure
That led all peace beyond:—
Too long they sent forth thoughts which kept
With saintly love no bond!

But heart and eyes now love thee,
Because in thine they see
That spirit's youth, which spring's from truth—
That child-like purity,
Which make me love as men could love
Were women all like thee!

LAY OF THE LOVER.

(*From the Spanish.*)

In climes far distant from Hispania's shore
I've wander'd, o'er the dark and stormy sea,
Where hoarsely sounds the wild waves' sullen roar,
Thinking, beloved! of nought save home and THEE!
When gazing on Sophia's gilded dome,
Rising to skyey height o'er Moslem tow'rs,
I've mused on THEE and our Castilian home,
Where we've beguiled so many sunny hours!
As silence rested on blue ocean, lit
By silv'ry gleams of palest moonlight, streaming
With rays of beauty thine own eyes emit,
But not like them with passion's rays outbeaming!
I've thought of THEE, loved Inèz!—of the joy—
The sparkling joyance of the by-gone hours,
When gilded life flow'd on without alloy,
Like sun-lit streams oft heard in Seville's bowers!

Dublin. HENRY GERALD.

NECROLOGY.

JAMES ANTHONY MOLTENO.

We have to record the death of another of the old printsellers,—one whose name is familiar to all who make Art either their amusement or their study,—Molteno, of Pall-mall. Himself in business nearly half a century, he was the son of a still more ancient member of the trade—old Molteno, who flourished in our boyhood. He came, with others of his calling, from the "Sweet South,"—chiefly from Coma and Milan. Among this company was the highly respected Paul Colnaghi, Molteno, Torre, Zanetti, Bolongaro, Salmoni, &c.,—men to whom much merit is due for introducing a love of Art into this country, when Englishmen neglected it for the pursuit of less refining modes of money-making. Fortunately for the credit of England a Boydell arose, and he has been followed by others, who have, by their spirit and enterprise, surpassed all the other publishers in Europe, and thus spread a love of Art where pictures never could have travelled.

Old Torre was the first large printseller in Pall-mall; he had the principal hand in the importation of the splendid collection of old engravings formed by the celebrated Mariette. These were separated,—Torre employing Paul Colnaghi and Molteno to dispose of them. After Torre retired he was succeeded by the partnership of Molteno and Colnaghi. They separated, after a short connection, Colnaghi to Cockspur-street, Molteno to the house in Pall-mall, where he died, and in which, after a short illness, his son also expired. He has left a family, but no son who is likely to succeed to the business.—*Art Union* for November.

PERSIUS.

Is another architect lately deceased. He died at Potsdam, some time about last June, shortly after his return from a visit to Italy. One of Schinkel'spupils, he was also, like him, gifted with no ordinary power of invention and imagination, which he was furnished with numerous, if not very important, opportunities of exercising in the various structures upon which the present King of Prussia has employed him, for the embellishment of Potsdam, its park, and environs. They consist chiefly of villas, temples, and other ornamental garden-buildings, of many of which the designs, at least the ideas for them, are said to have proceeded from the king himself, who possesses a considerable knowledge of architecture, as well as a taste for it. The buildings alluded to display almost every style, from that of the Gothic to that of the Italian Casino; and they have accordingly been compared to an architectural *muste-bach*, or collection of specimens and patterns; yet, if they prove serviceable as studies—and most of them do not affect to be themselves more than studies—they will have been serviceable. No doubt the architect himself considered them only *vorübengen*—preparatory exercises—till he should be called upon to put forth his strength upon some nobler occasion—as would, most probably, have been the case, had not death cut short his professional career at an early stage of it.—*Art Union* for November.

JUAN-MARIA DE MAURY-PLEVILLE.

The French papers mention the death, in that capital, of Juan-Maria de Maury-Pléville, a member of the Spanish Academy. The *Journal des Débats* gives a list of works, chiefly poetical, published or written by him, both in Spanish and French, with which latter language he had acquired a perfect familiarity. He has left behind him two unpublished poems—about to be included in a complete edition of his works, undertaken by a Spanish bookseller, and announced before the author's death; and an inquiry, of great interest, says the *Journal*, into the principles of versification in all languages—portions of which have obtained the high commendation of the Spanish Academy.

DR. ANTONINI.

The Paris papers report the death, at Algiers, at the age of fifty-five, of the Doctor Antonini; charged with the medical inspection of that French settlement—in which he has resided since the conquest. Dr. Antonini had collected an immense body of valuable particulars relative to the country; which he was preparing to arrange and classify, on his approaching return to France—when he fell a victim to his necessary exposure amid the intolerable heats of the summer months.—*Athenæum.*

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

Some further particulars of this important and interesting enterprise will doubtless be acceptable to our readers.

Perhaps the most convenient course will be, first to describe the nature and uses of the material to be supplied, then the

mode of supply, and then to meet some objections which have been raised by persons who have not investigated the subject.

The refuse of London is now poured into the Thames from a number of huge sewers, each of which by means of multiplied branches extends over a large district. The material conveyed by these sewers does not consist, as seems to be commonly imagined, of a sort of liquid mud, but the fluid as it falls into the river is but slightly discoloured, and contains a very small quantity indeed of solid matter. It is this fluid which the Company propose to transmit to the country.

It will doubtless be asked how a fluid carrying so small a portion of solid material can be a fertilizing manure. For a scientific explanation reference must be had to the works of LIEBIG and other agricultural chemists; suffice it that the fluid of the sewers carries in solution a very large quantity of those elements of fertilization to procure which we now despatch ships to the other side of the Atlantic, forgetting that we pour yearly into the Thames more than they can bring to us.

Nor is its value merely theoretical. Experience has proved it. Trial has been made at Edinburgh, and by the Duke of PORTLAND with the sewage of the town of Mansfield, and the astonishing results are described in the document issued by the Company, and forwarded to our readers a fortnight since. The result in every case has been to convert lands to an annual value of more pounds than they were worth of shillings before.

Indeed, there is no question in any quarter of the value of the material to the farmer and the gardener, provided it can be conveyed to them at a moderate price. But the difficulty hitherto has been how it may be conveyed cheaply. That difficulty has been entirely overcome by the plan so ingeniously and laboriously prepared by Mr. MARTIN. It is to the explanation of this plan, with a view to satisfying the reader that it is equally practicable, simple, and cheap, that we propose now to pass. But as it will necessarily occupy more space than we can give it this week, it will be better to present it entire in the next CRITIC.

But in the mean while we may state that the surveys are completed, the notices given, and all is ready for application to Parliament in the next session. The cordial support of the Government is secured, and it is received with special favour by the leading members of both branches of the Legislature. So important is the design deemed, both as respects the agriculture of the country, and the improvement of London by the diversion of the sewerage that now poisons the Thames, that every favour and encouragement will be given to the undertaking. The list of the committee will be the best proof that the men of science and practical experience as engineers, chemists, and agriculturists, approve the plan, and deem it certain to be successful. In order to carry it out, they have not hesitated to subscribe largely towards the preliminary expenses. The shares are being taken up, not by gamblers and speculators for a rise, but by the prudent, who seek an investment which, upon investigation, they believe will yield a better return than the best of the railways. And so we are ourselves convinced that it will; for we have watched it from its commencement until now, tested all the estimates, heard the opinions of the best judges, and we have not a doubt that in five years it will be paying to the shareholders a clear profit of *fifteen per cent. at the least;* and then the share of 20*l.* will be worth 60*l.*, and the fortunes of the holders trebled.

It may be as well to prevent any confusion that may arise in the public mind from the advertisement of another concern, calling itself the London Sewage Company, and professing the same objects. This history of this latter affair will best describe its character:—

One of the promoters of this latter was a friend of Mr. MARTIN. To him Mr. MARTIN exhibited his plans, and he joined in the endeavour, and commenced about two years since to carry it out by means of a company. A few weeks since this person made an exorbitant demand for his services as promoter, and being refused, he forthwith concocted the *opposition* advertised as the *London Sewage Company*. This origin will be sufficient to exclude it from parliamentary sanction and public favour. But a comparison of the names will at once assure the reader which is the real Simon Pure.

We shall resume this subject next week.

NEEDHAM'S SELF-PRIMING GUN.—When this invention was first introduced by Mr. Needham, of Piccadilly, it attracted considerable attention amongst military men and sportsmen, and was adapted by many of the latter class, though unfortunately it met, as is the case with most inventions in this country, little attention from the Government, beyond the barren approbation of certain military authorities. It has now stood the test of the experienced, and certainly to all persons to whom rapidity in the discharge of fire-arms, and security from accidents, are matters of consequence, it must be considered a very great improvement over the method generally in use, to place the cap upon the nipple of muskets, pistols, or fowlingpieces. The principle is very simple:—the caps are placed in a groove formed in the stock of the gun from the butt-end to the lock, and rolling up, on the muzzle being momentarily depressed, to the lock, one of them drops into a small recess immediately before a lever which is attached to the tumbler of the lock, and which, on the hammer being drawn back to cock the gun, passes it out into the nipple, removing at the same time the previously discharged cap. By this means the gun is constantly primed, and there is no danger from the cap being insecurely fitted on the nipple, from the fingers being cold or clumsy, or from the difficulty of priming on horseback from the impatience or motions of the animal.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

MESMERISM IN INDIA.

A copy has been forwarded to us of the *Indian Journal of Medical and Physical Science*, containing an article on this subject, which appears to be attracting a great deal of attention in the East. The editor is, of course, an opponent, and, like others of his class, instead of making experiments, and so assuring himself, by personal investigation, that it is either true or false, he is content to look on while experiments are being tried by others, and grasping at such as fail or such as are impostures (and doubtless there are many such), and overlooking those wherein he can find no flaw, he collects the evidence on the one side, and omits that on the other, and then claims for himself a victory.

The subject of triumph over Mesmerism in the article before us is an exhibition of the effects of mesmerised water by a Dr. ESDAILE.

Dr. Esdaile (says the medical journalist) purposed to exhibit to us his latest great discovery in this occult science, the power of inducing the mesmeric phenomena by the agency of mesmerised water, which he described as most extraordinary.

The previous experiments having in a great measure convinced us that the actors were one and all impostors, and that the reputed phenomena could not bear the ordeal of a strict inquiry; in order to confirm or remove these impressions, we requested permission to try the effects of plain water upon the patients to be subjected to these experiments.

Two prisoners, who had been submitted successively on many previous occasions to this test, were brought and placed at our disposal; the one was an elderly, tall, powerful man, the other a young and short one; the former had acquired a character as one of the most notorious dacoits in the district, and had less of a stern than venerable appearance, from a long white beard; the other was a low caste Hindoo; we have applied unsuccessfully to the doctor for their names. They were desired to sit down in the verandah, and we retired into an inner apartment, when the doctor ordered all but ourselves to be excluded, and there lectured us on the tremendous power this discovery gave the Mesmerist over the rest of the community—so tremendous, indeed, that he considered it a duty he owed society not to communicate the process of endowing the most innocent of all beverages with this virtue, rendering it one of the most potent for nefarious purposes; and the same feeling induced him to beseech us not to publish the means of mesmerising water to the public; and we were besought even to exclude our professional brethren from the secret process he was about to divulge to us.

These injunctions to secrecy, and endeavours of the doctor to wrap the subject up in mystery, only tended to confirm our un-

belief, and made us more desirous of putting to an incontrovertible test the truth of this so-called science. We therefore begged the doctor, in lieu of conferring these miraculous powers upon us, to permit us to essay our own unaided efforts with unmesmerised water, to which he readily assented.

Two cups of plain water were but into Dr. Bedford's hands, who gave one to each of the prisoners, whom he undertook to watch, while we accompanied Dr. Esdaile into a long apartment, where there was a great number of prisoners assembled, for the purpose of selecting some untried subjects for his test. We had not been away above five minutes, when we returned and found the old man lying stretched on his back, with his eyes closed, and apparently unconscious, which Dr. Bedford intimated he had become in about three minutes from the time of drinking the water; the younger prisoner continued to sit looking at his more aged companion, seemingly uninfluenced by the draught of water he had taken. The carbonate of ammonia was applied to the nostrils of the elder prisoner; the exhibition of feeling its influence he successfully resisted for some time, though evidently not insensible to it; but at length he turned away his head from the bottle, though he continued apparently unconscious and cataleptic, retaining his arms raised and placed perpendicularly to his body for some time, but decidedly not so long as greatly to fatigue this old offender.

The second prisoner, to whom a cup of plain water had been given at the same time, on seeing the application of the carbonate of ammonia (probably mistaking the object intended) dropped off on a sudden into the same apparently unconscious state. This, however, only rendered him a fit subject for Dr. Brander's application, who gave him as strong a dose as he could, by retaining the bottle to his nose; when wishing to escape from its further infliction, though he would neither open his eyes nor return to consciousness, he fairly turned round, resting his nose on the ground so as effectually to prevent the application of the bottle to his nostrils; by this manœuvre, though he effectually escaped this test of his sensibility, he was subjected to another. He was tickled in the armpit, and, though he succeeded in concealing any indication of feeling by his features, he moved his elbow backwards and forwards as any one does who is susceptible of the influence of, and subjected to, titillation.

Dr. Esdaile then proposed to give us a third prisoner, who had not been so often brought under the influence of the mesmerised water. We gave him a cup of plain water, which he drank off; in five minutes he fell into what was pronounced the mesmeric sleep, in which state he was permitted to remain undisturbed, and continued so during the rest of the scene.

The whole three prisoners to whom plain water had been given, presented as perfect a cataleptic condition as any of those who had been previously treated by the prescribed and orthodox manipulations.

It is not at all improbable that the prisoner patients were impostors; but the result needs not a resort to so harsh an interpretation. All who have *tried* mesmeric experiments will admit that where a certain train of associations has once been produced in the patient's mind, there is an almost irresistible tendency to their reproduction by any thing that suggests the first link of the chain. Thus, the presentation of a cup of mesmerised water having once induced the mesmeric condition, the presentation of another cup of water, which the patient believes to be mesmerised, produces the same chain of associations and the same result. As to the effect of mesmerised water, as it is termed, from the investigations we have made, we are satisfied that it is altogether a delusion; that there is no change in the water, and that the effects are produced entirely through the imagination of the patient influenced by the will of the operator; and that, as with the experiments above narrated, a cup of any other water, or any other object, would produce the same result. We have seen and made many trials, and we suspect that no effect is ever produced by this or by any other operation without the consciousness of the patient that something was going to be done. It is true that it is often difficult distinctly to trace such consciousness; but when we take into account the exceeding sensitiveness of the mind—the amazing exaltation of the perceptive powers in the mesmeric state—we cannot recal an instance in which a consciousness of something intended to be done was not existing in the patient's mind; and it is the peculiarity of the condition to be irresistibly impelled to do what the mind is impressed with a belief that it is required to do.

This will explain not a few of those cases which are trumpeted as impostures, but which those who have had experience know to be genuine. But the subject is too interesting and important not to deserve further consideration.

Considerable discussion has taken place in Calcutta relative to the mesmeric experiments of Dr. Esdaile, of the Company's Service, who has applied Mesmerism on an extensive scale as a curative of disease, and performed many important surgical operations on patients under his charge, while reduced to unconsciousness by the mysterious process. The learned Doctor's work, entitled *Mesmeric Facts*, contains an overwhelming body of evidence as to the truth of the science, and will, we doubt not, receive the notice it deserves at the hands of parties interested in the subject.—*Bombay Monthly Times*.

To Booksellers.—A stamped copy of The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

A word to the Booksellers and Circulating Libraries, now amounting to many hundreds, who have honoured The Critic by adopting it as their guide in the selection of books for addition to their shelves, or recommendation to their customers.

It would be supposed that such a circulation as this would have ensured the advertisements of all the publishers, as being a medium peculiarly suited for their announcements, and offering advantages that no other periodical can boast. Upon inquiry why this result has not followed, we learn that the publishers in London do not credit the fact stated to them. Such a peculiar circulation as The Critic enjoys, in addition to its large circulation among the general public, is a novelty in the history of periodicals, and, never having witnessed such an achievement in the same time, they doubt the assertion. Now it is very desirable that some satisfactory proof of its strict verity should be supplied to them, and casting about how this may be best accomplished, the following have suggested themselves as the means in the adoption of which we must ask the aid of our subscribers.

First, we propose to issue a prospectus, containing a list of the booksellers and circulating libraries by whom The Critic is taken, and to this we are desirous of appending a collection of their "opinions of The Critic," similar to those which have from time to time appeared in its columns. We ask those who have not already sent such now to do so. Half-a-dozen lines will be sufficient for the purpose: from the bookseller, a short statement of the repute in which The Critic is held in his locality; from the circulating library-keeper, a certificate that it is indeed adopted by him as his guide in the selection of books for his shelves.

The necessary results of such a collection of testimonials to a fact which we know not how otherwise to prove to the sceptics of the Row, must be sufficiently obvious to our friends to induce those who really feel an interest in the progress of The Critic, to write and transmit half-a-dozen lines.

Other secondary helps we will take the liberty of suggesting hereafter. For the present, the request preferred above is so important that we hope it will be generally complied with in the course of the ensuing week.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Curious Gift to Robert Burns.—A highly respectable gentleman has handed us a curious relic of Robert Burns. It consists of a small round silver box, of about two inches in diameter, on the lid of which the following characters are inscribed around a representation of Charles I. on horseback, bearing a sword:—"Carolvs : D : Magn : Brit : Fran : et : Hib : Rex." Around the bottom of the box is inscribed:—"Exvrgat : Deus :

Dissipentvr : inimici." And in four lines across the centre is the following :—"X. Relig : Prot : Leg : Aug : Liber : Par. 1642." The box contains a silver coin about the weight of an ounce, which on each side bears inscriptions exactly similar to those on the box, with the exception that the date is 1643. Inside the lid of the box is the following inscription :—"From G. M'Iver to Robert Burns, for auld lang syne, 1791." The history of this curious relic has been traced back a considerable period, and probably some of our readers may be able to give us some information regarding the bestower of this gift. The box and coin together weigh 2 ounces 3 dwts., and the box itself seems to have been used as a coin.—*Glasgow Examiner.*

THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF BYRON was placed in its permanent position in the library of Trinity College last week. The society has also been enriched by a statue of Bacon, by Weekes, presented by the Rev. Dr. Whewell. It is placed in the ante-chapel, near the screen, and almost under the bust of Wordsworth. The philosopher is represented reclining in his chair. On the pedestal is the following inscription :—

FRANCISCVS BACON
BARO DE VERVLAM STI. ALBANI VICECOMES
SEV NOTIORIBVS TITVLIS
SCIENTIARVM LVMEN FACVNDIÆ LEX
SIC SEDEBAT.
RVI POSTQVAM OMNIA NATVRALIS SAPIENTIÆ
ET CIVILIS ARCANA EVOLVISSET
NATVRÆ DECRETVM EXPLEVIT
COMPOSITA SOLVANTVR.
A.D. MDCXXVI.
ÆTAT LXVI.

—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.—Mr. David Salomons, late sheriff of London, and the first of the Jewish religion, has invested 1,666*l*, 13s. 4d. Three per Cent. Consols, in trustees, to found an exhibition of 50*l*. a year, during four years, at Oxford, Cambridge, London University, or King's College, for scholars wholly or in part educated at the City of London school. This is the thirteenth endowment of the same kind, since the school was established; and Mr. Wire intimated that another would very shortly make its appearance. The tolerant, liberal, and excellent system on which the establishment, consisting of nearly 500 scholars, is conducted, was warmly eulogised by individuals of every party and persuasion.

We believe we may state, with certainty, that Sir Robert Peel has bestowed the deanery of Westminster upon Dr. Buckland, the well-known professor of geology, and at present a canon of Christ Church, Oxford. The canonry will, in consequence of an arrangement under the ecclesiastical commission, devolve upon the archdeacon of the diocese.

JOURNALISM IN AUSTRIA.—The number of journals at present published in the Austrian States is 159, which, compared with the population, amounting to 31,500,000, give one journal for every 198,110 inhabitants. Of these journals, 40 are political, 12 commercial, and 107 literary and scientific. In Austria, properly so called, there are 29; in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, 43; in Hungary, 21; in Bohemia, 17; and in the rest of the Austrian States, 49. Of these journals, 76 are written in German, 53 in Italian, 15 in Sclavonian, 1 in French, and 14 in various other dialects.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Nov. 8 to Nov. 15.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arabin; or, the Adventures of a Colonist, 12mo. 8s. cl.—Aldine Poets, Vols. XLVII. to LII. "Chaucer," with Life by Sir Harris Nicolas, 6 vols. 12m. 1*l*. 10s. cl.

Brock's Doctrines of the Church, fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Ball Room Preceptor and Polka Guide, 32mo. 1s. cl.—Bell's History of Gibraltar, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Becker's German Grammar, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.

Chambers's Educational Course, "School Atlas," 4to. 10s. 6d. cl.—Child's Illuminated Prayer Book, 9 plates, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—Cicero de Natura Deorum, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Cicero (Dr. Franklin's Translation of) 12mo. 3s. cl.—Clement's Customs Guide for 1845 and 1846, post 8vo. 6s. cl.

Dick's Philosophy of Religion, 4th edit. 12mo. 8s. cl.—Drew's (Rev. G. S.) Eight Sermons, with an Appendix, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Doctrine of the Russian Church, translated by Rev. R. W. Blackmore, B.A. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Dante's Lyrical Poems, translated by Charles Lyell, M.A. fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Dick's (Dr.) Practical Astronomer, 100 engravings, 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Ecclesiastical Almanac, 1846, 12mo. 1s. sd.

Glimpses of the Wonderful for 1846, 32 illustrations, square 16mo. 5s. cl.—Guicciardini's Maxims, translated by Emma Martin, square fc. 8vo. 7s. bds.—Guide to the Foreign and Colonial Posts, by F. Herbert, G.P.O. 8vo. 7s. 6d, cl.—Goldsmith's Poetical Works Illustrated, edited by Bolton Corney, esq. crown 8vo. 1*l*. 1s. cl. 1*l*. 16s. mor.

Hastings (Rev. J. H.) Parochial Sermons, from Advent to Trinity Sunday, 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Henry's Communicant's Companion, with Introductory Essay, by J. Brown, D.D. fc. 8vo. 2s. cl.—Home Amusements, by Peter Puzzlewell, esq. sq. 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Illuminated Calendar for 1846, royal 8vo. 2*l*. 2s. bd.
Jesuits as they Were and Are, trans. from the German, by Joanna S. Carr, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Keane's (David) Courts of Request, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. bds.—Key to Fraser's Walkinghame's Arithmetic, new edit. 12mo. 3s. cl.

Lockhart's Life of Scott, People's Edition, royal 8vo. 10s. cl. 9s. sd.—Loudon's (Mrs.) Light of Mental Science, 12mo. 3s. cl.

Malan's (Dr. Cæsar) Sketches for Youth, post 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Meadows's (Kenny) Etchings to the Illustrated Shakspere, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Memoirs of an Umbrella, with portrait of Author, 4to. 7s. cl.

New, L. U. K. "The Musical Guide for Singing and the Pianoforte," 6d. sd.—Notes of the Wandering Jew, on the Jesuits and their Opponents, 18mo. 2s. cl.

Old Man's Rambles, 3rd edit. 18mo. 5s. cl.—Original Sketches in Poetry, by E. L. B. 12mo. 6s. cl.

Pinnock's Geography made Easy, the 16th edit. revised and brought to 1845, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Patterns of Inlaid Tiles from Churches in the Diocese of Oxford, by W. A. Church, 4to. 5s. sd.—Picciola; or, the Prison Flower, by H. B. Saintiné, imp. 32mo. 1s. 6d. sd. (Clarke.)—Practical Mechanic and Engineer's Magazine, vol. IV. 4to. 10s. 6d. cl.—Προγυμνασματα, by Rev. Henry Alford, 8vo. 6s. cl.

Railway Almanack and Directory for 1846, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Railway Shareholder's Pocket-book, 1846, 2s. 6d. roan tuck.—Random Rhymes, by Alpha, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Rodwell's Hand-books of Music, "The Flute and Cornet-à-Piston," 1s. each, sd.—Revealed Truth Vindicated, by James Apperly, royal 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.

Stephen's (H. J.) New Commentary on the Laws of England, Vol. IV. 8vo. 1*l*. 2s. bds.—Student's Help, by M. Guido Sorelli, post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Story Book of the Seasons, "Summer," by Mrs. H. Myrtle, square, 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. col. cl.

Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer, by W. W. Bradshaw, D.C.L. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Veritable History of Mr. Batchelor Butterfly, by the author of Mr. Oldbuck, oblong, 5s. cl.

Windsor in the Olden Time, by John Houghton, new edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Waverley Novels, People's Edition, Vol. IV. royal 8vo. 10s. cl. 9s. sd.—Willie Fraser and other Tales, by Mrs. Lee, 6 illustrations, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Youth's Key to the Bible, by Rev. Thomas Simpson, 18mo. 2s. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Hamilton's (William of Bangour) Poems on several occasions; with a short Memoir of the Author by David Rae Lord Eskgrove, with two portraits by Sir Robert Strange, in boards, 1 vol. 8vo. 1760. Price that will be given, 3s. 6d. to 5s.

Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell, Glasgow, 1832. A large-paper copy, 4to. boards, 12s. to 15s.

The Works of Robert Ferguson, to which is prefixed a sketch of the Author's life, 1 vol. 8vo. boards. London, 1807, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.

Vols. I. V. VI. and VIII. of Allan Cunningham's Burns, 8 vols. 1834, 1s. to 2s. 6d. per vol. boards.

The Chemist, first series, Jan. 1849.

GLEANINGS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY AT LEWES.

On the 4th instant, as the workmen were employed in excavating for the railway in the parish of Southover, amongst the ruins of the ancient priory of St. Pancras, they discovered in what may now without doubt be fixed on as the site of the chapter-house of this once magnificent monastery, a leaden cist or coffer containing bones, and which, on being carefully removed, was found to have the name of "Gundrada" inscribed on it; and shortly afterwards another similar cist was found, having the name of "Wilhelm" inscribed on it. Most fortunately there were parties at hand who prevented any damage being done to these interesting relics. The cists were lying about two feet and a half below the surface, in two square compartments, formed apparently by the foundation walls or underfloor of the chapter-house. They are about three feet in length, a foot wide, and ten inches deep, and in a good state of preservation, with the exception of the bottoms, which had mouldered away. As soon as the names had been deciphered, it was felt that a most important and interesting discovery had been made, and that the bones must be the remains of Gundreda, fifth daughter of William the Conqueror, and of William de Warren, her husband, who were, according to the best authorities, interred in the chapter-house of the priory. William de Warren, who is described as having descended from an ancient family in

Normandy, and having married Gundred, the fifth daughter of the Conqueror, accompanied his father-in-law in his victorious expedition to England, and was more richly rewarded than any other nobleman in the suite of the Conqueror. His possessions included the borough and rape of Lewes; he rebuilt and enlarged the castle, and about 1070, accompanied by his wife, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and on this journey determined to found a priory here of the Cluniac order. This was shortly afterwards commenced, and the splendid edifice of which we have now only the crumbling remains, was erected. In the year 1085, Gundred died in childbed at Castle Acre, in Norfolk, and her body was brought to Lewes and buried in the chapter-house, and, to quote from Horsfield's *History of Lewes*,—

"The sculptured slab of black marble which once covered her remains in the monastery was discovered in the year 1775 by Dr. Clarke of Buxted, in the Shirley chancel of Isfield church. It formed part of a burial monument of Mr. Edward Shirley, by whose father probably it was preserved at the demolition of the priory, and conveyed by his directions to Isfield. Dr. Clarke obtained permission of the representatives of the Shirley family to remove the stone from the chancel where it had been so long preserved. It was the intention to replace the stone over the spot where the body of Gundred had originally been deposited; but as the very site of the chapter-house could not with certainty be ascertained, the stone was placed in Southover church, that being the nearest ascertainable site of its original station."

William de Warren died on the 24th of June, 1088, and was, according to the register of Lewes Priory, also buried in the chapter-house. The magnificent priory was destroyed with the other monasteries by Henry VIII., and so complete was the destruction, that, as the Rev. Mr. Horsfield observed, "the very site of the chapter-house could not be ascertained." This point, however, the discovery of Tuesday will clear up.

The cists, with their contents, have been removed to the church of Southover, curiously enough, to the very spot where the stone above referred to is deposited. The bones have been arranged by a medical gentleman; and the public are allowed to inspect them under some very proper restrictions. Most fortunately a gentleman of Lewes made an agreement with the contractors of the railway company, that all relics, &c., that might be discovered should be given up to him, and we can assure our readers that in his hands the greatest care will be taken for the preservation and safe repose of these interesting remains; in fact, a project has been already started for the purpose, which we shall notice more fully next week. A skeleton has been discovered near the spot, most probably that of an ecclesiastic; the arms were crossed on the breast, and the body had been buried in its clothes, of which a portion of the cowl, shoes, &c., are in fine preservation. It was lying at full length, and had apparently been enclosed with stones. Other skeletons were late on Saturday afternoon being dug out, and as the works proceed further discoveries may be looked for.

Before we conclude we would say a word or two as to the size of the cists. It is obvious that the bodies were not originally buried in them; but the opinion is that the skeletons must have been exhumed after they had been in the ground some long period, and the bones carefully enclosed in these leaden coffers, and again let to repose until, after a lapse of centuries, disturbed by the pickaxe of the ruthless railway excavator.

We subjoin a report with which we have been favoured by a medical gentleman who examined the remains:—

Mr. Pickford, of Brighton, surgeon, and Mr. Murrell, another medical gentleman, being on the spot, examined the bones. They found that they were of a firm texture—indeed, hard, solid bones, and in a high state of preservation, especially those of Gundreda. Several of the bones of Earl de Warren were missing, but those of Gundreda were as nearly perfect as possible; and, judging from the length of them, the bodies must have been considerably above the middle stature. The details of the length of the bones upon which this is founded are—

Gundreda.—Femur, or thigh bone, 13½ inches; tibia, or leg bone, 15 inches; humerus, or upper arm bone, 12 inches; probable height, about 5 feet 8 inches.

William.—Femur, 19½ inches; tibia, 15½ inches; humerus, 12½ inches; circumference of the shaft of the femur at its middle, 4½ inches; probable height, about 6 feet 1 or two inches.

The following is the epitaph on the tomb in the vestry of St. John's Church, Southover, formerly covering the remains lately disinterred, as given, with a literal prose translation, in *Parry's Coast of Sussex*, 1833. (The diphthongs are omitted, as was frequent in old Latin):—

"Stirps, Gundreda ducum, decus evi, nobile germen,
Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsama morum.
Martha fuit miseris; fuit ex pietate Maria.
Pars obiit Marthe, superest pars magna Marie.
O! pie Pancrate, testis pietatis et equi,
Te fecit heredem; tu, clemens, suscepe matrem.
Sexta calendarum Iunii lux obvia carnis
Fregit alabastrum."

"Gundred of ducal race, the ornament of her age, a noble bud, brought into the churches of England the balsam of morals. She was a Martha to the wretched: she was, for piety, a Mary. The part of Martha has died; the superior part of Mary survives. O! holy Pancras, witness of her piety and righteousness, she made thee her heir; do thou, benign, receive a mother. The hostile dawn of the sixth kalend of June broke the alabaster of flesh."

There is some confusion in the epithets. Active charity, which is what is here meant, being "above all things," will never die.

It is to be hoped that, now these remains have been verified, they will be decently recommitted to the earth, and not placed before "plate glass!" as alluded to in the papers.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, Oct. 20.—M. Laignel directed attention to the result of his system of railroad curves, which he says had been found valuable on the railroad from Baltimore (U. S.) to the Ohio. M. Majendie, as one of the members of a commission lately appointed by the Minister of War to report on the phenomena of digestion in the horse, read a paper on the subject. A note from M. Guyot was read, on the goître. This gentleman attributes the disease to the short period during which the sun exercises its benign influence on the localities in which it is most observed. He does not appear to attach much importance to the opinion that it is produced by the drinking of the water from melted snow. As an argument in favour of his opinion, M. Guyot mentions the existence of numerous cases of goître in the city of Lyons. This, he says, arises from the fact of there being a mountain which runs from the north to the south, and deprives the city of the rays of the rising sun. M. Boussingault stated that he had seen a great number of cases of goître on the Andes, in localities fully exposed to the sun, and where the air is very dry.

PRUSSIAN HEROINE.—We find in the Prussian papers some particulars of interest, relating to a heroine of a remarkable description—Grace Darling enlarged into gigantic proportions—residing in the town of Pillau. This woman, Katherine Kleinfeldt, is the widow of a seaman, with whom, for upwards of twenty years, she made the long sea-voyages; and, since his death, she has devoted her life, for his memory's sake, to the noble and perilous task of carrying aid to the drowning. Whenever a storm arises, by day or night, Katherine Kleinfeldt embarks in her boat, and quits the harbour in search of shipwrecks. At the age of forty-seven she has already rescued upwards of three hundred individuals from certain death. The population of Pillau venerate her as something holy, and the seamen look upon her as their guardian angel. All heads are uncovered as she passes along the street. The Prussian and several other governments have sent her their medals of Civil Merit; and the municipality of Pillau has conferred on her the freedom of the town. Katherine is of athletic form and strength,—of masculine physiognomy, softened only by its look of gentleness and goodness,—and better furnished, in all save courage and humanity, for such wild scenes and high deeds as make their common fame, than the frail girl who has for years filled a grave far from the scene of her generous daring in the Fern Islands.

ASTOUNDING, IF TRUE.—Professor Bronson states that if a drop of human blood be subjected to examination by the hydrogen microscope, and magnified some 20,000,000 of times, all the species of animals now existing on the earth, or that have existed during the different stages of creation for thousands of years past, will there be discovered. In the blood of a healthy person all the animalculæ are quiet and peaceable; but in the blood of a diseased person they are furious, raging, and preying upon each other. That man contains within himself all the principles of the universe; also, that, if a dead cat be thrown into a pool of stagnant water, and allowed to dissolve there, a drop of water taken from any part of the pool, and as above, will show every species of animal of the cat kind that has ever existed on the earth, raging and destroying one another; the bodies of all the lower animals being thus made of animalculæ similar to themselves, and the body of man being compounded of all that is below in the scale of creation.—*Louisville Journal.*

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THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1845.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

The Fall of the Jesuits in the Eighteenth Century. By Count ALEXIS DE SAINT-PRIEST. 8vo. London, 1845. John Murray.

THIS volume forms one of Mr. MURRAY'S cheap series, "The Home and Colonial Library." From the cost and pains bestowed on advertising and otherwise announcing it, we were led to expect a book of unusual excellence, and our anticipations were the more lively, because there exists in our literature a remarkable deficiency of information on this important subject, which we hoped this book would satisfactorily have supplied. We were destined, however, to disappointment. If all that we required of the historian were impartiality, and a succinct and accurate statement of events, then should we have no occasion for complaint; but the perfection of history embraces other requirements, and among them one which this author has utterly failed to fulfil—a graphic and truthful portraiture of the scenes throughout the action, since it is chiefly by this that the memory apprehends and retains the lesson which it is the chief purpose of history to afford.

Living in a Protestant state, we have felt none of the inconveniences experienced in those countries where the Jesuitical Catholicism prevails. Indeed so exempt have we been from the evils it engenders that the simple history of the Order is popularly unknown amongst us; the term "Jesuitical," it is true, has found its way into our language to express that which is insidious, false, and crafty, but it is a word of foreign, not of home growth, the result of experiences which date their origin from other lands. As this ignorance is so apparent, we wonder that the necessity for prefacing his history of the Fall of the Jesuits with a condensed summary of the rise, progress, and dissemination of the order, did not occur to the writer, when from France he addressed himself to the English public. A complete history of this powerful and skilfully-organized body, from its foundation by IGNATIUS LOYOLA, to their suppression, in 1773, by Pope CLEMENT XIV. is still a desideratum, and would be an addition to our literature at once useful to the public, and, doubtless, profitable to whomsoever may undertake it.

That the Institution of the Jesuits has been useful as well as pernicious to society is undeniable. The unquenchable zeal and courage, the self-denial and noble disinterestedness of purpose, which distinguished its early missionaries, in carrying the message of salvation into the heart of the remotest heathen countries, do honour to humanity, and reflect eternal credit upon the Order. To no religious body are the *sciences* so deeply indebted as to this. Wherever they penetrated, they were active, observant, and inquiring; they have extended immensely our geographical and botanical knowledge, and our acquaintance with the history, customs, language, and peculiarities of the nations among whom they lived. In civilized countries their presence has been less fruitful of good. Attaching themselves to the nobles by uniting their interests together; subtle, intriguing, and fond of power, they have successively taken root in and been expelled from all the great continental states. Nor can we be surprised at this, when we learn, upon the testimony of our author (who is any thing but unfriendly to the society), that everywhere "the Jesuits were the intendants of the husbands, the instructors of the children, the directors of the wives; at every table, and in all the *conversazioni*, a Jesuit exercised a despotic authority." This was not for ever to be tolerated, and a private slight endured from the noble family of the TAVORAS by SEBASTIAN CARVALHO, afterwards Marquis de POMBAL and Prime Minister of Portugal, was the first overt cause of their overthrow. POMBAL hated thereafter the aristocracy, and consequently the Jesuits with whom they were leagued. His efforts were seconded in France by the Duke de CHOISEUL, then at the head of the French Government, and by CHARLES III. of Spain; both of whom were jealous of the influence and authority secretly exercised by the Society. With great difficulty, and only after menaces, these wrung from GANGANELLI (then holding the pontificate as CLEMENT XIV.), on the 21st of July, 1773, the famous brief "*Dominus ac Redemptor*," which dissolved the order; and it was not until 1814 that PIUS VII. relieved them from their degradation by revoking the brief of GANGANELLI and re-establishing the Society. Recent events in Switzerland, and the newspaper complaints in France, shew that the Order has profited little by its punishment—that it is still the same in spirit, though less obtrusive in form; and so probably will it be until the Catholic states shall a second time awake from their supineness, and, by an united effort, again shake off the powerful incubus which has crept upon them.

For his diligence in collecting material, and the pains he has taken in sifting the statements of Jesuit writers respecting the overthrow of their Society, opposing to them the testimony of state and authenticated documents, whereby the truth has been elicited, not a little praise is due to the author. But, on the other hand, we have seldom read a book in which the facts are thrown together in so bald and unpicturesque a manner as in this volume. The force and colouring of nature are wanting to give reality to the incidents as they pass before us, hence there is scarcely any thing for extract available. The following account of the death of GANGANELLI, it is presumed of poison, after dissolving the Society of Jesus, will, perhaps, be read with interest:—

Clement was astonished at the success of his boldness, which quite intoxicated him; his humour had never been more gay, and his health even regained its vigour. Whatever discontent they felt, the nobles and the sacred college itself remained silent spectators of the event. The Trasteverini, whose anger Ganganelli feared, hailed it with enthusiasm, and a timely reduction in the price of some provisions had prepared the way for this reception of the measure. The prompt restitution of Avignon by France, and of Benevento, by Naples, crowned the popularity of the pope. An attempt at revolt, fomented by the conquered party, miscarried, and the whole of Rome appeared to have

forgotten the brief *Dominus ac Redemptor*. Ganganelli was delighted; the slightest indications betrayed his joy, which, like his character, was *naïve* and infantine. One day, followed by the sacred college and all the Roman prelates, he went on horseback to the church of Minerva. Suddenly a heavy rain came on; *Porporati, Monsignori*, all vanished, and the light-horse themselves sought shelter: the pope, left alone, and laughing at the terrors of his escort, continued his way bravely through the storm. The people were delighted at this sight, and loud in their applause. These were not the feats of an invalid, and the bad health which the friends of the Jesuits represent Clement as suffering, was not at that time perceptible. Excepting a cutaneous eruption, which relieved more than it harmed him, Clement XIV. had never experienced any infirmity; and we may believe the Abbé Georgel, who tells us that Ganganelli's strong constitution seemed to promise him a long career. Nevertheless, in spite of appearances, secret rumours were afloat. At the very time that the pope was seen in the public ceremonies, streets, and churches, in short everywhere, in the enjoyment of health and strength, the rumour of his death was widely circulated: the pythoness of Valentano announced it with a characteristic obstinacy. These reports were premature; there was too much haste used in preparing the public mind for the event. All on a sudden, at the approach of the holy week in the year 1774, these rumours seemed to be realized. The pope was suddenly confined to his palace, and refused to grant any audience; even the diplomatic body could not obtain access to him. At length, on the 17th of August, the ministers of the great powers were admitted to his presence. The appearance of the pope struck them with surprise; a mere skeleton was before them. Clement marked their astonishment, and, guessing the cause, he declared that his health had never been better. The spectators welcomed this happy presage only from respect; they saw enough to convince them of the truth. From that day, the members of the diplomatic body intimated to their respective courts the prospect of an approaching conclave. How, it is natural to ask, had Clement passed in so short a time from strength to decrepitude—from life to death? After eight months of perfect health, the pope, on rising one day from table, felt an internal shock, followed by great cold. He became alarmed, but by degrees he recovered from his fright, and attributed the sudden sensation he had felt to indigestion. All at once his confidential attendants were struck by alarming symptoms: the voice of the pope, which had before been full and sonorous, was quite lost in a singular hoarseness; an inflammation in his throat compelled him to keep his mouth constantly open; vomitings, and feebleness in his limbs rendered it impossible for him to continue his usual long walks; which he always took without fatigue; and his sleep, which was until then habitually deep, was incessantly interrupted by sharp pains. At length he could no longer get any repose: an entire prostration of strength, the apparent forerunner of dissolution, succeeded suddenly to a degree of even youthful agility and vigour; and the melancholy conviction of an attempt on his life, which he had always feared, soon seized upon Clement, and rendered him strange even to his own eyes. His character changed as by magic; the equability of his temper gave way to caprice, his gentleness to passion, and his naturally easy confidence to continual distrust and suspicion. Poniards and poison were incessantly before his eyes. Sometimes, under the conviction that he had been poisoned, he increased his malady by inefficacious antidotes; at other moments, with the hope of escaping an evil which he imagined not accomplished, he would feed himself with heating dishes, ill-prepared by his own hands. His blood became corrupted; the close atmosphere of his apartments, which he would not quit, aggravated the effects of an unwholesome diet. In this disorder of his physical system his moral strength gave way in its turn: there remained no longer any trace of Ganganelli, and his reason even became disordered. He was haunted by phantoms in his sleep; in the silence of the night he started up continually, as dreams of horror excited his imagination, and prostrated himself before a little image of the Madonna, which he had unfastened from his breviary, and before which for forty years two wax tapers had been kept burning night and day. Prostrated thus, in the horrible conviction of his eternal damnation, he exclaimed, while his voice was choked with sobbing, "Mercy! mercy! I have been compelled. *Compulsus feci? compulsus feci.*" He did not, however, make any retraction in writing, as has been erroneously affirmed by a writer attached to the society.

At length, after upwards of six months of torture, Clement saw that his end was approaching. At this moment his reason resumed its sway,—his mind rose superior to his infirmities. In the clear possession of his intellect, and tasting the full cup of bitterness and suffering, he approached his end. He desired to speak; a monk whispered a few words in his ear; immediately the words died away upon his lips, and life departed from his body. This took place on September 22, 1774.

The news of the Pope's decease caused little sensation; and the Roman people heard it with indifference. His enemies gave an indecent and unblushing expression to their joy, conveyed in the most infamous satires, which they themselves carried from palace to palace. This conduct was calculated to give rise to strange conjectures, and suspicions were indeed soon excited. The sight of Ganganelli's dead body was quite sufficient to produce this effect; it did not even retain those lineaments which nature leaves to our remains at the moment when death seizes upon them. Several days previous to his death, his bones exfoliated and withered, to use the forcible expression of Caraccioli, like a tree, which, struck at its root, dies away and sheds its bark. The scientific men who were called in to embalm the body, found the features livid, the lips black, the abdomen inflated, the limbs emaciated and covered with violet spots. The size of the heart was much diminished, and all the muscles detached and decomposed in the spine. They filled the body with perfumes and aromatic substances, but nothing could dispel the mephitic exhalations. The entrails burst the vessel in which they were deposited; and when his pontifical robes were taken from his body, a great portion of the skin adhered to them. The hair of his head remained entire upon the velvet pillow upon which it rested, and with the slightest friction all his nails fell off. But enough of this hideous and sickening subject. The truth was too evident to admit of being overlooked from private considerations: no one doubted at the time that Ganganelli had met with a violent death. The physicians said little, but the funeral obsequies disclosed sufficient proof of the fact, and all Rome declared that Clement XIV. had perished by the *acqua tofana* of Peruggia.

As a simple, straightforward narrative of the causes which operated in bringing to pass the dissolution of the Order of Jesus we can commend this book, but for little more.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Adventures in the Pacific, with Observations on the Natural Productions, Manners, and Customs of the Natives of the various Islands; together with Remarks on Missionaries, British, and other Residents, &c. By JOHN COULTER, M.D. 8vo. pp. 290. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

DR. COULTER sailed from London in 1832, as surgeon on board the *Stratford*, and passing round Cape Horn, touched and lay at anchor at many of the ports on the west coasts of both South and North America, stretching off westerly among the islands in the North and South Pacific, returning thence to the Polynesian group. At Tahiti the ship was fitted out for home; sailing to Eimeo, they took on board Mr. Armitage and his family, a missionary who had resided many years on the islands, and they arrived in London in 1836.

The volume before us is a selection of the most striking scenes and occurrences of this protracted voyage, written without the pretension to technical knowledge which too often obscures the works of scientific men. Dr. COULTER has addressed the public in the language of the people; the phraseology of common parlance has been substituted for the hard and unintelligible names of the botanist and the naturalist, and the result is a volume abounding in agreeable reading, yet without the sacrifice of a particle of information; knowledge is conveyed without the formulas of knowledge; a child might listen with delight to the narrative, and comprehend every sentence; and, but for the title-page, it would never have been suspected that an M.D. had penned pages of such pure English.

But this is not all of Dr. COULTER's merit. His descriptions of places and persons are full of colour, and drawn with a bold, effective touch. Moreover, he has an instinctive perception of what is likely to interest his readers, shunning the too common error of tourists, who are so apt to consider that matters which at the moment most affected themselves will be equally attractive in the telling, than which there cannot be a more false conclusion; for the small troubles of the traveller are as vexing as the greater ones, and a bad dinner, or none, will often ruffle the temper more than a serious difficulty or danger; but at the one the reader laughs, while he sympathizes with the other. A striking instance of this besetting sin of tourists is afforded in the *Vacation Rambles* of Mr. Serjeant TALFOURD.

Dr. COULTER's narrative is rather a selection from his adventures than a journal of them. He opens with a description

of the ship *Stratford*, and remarks upon the discomforts endured before the departure of a vessel from the constant coming and going of visitors. He cannot understand how any person can call the sea monotonous.

The sky is monotonous, and has not that constant variety, as in higher latitudes. It is generally a clear blue, getting a duskier hue as you go on, with an occasional light, small cloud; but the water affords charming variety—it becomes of a deep blue colour. You can look deep into it, and then you will perceive that it teems with life. You will see an occasional flying-fish endeavouring to escape from the dolphin; thousands of bonitos and albicon around, and accompanying the ship; whales of every kind blowing the water from their spout-holes, and ploughing along, occasionally breaching clear out of water, and exhibiting a sized fish that any Waltonian might well stare at!

Hundreds of miles from any land, you will often meet with a turtle floating on the water, and a few birds in the air flying round the ship, such as the Cape pigeon, a beautiful white bird, with a few black spots; the Tropic bird, about the pigeon size, of a pure white, with two long feathers in the tail, and a red bill. Sailors generally term this bird the "boatswain," as it sails over and around the ship, looking well at it, apparently to see if all is right and shipshape.

At the Cape de Verd Islands they had an interview with a great man.

The governor was, of course, a Portuguese officer. His costume consisted of an old faded military blue jacket, with old gold expaulettes, duck trousers, canvass shoes, but no stockings. In spite of this costume, his manners were gentlemanly. He received us kindly, and gave us a lunch of preserved meats, fruit, &c. His lady had neither shoe nor stocking on. His excellency was annoyed with toothach, and was delighted at my arrival. With an old instrument which he had, I took it out, to his great satisfaction, and the amusement of his children, which were not a few.

They landed on Juan Fernandez, famous as the island of Robinson Crusoe. Here is the picture of it:

After leaving the beach, you arrive at a large strip of level land, the remains of the houses, or rather huts, in a state of ruins, were scattered about on either side; also the remains of an old jail, or lock-up. On passing the huts this level land is found to extend to twenty or thirty acres. There were vast quantities of rose-bushes in full bloom, with immense beds of mint, so tall that you could hide in it without being discovered. The fragrance of this valley was enchanting to us. The small hills surrounding it, thickly covered with middling-sized timber in rich foliage, and a small rippling stream running through it, all added to its beauty. In strolling up the hills, we soon discovered that the smaller timber had a very loose hold in the earth, which was mostly red mould, as some of our men, in laying hold of them, to assist themselves up, came back accompanied by the tree

The entire island is a succession of small hills and valleys, each with its little stream; and those rivulets often uniting, came dashing over the cliffs with great force. On it we discovered some bullocks, goats, and dogs, all in good condition, but very wild, dashing through the thickets like deer when disturbed.

At Charles's Island we are favoured with the history of a modern Crusoe, who has given his name to a locality called "Pat's Landing." It is so extraordinary a tale of adventure that we must extract it entire, though somewhat long.

His history, as far as is known, was that of a very daring, reckless, and strange being. He belonged to several ships on the coast, and was in many of the revolutionary rows, so common in Chili, Peru, Colombia, &c. At last he formed one of the crew of a whale-ship which was cruising round those islands, the captain of her having a great deal of trouble with him, he having formed several plots to mutiny, and take the ship, there being no feeling of security as long as he was on board, he was landed on the southern extremity of Albemarl Island.

Here water being extremely scarce, he was nearly famishing, and would have died from the want of it, but that he squeezed the juice out of the prickly pear and cabbage-tree. This was a substitute, which saved his life. As to food, he had plenty of doves and terapin, or the land tortoise, which is excellent. After some months the captain of an American whale-ship humanely took him off, and landed him, at his own request, on Charles's Island, with which he was familiar, and which he knew possessed plenty of fine water from springs.

He was landed on the beach in question, from which there is a complete and naturally beautiful avenue up to the mountains; and nearly at the summit of one of them there is a spot of excellent land, of four or five acres in extent, nearly surrounded with high hills; in fact, there is only one pass into it. On this level he erected his house or hut, and had a great deal of it under cultivation; so much so that he had a quantity of vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, pumpkins, Indian corn, melons, with plenty of hogs and poultry; those he sold for years to the shipping. He also dug a well on his farm, and though in high land, at a moderate depth obtained a good supply of fine water.

I understood his chief dress consisted of a seal-skin cap over his red bushy hair, a red flannel shirt, and pair of flannel drawers, with seal-skin mocasins on his feet. He never went without his gun, particularly when he had those runaways with him; neither did he sleep two nights in the same place. He knew every cave and secret spot on the island, and occasionally used them for dormitories. Now, it is a strange circumstance, and yet a fact, that this man, whenever those runaway sailors resided on the island, would enforce subjection, and actually compelled them to work his farm for him. They were soon glad to separate from him by joining, on any terms, the first ship that came in.

He was often greatly blamed (though I believe unjustly), for inducing sailors to leave their ships, and in one case he suffered for it. An American whale-ship put in there, and two of the crew, who had been severely treated on board, took to the bush, and Pat was blamed for harbouring them. Captain Bunker, of Nantucket, who commanded the ship, invited him on board, and in ignorance of what had occurred, or the men leaving, he accepted the invitation.

As soon as he came on board, he was tied up and severely flogged, then handcuffed and landed on the beach to die or live as he might, with his hands fast, and no one to loose them. It was a murdering, brutal act of this ruffianly captain. The ship sailed the next day, and left him to his fate.

Pat, however, was not to die in this manner; for in this seal-skin cap, which was, fortunately for him, not removed from his head, he had two files, one of which, with both hands, he drove firmly into a tree; he then patiently and perseveringly commenced and continued the operation of filing through the handcuffs, until he freed himself. He then for ever vowed vengeance against the captain who treated him so, if ever he should be in his power.

He had an iron frame, a strong and well-cultivated mind. He had received a good education in his youth; this, to a character like him, made him doubly mischievous. A few months afterwards, as he was round at the other side of the island, after seal, in his boat, which he called the *Black Prince*, he fell in with an English whale-ship. From the crew he learned that he would soon have visitors, as two or three American ships were to call at the island. One of them was that on board of which he had been so barbarously treated. He had at this time four men with him.

On hearing this news, he pulled directly round to his landing-place. In a few days after, the expected ships arrived. He determined not to appear, but watch them well, and keep his men out of sight. The three captains, one of whom was Bunker, pulled on shore, and in a bottle, made fast to a pole on the beach, they found a note written by Pat, stating that, from the bad treatment he often received, he had left the island for ever, and that whoever would arrive first would find plenty of every thing in his garden. I may here remark that this method generally forms a South Sea post-office, where one ship leaves a memorandum for the next.

The skippers concluded that all was right, and that there was no one on the island; and after walking about a little, they agreed to come on shore the next day to have a pic nic dinner, and to send their men up and plunder the garden. Pat was concealed so near that he heard all, and made his arrangements accordingly. Next day they came on shore, and brought their cold meat and wines away up the valley to a pleasant green plot, where they had a view of the ships, but not of the landing-place they came to. They had four boats on shore, hauled well up on the beach. They enjoyed themselves for hours, when one went up to an eminence near, to have a look round. He no sooner got a view of the beach than he came back like a madman, and told them their boats were knocked about, and to come down at once.

Those tyrannical rascals were now complete cowards; they left all and ran as quick as they could down to the beach, where they found the four boats, oars, and all in pieces; also a large slip of paper, with "remember the handcuffs" on it; also, "Bunker, I'll have you yet." There was an instant signal made to the ships to send a boat; fortunately for them, it was instantly answered. They were scarcely seated and shoved off, when a bullet from a gun on shore whistled among them and through the boat. In another instant three shots were fired after them; but they were safe, and out of reach of the guns. Pat then showed himself on the beach, gun in hand, and waved his cap over his head in triumph. No one came on shore to pick up the fragments. Those ships got under weigh in the evening, and disappeared. So much for barbarity on one side, and revenge on the other.

This wild and strange man lived, I believe, about eighteen or twenty years on this island, but did not die here. He went in his open boat, "the Black Prince," more than once, in on the coast a distance of six hundred miles; but the water is always smooth here, so it is not to be wondered at.

The last time he went was to Guyaquil, and thinking he might as well have a queen for his beautiful island, of which he was the sole and daring monarch, after, I suppose, telling all manner of inducing stories, there was the wife of the Spaniard who agreed to accompany him. She was actually in the boat, and about to shove off, when the Spaniard jumped in to bring back his wife. A struggle ensued; "Pat" was stabbed to the heart, and fell dead in the bottom of his "Black Prince."

Such was the termination of the career of this extraordinary man. He is reported to have been always warm-hearted and kind to those who were at all friendly to him, but implacably revengeful to those who ill-used or insulted him.

The doctor remarks that there is a peculiarity of mind which induces men voluntarily to take up their abode on uninhabited islands. He says, "There is scarcelyan uninhabited island in those seas (the Pacific) on which there is a fertile spot of earth with a supply of fresh water, that has not its Robinson Crusoe on it."

The whalers are warmly recommended as most interesting ships for travellers who love adventure. Dr. COULTER relates his first capture of one of these monsters of the deep, but we must refer the reader to his pages for the stirring scene.

At Chatham Island the doctor undertook to make an excursion into the interior alone, and he notes a curious bit of natural history. The hawks were not afraid of him.

There were a great many splendid hawks hovering about; they were frequently some annoyance to me: when I killed either a goat or terapin for food, they would hover round, screaming and making all sorts of noise, and sometimes seemed to think that I actually came there to butcher for them, for they would light on the ground and hop around me, sometimes would even jump on the carcass, have the impudence to look me straight in the face, and grapple the meat in their claws, and pull for the half with me; matters between us went so far that I was obliged to provide myself with a long stick, and knock them down as they came too close. They were immense and powerful birds, more like eagles than hawks. I fired a few shots among them, but they paid no attention to it, did not seem to fear the gun or its effects, and tormented me as much as ever; so that at last I was obliged to compromise matters by killing something and leaving it with them; then when the chief body of them were engaged, I would start off and transact business for myself.

He should have shewn them his diploma. Here he had a narrow escape from a very unpleasant and unromantic death. In one of his angling excursions he slipped, and fell into deep water.

I could swim well, so there was no fear of drowning; but another danger, which I was well aware of, made me clamber up out of it as quick as possible; this was the vast number of ground sharks which inhabit the sea surrounding those islands, and come close in to the edge of the rocks and beach. As soon as I had taken off my clothes to dry them in the sun, I took a look into the spot where I had fallen in; then I perceived that I had a providential escape, as a whole shoal of them were moving about, I suppose attracted by my splashing in the water. If I had been five minutes longer in it, or encountered any difficulty in getting up on the rocks, I would have been devoured.

In another part of the island he came unexpectedly upon a spot whose history nobody knew.

When I was better than halfway down the weather side, at about four miles inland, I came suddenly on a space of ground, which was partially clear, and where a few trees lay, that had evidently a few years ago been cut down by some one. On further entering this space there were mustard pumpkins, melons, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, and tobacco, all growing indiscriminately, and in a very wild state—tall weeds, and suckers of young trees, starting up here and there from the roots of the old ones.

In looking about, I saw what was once a spade, but the blade of which now was only rust, and fell in pieces when I touched it with my foot. Near this, in a hollow, was a well with water enough, but overgrown, and covered with weeds. It was regularly built round with stone. I continued my search over this once well-cared plantation, until I came to the highest, or upper part of the clearing, which was walled along for several hundred yards by solid rock. Up near this, almost concealed by a clump of trees, and nearly overgrown with wild vine, I discovered a house, or rather hut, on a comfortable scale. There was no sound of human voice here—all was still.

I knew, from the indications about, that it was long since the place had been attended to. The network of vines round it was so thick and close, that I had to make an opening through it with my axe. On entering this wild barrier, I came at once on the house, which was built against the rock with a shed roof thatched—the sides and front merely posts of wood, interlaced by vine-branches, and covered over with mud. The whole was in a falling state; there was only a doorway into it, but no door.

I now with strange feelings entered the door; there was ample light through this ruin to see all. It was a melancholy sight and discovery to me. In the centre of the floor, near a rude table, lay the skeleton of a man, only partially concealed by what had once been a covering of skins; on my touching it, it fell in powder; the bones though in apposition, were separated by the slightest touch. On one side were an old boiling-pot and frying-pan, wood, axe, &c., all in rust, a tobacco-box, with a rudely manufactured pipe on the table, an old worn-out and rust-eaten carabine and cutlass in the corner; there was a shelf which had once served for a bed, with seal-skins on it. I searched minutely, but could not find either paper or any other thing that could give the least information as to the name, or who this unfortunate recluse was.

It was a dismal scene. I came out and gazed on this hut for some time; a thought struck me, and I proceeded to execute it. All was a ruin, and now falling; the only thing I could now do for this remnant of humanity was to bury it; the only way I could even do that, was to cover it with the ruins; a few blows of a heavy stone against the posts laid all prostrate, and shut out the sight for ever.

And who was he—that solitary man?—what a death was his!

The Marquesas introduce us to the habits and manners of the natives. Thus for their dwellings:—

The houses are generally placed close to trees, which afford an agreeable shade. You may term them a longitudinal section of a single house, with a shed roof, the back, or main wall, always close, the front one a mere partition, but low. The thatch consists of bread-fruit or cocoa-nut leaves, closely and thickly put on. The inside of the walls is generally covered with a close matting.

Two long sticks, or spars, run the whole length of the house, near the back wall, about six feet apart from each other—the intervening space covered deeply with either leaves or grass, and a fine mat over it. This is the bed for the whole household, and a very capacious one it is, considering their arrangements for lying on it. The head rests over one spar, the back of the neck supported by it; the feet or ankles are on the other. It is a curious sight to observe from under the mat fifteen or twenty heads—sometimes more, sometimes less—along one spar, and double the number of feet and legs, according to their length, clear of the mat, along the other. After all, it is not a disagreeable arrangement. The bed is certainly soft, except the pillow part of it.

They have their theatre and ballet, which are, after all, not so very inferior in the conception to ours.

The situation generally chosen for them is some level spot of either rock or earth in the neighbourhood of some of those romantic streams, and often near a waterfall, surrounded by trees of rich foliage, the adjoining hills forming a curtain of green round it. In the centre of this is an enclosed portion of ground, covered by a smooth and varied-coloured pavement. The dancers perform on this. The surrounding bank is covered with spectators and their refreshments. The usual music is a drum, beaten by the flat of the hand, singing, and clapping of hands, which last closely resembles an expression of feeling that takes place at some of the political meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, well known by the name of "Kentish Fire." The dancing of the natives being peculiar, and requiring peculiar time with the music, nothing else but some sound of this description would suit them.

The dancers on those occasions take great pains to decorate themselves, some of their skins being fairer than others, but all beautifully tatooed, are coated over with cocoa-nut oil, tinged yellow with turmeric, which grows in abundance on their lands; the hair is well oiled, and tied up with plenty of ornaments, such as feathers, &c., the head being encircled with a band made of cocoa-nut sinnet, having oval pieces of pearl shell attached all round it; in the ears are pieces of white down, or bone or shell earrings, well polished and carved, (by-the-by, I have often seen an English tobacco-pipe used as an ear ornament, with the shank of course down,) when the dancers enter the arena.

Their covering is only a small piece of native cloth, either

round the waist or over the shoulders; as the excitement of the dance increases, even this disappears, or is flung wildly to the winds, and then you see neither a black nor a white man, but (from the turmeric) a golden yellow one, perfectly naked, in all the wildness and frenzy of the heathen dance.

The doctor was, as we have seen, much given to exploration. In spite of warning he would wander inland here, and he paid dearly for his curiosity. He was first pressed into a fight on behalf of a chief with whom he chanced to fall in; he was compelled to attend a review and council of war clothed in the costume of the country: then nothing would do but he must be tatooed; and he was informed, that to submit to the operation was the only chance of saving his life. The single mitigation he could obtain was that his face and hands should be spared. His account of the operation is interesting.

They have only a few instruments in use. Those used for inserting the colouring matter into the skin are made of pieces of bone made flat, and serrated at one end, like either a comb or saw. The breadth of this end differs from the eighth of an inch to one inch, according to variety or minuteness of the work—some having only two teeth, some a dozen. The other end is brought to a blunt point, and inserted into a small cane about six or eight inches long, at right angles. The stick for beating this into the flesh is long or short, according to the fancy of the operator.

The piece of cane is held between the finger and thumb of the left hand. There is a roll of fine tappa round the three remaining fingers of the same hand, to wipe off the blood, in order to see if the impression is perfect. The marginal lines of any figure are first marked out with a very small stick, the remainder is executed without a guide. The hitting of the stick is so very rapid, that it resembles nothing that I know of more accurately than a trunk-maker driving in his nails.

This incessant hammering at the skin, or into it, with considerable violence, irritates the whole frame, and the constant wiping off the blood with the tappa is worse. However, as the work proceeds, the flesh swells up, which gradually benumbs the part during the continuance of the operation.

The colouring matter used is made in this way: Eight or ten nuts (commonly known as the candle-nut, from their emitting a bright flame, and being used by Marquesans as a substitute for candles) are strung on a piece of reed, which is stuck in the ground, the upper one being lighted. An inverted section of a cocoa-nut is suspended over it. This condenses the smoke, which is very black, and when mixed with a little water, forms the marking-ink in question. The swelling is very great, but subsides much in five or six days. Sometimes the person operated upon does not recover for weeks; and when the tatooing goes on anywhere in the neighbourhood of glands, often, in irritable constitutions, forms large tumours and abscesses. Often erysipelas is produced; but those are rare cases, all generally getting clear with the ordinary inflammation, which is only of eight or ten days' duration. * * * * I was four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second; which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over, the surface was rubbed with scented cocoa-nut oil, which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing conchs and firing muskets again, ended the ceremony. There were several women in the house all the time—wives and daughters of the chiefs—and they appeared to sympathize much with me; but they were not allowed to interfere, as I was a tabooed chief.

I was a little faintish after it, but on going out and sitting in the cool shade of a tree, all went off well.

Subsequently he was forced to take part in another great battle, in which his friends were victorious; and he witnessed the horrible feast on human flesh which followed the slaughter.

Near where they deposited the bodies, they now dug several large holes in the earth, and into them they cast a number of stones, so as to cover the bottom of the pit, over which there was a pile of wood set on fire. The knife generally in use at the Marquesas is a split flat piece of the large bamboo, the edge of which cuts as sharply as any of our instruments. With this they cut up the dead bodies of their enemies into convenient sizes, and rolled the pieces up in banana or plantain leaves. As soon as the stones were nearly redhot, the burning wood was removed and thrown aside. Those parcels of human flesh were then arranged on the hot stones, and a deep covering of grass strewed over. Then water was sprinkled over all, and as soon as the steam arose the whole was covered over deeply with earth, to remain until next day.

A great many ovens having now been set at work in this manner, the remainder of the day was spent in burying our friends, after the manner I have before stated. The Marquesas never eat their own party. I must throw a veil over the feast of the following day, as I had only one look at the beginning of it; and left the arena sick to loathing.

But we have been tempted beyond our limits. Here we close, confident that the preceding passages will prove that this volume contains enough of novelty to justify its introduction into the book-club and library.

Sixteen Years in the West Indies. By Lieutenant-Colonel Capadose. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Newby.

It appears that Lieutenant-Colonel Capadose has been for sixteen years resident in the West Indies. But during that long period he has not taken up his abode in one place; he has wandered about from island to island, and in his wanderings has noted whatever of interest fell under his observation. These notes he has strung together without much regard to order either of time or place, and with no attempt at the formality of a regular tour. He tells us that he did "not run through the islands in one of the royal mail packets, merely catching a passing glance of the beautiful objects which even such a visit would present;" but that he "travelled into the interior, climbing many of the mountains, exploring the valleys, lingering for months together among the people or in the towns."

With such advantages, and having a keen observant eye and a cool sound judgment to enable him to make the best of them, it may be supposed that Lieut.-Col. Capadose has produced a work which abounds in valuable information relative to our West India colonies, their present state and prospects.

The gallant author does not affect a mastery of the art of writing. He is content to tell his story in a plain, straightforward fashion, employing the language that first rises to his lips, and which is generally the most graphic, if not the most elegant. From volumes so stuffed with facts, the choice for extract is very large, and we find that the pencil as we went along had scored ten times more than our limited space will permit us to transfer. From these, therefore, we must again select such passages as convey the most novel or the most useful matter, leaving the rest to be gathered by our readers from the volumes, which will be an acquisition to the book-club.

It was shortly after his arrival that he visited

THE PITCH LAKE AT TRINIDAD.

It was sunset when we reached the lake and the air deliciously cool, thus enabling us to traverse its vast surface without difficulty, more particularly as planks were placed across the fissures or chasms, so accurately described by Dr. Nugent of Antigua, and inserted in the work of Mrs. Carmichael. To me the lake had the appearance of an immense level plain, with here and there thickets of shrubs, grass, and trees growing out of the bitumen, which was then of a very dark colour, and generally quite hard; some few places yielded to the impression of the foot, and were of the consistency of pitch.

The water flowing through the chasms was perfectly clear, but lukewarm, and of a disagreeable, acid taste. This warmth, no doubt, was owing to the heat of the sun, which, however, had no effect upon the solid part of the surface, which was quite dry, though the day had been one of the hottest ever known. Sir James Alexander, in his account of this extraordinary place, says, "The heat of the surface obliged me to dance up and down from the scorching of my feet, having taken off my shoes to wade through the broad chasms of water, across which, at that time, there were no planks." Probably Sir James visited it under midday heat, or that the effect of the sun is not always the same; certain it is, that this evening, the surface of the lake was quite cool though the sun was still above the horizon.

Our traveller regrets that Trinidad should not be cultivated by English peasantry. The African settlers appear to be living in luxury:—

A great improvement has taken place in the habits of these African settlers; they are becoming more industrious, more cleanly, and the rice and yams cultivated by them were this year of superior quality. Certainly they have every inducement to labour, possessing excellent lands, almost without limit, gratis, no house rent, no taxes, and their goods sent for them to a place of sale; as, at stated periods, goverament sends a vessel to transport their produce to the capital, where it finds a ready market.

Could such favours possibly be bestowed on the peasantry of the United Kingdom, they might, if wealth can give happiness, be considered really blessed; for an English peasantry could scarcely fail to acquire riches, if in possession of such lands as lie on the eastern side of Trinidad. Large tracts, yet unoccupied, are left, like flowers in the desert, to waste their sweetness unseen. On a previous visit to Manzanilla Point, in 1839, I had been much pleased with the mode of instruction at the Mico school, and now I lingered a day longer than I at first intended, that I might again see the method pursued by Mr. Semper, in his tuition.

He had at present only fourteen constant pupils, and these all very young; but they spoke good English, and appeared to have made surprising progress in reading, writing, &c. Their singing, with which Mr. Semper took much trouble, was excellent, and might put to shame some of the Hullah classes in England.

These were all the children of the African soldiers, who had been discharged from the 3rd West India Regiment, and were colonised in this spot, and truly thankful should they feel for such comforts as a little industry will enable them to enjoy, such a retreat from the labours of their military duty.

Many other pupils, including some adults, occasionally visit the school, but a residence at the extremity of the district precludes constant attendance. Sunday is a complete gathering day, when all assemble to hear prayers read, and join in thanksgiving to their Almighty Father. It is a beautiful sight, and often when surrounded by the pomp of the cathedral service of our Church, I turn in idea to the little congregation of the Mico school, and fancy I again hear the simple hymn of praise sung by those infantine voices.

We do not remember to have seen before a description of a very beautiful flower found in Trinidad.

In the gardens of San Joseph and its environs is seen in its greatest perfection *le papillon végétal*, which grows on a species of ivy entwined round a poplar or any other tall tree. This blossom is an exact representation of a living butterfly, but, unfortunately, there is no method of preserving it even for a time; no sooner is it gathered than it withers and falls to dust.

He visited a

MUD VOLCANO.

It opened at the opposite end on a small green plain, in the centre of which were six conical hillocks of moderate size, with a kind of clay-coloured water bubbling from the top of each, accompanied by a slight murmuring, or rather hissing sound. Around these miniature volcanoes the grass is covered with the clay-like mud flowing or rather ejected from them, and at a greater distance round lie stones, said to have been thrown up in eruptions such as occasionally happen, and one of which, the villagers related, was, a few years since, attended with a thundering noise that threw them into consternation. The late Mr. Joseph (the bard of Trinidad), in a work published after his death, describes an eruption which he witnessed in company with some friends; I saw nothing but what I have named; I felt no unusual warmth in the ground around, nor was the substance bubbling from the hillocks more than lukewarm. Having satisfied myself respecting this natural curiosity, I returned to the Mission, calling on my road at the estate Matilda.

Here also he found

OYSTERS GROWING ON TREES.

Next morning two officers of the garrison and myself started for a ride across the river Taruga, which intersects the road, to visit the Marabella estate, the proprietor of which, took us in a canoe, up a small river, the St. John's, to see the Mangrove trees, like those of Marouga, bending beneath the weight of oysters. In Mr. Hawkshaw's clever little work upon South America, he gives a long and interesting account of these singular "disputers of the territory of the ocean," but he did not see them covered with oysters. The trees on the banks of this little river, and the adjoining coast of the Gulf of Paria, are of a large size and of great number. We divested some of them of a few of their branches, to furnish us food for breakfast, at the Union estate, whither we bent our steps on disembarking from the canoe. These oysters were small, but superior in flavour to those *gathered* from the banks of the river Marouga, or found in those of Mitan and Nariva.

He was present on the memorable 1st of August, 1834, when freedom was proclaimed to the slaves.

The governor and council were all assembled to listen to a representation, or rather an interrogatory, of a number of negroes, regarding their supposed unlimited emancipation—these people appeared to be a deputation from a few French estates; and were for the most part very old men, old women, and children, the only young man among them was their spokesman, who was probably selected because he spoke the French language well—it was he who addressed the governor with the question whether the king had not granted them (that is, all slaves) unqualified liberty from that date? That they understood so, and yet their managers and overseers insisted on their working as usual that morning on the estates. I must here explain that French gentlemen, managers or overseers, accompanied these negroes to the government house. His Excellency the Governor, Sir George Hill, followed by the members of council, the judges and other official gentlemen, had repaired to the balcony of the council chamber, to inquire into the cause of such an assemblage as then filled the courtyard below the building. In answer to the above question, he mildly observed, that his majesty had indeed been most graciously pleased to grant them freedom, that they were consequently no longer slaves, but free British subjects from that day forth—yet, his majesty had decreed that they were still to reside on the estate and serve, under certain enactments for their benefit, as before, in capacity of apprentices during six years, after which they would, in 1840, be free to go wherever they pleased—scarcely had his excellency pronounced "six years," than the negroes, old women and men, vociferated "*Pas de six ans, point de six ans*," (not six years, no six years)—hardly would they allow his excellency to be heard in conclusion, so loud did they repeat "*pas de six ans*," &c. The governor, however, continued speaking to them, in their own language, with the greatest affability, and concluded by exhorting them to return quietly home, like good folks, and resume their avocations under employers who, doubtless, would treat them kindly, and that indeed the new laws ensured them good treatment; they nevertheless stood immovable, and would not retire; the governor then left the balcony, and lest he might not have been properly understood by the multitude below, he directed one of the secretaries, or government officers present, to take his place, and explain more fully what he had said, which was done, but with no better success, the same vociferations being repeated at the words "six years," "*Pas de six ans!*" &c.

The vegetation of Dominica is very fine:—

The mountain cabbage grows to a greater height in Barbadoes than in any of the colonies, but the ferns of Dominica may challenge the world: they are really large trees, and would astonish an Englishman who had only seen those upon the heaths in his own country; yet these ferns are as green and as delicate in appearance as the eye can rest on. The plantains, too, are beautiful, but the *bois immortel* is not to be compared to those of Trinidad. The Galba is here planted for shade, and is very beautiful, but the *bois immortel* recals the grandeur and fertile plantations of Las Cuevas, and La Reconnaissance, and I love to gaze on its graceful loveliness. The numerous springs and rivulets of Dominica, are no doubt the cause of the bright green appearance of the vegetation, and its luxuriance; but in the wet months they render the rambling amongst the vales damp and unwholesome.

At Barbadoes he visited the

BURNING SPRING.

This singular spring is situated in a ravine, almost concealed by large trees at the commencement of the wood, and at first sight appears only an ordinary pool of cold water; over which, when emptied with a calabash, a kind of reversed funnel is placed, and the under part closed, so as to exclude air; then a copper tube, the size of half a gun-barrel, which it resembles, is fixed on the funnel, and a lighted piece of straw applied to the top of the tube. This causes the gas to rise, and on some occasions to ignite; but now, when the light was applied, the gas rose slowly, first in smoke, and then followed by rather a faint though clear flame, over which we suspended a saucepan, containing cold water and two eggs. In about twenty-five minutes the eggs were quite hard. Mr. Morris assured me he had seen them boiled in one-third of that time, but the flame was weaker this morning than he had ever known it. The truth of this statement I can attest; for in the November previous I partook of some which were hard in ten minutes. This difference is occasioned by the weather. In the rainy season the blaze is always more vivid than during dry weather, as was fully proved to me on my first visit by the man who shews the spring.

After extinguishing the flame, and removing the apparatus, he simply touched the edge of the pool with a lighted straw, on which it instantly became encircled with a bright fire, and occasioned much trouble to extinguish. It had been raining heavily the whole of the previous day, which most likely produced the prompt ignition. The light is put out by means of large boughs, as it would continue to burn if not forcibly extinguished, and would be dangerous. When the apparatus is removed, the pool, which has commenced to refil by the water quite cold oozing from below, resumes its natural appearance.

In British Guiana there prevails that fearful malady the Elephantiasis, a description of which is given by our traveller, accompanied by an announcement that a cure for it had been found by a Dr. VRIES.

In this dreadful disease, Frambosia, the tubercles, when the malady has for some time proceeded, begin to crack, and at length to ulcerate. Ulcerations also appear in the throat and nose, sometimes destroying the palate and cartilaginous septum; the nose falls, and the breath becomes intolerably offensive. The thickened and tuberculated skin of the extremities become divided and ulcerates, or is corroded under dry, sordid scales, so that the fingers and toes gangrene and separate, joint after joint. Arctœs and the ancients in general consider this same disease a universal cancer of the body, and speak of it with terror.

According to some this disease is called the Arabian's Iuzam and Iuzamlyk, from an Arabic word which implies *erosion, truncasion, excision.* From Arabia, the term Iuzam has, no doubt, passed into India, as it is there the common name for the same disease.

Among the Cabernjals or Hindoo physicians, who also occasionally demonstrate it Fisadi Khûn from its being supposed to infect the entire mass of blood, but more generally Kora. One peculiarity of this infection, is the apathy with which it is endured. The mind becomes sluggish and slow in apprehension, no pain, and seldom more than a pleasing itching of the parts. When the saneous discharge comes on, the muscle, pale and flabby, is in its turn destroyed, and the joint perforated, as by an auger, the extremity droops, and at length falls a victim to this cruel, tardy, but certain poison. The wounds now heal, and other joints are attacked in succession, whilst every revolving year bears with it a trophy of this dilatory march of death. Even at this stage, death comes not to the relief, nor is desired by the infected patient, who, dying by inches, and a spectacle of horror to all who behold him, still fondly cherishes the spark of life remaining, eats voraciously all he can procure, and will often crawl about with little more than the trunk remaining, until old age comes on, and at last he is carried off by diarrhœa or dysentery, which the enfeebled constitution has no stamina to resist.

Surely all who read the above description, will join in praise to Mr. Vries for his attempt, and a wish that his skill may be rewarded.

How lovely must be

A RIDE IN TOBAGO.

During my ride this day I saw a silk mahot tree in full bearing, with seeds, or pods, like a hare's legs, with buds and straw-coloured blossoms, which contrasted beautifully with the large green leaves. This tree was nearly thirty feet high, a foot in diameter, and its bark a light grey colour. It always appears to me as if the bright and beautiful birds are attracted by the brilliant blossoms of the trees; see one of the *bois immortel* with its golden blossoms, and around it are a number of the little creatures fluttering as if they enjoyed its beauties. Once, riding between Providence and Franklyns, I saw an emerald hummingbird reposing on its nest at the end of a bamboo twig bending low down; I stopped and gazed at the beauteous little flutterer, which after a minute flew to a branch above; I took hold of the twig and looked into the nest, which contained two tiny eggs; it would have been profanation to have touched them, the pretty creature looked at us so confidingly.

In the midst of a rural and beautiful country, not far from Les Côteaux, is the highlands waterfall, rushing with velocity, over shelving rocks, from a height of eighty feet. The basin into which the water dashes is fifteen feet in circumference, and ten or twelve deep. The small fall is not more than ten feet. The rays of the sun reflecting through this falling sheet, which appears at least four feet broad, give it the semblance of a magnificent rainbow; nothing can be more beautiful, for though nature in all its sublimity is around you, it creates only feelings of pleasure. Midway up the rocks there is a level space overlooking the basin, where visitors can recline under the shade of the graceful trees, and enjoy the scene beneath and above them: and here again, 'midst the vivid yellow blossoms of the cogwood trees, are birds of all hues. I verily believe this is the prettiest spot in Tobago, unless it be a ride through Arnoes vale, where there are two trees more beautiful than all the others; perhaps, because seen nowhere else. Not very lofty, but with branches bending gracefully like those of the willow, these trees have blossoms in the form of a tulip, one white, one red, and about the size of a liqueur glass, the seeds are contained in pods hanging from the branches like French beans, whilst the leaves are green like the willow.

In this vale you see also the Spanish needle shrub, the large broad leaves of which, in skilful hands, make excellent razor-straps.

In an appendix, Lieut.-Colonel CAPADOSE informs us that emancipation has not produced the anticipated good effects, from the disinclination of the black population to even moderate labour. He is of opinion that European emigrant labourers would thrive in the West Indies, and that neither the climate nor the work is really injurious to health. The culture of sugar alone is noxious to the European. But these fertile islands produce a multitude of other sources of wealth which may be grown without danger to the constitution, as cocoa, coffee, arrowroot, aloes, tobacco, ginger, cotton, rice, yams, the bread-fruit, the sappodillo, &c.

To avoid the difficulties arising from aversion to labour, a new plan of cultivation has been introduced:—

Many of the proprietors of cocoa and coffee plantations at Trinidad have adopted a plan, which, under existing circumstances, may be considered very judicious; they agree with a class of peasants in that colony, called peons, to assist in, or undertake the culture of their lands, and gathering of their crops, for the half of their value, that is, half of the cocoa and coffee produced, or, when sold, half the amount. The possessors of those plantations cannot by such means realize fortunes; but they can maintain themselves and their families, by that easy mode of cultivation, free from care and anxiety.

The condition of the emancipated slaves is represented as happier than that of any peasantry in the world. Well may the labourers at home envy such a lot as this!

They never can experience distress from want of employment; they can always, when in health, earn more than sufficient for their maintenance, and in case of sickness or infirmity they are provided for by the charitable institutions; their necessities are infinitely fewer than those of corresponding classes in Europe; they require no heavy or expensive raiment; they need only as much firing as will serve to cook their meals, and *bois de chauffage*, or fuel wood, is easily procured almost everywhere, with the exception, perhaps, of Barbados, throughout the lands of the West Indies; in fine, if the labourers of that part of the world choose to be industrious, they could not only maintain, but enrich themselves.

FICTION.

The O'Donoghue; a Tale of Ireland fifty years ago. By CHARLES LEVER, Esq. Author of "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," &c. 8vo. pp. 410. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

THE readers of THE CRITIC have been repeatedly introduced to this novel during the progress of its publication in monthly parts. It is now before us in its completed form, and a few words on parting with so pleasant a companion will be excused, although at the risk of repetition.

The characteristics of Mr. LEVER'S compositions must be sufficiently familiar to all who indulge in the luxury of novels. More than once they have been reviewed in these columns. They may be summed up in few words. Merits—vivacity, humour, a happy knack of story-telling, which consists in seizing the most telling points of a tale, and throwing them out in broad relief; smart dialogue, and a dashing manner that forbids weariness. His defects are—inability to construct a consistent and complicated plot, which shall evolve itself naturally, and a want of substance in the material of which the work is made. Generally his novels are little more than collections of amusing anecdotes, very cleverly told, strung together by a clumsily contrived machinery, the rudeness of which we only excuse because we are conscious that the plot is the means and not the end, and therefore of secondary importance in the author's design.

The O'Donoghue presents less of these defects than any other of the novels from the same pen. The story is more elaborately constructed; it advances to its end by more gentle and natural steps; the chapters have reference one to another, and are links in the chain, instead of being isolated anecdotes, which may be omitted without much detriment to the main stream of the narrative. Some of the characters are new; the Irishman is not the same as we have seen figuring in all the preceding works of this author; without departing from the national type, he has here varied the individual specimen. Some of the pictures of scenery and of interiors are masterly; witness "The Black Valley," in the sixth chapter. The vein of humour that runs through the pages is as rich and apparently as inexhaustible as ever; the same energy is exhibited

in narrative and dialogue; the reader is carried along from page to page, from chapter to chapter, never for a moment relaxing into weariness; it is impossible to go to sleep over *The O'Donoghue*, and as impossible often to avoid a burst of pleasant laughter at the fun with which it overflows. Nor is there lack of more sober matter. Mr. LEVER has caught the infection of his compatriot novelists, and has availed himself of the favours of fiction to present his views also of the wrongs of his country and their remedies.

Compared with the mass of English novels, this importation from Ireland appears to great advantage. Our season, amid its multitude, produces few to rival it either in temporary interest or substantial worth. With the solitary exception of DICKENS, the *national* novel is extinct among us; the fictions of our time are not embodiments of the spirit and body of the time; they belong to no country, to no age; they are abstractions of humanity, and not transcripts of men. But Mr. LEVER'S novels are *Irish*; no other soil could have produced them; if not so faithfully as is found in the works of Mrs. HALL, CARLETON, and BANIM, still they do present the spirit and character of the people among whom the scene is laid. Mr. LEVER'S excellence, as our readers are aware, lies in the description of camps and battles, in which he is without a rival. With this exception, it is on Irish ground that he appears to greatest advantage, and he has most failed when he has departed from it. In *The O'Donoghue* we have him again on his native soil, with spirit and vigour unsubdued by age and toil, and his composition somewhat improved either from less haste or more practice. This handsome volume is lavishly adorned with illustrations from the pencil of H. BROWNE, which, strange to say, do not damage the story, by destroying our ideal of it. The artist appears to have caught the spirit of the author, and embodied his conceptions with surprising accuracy.

And such being our opinion of *The O'Donoghue*, of course we can conscientiously commend it to the book-club, as well as to the circulating library, and advise our readers to place it upon the list of books to be sent for.

Pomfret; or, Public Opinion and Private Judgment. By HENRY F. CHORLEY. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

IT was with a feeling almost of anxiety that we plunged the paper-knife into these volumes. The author's previous publications in art, and biography, and poetry, had proved him a man of taste and of talent, but without pretension to the loftier powers that constitute genius. We were now to view him in a new character, venturing on a new and more difficult arena, of his fitness for which his past achievements yielded no evidence. Although it is the foolish fashion of our day for authors of every class—poets, historians, tourists, politicians—to turn novelists, and make themselves ridiculous by egregious failure, yet did we hope that Mr. H. F. CHORLEY had enough of native good sense, and of practical acquaintance with literature, not to adventure in the walk of fiction, unless well assured by self-investigation that he was called thereunto by the voice which seldom fails to invite to action where the capacity exists. But the perusal of a very few pages shewed that a disappointment was in store for us. Manifestly Mr. CHORLEY has not in him the genius of the novelist: this is not the natural direction of his faculties: it is plain that he has adopted the calling from no inward incitement, but from external stimulus,—the advice of his bookseller, or the calls of his pocket. In the first place he is entirely wanting in the dramatic power, without which a decent novel cannot be written: then the creative faculty is absent in him; he cannot conceive a definite original character, at once the representative of universal man, and an individual whose like there never was before, and will be never again. The groundwork of *Pomfret* is broad enough for a fine edifice, but he wants the artist's skill to construct it. Pomfret, the rector of Dimwood, is a seceder from the church: he has exercised his private judgment honestly, and he has to endure, therefore, the stings and contumely of public opinion. The sorrows that thence descend upon him and his family form the main stream of the narrative, into which, however, flow many tributaries, one being greater even than that which bears the fortunes of the hero and his daughter Grace, to wit, the History of the Opera Singer, Helena Porzheim. Upon this really clever creation, if creation it be, and not portraiture, Mr. CHORLEY has lavished all his skill and attention; in her and about her centres the interest of the story: she ought to have been made the heroine in name, being such in reality. It is the redeeming feature of *Pomfret*, and saves it from unqualified failure. For this it will deserve to be read, and it is on this account that we can advise the large libraries to add it to their shelves.

Arrah Neil; or, Times of Old. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS romance has already been given to the world in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*. There we read it, and we must confess that a more dull and tedious fiction it was seldom our lot to nod over. Doubtless the historical features of the times of the civil wars are accurately enough presented in its pages, for Mr. JAMES studies costumes and customs with commendable diligence, and can boast of extensive knowledge of the *facts* preserved by the chroniclers. But it is manifest from these pages that he writes, or rather *speaks*, novels a great deal too fast. He is exhausting himself and wearing out his readers, who will not long be attracted by past reputation, when they find invention rusty, and prosy dialogues substituted for stirring incident. And what wonder! It is well known that Mr. JAMES does not write his romances, but dictates them to an amanuensis. It is even said that he thus dictates two at once! However this may be, the fertility of his literary workshop is beyond all legitimate process of manufacture. Whatever is gained in time is lost in power, is true of the mechanism of the mind as of that of the body. A man who speaks a romance extempore faster than a quick writer can set it down must talk a vast deal of dulness. Invention is not equally active at all times, and when it slumbers, the day's work must consist of words—words—words, unenlivened by aught of sparkling in substance or in form.

And so it is with *Arrah Neil*. It is meagre of incident, profuse of dialogue. It opens well, and presents a promise of entertainment; but, as the reader proceeds, the interest flags; the story drags slowly along—prosy conversations supply the place of action. As in all Mr. JAMES'S romances, there are some powerful descriptions, some stirring incidents, but these are so few and far between that they do not compensate for the dulness through which the reader must wade to reach them. We cannot recommend it to be placed upon the reader's list, nor would we advise any library to order it, unless, indeed, the name of the author is deemed a substitute for worth.

Select Popular Tales, from the German of Musæus. London: Burns.

TO Mr. BURNS the English reader is deeply indebted for introducing him to the treasures of fiction stored in the rich mines of German literature. One of the most valuable of the series are these *Tales of Musæus*, because they are the least familiar to our countrymen; indeed, we cannot at this moment recal any other translation. The editor has selected those only of the tales which seemed best fitted to please the taste of the public and he has performed an additional service by occasional condensation of too minute details where it could be effected without injury to the interest of the story. In this volume nine tales are presented, all of them founded on popular legends of Germany, which MUSÆUS has worked into elaborate fictions, full of poetry and wit. We recommend this charming volume, which is one of *The Fireside Library*, to every lover of fiction. The woodcuts with which it is illustrated are numerous and very clever.

A Complete Edition of the Wandering Jew. 12mo. pp. 310. London, 1845. Diprose.

WE have not leisure to make the comparison, but we can with difficulty believe that the complete romance of EUGENE SUE is comprised in this small volume, the type of which is not remarkably minute. Yet such we are assured is the fact, and if so, it is still a more astonishing enterprise than the one we noticed last week, for it is in form more convenient and readable. The printing is indeed excellent, and altogether the getting-up such as would become any library.

POETRY.

The Ballad Poetry of Ireland. Edited by CHARLES G. DUFFY. 4th edition. Dublin, 1845. Duffy.

THIS very interesting volume has been already reviewed at some length in the columns of THE CRITIC. We will therefore say only of this fourth edition, that it has received some corrections, and a few omissions and additions. It is a charming collection of true poetry, and honourable to the literature of the land from which it has come.

EDUCATION.

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language, with points; together with a short sketch of the Chaldee Grammar. By SELIG NEWMAN. London, 1845. Wertheim.

THE fact of a second edition is the best proof that this grammar has been found useful to the students of Hebrew.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Capital Punishments unsanctioned by the Gospel, and unnecessary in a Christian State: a Letter to the Rev. Sir John Wood, Bart. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. London, 1845. Smith, Elder, and Co.

IT is strange that in this age of enlightenment the solemn and earnest protest of a preacher of Christianity should be required against a practice manifestly so opposed to Christianity as capital punishment. Yet so it is. The melancholy fact must be admitted, that we have not yet emancipated ourselves from the lingering barbarisms of the past, and that custom has so hoodwinked us that we cannot see what to all unprejudiced readers must be apparent at a glance, the entire inconsistency of death punishment with the precepts of the Gospel. But not only is it, as Mr. CHRISTMAS has proved to a demonstration, inconsistent with Christianity, but it is equally opposed by reason and by experience; and yet it survives, though with such signs of decay that grown men may hope to live to witness its abolition. This end such eloquent and truthful writings as the pamphlet before us cannot but materially advance, and Mr. CHRISTMAS is entitled to the thanks of all lovers of religion and Christianity for his bold and brave appeals against a popular prejudice.

RELIGION.

Reasons for Attachment and Conformity to the Church of England. By the Rev. A. MEEK, A.M. Rector of St. Michael's, Sutton Bonnington, Notts. 3rd edition. London, 1845. Hatchard.

AN eloquent, energetic, and argumentative defence of the Established Church. After setting forth his reasons for attachment to her communion, the author proceeds successfully to answer divers popular objections to her doctrines, ritual, and discipline.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers. Vols. LX. to LXXIII. London: Knight and Co.

ANOTHER pile of this valuable publication having accumulated upon our table we proceed to such a brief notice of the subjects of the volumes issued since our last comment upon the series, as our space will permit. *Spenser and his Poetry*, by Mr. G. L. CRAIK, occupy three volumes. It is a sort of running commentary upon the works of that great poet, adorned with copious extracts of the choicest passages, and thus admirably calculated to introduce the reader to a knowledge of works he is not likely to read in their perfect form. Mr. CRAIK is well accomplished for his task, both by research and good taste. Mr. DODD has added two more volumes on *British Manufactures*, describing in his very intelligible manner the manufactures of glass, carpets, floorcloth, pianofortes, watches and clocks, cabinet-work, bread, brewing, distilled spirits, vinegar, wine, sugar, tobacco, hats, leather, and gloves. Every young person should read this most instructive treatise. The author of that clever tale "The Camp of Refuge," has presented another, entitled "*A Legend of Reading Abbey*, equally illustrative of ancient manners and customs, and written with equal spirit and power. The third and fourth volumes of Lord BROUGHAM'S *Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III.* is a contribution that will be heartily welcomed. Imagine such a work sold for four shillings!! Who would not possess it? Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT has himself supplied the contents of the 67th volume, which treats in a familiar and instructive manner of *Capital and Labour, including the Results of Machinery.* Mr. MARTIN has written *the History of the Horse*, which is profusely illustrated with engravings. The fourth volume of *The Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies* presents the lives of GRESHAM, BUCHANAN, SIDNEY, DRAKE, Lord BURGHLEY, and SPENSER, with engravings on steel. The two volumes last published are a reprint of the famous edition of *Paley's Natural Theology*, as edited by Lord BROUGHAM and Sir CHARLES BELL, and which will be one of the most popular of a series that ought to be found in every house, and placed in the hands of all young people.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

JOHN RONGE AND THE GERMAN CHRISTIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Johannes Ronge's Leben und Wirken nebst den seine Degradation und Excommunication Veranlassen Aufsätzen "Rom und das Breslauer Domkapitel," &c. &c. 18mo. Jena, 1845. London: D. Nutt.

WE do not in the least overrate the present religious movement in Germany when we say it is equal in importance to the Reformation. If the abuses it seeks to remedy be not so great, they are of the same kind, and they are only not so great because their superstitious worship is not so universal. They are founded on the same doctrines, maintained by the same ordinances, rendered alluring by the same ceremonial, and supported for the most part by the same power as that against which LUTHER preached and Europe fought. They are sanctioned alike by Tradition and Time. They still come home to men's bosoms as an expression of religious faith; their forms yet alleviate and gladden most of the incidents of social life. And opposition against them has sprung from the same cause—the determination of the Roman Catholic hierarchy still to make religion the type not so much of spiritual truths as of prelatic power—the allowing of no communion with the Creator but through the Church, and the condemnation of all doctrines as false of which that Church is not the exponent. Nor is this all; forbidding intellectual teaching on one hand, Rome has still continued to encourage the lowest traditions as a medium of instruction on the other. To the uninstructed she has been no helper, and the educated she has sent empty away. If the present condition of the people of Europe were that of the middle ages, even then the recent indications of a certain party in the Church of Rome must have diminished her adherents. They have, however, occurred amid an inquiring quiet people, the descendants of the Reformers, still cherishing their spirit; a people apt to rush to extremes in religious inquiry, to doubt or explain away all tradition, and to treat the Christian religion as but another philosophic system. So long as the extravagances of the Jesuit party were limited to the mummeries at Treves, the educated middle classes of Germany therefore pitied the exhibition, and were silent; but when a priest of the Church writes against them as unscriptural, and is thereupon degraded and excommunicated; when the Church, moreover, is avowedly prepared to maintain them with power, and to exact adhesion, these assume then the importance of *doctrines* upon which it is incumbent for all men to decide—to uphold or to reject. Fortunately this has not been done in an irreligious spirit. The desire has not been to destroy religion, but to establish a purer form; not to compose a creed in conformity with the spirit of the age, but to proceed as their forefathers did, and to make in this respect the scriptures the oracles of God. It has been said, this movement is political, and that opportunity has been taken to use the misconduct of a refractory priest apparently for religious, but in truth for political purposes. The governments of Germany are therefore called upon to interfere for its suppression. Those who so clamour know very little about the matter. Hinder, delay,

obstruct, discredit they can; to prevent is not in their power. Austria is Catholic, and does not fear it; Prussia is Protestant and politic, and awaits its course; Saxony and Bavaria. *against it*—the power of the opinions of their kings; but *for it*—the opinions of their people. None of these have that bold faith in their own cause which would induce them to preach a crusade against the heretic RONGE. France and Belgium are indifferent. As for the Pope, we apprehend no danger from any war of decretals in which he may indulge. The present movement, therefore, is important, as being—nor can we more fully state it—"The abnegation by the educated classes of the North of Germany of the Religion of the Church of Rome." We recommend the above little work to our readers, as well as the "Life of JOHN CZERSKI," which accompanies it, and which we shall review in a future number; and now address their attention to the following details, premising that in the above remarks we have sought to write not with party spirit, but historically.

John Ronge was born on the 16th October, at Bischofswalde, a village included within the circle of Neisser, and the government district of Oppeln, near to Suaeten. He was the third son of a large family of thirteen children, of whom two died early. Between his sixth and twelfth year he was employed in tending the sheep belonging to his father, and acquired the first rudiments of education during the hours when he could be spared from these duties, or in winter in the village school attached to his birthplace. These were limited, even in the upper classes, to reading, writing, arithmetic, the repetition of the catechism, and portions of the bible, to which in the last year of his attendance were added a course of instruction in geography and Silesian history. From 1827 to 1836 he studied at the instigation of one of his former tutors at the Gymnasium of Neisse, and was considered there to be a youth of industrious, quiet habits, winning and retaining the good opinions of all. He evinced an ardent desire for the study of his own language, the literature and the history of his fatherland, and was particularly partial to that of Rotteck. His manner was reserved; he took no part in the ordinary amusements of his fellow-students, but sought rather the friendship of a few, with whom he lived in the free and open interchange of congenial feelings and ideas. He was distinguished even then by his ardent desire for the good of his fellow-men, and especially of the lower classes. A love of freedom and of independent action was also a marked characteristic, and his mind indicated much calm, resolute, bold, and active power. Selecting theology as his pursuit, he gave up to this the energy of his earnest, untiring nature, and his professors have recorded "that they had never before met with a youth so actuated with a spiritual desire to become acquainted with the holy truths of the Catholic religion." This testimony has been denied, but denied at a period when it was desirable to degrade him. He was even then averse to the form of instruction, and although advised by his friends not to enter the Church, as incompatible with his love of independent action, yet he felt he still possessed powers enough to meet the danger, and to labour with success. His father left his choice of a profession perfectly free, but he considering the claims of a large family, and the necessary restrictions these entailed (which he felt it incumbent upon him to lighten as far as was in his power), was the more inclined to enter upon duties that would ensure him immediately a sufficient maintenance. This was an external inducement natural and becoming, but to this were added the hope and the desire to find in his vocation that of the SPIRITUAL and the FUTURE LIFE, which should be the essential being of a Church, for which his soul sought, and through which he could work for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-men. In December, 1839, he entered therefore the priests' seminary, but whether from the discordant action between his views of right, and that which he felt and saw around him, or aversion to the system there pursued, he left it with embittered feelings, and in 1841 was appointed chaplain of Grottkau, a small town about seven miles from Breslau. He entered upon his duties with zeal; his feeling perception of the sufferings of his poor parishioners, his labours for the education of their children, and his natural simple manners won him the love of all. But with the Church he had no unison, and for her ceremonial no sympathy. Yet we cannot but think that, however pure his love of good, however acute his sense of spiritual despotism, and however conscientious his opposition, his manner was then impatient, and indicated a mind aware of its powers, but dissatisfied with its sphere of action. Be this as it may, that despotism was the more hateful as he observed its effect upon the people, and witnessed its debasing results upon men of his own order. He wavered, but with him action and decision were identical, he resolved to declare himself against the Roman hierarchy, for its abuse of truth and ordinances subversive of a purely spiritual faith. The following were the reasons he assigned:—

1. Because the system of the Roman Catholic Church depressed his own moral condition, as man; and condemned him to an enervating slavery both of opinion and action.

2. Because he was thus hindered in the discharge of his duties as an instructor of the people.

3. Because he felt that the religion the Roman hierarchy calls Catholic, was not the purely true Catholic Faith; not fraught with spiritual good for the people; that its professors neither teach nor act upon the principles established and enforced by the Saviour of mankind, but have introduced ordinances and abuses, calculated to destroy the material and spiritual interests of the people and to establish and promote the power and the wealth of a privileged priesthood, with the Pope as their dominant head.

4. That the inevitable tendency of their ordinances is to disunite and depress the people.

One great medium towards the reform of the Roman Catholic Church Ronge felt might be found in the formation of assemblies of which the laity took part, annd resolved at once to publish his views upon this point, accompanied with a sketch of the principal abuses of the present system. This step appeared to him all the more necessary, in proportion as the power of the Jesuit party in Germany was more actively exerted, especially in Silesia, about the period of the resignation of Dr. Seltnitzky and the discharge of the episcopal functions by Dr. Ritter; for there, at that time, the Church was governed by the practices and principles of the middle ages. Nought was wanting but cloisters for monks and nuns, and the bishop's mitre for the *pro tem.* incumbent; but this was withheld, and finally, in December 1841, Dr. Knauer was elected bishop of this diocese. The Ultramontists and Jesuits now at once broke loose, the lower orders of this party laboured incessantly, restrained all freedom of opinion, and every indication of liberty of conscience, and commenced intrigues on all sides for the furtherance of their views. Dr. Knauer was represented at Rome as a man of no capacity; his consecration therefore was delayed for one entire year, during which the confusion and the agitation of the diocese increased. Excited by his fears of the darkness settling over the land, by the shameless intrigues for the bishop's mitre, and the open indifference of the priests to all observations in this respect, Ronge resolved at once publicly to confront and to force them either to retreat or plead. This he did in a *brochure* entitled "*Rome and the Cathedral Chapter of Breslaw*," signed "A Chaplain." In this paper he points out the cause of the suspension of the confirmation of Dr. Knauer, as emanating from the intrigues of an interested party,—its manifest injustice to him, and disrespect to the chapter; and reminds his readers, the Thirty Years' War, and the religious troubles of Germany were not caused solely by the preaching of Luther and Melancthon, but by the tyranny, the laxity, and religious abuses of the papal priesthood. Six weeks after its appearance, Dr. Ritter as the administrator-general of the diocese, addressed to him a letter, dated Dec. 20, 1842, requiring him to state, in compliance with his oath of obedience to the Church, whether he was the author of, or had merely transmitted the letter to the press? To which question Ronge refused to reply. Foiled in this respect, Ritter hoped to gain his point by immediately denouncing him; a proceeding he had been before tempted to adopt, upon remarking that his coat was shorter, and his whiskers larger than were becoming the truly faithful, in his eyes. He brought the case, therefore, before Dr. Kaspar Hottmann, the church administrator of the district. After some delay, and much excitement, a decree for his suspension was issued, upon the general charge of conduct tending to discredit his sacred functions. This decree he resisted, and sent in a defence accompanied with testimonials in his behalf from more than thirty-nine citizens and residents of Grottkau. In the mean time he refrained from all clerical duties, and resided with his friend the Count L. von Reichenbach, at Baltorf, near Neisse, who offered him his house as an asylum. Here, on the 18th Feb. he received a reply to his memorial, confirming his suspension, which a subsequent interview he had with Dr. Knauer, then installed as bishop of the diocese, left unaltered. Ronge thereupon proceeded to Laurahütte, near Beuthen, in Upper Silesia, where he undertook the education of the children of that district, and where he soon acquired the love and esteem of all among whom his avocations led him. But however his personal wrongs (or what he conceived such) might have actuated him, a then recent occurrence gave an immediate and important direction to his mind. Deploring the superstition of his countrymen, detesting the system from whence it arose, and the motives for its continuance,—employed as it has ever been as a means to maintain the political supremacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood,—he was still more excited by that which then occupied every man's attention—"the exhibition of the holy coat at Treves." Into the history of this fraud on the understanding and pockets of the people it is unnecessary to enter; he immediately wrote against it, armed with facts very damning and opinions very criminatory, directed against Bishop Arnoldi

of Treves, the author of the imposture, whom he reminded "that, even if the coat were, as he avowed it to be, that of the Saviour, it had been obtained from his murderers, and that the clergy of France had protested against his assertion that it was so, upon the plea that they themselves were the possessors of—the ORIGINAL!!" No sooner had this letter appeared than it was transmitted throughout Germany by the press, and over every district of France, by repeated translations. The effect was electric; it caused the strongest exertions in his behalf, and the bitterest opposition from the Church. Nor was the chapter of Breslau inactive. They cited Ronge before them; and upon his refusing to plead, or to yield to their ordinance, he was deposed and excommunicated. This precipitated events. Holding the faith of the Church, but opposed to what he believed to be its false teaching and superstitious customs for mere worldly purposes, he felt that whilst he could labour for religion, it could no longer be with those who had perverted religion to base uses. He was at this time joined by John Czerski, a Roman Catholic priest, who, like him, had been driven from the Church for similar opinions. It was resolved to found a religious society composed of such clergy and laity as unity of faith and love of a purer ceremonial might bring together, and success justified the effort; for bitter as the hatred of the clergy, even so ardent was the enthusiasm of the people. A movement somewhat similar to that which has recently been witnessed in Scotland took place; and on the 9th of March, 1845, the first meeting of the German Christian Catholic Church was held, and service performed, amid a congregation of 1,200 members, by Czerski, Kerber, and Ronge; the last of whom was unanimously elected, after a discourse by Dr. Steiner, as its pastor. Since then many others have been formed; and the recent tour of Ronge throughout Germany has been a triumphal procession, and the manner of his reception considered as the judgment of opinion upon the Church of Rome.

As our readers may desire to know somewhat of the personal appearance of RONGE, we add the following sketch. He is of the middle size, neither corpulent nor thin; rather round-shouldered, a defect which he apparently seeks to remedy by an erect carriage, which gives him a somewhat stiff and uneasy appearance. His features exhibit much openness of character, a natural lively disposition, occasionally overshadowed by deep thought, but always enlivened by his clear, deep-searching eyes. In general society he is diffident and reserved; but amid his friends animated and eloquent. His style of preaching is clear and logical, influencing the mind rather than the feeling; not fluent, unless when prepared, but always convincing. In private life he is unaffected, manly, and warm-hearted.

In a following number it is our intention to give some slight details upon the establishment of the German Apostolic Church, of which he is the founder, but which the length of our present article precludes.

JOURNAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Descrizione di Palermo nel Secolo Decimo, scritta nella lingua Araba, da EBN HAUCAL, ed ora fatta Italiana da MICHELE AMARI. Palermo. 1845.

Description of Palermo in the Tenth Century, written in Arabic by EBN HAUCAL, and now translated by MICHELE AMARI. Palermo. 1845.

MOHAMMEDAN Sicily has been the object of much research, since the study of history, assuming a new feature, has been directed towards the middle ages, there to seek for the elements which have civilized the present. No one doubts that the conquests, commerce, and literature of the Arabs exercised great influence upon Christian nations. But this influence has been studied to a greater extent in the crusades and in the navigation of the Mediterranean than in the establishment of the Moslem rule in Spain and Sicily; meanwhile Spain and Sicily, half European and half African, were also the first points of contact between the races of the south, regenerated and united by Islamism, and the new Christian society, which was slowly rising from the ruins of the Roman empire.

That which renders Mohammedan Sicily as important as Spain in the history of the middle ages, is the civilization of Italy in the thirteenth century, consequent upon the intercourse of continental Italy with the Moslem inhabitants of Sicily. We do not deny that other and perhaps greater causes contributed to these effects; but we can no longer be unmindful of the influence of Sicily. In addition to this, there was a difference between the condition of these two European countries when they were conquered by the Orientals. Spain, occupied by the Visigoths, already presented the characteristics of Romano-Germanic society at the period of the Mussulman conquest. Sicily, on the contrary, pillaged rather than conquered by the northern barbarians, was still Greek and Roman at the time of the invasion of the Saracens. The German element did not enter the country till after the Islamite, when a few of the Norman nobility, whom we may regard as having become French, founded a partly Christian and partly Mohammedan kingdom.

The mediæval antiquities of Sicily, long overlooked, are now beginning to receive the attention which they deserve, and the remarks on the statistics of Palermo made by EBN HAUCAL, an Arabic writer of some celebrity, have now been given to the world by M. AMARI.

EBN HAUCAL is one of the oldest Arabian travellers. In the year 331 of the Hegira (943 A.D.), while yet a youth, he set out from Bagdad, probably on commercial concerns. He traversed a great part of the Moslem states which existed in his time, taking care to make topographical, historical, and statistical notes from personal observation or the information which he received from persons better informed on such subjects than himself. After his return to Bagdad, and probably in the year 366 (976-7 A.D.), he arranged this mass of facts according to the geographical knowledge of his age, and formed a work to which the Orientalists of Europe have given the name of Cosmography.

The early history of Palermo we shall pass over, and the vicissitudes which it experienced under its first Mohammedan rulers. It will suffice to say that it was taken in the year of the Hegira 287, answering to that of our era 900 by ABU-EL ABBAS ABDALLAH, who, after a tyrannical government of thirteen years, was driven out by the populace, and the island rendered independent of Africa; but this independence lasted only five years, and in the year 918 Sicily was once more reduced under the yoke of the African Mehedi by ABU SAID MOUSA.

We find the capital occupied a third time, in 325 (937 A.D.), by the troops of EL-KAIRN BIAMR-ILLAH, Emir of Africa, under whom the indomitable spirit of the Sicilians had produced another revolution. AL-KAIRN essayed, as a last resource, to surround Palermo with fortifications; the Khalessah of Palermo, built or fortified by command of this prince, became a citadel into which the personal property of the nobility might be put to secure them in time of tumult. This did not prevent a fourth insurrection from breaking out about four years afterwards, over almost the whole country, and finally appearing in the capital in 335 (947-7 A.D.). Then the Emir of Africa, who had hardly appeased the quarrels existing in his own family, was obliged to yield to the Sicilians.

In truth the Arabo-Sicilians had only been weakened during these struggles by their own divisions. The principal cities of the Moslem, especially Palermo and Girgenti, had become rivals. It appears that a great influence was exercised in these cities by the higher classes, the sheiks, a title of the same origin as that of senator, and who possessed among the people the highest rank in society. This municipal aristocracy was powerful. At Palermo it was able to displace any governor not acceptable to it; the vacancies thus formed the government in Africa were in no haste to fill up. We find deputations of the sheiks of Palermo and Girgenti intriguing one against the other in the very presence of an African military commandant. We find the two cities making war; it will not therefore be too hazardous a conjecture to say that they possessed *de jure* or *de facto* an aristocratic municipality. But at last these two cities, these two bodies of nobility, came to a mutual understanding. It is to be remembered, to the honour of the Girgentines, that the construction of the citadel at Palermo caused them to revolt against the African government, and to reunite themselves with the capital. Thus, when the Sicilians became wise enough to sacrifice their party quarrels to the general interest, independence was gained, and ALMANCOUR, Emir of Africa, being persuaded that the government could no longer be retained, contented himself with the title of lord paramount. The cession which he made of the island in 335 to EL-HACANG-BEN-ALI-BENABI-HOCAIN-EL-KELBI, his general

and favourite, may be justly called feudal, if we understand this term as it was understood by the Eastern Christians. The seigniory of the island remained in the family of the KELBITES, and was not changed till a century afterwards, when the aristocracy having become territorial, divided the country and opened the way for the entrance of foreigners.

EBN HAUCAL visited Palermo some time after the concession of AL-MANCOUR under the reign of AHMED-ABOU-EL HACAN, successor to that HACAN of whom we have just spoken (343—359 of the Hegira, 954—970 A.D.), and in the first years of the reign of ABOUL-KASSEM, brother of AHMED (359—372, 970—982, A.D.). The effects of the political struggle of half a century were still visible. AHMED had rebuilt, as EBN HAUCAL informs us, the gates of the city, which had been broken down by ABOU SAID; his government, having become supreme, began to encourage industry and learning, to repair the arsenals and to provide better means for the administration of justice; but he took a great step in lowering the power of the aristocracy, at once the cause and fruit of the civil wars. It became isolated and shut up in its palaces and mosques, and appearing with a pride calculated only to disgust the Arab merchant from Bagdad. We do not repeat with him that the habit of eating onions was the cause of the brutishness which he observed among the people of the city, but we cannot hope for a better picture of the morality of this abandoned people, during a century under a foreign and hostile government, than these popular commotions present. The country, however, had its good side, on which EBN HAUCAL rather closes his eyes than otherwise. The 200 mosques, the ordinary rendezvous of the men of letters and learning, present no mean idea of the intellectual cultivation of the island. This ABOU MOHAMMED is an instance whom our traveller reproaches as, although already possessing a mosque of his own, having built another for his son, that the latter might teach jurisprudence therein. But assuredly this is not the worst use which the aristocracy could make of its riches, and the remark of EBN HAUCAL that Palermo had in proportion to its size a greater number of mosques than any other Mussulman city, with the exception perhaps of Cordova, exemplifies the magnificence and taste of this aristocracy, not less than its pride. Even the observations which the historian makes on the schoolmasters of the town, who followed this profession in order to escape from taking part in the holy war, proves that a military spirit animated the rest of the citizens. Finally EBN HAUCAL'S sketch, corrected by wholesome criticism, gives a lively picture of the moral and social state of Palermo, such as it would naturally be after such events, and is a document well worth the notice of the historian.

We must now, however, proceed to make some extracts from the work before us, and we shall commence by noticing the

MOSQUES.

There are in the city a considerable number of mosques, as well as in the *Khalessah*, and the quarter surrounding it, behind which rises a wall. These mosques, the greater part of which are frequented, and furnished with roofs, walls, and gates, are more than three hundred in number. They serve as the places of meeting for men learned in the sciences of the country, who assemble at these houses to communicate their thoughts and increase their knowledge.

We owe our best thanks to M. REINARD for the interpretation of this passage, which is very obscure, from the faults of the copyist or the careless style of EBN HAUCAL. The passage is very important, for this great number of mosques in Palermo is rather a proof of the cultivation than the bigotry of the inhabitants. It is known that the mosques are also the houses at which the Moslem *savans* meet. The number (300) which the author gives here does not contradict the subsequent statement which he makes that there were but 200. In the former place he speaks of the total number of mosques, of which the greater part were in good repair; in the latter, of the mosques which were regularly attended. In another place he says:—

This city was in ancient times given up to fire and sword, and its inhabitants have been the victims of several political catastrophes. This is well known at Palermo, and no one contests the fact. At the present time it has more than 200 mosques—a number which I have never seen or heard of in any city, with the exception perhaps of Cordova, and even there it is doubtful that there are so many. One day, as I was in the neighbourhood of Abou-Mohammed-eb-Cafor-el-Ouathaikî, the civilian's, house, I observed from his mosque, within the length of a bow-shot, ten other mosques ranged before me, facing each other, and having a street between them. I inquired the reason of so many mosques, and was told that such was the pride of the people, that each wished a mosque exclusively for his own use and that of his family and vassals, and that it was not uncommon for two brothers living next door to each other to build each a mosque for himself.

Amongst these ten one was that in which Abou-Mohammed-el-Cassi offered prayer; and on the same side, about twenty paces further on, was the mosque of his son, Abou-Mohammed, who built it that he might give lectures on jurisprudence therein; for every one wished to have it said, "That is the mosque of such a person, and his alone."

This son of Abou Mohammed had a very great opinion of himself, and exaggerated his talents very much. He was so presumptuous and so vain, that he appeared the father of his father, or as a man who had no father.

On the sea-side are several "rabats," occupied by bravoes, disaffected subjects, licentious men, spies out of employ, and corrupt young persons, who have learned to pass as devotees, and live in those places to obtain the charity of the pious, and to insult honest women. They are, for the most part, the offscouring of society, and abandoned to every vice. They only live in the rabats because they are without house or home, and are despised by everybody.

Rabats are convents or hospitals. In the frontier towns of the Moslem the rabats were barracks of the soldiery, or rather the gaming-houses of the undisciplined volunteer troops, of whom EBN HAUCAL draws so frightful a portrait. They lived a life of idleness, misery, and vice in the intervals of unemployment, in expectation of giving themselves up to still greater excesses in an enemy's country. At Palermo, the number of these irregular forces must have been considerable at the time of EBN HAUCAL'S visit, for then the holy war was in action under the new national government.

MARKETS AND POPULATION.

The largest markets, such as that of the oil-merchants, are found between Ibn-Saclab's mosque and the El-Jadid quarter. The money-changers and druggists have their stations outside the wall; the tailors, armourers, brass-workers, and corn-factors all live beyond the walls, and the other artificers are divided in the same manner, according to their different trades. Inside the town, the butchers occupy 150, or even more, shops, where they sell flesh. However, there are fewer butchers here than usual; this circumstance brings us to their number and importance. The size of the mosque shews us the profits of their industry. One day as this mosque was full of worshippers, I calculated that the crowd consisted of more than 7,000 persons, for more than six and and twenty ranks assisted at prayers, and each rank could not be composed of less than 200 individuals.

This numerical estimate on the consumption of one of the necessaries of life gives us data on which to determine pretty nearly the population of Palermo in the 10th century. We found our calculation on analogous statistical information relative to Palermo in the present day, in order to have at least an identity of climate and topographical position in the midst of the numerous variations which exist in the writings of the chroniclers of the time between the 10th and 13th centuries, in accounts of the customs, social life, religious practices, systems of taxation, &c. of the island.

There are at the present day within the bounds of the city of Palermo 101 butchers' shops for the sale of all kinds of meat, and nearly 50 tripemen. This is rather less than half the number spoken of by EBN HAUCAL. But we must not therefore conclude, following the same rule of proportion, that the population of Palermo in 350 was double that of the present age. We should perhaps considerably reduce it. The food of the people of the middle ages was less varied than that of our own, and the African Arabs, who composed the majority of the population of Palermo, most probably retained many of the customs of their wandering ancestors. It is true that EBN HAUCAL, was much astonished at the great consumption of onions in Palermo; but, notwithstanding this remark, we may still suppose that the consumption of flesh, measure for measure, was much more considerable at that time than the present. Apart from the difference of tastes and the observance of numerous fast-days, which is nearly general in Sicily, it must be remembered that this people, lively and ardent, but corrupted by the political and economical institutions, languish in misery on a soil the fertility of which is proverbial. In

general at Palermo the poorer classes eat flesh but twice a week; at other times they consider themselves happy if they have on their tables bread, wine, and a dish of cakes or vegetables, but the inhabitants of the flourishing Mohammedan capital of the tenth century did not fare so poorly. Finally, we must add that the system of slaughter-houses has much diminished the number of hands employed as butchers, and also, though to a less extent, that of the shops.

At all events, it would seem that if the present population be about 170,000, as may be seen by the statistical tables, we may calculate that the population of Palermo about the middle of the last century, without including the inhabitants of the villages was rather less than 300,000 souls. The extent of the present town, compared with what it was in the time of Ebn Haucal, will not contradict this conjecture. The town now occupies in the interior and on the north-west side an extent of land which in the tenth century consisted of canals and marshes; but there has been a decrease towards the south-east. Besides, the present town, in which many houses remain unoccupied for want of tenants, could contain a much more numerous population than these 170,000 inhabitants.

As to the number of persons employed as butchers, their families included, we may calculate them as three men to each butcher's shop, that is to say ..	303
The three-fourths of them being married, we must add for their families, at the rate of five individuals for each family	1,030
Employed in slaughter-houses	100
Their families	380
Tripemen	50
Their families	160
	2,023

This calculation shews a number rather less than the half of that which our traveller observed in the mosque of the butchers. However, the number which he gives is not incompatible with a number of shops double that of the present time. The institution of slaughter-houses, which rendered necessary a less number of shops, would, in a greater proportion, diminish the number of hands employed as butchers. Polygamy and the economy of the country account for the remainder. Polygamy, which we believe to be unfavourable to the progress of population in the course of several centuries, could not but augment the average number of individuals in a family of a recent and flourishing Moslem colony like Palermo in the tenth century.

Before proceeding further, we must warn the reader that up to this point we have taken nothing from the census of the population of Sicily under the Moslem, which appeared three or four years ago in the excellent journal of the *Statistics of Sicily*. This account, taken from the MSS. of the public library at Palermo, and published by a very distinguished political economist, is very much suspected to be a forgery, from its having belonged to the MSS. of the Abbé Vella, a Maltese, who, hardly understanding any of the rudiments of Arabic, amused himself, towards the end of the last century, in forging the whole official correspondence of the Emirs of Sicily. It is well known that he gained by this means a large pension, and that at last he was condemned for his impostures.

In conclusion, the facts which Ebn Haucal relates may serve as well to satisfy the curiosity of the antiquarian as the purposes of the historian. He gives very sure data on which to calculate the population of Palermo at the period in which he wrote; he apprises us of the existence of a Sclavonic quarter at Palermo, and consequently of the mixture of the Sclavonic race with the Arabian and African inhabitants of the city. He gives also many details on arts and manufactures. We owe him thanks for the precision with which he mentions the new prince of Sicily as sultan, and names as "walis" the ancient lieutenants or subalterns of the Emirs of Africa, thus throwing light on the judicial system of the country. The exactness with which the events which we have been able to verify are stated vouches for the truth of the others, and causes us to entertain a still more lively regret for the loss of that history which Ebn Haucal assures us, at the end of the chapter, he had previously composed or intended in after-years to write.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Wigwam and the Cabin. By the Author of "The Yemassee," &c. First Series. New York and London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

A collection of tales of Indian life, originally written for the Annuals, and intended to illustrate the border history of the south. The subjects are the life of the planter, the squatter, the Indian, and the negro—the bold and hardy pioneer, and the vigorous yeoman. The author states that he has mostly drawn from living portraits and from actual circumstances and scenes within the memories of men. The tales, seven in number, are interesting in their incidents and written with a flowing pen, never at a loss for words, and seldom for ideas. Americanisms are frequent, but this is a fault almost unavoidable where a new people adopts an old language and ingrafts upon it some of its own peculiarities. The pictures of border life are very vividly drawn; there is flesh and blood in the personages who figure in them. A pressure of claims upon our space forbids illustrative extracts, but the reader who consults the volume will make himself acquainted with society in a strange phase, and will be pleased with the manner in which the author introduces him to it.

ART.

France Illustrated. Drawings by Thomas Allom, Esq. Descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. Divisions II. and III. London, 1845. Fisher and Co.

We have not seen the first part of this very beautiful publication, but the two divisions on our table are enough to recommend it to every lover of the arts. Each contains twelve large engravings executed on steel, and presenting a series of views of city, landscape, cathedral, and palace, taken by the masterly hand and judicious eye of Allom, from the most celebrated and picturesque spots in France. Of the twenty-four engravings here collected, it is difficult to determine which most deserve commendation. We turn from some gorgeous and elaborate interior, as that of the *Throne-Room, Fontainbleau*, or the *Saloon of Louis XII.*, in the same palace, or the *Church of Saint Sernin, Toulouse*, to the view of *Avignon*, or of *Lyons*, or of the *Gothic Bridge of Eudes Tours*, and are perplexed which most to admire, all are so exquisitely drawn, so perfectly finished. It is the very work for the drawing-room table, for not only is it a splendid production of art, but depicting existing scenes and objects, it conveys useful knowledge to those who have not travelled—gratifying a wholesome curiosity—while to those who have beheld the originals they will prove still more pleasing by the recal of the beauties and sublimities upon which the eye had rested with such delight, and thus renewing the pleasures of the past.

Nor is the cheapness of the publication its least recommendation; for, strange to say, to that end there has been no sacrifice of labour or skill. The best artists have been employed, and they have done their work with a most commendable completeness. A remarkable specimen of this is *the Gallery of Henry II., Fontainbleau*, which must have been an enormous labour, the very pictures that decorate the walls being minutely copied and introduced into the engraving. And so with many others. The prose descriptions of the various localities depicted is from the ubiquitous pen of the Rev. G. N. Wright, and marked by his usual painstaking precision and plain intelligible composition, and he has further added to the value of the work by a short history of France, with which it is to be prefaced.

Altogether this is the most acceptable contribution, not to the drawing-room table merely, but permanently to the topographical library, which has been offered to the public for many a day, and only such a large sale as it deserves can remunerate the spirited proprietors.

Royal Institute of British Architects.—A meeting of more than ordinary interest, and greater attendance of members, was held on Monday evening, J. E. Kendall, esq. V. P. in the chair. The donations of books and drawings were numerous, and amongst them was a series of plans of the buildings executed by the Prussian government. In reference to the latter, Professor Donaldson stated that the council had awarded the medal of the Institute to the Chevalier Bert, who had long stood at the

head of the Direction of Architecture in Prussia, and who had not only introduced a new and most interesting taste, but had induced the Prussian government to publish a series of excerpta from the best masters for the use of the schools of artisans. Mr. Poynter read an account of the examination of seventeen portfolios of architectural drawings of Palladio, which are in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chiswick, and were collected by the great Earl of Burlington. Amongst various drawings, was one of the mausoleum of the Orleans family, at Dreux, a description of which was read by the Secretary. It contains thirty-six bodies of the royal family, and near it is erected a large wooden house, built in the extreme felicity of domestic architecture, according to the well-known simple taste of Louis Philippe, who visits it once a year. A letter was read from Mr. E. Hawkins, of the British Museum, stating the intention of the trustees to appropriate a room exclusively for a collection of British antiquities, and for which a valuable nucleus had already been obtained in a large donation from Lord Prudhoe.

FINE ARTS.—A private view of the copies executed by the students in the British Institution, Pall-mall, from the pictures by the old masters, left there for that purpose since the close of the last exhibition at this establishment, was opened yesterday morning. The pictures selected for this purpose were thirteen in number, viz. a Portrait of Francis George Hare, esq. by Sir J. Reynolds, of which a large number of copies were made, some of them evincing considerable talent; the fine Landscape, with Banditti, by Both; a Landscape, by Cuyp, with Cattle and Figures; Murillo's Assumption, from the collection of Lord Saye and Sele, the beauty of which attracted the imitative attempts of a very large portion of the students; a fine Landscape, with Figures and Cattle, by Berghem; the Milk Girl, by Maes; Christ Scourged, by Rembrandt; the Head, full of fine colour and life-like effect, by Spagnioletto, called St. Joseph, of which a very large number of copies were attempted, some of them excellent; a fine half-length Portrait, by Vandyke, from the collection of the Duke of Sutherland; a large picture of Live Fowls, beautifully executed, by Hondekoeter; "Theory," an ideal composition, by Sir J. Reynolds; a small Landscape, by Berghem; and Wilson's "Rome," of which last no copies were attempted, probably on account of the difficulty of reproducing the peculiar effects of the painter. The copies which were made from the abovementioned pictures were for the most part in oil colours; and they, generally speaking, evinced considerable talent in imitation of the colour and effects of the respective masters. There was also a few miniature copies by ladies, which were by no means second to the former in a proper appreciation of the qualities of the originals. On the whole, the exhibition was an exceedingly interesting one.

BRONZE CASTING.—The chest of the colossal statue of Bavaria was lately cast at the Royal Foundry at Munich, amidst public rejoicings at the execution of so great a work; and the Bavarian journals boast of it as the largest fusion of metal ever achieved in modern times—being 40,000 lbs. of brass, which required forty hours to liquefy. Now the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, for the gate at Hyde-park-corner, contains much more than double the quantity, and each of the two principal runs has been equal to the Munich performance; and the metal was in the furnace for a week before it was in a state to flow into the mould. Thus do we magnify foreign arts, and neglect those at home.

HONOUR TO ART IN BELGIUM.—The King of the Belgians has created M. Wappers, the most eminent of living Flemish artists, a baron; and conferred the order of the Legion of Honour on M. Hubert, the promoter of the Wilhelm System of Musical Education among the people.

Of the pictures in the exhibition, about 100 have been sold, and the total value of which is about 2,400*l*.—*Liverpool paper*.

FRENCH SCULPTURE.—M. Petitot has been elected professor of sculpture in the School of Fine Arts, Paris, in the room of the late Baron Bosio.

FATHER MATHEW.—Mr. Leahy, the distinguished artist, has been deputed by the munificent Dwarkanauth Tagore to his native city, Cork, to paint for him a portrait of another of its prominent characters, Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

MUSIC.

THE CHORAL HARMONISTS

Commenced on Monday evening their pleasing annual series of concerts, under the direction of Mr. H. WESTROP. The selection included HUMMEL'S Mass in B flat (No. 2); MOZART'S noble motet, *Splendente te, Deus;* an air from Dr. CROTCH'S Oratorio *Palestine* (carefully sung by Miss LOCKEY); a charming sacred air by ANDRE, admirably given by Miss STEELE. In the Miscellaneous Act (which always forms a part of these concerts), Mr. and Miss LOCKEY elicited a rapturous *encore* by their performance of Dr. BOYCE'S charming, though somewhat pedantic duet, *Together let us range the Fields.* A clever madrigal by Mr. COOPER, the librarian and organist of the Society, was robbed of a like honour by its unhappy union with SAVILLE'S hackneyed "waits;" the A B C of madrigalists. The concert concluded with a selection from HAYDN'S *Seasons*, in which Miss STEELE, by her *soprano*-singing, afforded another instance of the erroneous system, or want of judgment, which existed in the Tenterden-street school of vocalization, where she was trained as a *contralto*. We hope that the testimony which her audience on this occasion bore to her aptitude for a *higher* range of lyrical duties, will go far to induce her to abandon her former course of practice. The band of this Society is deficient in stringed instruments, while it superabounds in the brazen department, in which *noise* is permitted to banish *tone*. Mr. DANDO, who has long led, and we hope will long continue to lead, at these agreeable reunions, should look to this defect. We would suggest, as an experiment, that the trombones should be played at the next concerts, in their respective bags. We hope from the full attendance that we may infer a great increase in the number of subscribers. We know of no concerts at which a more careful and judicious selection of standard music is systematically made than at those of the Choral Harmonists.

M. Duprez has left Paris to pass a few months in Italy, for the benefit of his voice, which has suffered serious deterioration at that grave of fine voices, the Académie Royale. He sang, we understand, one night on his way at Lyons, but with less success than might have been expected; for Duprez, though not himself, is very far superior to the host of *soi-disant* first-rates who generally pass current in Lyons and other provincial cities as miracles of vocal art.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—An exceedingly effective drama was produced here on Tuesday evening, and met with the complete success it merited. It is obviously a translation from the French, but by no means the worse for that circumstance. The title is *The Violet;* the plot runs somewhat thus:—Eighteen years before the commencement of the piece, the son of the Marchioness d'Orvilliers, who had already deeply aggrieved his parent, a haughty denizen of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, by entering the service of Napoleon, in which he had attained the rank of general, confirmed her displeasure by marrying "a low person;" the Marchioness had thereupon departed for Russia, that elysium of aristocrats, determined never again to return to degenerate France and her degenerate son. Some months, however, previous to scene 1, act 1. of our drama, affairs have called her back to Paris, and she there finds that her son died on the field of Waterloo; that his wife had followed him to the tomb within a month after hearing of his death, leaving a daughter, an infant, to the care of the wife of André, an honest working jeweller at that time living near Valenciennes. Further inquiries inform her that André is at this time living in Paris, a widower, with two daughters. Her ladyship's jeweller, M. Trenquet, readily gives her the address of the honest fellow, who happens to be in his own employment, and, we may incidentally mention, in his debt to the extent of near a thousand francs, by reason of a diamond of M. Trenquet's which had been stolen while in the charge of André. And now, the curtain drawing up, we see the two daughters in question, *Blanche* and *Blanchette*, each at her work-table, the former very *triste*, for she has a lover, whose father would not hear of their marriage; and the latter outwardly very gay, though she, too, has a lover, who cannot marry her, by reason of his high rank, for he is a real duke; but, though a real duke, and she a maid of low degree, fervently attached to her, *tout de bon*. The former has consented, on promise of marriage, to run off with her lover—no other than *M. Trenquet's* son, *Armand*—that very evening; the latter has rejected her admirer's overtures to the same effect, and has only the more enchanted him with her virtue, and he has agreed, at her earnest entreaty, to appease his friends by accepting a wife proffered him by his aunt, the marchioness aforesaid. And now in comes *André*, radiant with joy, for an anonymous friend (none other than the duke) has enclosed him the amount of *M. Trenquet's* demand. The poor fellow's joy, however, is all turned to sadness, when the marchioness comes in and demands one of his daughters. She does not know which, nor he, for his

wife had died on the road to Paris, and forwarded him no indication by which to distinguish the one from the other—the real daughter from the adopted. Thereupon ensues much distress on all sides, but eventually a violet marked on the neck of *Blanchette* identifies her as the rich heiress, and the discovery takes place time enough to enable her to marry her devoted *Duke*. A dowry which she gives *Blanche* removes the objections of *M. Trenquet*, and *Blanche*, too, is made happy with her dear *Armand*. Of all the party poor *André* alone, thus at once deprived of both his children, is unhappy, but *Blanche* entreats him to live with her still, and *Blanchette* promises to come and see him every day, and this consoles him. WALLACK filled the part of *André* with his usual ability, and Mrs. STIRLING, as *Blanchette*, was the same genuine actress as ever, full of nature and feeling. A young lady of unannounced name made her first appearance in the part of *Blanche*, and afforded very great promise of future excellence; her manner is easy, her voice good, her delivery clear, harmonious, and discriminating. The other entertainments were the amusing *Jack o' Both Sides* and *Le Diable Quartre*, which promises to have a long run. Mr. MACREADY will not appear again until after Christmas, his provincial engagements calling him away. He performed *King Lear* on Wednesday, *Hamlet* on Friday, drawing crowded houses on both occasions.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—There was a large attendance here on Saturday last, to witness an amateur performance in behalf of the Sanatorium, which beneficial establishment it is desired to place on a firmer and more extended basis. The audience consisted of wellnigh all the fashionable world now in town, and of the *élite* of our intellectualities. The occasion was, indeed, an inviting one, and the performers were some of our most eminent men in literature and art, as thus: The play being *Every Man in his Humour;* DICKENS was *Bobadil;* JERROLD, *Master Stephen;* MARK LEMON, *Bramwell;* FORSTER, the accomplished critic and biographer, *Master Kitely;* LEECH, *Master Matthew;* LEIGH, the author of the *Comic Latin Grammar*, among other excellent works, *Cob;* FRANK STONE, the graceful artist, *Mr. Justice;* and so on. The play was acted, we have no hesitation in saying, to perfection, each man having a thorough appreciation of every point in his part. We could have wished to dwell on DICKENS'S masterly delineation of the part of *Bobadil;* the thorough discrimination evinced in his delineation of the change from the rampant bully to the detected and thoroughly crestfallen craven; we should have specified JERROLD'S entire comprehension of Rare BEN'S idea of *Master Stephen*, and Mr. FORSTER'S most scholarlike, most artistic study of the difficult part so worthily assigned him. But where all was so excellent, and under the circumstances, moreover, it were invidious to speak of one performer more than of another. The play, we hear, is to be repeated for Miss KELLY'S benefit. Heartily sorry are we that this amiable woman and most accomplished actress should need a benefit; but as it is, we are right glad that men so competent to make the benefit beneficial have taken up the matter.

HAYMARKET.—A new and original comedy, in five acts, was produced here on Wednesday evening, from the pen of Mr. RICHARD BRINSLEY KNOWLES, a son of the admired dramatist. The title is *The Maiden Aunt;* and the plot, which is meagre more than enough, is to the following effect:—*Percy Sage*, the nephew of *Sir Simon Sage*, has taken it into his head to fall desperately in love with a damsel, of name unknown to him, just at the point of time when *Sir Simon* has determined upon marrying him to the daughter of his old friend, *Master Peter Wilmot*. Upon the young man's refusal to accept his uncle's choice, *Sir Simon* casts him off, and instead of marrying *Sir Peter Wilmot's* sister, *Mistress Sarah*, as previously determined upon with *Peter*, resolves to espouse his younger relative. By a coincidence not unheard of in dramatic literature, the fair *Mistress Catharine Wilmot* is none other than *Master Percy Sage's incognita*. The interesting fact, however, remains unknown to the youthful couple until the arrangements between the elders have made formidable progress, and then a lover's quarrel carries the matter on till wellnigh the end of the comedy. Then, the quarrel being made up by the mediation of the maiden aunt, comes the question how to get rid of the silly old man. *Mistress Sarah* (a kind soul, and with a pique of her own to satisfy, for *Sir Simon* has made much love to her meanwhile), after adequate meditation, devises a plan, and thus it is carried out. When the ancient bridegroom comes to wed, during a pause occasioned by the arranged delay of the priest, his fears was so worked upon, necessarily, by *Mistress Sarah* herself, and by three of her friends instructed to that end, who tell him that his bride has gone mad, and proposes to kill him at the first convenient opportunity, that he readily gives up the fair *Catharine* to his nephew, and himself proposes to espouse *the Maiden Aunt*, who, however, counsels him to the wiser course of continuing only her friend; and so concludes the comedy. The period of the play is Elizabeth, or thereabouts, as we imagine from the doublets and trunk hose; the plot we have sketched; the style is that of Sheridan Knowles, with a difference as to quality; but then the father is a practised writer, and the play before us a first effort. We may quote the following as a favourable specimen. *The Maiden Aunt* and her niece are discoursing of love:—

Cath. Wilmot. There are more wonders yet.
An old maid talking of love!—I always thought
The mention on't would turn their faces sour,
And nothing pleased them half so much as hearing
Of faithless husbands and tormenting children.
Fie on you, aunt! 'tis time you had forgotten
Such matters.
Mistress S. Will. Yet I have not, nor will ever;
But just as eagerly as e'er I did,
Could hearken now to stories of true love,
Or note them from the dawn of the first blush
To the meridian of the marriage feast.
Perhaps it may be folly at my years,
But so I loved the sunny side of life,
That when I turned the hill, I faced about
Resolved to keep in view what rays of light
Might peer above its top; and thus it comes,
Despite my years, I have a youthful spirit,
And where love is, do love the sight of it;
Whether it languish in a fair round form,
Or give, from eyes of thoughtful loveliness,
Dark lustre; or, in rougher-natured man,
Disport through all his strange varieties;
From the lorn swain that drowns in his love's eyes,
To him that woos her with such conquering speech
As makes her fain to pray in turn to him;
No matter where, when honestly confess'd
And felt i' the heart, 'tis generosity!
Unselfish—or that selfishness which finds
Its best of pleasures in another's pleasure,
And gives a current to the sea of life,
Which else were frozen, bleak and comfortless.

Mrs. GLOVER, we need hardly say, did the very utmost with her part, and was most energetically supported by FARREN, as self-conceited *Sir Simon Sage*. The comedy was given out for repetition every evening till further notice.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The best proof that can be given of the excellent management of this theatre is, that we find, week after week, and month after month, equally large houses collected to witness the same piece which in the first of these weeks we found ourselves called upon to notice. We looked in the other evening, and there was *The Green Bushes* going on, with as much freshness and spirit as ever, though we believe it has been acted some hundred and fifty nights, and there was a crowded audience, brimful of enjoyment. All our wonder is, that the performers can keep their parts in their heads so long. When RICH was manager of Drury-lane, he reproached one of his men for deficient memory, in that on the 243rd night of some popular piece, he left out some speech: "Zounds!" remonstrated the blamee, "You cannot expect a man to remember a thing for ever!" The Adelphi people do. Then there is *Taming the Tartar*, an admirable burlesque on *Le Diable à Quatre*, and a laughable farce, *Seeing Wright;* if these be not matter wherewith pleasantly to fill up a theatre evening, where shall they be found?

COVENT-GARDEN,—This theatre opened on the 15th inst. for M. JULLIEN'S Annual Promenade Concerts, one of the most agreeable entertainments in London, and the cheapest. By various arrangements, which have been judiciously carried into effect, the stage and pit have been considerably enlarged, so as to afford some chance of accommodation for the hundreds of persons who last year found no place wherever to set their feet (not to speak of *promenading*, an achievement totally out of the question), and were of consequence inhospitably turned away from the doors. Now there is much more room for the company, and more company for the room. The decorations are in excellent taste, and the musical arrangements complete. There is JULLIEN for conductor, as earnest and effective as ever; with TOLBECQUE and NADAUD for his leaders—better men none; HOWELL, the English DRAGONETTI, leads the contrabassi; and the orchestra is competent to any thing it may undertake. The whole thing, in short, is perfect in its kind, which is saying a great deal.

ADELAIDE GALLERY.—Herr KELLER and his assistants continue to form an attractive feature at this now well-managed establishment. The groups he arranges are perfectly classical, and as such worthy the attention not merely of the artist and the more refined observer, but of the public at large, whose conceptions of the grand and of the beautiful cannot fail to be enlarged by such studies as these living embodiments of the noble marble monuments of ancient art which have come down to our times. Herr KELLER'S form is particularly fine, and the expression of his face and his attitudes highly effective; he is quite a MACREADY in action. We shall recur to this subject.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WANDERING JEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have frequently found difficulty in procuring suitable catalogues from which to select books for libraries of various descriptions, and beg humbly to suggest that a column, or part of one, of THE CRITIC might be very usefully occupied in presenting weekly a list of books, stating the *size, number of pages*, and *price* of each; and annexing C. to such as are adapted to congregational libraries, S. to Sabbath schools, M. to Mechanics', Sub. to Subscription and Cir. to Circulating libraries, &c. &c. If judiciously done, and I know of no one better qualified than yourself to do it so, I am persuaded that column would be eagerly consulted by most of your readers. The publishers' names annexed would no doubt be advantageous; but as that would subject to advertisement-duty, perhaps you could give the name of the town or city, when out of London, which would facilitate the procuring of the books. If you consider this suggestion worthy of attention, your giving it publicity might produce improvements upon it by those who experience similar difficulties.

I am, &c. L. C.

[The suggestion of our correspondent is useful. But it could only be done effectually by booksellers and publishers framing such catalogues, and advertising them in the regular way, for which THE CRITIC offers peculiar facilities by its moderate charges.—ED.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In No. 46 of THE CRITIC, p. 576, you notice the translation of *The Wandering Jew*, published by Bruce and Wyld, and call it "the entire novel, . . . in a faithful and spirited translation, *unabridged*." Now, if you will refer to the original, or to the translation by Chapman and Hall, you will find that it does not contain one half of the original.

Yours, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

[Our correspondent is right. The notice was written without sufficient examination.—ED. CRITIC.]

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

WE continue our account of this interesting enterprise, and proceed to describe the means by which it is proposed to convey the manure into the country.

The value of sewage water as a manure is no new discovery. It has been long recognised, and numberless propositions have been made for applying it to profitable purposes;—boats, water-carts, and similar conveyances, have been suggested in turn, and abandoned on account of the cost.

The merit of Mr. MARTIN'S plan—that which this company is formed to carry out—lies in its entire removal of this difficulty, and the application of a very cheap mode of conveyance. The only surprise which every person feels on hearing of it is, how a method so obvious and simple should not have been before adopted. But so it is with almost every useful and practicable discovery; its excellence is its simplicity, and its very simplicity is the very reason why it was overlooked.

It was a happy thought that one day darted into the brain of Mr. MARTIN: "We throw away into the Thames every year manure to the value of a million, while we send to the other side of the world to fetch other manure not more valuable. But how to carry away the contents of the sewers,—there's the rub. Boats won't do; carts are out of the question; will machinery help us?" It is not recorded what incident suggested the true plan, but suddenly the idea flashed upon him—"What cannot steam do? Let me see; my house is supplied with an inexhaustible stream of water, even to the atticks: that water is sent to me from a river that runs some miles distant, and is carried in pipes over hill and dale, and through the streets of London, and into my house, and climbs up my walls; and the cost of all this machinery amounts only to a fraction of a farthing per gallon. Why should not the same contrivance—the same sort of steam-engine and pipes that send the pure water from the country to London, send it back saturated with fertilizing qualities into the country, to the enrichment of the soil that surrounds the metropolis? What the water companies effect so easily, a sewage company may accomplish as easily, or more so, for they will have no houses to climb."

Here, then, was the difficulty vanquished at once; and not by a mere project, which might or might not succeed, but by a method that was in practical operation then, and had been for years past; every detail of which had been tried and proved; the cost of which could be calculated to a fraction. This is that plan:—

A district of sewers is taken, and a cross-sewer intercepts them at their mouths, conveying their contents into one deeper one. Into this a suction-pipe is plunged; a steam-engine pumps up the water, just as do the engines of the water companies, and conveys it by pipes, laid along the highways to a covered reservoir, upon a hill, at a convenient distance from town, whence, by its own weight, it is distributed by branch pipes through the surrounding country, following generally the public roads, but taken into any estates adjoining whose owner or farmer might desire to have a tap for his own use upon the land. From the main pipes in the roads it can be carried by carts; but the cheapest mode will be to take a pipe directly into the farm; and then by service pipes, laid at the distance of a quarter of a mile apart, the entire land may be kept continually manured with the most trifling amount of labour; for, by the use of the flexible hose piping, it has been proved that a single man will be enabled to throw the liquid upon the surface of an entire estate, without horse, cart, or assistance of any kind, and at the rate of two or three acres in a day.

But we must defer the continuation of this interesting topic until another week.

JOURNAL OF MESMERISM.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and noval phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mesmerism, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures of philosophical Mesmerists which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mesmerism throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of science.]

CLAIRVOYANCE.

(*From the Cheltenham Examiner, of Nov.* 12, 1845.)

THE MIRACLES OF MESMERISM.—We are authorized to publish another wonder of clairvoyance, which cannot but interest believers, and even unbelievers, on account of the position in society of the persons with whom that strange faculty was exercised; and as in the case of Col. Gurwood, which lately we inserted in our columns, it vouches for the strict truth of the relation. Mrs. J. S. Wood, one of them, is a lady of great intellect and lofty ideas, sister to the learned chief magistrate at Bow-street police-court, and mother of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope; and many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with Miss Jane Roberts, by reading the novels and miscellaneous writings for which we are indebted to her distinguished pen. Mrs. H——t an English lady, had had given to her by a clergyman in 1787, a lock of the hair of King Edward IV. cut from his head when his remains were looked into at Windsor. This, she (Mrs. H.) had placed in a handsome locket, clustered with brilliants; and in 1845, on being taken by her friend Mrs. J. S. Wood, to a mesmeric *séance* at the Marquise de San Mitan Tecmen's, in Baker-street, the locket was given by Mrs. Wood to Miss J. Roberts, who had been *en rapport* with La Marquise, when she, after a longer period than she usually takes (the hair being under glass), exclaimed "It is the hair of a *tall* man, with a large and clever, but not moral head." Miss Roberts looked towards Mrs. Wood to know if it were correct. Mrs. Wood nodded assent. La Marquise then proceeded "he (the owner of the hair) looks as stiff and cold as marble, and insects are crawl-

ing about and in his eyes, he looks like a statue." Miss Roberts again looked at Mrs. Wood, who said in a *sotto voce* "It is very likely true;" and ere she finished the sentence, the Marquise in agony, screamed, went into hysterics, flung the locket on the carpet, and exclaimed "You have given me the hair of a dead man; *oh, mon Dieu!* why did you do so?" and for four or five minutes it required all her mesmeriser's energies to sooth and appease her. N.B. She always, or generally goes off into hysteria, whenever the hair of a deceased person is put into her hand while in the trance. This is a most curious case, which, in addition to so many others daily spoken of, will strongly contribute to establish the belief in the phenomena of mesmerism.

SIR,—I beg to certify to the correctness of the above report.

Yours, &c. T. PURLAND,

59, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE request preferred last week has been, it will be seen below, complied with by many, and we hope more will follow the example.

In reply to one of the circulating-library-keepers, who expresses a wish that he could find in THE CRITIC the advertisements of all forthcoming works of fiction, we can only say, that it lies not with ourselves, but with the publishers, to comply with the request. It seems, however, from the inquiries we have made, that the latter are yet ignorant of the fact that THE CRITIC is really the guide of so large a proportion of the circulating libraries and book-clubs, both in Great Britain and Ireland; and therefore they frequently omit to send to it their new books for notice, and very seldom use it for their advertisements, although a review and an announcement here, from the very nature of the circulation, would be of more service to a publisher than in all the other literary journals put together.

But doubtless they will soon begin to find this out. Their travellers will tell them that they rarely go to a bookseller's in the country where they do not see THE CRITIC upon the counter, and a number of such testimonials as those below will further shew them where their true interest lies.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I beg to assure you that in all matters relating to literature, the opinions of THE CRITIC are held in high estimation in this neighbourhood.

Its reviews of new works are looked upon as fair and impartial, and the opinions expressed, whether favourable or adverse, most materially influence its numerous readers in their selection of new publications. I am, &c.

Redditch, Nov. 15, 1845. JNO. OSBORNE, Bookseller.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have been a constant reader of your Journal for twelve months, and consider it a candid and able review, better adapted than any periodical with which I am acquainted to guide booksellers, librarians, and members of book-clubs in their choice of new works. I have been engaged in the bookselling business many years, and have a highly respectable book-club attached to my shop, therefore consider myself qualified to form an impartial opinion of the merits and utility of your publication.

I am, &c.

Whitchurch, Salop, Nov. 17, 1845. HENRY NEWLING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I am a subscriber to THE CRITIC; it is my confidential guide to my circulating library, and my favourite weekly gossip touching literary matters in general. The current number is quite a treat.

Excellent, however, as THE CRITIC undoubtedly is, its utility to librarians, like myself, would be vastly increased, for future reference, as well as present purchase, if, under your heading of "Fiction," you would give us a brief explanatory notice of every new novel and romance, good, bad, or indifferent, that you can get a sight of. If, in addition to this, you could present us with the earliest trade announcements of works of fiction, which, from interested motives, we eagerly look for, instead of advertisements foreign to literature, THE CRITIC would indeed be perfect.

I am, &c.

136, Long Millgate, Manchester, R. W. PROCTER.

Nov. 17, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—We have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the usefulness of THE CRITIC as a guide in the selection of books, not only for the bookseller, to stock his shelves with good works, but also to enable the librarian to choose such publications as are likely to circulate amongst his subscribers, and keep his library free from the numerous trashy novels, &c. that predominate in the present age.—We are, &c.

Bible and Crown, Leicester, BROWN AND HEWITT.

Nov. 18, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Having been subscribers to THE CRITIC from its commencement, we beg to acknowledge the very great pleasure and benefit we receive from the perusal of its columns; we every way hear it highly spoken of as a correct and impartial guide to the literature of the day.—We are, &c.

Newcastle-on-Tyne. WILLIAM AND JOHN BELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have shewn a few of the back numbers of THE CRITIC to an acquaintance or two highly competent to form correct opinions of its merits, and they agree with me that its notices of books are decidedly valuable to purchasers, and the ability displayed in the selection of *extracts*, together with the *Literary Intelligence* of this and other countries, and the excellent *Original Contributions*, render it highly interesting to the general reader.

I am also of opinion it is a very suitable medium for *Publishers' Advertisements*, and in support of this opinion I may state the fact that within the last three weeks I have procured four books from London, the orders for which I received through shewing the advertisements of them in THE CRITIC.

Wishing it the support of which it is worthy, I am, Sir, yours, &c. WILLIAM GOODMAN, Bookseller.

Loughborough, Nov. 19, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Permit me to express to you the high estimation in which THE CRITIC is held by self and others in this town, not only for the information so valuable to librarians which it contains, but its general tenour and the respectable manner in which it is conducted. As to its ultimate success I do not entertain a doubt. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

WILLIAM BIGGAR, Bookseller.

Paisley, Nov. 18, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I beg most respectfully to inform you that THE CRITIC is held in the highest estimation both with me and others with whom I am connected as being an unerring guide to the character and worth of the different works which are from time to time reviewed. One excellent feature has of late appeared in it which I think is very good, particularly to second-hand booksellers, *and that is*, the insertion of lists or catalogues of new and second-hand books.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Burnley, Nov. 18, 1845. JAMES NUTTALL, Bookseller.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that I am greatly pleased with THE CRITIC, and consider it a faithful guide in the choice of books. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN DAVIS WHITE, Librarian.

South Tipperary Library, Cashel, Nov. 18, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that I have the greatest confidence in the honesty of THE CRITIC as a book guide, and am generally influenced by it in my selection of new works.

The healthy and vigorous tone assumed by THE CRITIC on all matters connected with religion and morality, render it peculiarly acceptable to the right-thinking classes of the community.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Enniskillen, Nov. 19, 1845. NEWPORT B. WHITE, A.B.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I feel much pleasure in informing you that THE CRITIC is read by many of my customers, and it is had by the members of the Literary and Reading Society of this place, at their quarterly meetings, to help them in their choice when they order fresh books.

THE CRITIC is taken in at the library and promenade-room at that fashionable watering-place, Bournemouth, where it is much read by the visitors.

I have had many books ordered from the opinions given of them in THE CRITIC.

If new publications were advertised in THE CRITIC, I think it would be advantageous to the publishers.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Poole, Nov. 19, 1845. JOHN SYDENHAM, Bookseller.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From Paris, we learn that M. de Caligny has deposited in the Library of the Institute the first instalment of a publication long since announced, as we then informed our readers. It consists of the first four volumes, complete, of the *Oisivetés inédites de Vauban*—whose contents were hitherto known only by the titles given by Fontenelle—and the first volume of the unpublished Memoirs of the illustrious Marshal on foreign fortresses and the organization of armies, extracted from the papers of the engineer Hüe de Caligny. From the same capital we hear that M. Eugène Delacroix has completed the paintings for which he had a commission in the Library of the Chamber of Peers. On the cupola, he has represented the elysium of great men described by Dante. Dante himself is there, led by Virgil for presentation to Homer, Horace, Statius, and others.—The statue of Queen Hortense has arrived at Rouen. According to the description, her Majesty is kneeling in the attitude of prayer; and the youthful face is beautiful in its expression of mild contemplation. The costume is not historical:—a large veil falls, hood-wise, over the head; and the form is clothed in a Roman tunic, which leaves the arms bare, and is fastened round the waist by a *cordelière*.—*Athenæum*.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—On account of the increase of communications made to the central committee, it has been found advisable, in addition to the fortnightly meetings of that body, to hold on alternate weeks evening *reunions* of the members for the examination and discussion of antiquities forwarded to the association. The opening meeting will take place in the theatre of the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, in Leicester-square. Mr. Mark Antony Lower, of Lewes, has forwarded a highly interesting paper, with illustrations, on the discovery of the remains of Gundreda and the Earl de Warenne.

From St. Petersburg, we find it mentioned that the Emperor has conferred the decoration of the Imperial Order of Saint Wladimir on M. d'Orbigny, President of the Geological Society of Paris, for his share in the *Geology of Russia*, publishing by the Russian government.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Nov. 15 to Nov. 22.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arnold's (Rev. Thomas) Sermons, Vol. III. 3rd edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Arnold's (Rev. T.) Christian Life, its Hopes, &c. 4th ed. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Arnold (Rev. T.) On Interpretation of Scripture, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Annual Register, Vol. LXXXVI. for 1844, 8vo. 16s. bds.—Atkin's (J.) Practical and Self-Instructing English Grammar, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Archæological Album, edited by Thomas Wright, esq. M.A. F.S.A. small 4to. 1*l.* 12s. cl.—Aird's (Thomas) Old Batchelor in the Old Scottish Village, 12mo. 2s. 6d. swd. 3s. 6d. cl.

Bijou Almanac for 1846, with Portraits of the Royal Children, 1s. swd.

Costella's (Louisa S.) Rose Garden of Persia, crown 8vo. 18s. bds. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. mor.—Curiosities of Modern Travel, a Year Book of Adventure, tinted plates, fc. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl. gilt.

Diplock's Hand-book for Hastings, St. Leonard's, and their Neighbourhood, 12mo. with Two Views, 3s. 6d.; Six Views, 5s. Nine Views, 6s. cl.

Essays by Pupils at the College of the Deaf and Dumb, Rugby, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

First Chapter of the History of England, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Felix Summerly's Home Treasury, 13 vols. square, plain, 12s. swd.; col. 1*l.* 10s. bds.; or 1s. and 2s. 6d. per vol.

Gem's of Scottish Melody, 4to. gilt. 4s. cl. 6s. tartan silk.—Gilfillan's (G.) Gallery of Literary Portraits, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates, new edit. 8vo. 18s. cl.—Hook's (Rev. Dr.) Sermons, "The Church of England Vindicated," 12mo. 4*l.* 6s. cl.—Herschell's Visit to my Fatherland, new edition, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Honour and Shame, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. cl.—Hoppus's Measurer, new genuine edition, greatly improved, oblong, 4s. bd.

Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. XII. "Lays of Faith and Loyalty," by Edward Churton, M.A. 18mo. 2s. cl.—Juvenile Missionary Keepsake for 1846, 10 engravings, fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.

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The Life of Carl Theodor Körner (written by his Father), with Selections from his Poems, Tales, and Dramas. Translated from the German, by G. T. RICHARDSON, F.G.S. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 754. Second Edition. London, 1845. Nutt.

AMID the pressure of new publications we may not with justice enter upon a lengthened review of a work which has been long and favourably known to the public, however tempting the theme, and a more tempting one could not be presented than the life of the hero-poet KÖRNER, as written by his father, faithfully translated by Mr. RICHARDSON, and introducing some before unpublished anecdotes of SCHILLER and GOETHE. The merits of this contribution to the English library are best proved by the fact, that the first impression has been long ago exhausted, and that there was a call for a second edition. Doubtless, to very many of our readers these volumes are already familiar; but, to those whose notice they may have escaped hitherto, we shall be excused for stating that they contain the memoir of the poet by his father; translations of his poetical and prose works, and a biography of the father; some conversations with the mother of KÖRNER, reminiscences of SCHILLER and GOETHE, and a collection of letters of the poet, his friends, and family. Thus it will appear that the information is various, as undoubtedly it is interesting. Mr. RICHARDSON has thoroughly caught the spirit of the original, and rendered the thoughts, rather than the very words, and so performing the office of translator, not servilely, but with a just appreciation of the duties he had undertaken, which were to convey the poet's mind as the primary object, and, as a secondary purpose only, to exhibit, where practicable, the peculiarities of his manner and phraseology.

KORNER's place, as a poet, is already assigned in the literature of Europe. He is the CAMPBELL of Germany, but with a difference in favour of our own countryman. In fire and energy they are almost equals; but in the art of poetry, and in the power both of imagination and of expression, CAMPBELL bears away the palm. Both have a strong tinge of nationality, which will make them ever dear to the children of their fatherlands; and KORNER's fame as a poet is so mingled with his fame as a patriot, that it is difficult to dissever the two, and determine how much is due to the one, and how much to the other. His prose writings, as they appear in this translation, are inferior to his verse; and it is plain that he would never have achieved much in this species of composition. Nay, we doubt whether, even if he had lived, he would have carried his fame higher by any after efforts in verse. His genius was not of a varied character. The path in which he excelled was not one of those that yield an infinity of subjects, nor had he the play of fancy that could give novelty to old themes by a new manner of treating them. Perhaps it was well for his fame's sake that he died thus early, and in such a cause; for age would have tamed much of the fire that kindles our emotions, without supplying in its stead the philosophy that speaks to the reason, and the tenderness that steals away the heart.

To those who desire to make acquaintance with his works, this edition by Mr. RICHARDSON may be cordially recommended as the best with which our literature has yet been supplied.

The Life and Times of Aodh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster; called by the English, Hugh, Earl of Tyrone. By JOHN MITCHELL. 12mo. pp. 252. Dublin, 1845. Duffy.

IN his preface Mr. MITCHELL expresses great anxiety lest it should be considered that in this biography of an old Irish Chieftain there is a lurking purpose to revive old national enmities, and fan the embers of a strife which ought long ago to have been buried in oblivion. It is evident his conscience tells him that such a construction may, not unjustly, be put upon his choice of such a theme at such a moment, when the

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resolve of those with whom he is avowedly acting is to inflame animosities that should have been extinct long ago, and whether for ambition's sake, or a dreamy patriotism which savours of the worst spirit of the French Revolution, to stir up civil war, and hazard its multiplied miseries in pursuit of a shadow, for the realization of a phantasy.

What of that, says Mr. MITCHELL; "as to the narrative itself, undoubtedly the only question ought to be—is it *true?* And if so, is the truth to be told or hidden? Is it not at all times, in all places, above all things, desirable to hear the truth instead of a lie?" But does Mr. MITCHELL really impose upon himself, or does he seek only to impose upon others, by this stale fallacy? Indeed, the truth is always to be spoken instead of a lie when there is a need for it. But will Mr. MITCHELL contend that every fact is to be asserted every where, and at all times, and whether called for or not? Does he, forsooth, acting upon the principle he puts forth as the reason for his writing an inflammatory book, make it a rule ever to go about proclaiming, unasked, that which in his own mind he is assured of as a truth? Does he greet his acquaintance A, with "Sir, you are a fool!" or his friend B with "You're a puppy!" If two of his neighbours had quarrelled many years ago, and done each other mutual wrongs, as enemies will do, and afterwards they had been reconciled, and become united in common interests, and visited and shook hands, and were gradually forgetting their foolish feuds, and the consequences, would Mr. MITCHELL, we ask, feel it incumbent upon him, merely because it was *true*, to write for their edification a history of the quarrel, and to set down all the hard words and harder blows that had passed between them, and the injuries each in his rage had inflicted on the other? Surely *this* is not the meaning of the command to speak the truth always, nor does any man practically so construe it. When it is necessary to speak at all upon any matter, then at all hazards speak the truth. This is the plain meaning of the rule,—this is Mr. MITCHELL's reading of it when it is not needful to cover a purpose that would not bear to be avowed in its nakedness, and to deck a vice in the robes of virtue.

But Mr. MITCHELL affects a resignation to events which it is evident he does not feel. He confesses to sympathy with the old Milesian race retiring slowly before "what is called civilization;" this is natural, and not to be blamed; but why add, "and the instinctive and unrelenting insolence of English dominion." Why talk of the "robber standard of England?" What means the expression "that combination of force, and fraud, and treachery, which has always characterized the onward march of English power?" And is it not a pitiful excuse for using "with bitterness" the word "Saxon," or "Englishman," that Mr. MITCHELL should do so, not because it is deserved now, or because he feels it in his own proper person, but that he, as author, views events as a contemporary, and therefore uses the language "that fitted the time, and might have lain in the mouth of a clansman of TYR-EOGHAIN."

True, Mr. MITCHELL proceeds to say, that "the struggle is over, and can never, on that quarrel, be renewed;" "the Anglo-Irish and Scottish Ulstermen have now far too old a title to be questioned." Why, then, revive the memory of the feuds, if not with a secret purpose to revive the feud itself, or the bitter feelings that attended it. But shortly afterwards the truth peeps out; the design *is* avowed, spite of the opening disclaimer; the reader is expected to arrive "at the conclusion that the bitterest, deadliest foe of Ireland (however peopled), is the foul fiend of English imperialism;" and that "at any time it only needed Irishmen of all bloods to stand together—to be even *nearly* united—in order to exorcise that fiend for ever, and drive him irrevocably into the Red Sea." In plain terms, that a rebellion would be successful, and therefore should be attempted.

Whatever the merits of the biography thus prefaced, and whose purpose is thus avowed,—and many it has, for it is a curious record of a past state of society,—we should be ill discharging our duty as Christians, believing all war to be wicked and civil war more especially so, were we to help its circulation by any words of recommendation. At another season, when passion was less inflamed, and no such combustibles existed for it to fall upon, this book might have been read with interest, and the reviewer might have given to its industrious collection of materials and occasional eloquence the praise to which they are entitled. But, at this time, a work written with so unChristian an object ought to be avoided; as bearing in itself the seeds of a pestilence which might result in more woes to the world than centuries could repair.

Lives of Englishmen in Past Days. Third Series. 12mo. pp. 139. London: Burns.

ANOTHER volume of the series so often before introduced to our readers under the attractive title of *The Fireside Library*. It contains the lives of WALTON, WOTTON, Sir RICHARD and Lady FANSHAW, the Earl of DERBY, Lord COLLINGWOOD, Sir T. S. RAFFLES, and Lord EXMOUTH. These biographies are brief, of course, but they shun the usual fault of brief narratives; they are *not* mere catalogues and chronologies. The author has supposed himself to be engaged in narrating to a fireside circle the histories of the personages named above, and he makes the most prominent parts of his discourse the incidents best calculated to win attention or to serve the purpose of instruction by example. This volume is not the least valuable of the series to which it belongs.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Pilgrim's Reliquary.

(SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

IT was stated that Mr. WHITE had appended to his tour some very curious and interesting extracts from the unpublished papers, written sixty years since, of an accomplished English ecclesiastic, principally referring to the territory of Savoy and its vicinity. We have reserved a few passages from these for a distinct notice, and it must be confessed that the unaffected narrative of the old clergyman contrasts agreeably with the piebald composition that precedes it.

The first letters are dated from Chambery, the capital of Savoy, whence he had made an excursion into Bouget, a small neighbouring province of France, in company with the Baron de Chatillon, a young Savoy nobleman, of whom he presents this pleasing portrait:

He is about eight-and-twenty, with the most manly and graceful person, and a countenance as bright and open as the day: to all the politeness of the French, and all their quickness, he unites the frankness of an Englishman, and the insinuating softness of an Italian: his natural talents are highly cultivated, and excellent: he has read much, discriminated much, and seen much: he is a great proficient in music, and speaks the Italian language with as much elegance and fluency as the French. He made us promise to follow him into Savoy, to pass the vintage there with him at his country seat, and spend a part of the winter at Chambery, where he has his town residence, and where his mother and two sisters reside.

The castle of this young nobleman was most picturesquely situated.

As we advanced, the Castle of Chatillon rose proudly as it were from the bosom of the lake, eminently situated on the top of a rocky mount, fringed with underwood, and domineering over the water on one side, and an extensive and lovely vale on the other. You will suppose from its name that it belongs to my friend, and gives him his title; it was once a powerful fortress, and is now a majestic ruin. Its date is very ancient, and it was spacious enough in the time of Bertoldus, the first Duke of Savoy, to contain him and all his train, it still looks sternly from its mouldering battlements and ivied towers, and seems to bid a haughty though vain defiance to the hand of time, which has destroyed its strength without destroying its spirit, and which has given it in interest what it has taken from it in grandeur, by leading and leaving amidst its ruins all the desolate graces. We slept there one night, it proved a most tempestuous one. I lay in a vast, lofty, and comfortless chamber, and felt a new and indescribable pleasure in listening to the storm that beat against the crazy windows, and murmured in all their crevices. All the spirits of the lake seemed up in arms, and tilting in the furious winds. It was consistent with the style of the old castle, and sleepless as my night was, I preferred it to the calmest repose on a down bed, amidst all the luxurious concomitants of modern elegance and ease.

He rested for a night at the monastery of St. Sulpice, whose inmates gave unmistakable tokens of good living. Here he fell in with an interesting personage, whose confidence he obtained, and this was

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MONK.

But amongst the sleek and pampered brotherhood, on whose full cheeks glowed the purple shades of a smiling autumn, I distinguished one who had scarcely passed the spring-tide of his days, but whose blossoms seemed untimely withered in his cheeks, and in whose eyes sat pensive care; he interested me, and he observed it. The conversation turning on pictures, my friend begged me to produce my little resemblance of Mrs. Siddons, as a proof of the skill of our miniature painters; it passed from hand to hand; the suffrages of the others in its favour were loud and prolix; but the young monk regarded it with fixed and silent attention, and with a rising tear, that shewed it made a deeper impression on him, and recalled painful ideas to his heart. After we had risen from table, he took an opportunity to invite me to his neat apartment, where, opening a little cabinet, he drew from a secret drawer a miniature picture, which he pressed (with eyes lifted to heaven, and a quick flush) to his bosom, and then, with a sigh that spoke more eloquently and touchingly than all language, put it into my hand. It represented a beautiful young woman, with the complexion and somewhat of the features of Mrs. Siddons, I read in it the cause of his emotion, he saw it, and said, "But for that lovely creature, I never should have renounced all the pleasures of the world, and shut myself up within the walls of a convent." I supposed that she had jilted him. "Oh no!" he cried, with emphasis, "she was as amiable as she was beautiful, and hence my deep sorrow, which seven years' penitence and prayer have not been able to erase. I am the son of a rich merchant at Lyons, I passionately loved this charming girl, and won her heart, she was of equal birth, our families approved our choice, and the day was fixed for our nuptials; in the mean time one of my relations gave a ball, at which we danced together, with all the joy of young and heedless minds, that give themselves up to the transports of ardent affection, which meets no contradiction, and dreads no reverse. After a long and fatiguing dance, oppressed with heat, she went into the room where refreshments were served, and desired me to procure her some warm wine and water; I passed through the crowd to get it, in the hurry and confusion they put a glass of cold lemonade into my hand, which, through a carelessness I never shall pardon myself for, I did not observe; the object of all my wishes drank it eagerly, clasped her hands to her head, gave one groan, and dropped dead upon the spot." Tears choked his utterance, I need not tell you mine flowed with them. All I could say was, that it was not for man, but Heaven to give him comfort. He clasped his hands together, and with a mixture of energy and humility in his countenance replied, "It has taught me resignation, but can it teach me *forgetfulness?*" He afterwards moved his lips in silent prayer, composed his countenance, and conducted me back to his merrier and happier, but less amiable and interesting brethren.

Very graphic is his sketch of

THE PEASANTRY OF SAVOY.

The dress of the peasants in these mountains is as singular as their situation; there has been, time immemorial, a pragmatic rule observed amongst them, which forbids the slightest alteration or difference from each other in their garb. I was present at one of their great Jours de Fête, and saw at least six hundred peasants assembled, in and about a little rustic church, built on a pleasant hillock between two rugged rocks. They were in their holiday clothes, all precisely the same as to materials, colours, and form; those of the men were not very remarkable; one of the women's I shall describe to you. Upon her head a cap of red cloth, exactly the form of a child's skull-cap, and bordered with a tawdry green and gilded ribbon; her hair, that shone with oil, was combed straight back, and was curled up under her cap before and behind in tight tresses, about the size of a common sausage, then formed into circle within circle, flat upon the head, as broad as a plate; a vest of green cloth, faced with red, sat tight to her shape, over which was a loose jacket of red, with short wide sleeves; under this she wore a petticoat of puce-coloured stuff that reached to her ankles, bordered with two rows of red between two of green, a wide collar of coarse linen, edged with a broad flaring lace, with meshes as large as those of a garden-net. It fell back over her shoulders, and left her sun-burnt neck bare, which was adorned with a large yellow metal cross. If I was amused with their habits, they were not less so with mine. Three arch and pretty girls, that were huddled together under the shade of a walnut-tree, did not cease tittering and blushing at my English dress, a wonder which they had never seen before.

He and his friend took for the summer a country house near Vaucluse.

The great charm of our little habitation is a green drawing-room, embowered in shade. The little grove of elms, planes, and flowering limes, which veil the windows with their abundant and graceful foliage, are vocal with the pensive melody of nightingales, and the livelier notes of the thrush and blackbird, with other sweet woodland choristers. Between the various and irregular trunks of the trees the pure waters of the Sorgue are seen flowing, their murmurs from a little fall just opposite, and their dashings and sparklings from a large wheel that supplies the house with water, are equally grateful to the eye and ear, and highly refreshing to the sense; the very motion of the wheel has a happy effect, caught partially through the branches, and a soft daisied turf appears with delicious verdure beneath the shade kept fine by the farmer's sheep. A shepherd-boy often leads them hither, they frisking and frolicking about him while he plays on his pipe. I cannot say his notes are entirely Arcadian, but there is something wonderfully pleasing in them, rustic and unmodulated as they are, from their assimilation to the surrounding objects. Such is our green pavilion. Little rambles about the adjacent country, reading, writing, and conversing about absent friends, past scenes, and future pursuits, divide our hours, and empower them to glide calmly and sweetly away. I should have told you, however, that we do not want neighbours, and that those neighbours are English.

Can words convey a more vivid picture of a town and the country round than this of

HIERES.

About ten miles from Toulon is Hieres. The town is like most other French towns, nasty, gloomy, and of little note, but nothing can be imagined more enchanting than its environs, defended by grand and finely-featured mountains from every nipping blast, and only open to the genial breezes of the south,—spring, summer, and autumn, like the sister Graces, live there in eternal amity. Winter seldom dares shew his rugged face in those happy shades, or should he approach them with hostile step, would, like Hannibal at Capua, presently feel his rigour softened, and sink, dissolved in pleasure, under the zephyrs, that sport for ever among the branches. Imagine numerous groves, formed wholly of orange, lemon, and citron trees, formed into walks many hundred yards in length, over which the stately trees form a perfect canopy, glowing with fruit, and embalming the air with their flowers. Hills of various cultivation, and rich with wine and oil, are drawn round on each side, while the more distant landscape in front offers to the delighted eye villages and cottages scattered amidst the verdure of meadows that stretch to the sea, whose curling bosom is finely broken by several islands, and animated by vessels of all dimensions, and almost all nations, passing to and fro between Italy and France. The common hedges about this favoured spot stand thick with myrtles, tamarisks, and pomegranates, the latter were laden with fruit, through whose cloven sides the bright scarlet seeds within tempted alike the palate and the eye, and though they could not vie in value, at least vied in beauty with the neighbouring golden groves; I may well call them *golden*, as while they delight the possessor's eye and charm his sense, they attach him still more powerfully by filling his purse with that kind of gold which is so much more necessary in the world, and is the master-spring of all its actions. One of these gardens alone, we were assured, yielded a clear revenue of *fourteen hundred pounds a year* to its owner. From these a great part of France, Savoy, and Switzerland are supplied with essences and fruits.

While resident in the south of France, he made acquaintance with

LAVATER.

His face is pale and penetrating, like Sterne's monk, but not mild; keen and eager attention and observation hurry about his thin lips, and in his eyes, which search you to the soul, and are yet tempered with so much benevolence, that you are not afraid of their fire. Every motion, every look, every gesture, and almost every word marks enthusiasm engendered by glowing fancy, active knowledge, and exquisite sensibility. Intense thought has forestalled time in furrowing his cheeks, and the fervours of an ardent imagination, continually kindled by new and deep researches, seem to have consumed his flesh, and burned up his colour to ashes. His manners are at once open, vivacious, and simple, with the information of a first-rate understanding, and the captivating cordiality of a warm and good heart, disdainful of little forms, but from right feeling never neglecting those more essential points, that win your confidence and respect. You will not laugh at me for being earnest to hear this extraordinary genius preach, though wholly ignorant of the German language. Do the voice, the air, the eyes, the gestures, of such a man say nothing? yes! they speak always in the most forcible, and often in the most intelligible language. Mr. Lavater was born an orator—he seems to move the passions at his pleasure. His tones are finely varied according to his feelings, and when turned to the pathetic, are irresistible. His action is equally animated and graceful; so far from being affected and studied, to set off

his own eloquence, and work upon the feelings of others, it apparently proceeds from the impulse of the moment, and his natural fire and sensibility. As he preached without notes, his hands were at full liberty; he used them just enough and no more, without flourish of false pathos, or one wild gesture of flaming enthusiasm. How did I regret that I could not comprehend his words; but I have been well informed that his style is what I suppose it, eloquent, energetic, and full of fire. In short, of all the preachers I ever saw in the pulpit, he came the nearest in my idea of apostolic dignity and inspiration. He has been a voluminous writer, but his favourite, most extraordinary, and most celebrated work is that on physiognomy, which he has reduced almost to a system.

And how picturesque is this description with which the fragment concludes.

A HERMITAGE.

Near Soleure, and deep in the shady dells of Mount Jura, we visited a hermitage happily placed under the protection of a bold and bare rock, adorned with a tufted topknot of firs. Another rock of similar height and feature, leaned forward as if to meet it on the other side, and a murmuring brook of limpid water edged the narrow path between them with its winding course. A chapel, of different features, springs as it were out of the side of each rock, to one of which we mount by a light bridge thrown across the stream; and by a steep flight of stone steps to the other.

One of these houses of piety was laboured out of the very bosom of the rock, by the first hermit who fixed on this sweet solitude, and is of considerable depth; the entrance roomy and lofty, but narrowing and lowering as we advance to what may be called the choir.

I fear the fervour of my devotion would ill defend me from the humidity of the spongy roof and walls. A little platform at the entrance, which is covered with a portico, supported by four light columns, has a most pleasing effect. Nor less picturesque is the bell which appears at the summit of the cliff, suspended in a turret which peeps partially through the dark shade.

Hard by, and beneath the arching extremity of the same rock, is an oratoire enclosed with palisades, within which are seen full-length figures of our Saviour and his apostles, reclining on a bank of moss, with miniature models of the Old and New Jerusalem over their heads. The lamp depending from the roof, has a soothing and solemn effect, especially in the evening.

A little wooden bridge, with a picturesque portal, and a fountain at its threshold, leads over the brook to the hermit's simple cell, and to a little walled garden overshadowed by a few old walnut-trees. An aged dog and two hens compose his entire establishment, the sole companions of his melancholy hours. His costume much resembles that of an ordinary rustic; he is far advanced in years, and his manner is simple and subdued.

The winding path which leads to this romantic retirement, the deep impressive shades around, the solemn moaning of the wind, and the plaintiff cadences of the streamlet, enhanced by an *échappée de vue* between the rocks of a few quiet pastures, quickly shut in by the semicircular heights of Mount Jura, altogether perfectly realize our conceptions of eremitical solitude, and its sublime repose.

After perusing these charming passages our readers will regret with us, that Mr. WHITE has not thought fit to publish more of them. Why does he not print the entire MS.? We doubt not it would obtain a larger sale than nine-tenths of the inanities of modern tourists. We are sure it would deserve it.

FICTION.

Honour and Shame: a Novel. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

MANY of the keepers of the circulating libraries who have certified to the fact that they have entirely adopted THE CRITIC as their guide in the choice of the books for their shelves, have requested that we would endeavour, if possible, to oblige them with a short notice of every new novel that appears, in order to protect them against the serious losses to which they have been hitherto subjected for want of an honest adviser, as also to enable them at once to procure the really good fictions for the entertainment of their customers. With this request it will be the endeavour of THE CRITIC to comply as far as may be; but there is a difficulty which will sometimes stand in the way of an immediate notice of a new novel. Very few of the publishers send their fictions to THE CRITIC. If they are at all dubious of their worth they withhold them, well knowing that here they will be treated according to their deserts, and prudently enough they seek to escape notice here altogether, by keeping the questionable publication from our sight. We have made arrangements to obviate something of the difficulty thence arising, and which is the penalty a literary journal must always pay for honesty and independence, by procuring the new novels not sent by the publishers from a circulating library; and there they cannot always be had immediately, being occasionally engaged elsewhere. We trust, however, that very few will ultimately escape, and we will endeavour, by making the notices as brief as is consistent with the expression of a fair opinion, to find room for all without trespassing upon the other departments of a literary journal.

Honour and Shame is one of the novels that has *not* been sent to us, and the reason is very obvious—it is a *doubtful* novel. We do not mean to say that it is one of that numerous class of *trash* which may be unanimously rejected as unworthy of a place in *any* library, but it is certainly not one that recommends itself to universal circulation, and which every librarian can order with safety. The authoress possesses some qualifications for her task. She is fertile in incident, is mistress of the art of stage-effect, making telling points, and devising good *situations*. There is also a spice of the dramatic in her dialogues, which *are* conversations, and not disquisitions or narratives. Her faults are, a too obvious attempt to point the moral, which should always be understood, not uttered; and she seeks to teach religion too, but she does it by phrase and cant, and not by the silent infusion of its spirit. The purpose of the novel is commendable; it is to shew that the path of duty is the path of happiness, even though that duty should clash with present prospects of advantage. Indirectly, also, it is intended to teach that devotion to literature by a lady is not desirable. But this is a question purely of degree. Nobody will deny that literary tastes are an ornament alike to woman and to man; it is only the "too much" that is to be avoided. But where does this "too much" begin? Until that problem is resolved we can apply no test, and we fear that the consequence of crying down literary pursuits in women is to lead to a neglect of all mental accomplishment, and to keep them the frivolous, mindless, ball-room butterflies the majority of them now are. We cannot give a better abstract of the improbable story of this novel than in the language of *The Spectator*. "The father of Isabella Loraine, the heroine, is a scamp, who has squandered all his wife's property he could get at, and gone abroad, where he is supposed to have died some twenty years before the tale opens. At this time Isabella is introduced to Rollo Melville, the hero and an engagement follows. Every thing is fairly settled, day fixed, and all that; when up starts Captain Loraine in a dark wood, and confronts Isabella, with portraits of her mother and himself, and family papers. The object of this worthy is money and secrecy. He swears his daughter to the latter, and half-extorts, half-wheedles her out of the needful, on various occasions, to nearly the full extent of her fortune. What is worse, these secret meetings give rise to scandal. Isabella (under oath) refuses all explanation to her betrothed, his mother, her uncle; the match is broken off; her character is talked about; the distress is worked up quite to a climax; and the reader is led to suppose that Isabella is going to America with the wreck of her fortune, to devote herself to her father—when that gentleman quarrels with a confederate, who has egged him on to all his villanies, and is shot out of the way in a duel."

Such being the character of *Honour and Shame*, we cannot recommend it to the shelves of libraries that do not order largely. In a selection it should not be included, but it need not be rejected by the great establishments as absolutely worthless. Many will read it in lack of better winter fare.

Dunster Castle: an Historical Romance of the Great Rebellion. By J. T. HEWLETT, M.A. late of Worcester College, Oxford. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

DUNSTER CASTLE is situated in one of the most picturesque spots in Somersetshire. Upon a knoll in the midst of an undulating park that recedes without a boundary into dark heathery hills, with the Quantocks on one side and the sea on the other, it possesses all the charms that should stimulate the fancy of the writer of romance. Then it is intimately associated with many of the most stirring events of our history. Its recollections are of the civil wars, and of the rebellion of

Monmouth, in both of which it bore a conspicuous part. It is the very place for the scene of an exciting novel, and it was with eagerness that we took up the one whose title-page is given above, anticipating a couple of evenings' revel in a real romance.

What was our disappointment, to find such rich materials worse than wasted through the entire incompetency of the author to make use of them! A tame, dull production is this of Mr. HEWLETT. It wants the spirit of the romance; the glow of imagination, the play of fancy, the copiousness of invention, the earnestness and inspiration, as it were, without which no romance can be successful, are entirely absent from *Dunster Castle*. The reader, instead of being carried away by the story, so that he never knows when to break off and go to bed until the expiring candle warns him of approaching darkness, is content to close the volume and throw it down at any moment, and upon the slightest summons, and he will scarcely care to resume it. The cause of this is not that Mr. HEWLETT has written carelessly, or has neglected to acquaint himself with the history, and costumes, and customs, and manners of the age he has undertaken to depict, but that he is by nature deficient in the peculiar faculties that go to form the writer of romance. He is a narrator, not a creator; he writes history, not fiction. His personages do not come palpably before us, living, and moving, and breathing, so that we think of them afterwards as of persons whom we had some time seen and known, but we are never for a moment permitted to forget that they are fictions; there is no speculation in their eyes—they are puppets, not men—and, more provoking still, they are played so clumsily, we cannot help seeing the strings that move them.

The plot of such a romance it would be a waste of room to analyse: enough to say to the circulating libraries, that it is one of those new novels which must not be ordered on the strength of its name. The very large libraries, who have readers more voracious than choice, might place it on their shelves, because worse novels are published every week, but they who exercise a selection in their orders should certainly pass over *Dunster Castle*.

POETRY.

Household Verses. By BERNARD BARTON. London, Vertue. 1845.

THERE is a class of poetry which it sorely perplexes us to review, because, if it exhibits little to praise, it offers still less for objection: the poet has attained to the utmost skill in the mechanics of his art, but he wants the natural genius that can alone stir the hearts of men, "as 'twere a battle drum," and become the heritage of all after generations. Of such "respectables" of literature what can be said by the critic other than that praise which attaches to respectability everywhere?

Mr. BERNARD BARTON is one of this class. He is not a poet in the proper meaning of that term, but a sentimentalist. He excels in prettinesses, which he clothes in becoming language, and moulds into unquestionable metre and rhyme; and inasmuch as those sentiments are in strict accordance with morality, and never run counter to conventionalities, the writer is sure to command a certain amount of popularity from those who are pleased to see their own notions so aptly expressed, and applaud accordingly.

BERNARD BARTON is, as our readers are aware, a Quaker, and the sober livery of his sect is apparent in his poems. They are gentle, unimpassioned effusions, not thrown off in the fury of imagination, "conceived in rapture and in fire begot," but made by measure and rule, composed with slow and laborious effort, and polished with care and deliberation. The utmost to which he attains is an occasional pretty thought or elegantly-turned sentiment. That is certainly as much as most readers look for, or can comprehend; and hence the temporary popularity that generally attends poems like these; and it is probable that Mr. BARTON will enjoy a much more extensive circulation, and more immediate fame, than would a real poet of grand but irregular genius, destined to be read and honoured when his more successful contemporary has passed away and is forgotten.

The striking defect of the volume before us is the absence of *power*; the want of it is felt when many of the poems are read in succession and we begin to be weary of mere prettiness and truisms, however elegantly worded. This defect is not so evident when a few only are read in extract. It is when they are perused in succession that the mind becomes conscious of a certain sameness of thought and equality of execution, which, were it but for variety's sake, it would gladly exchange for the utmost niggardness of versification and occasional faults. For the reasons above stated, it does not admit of elaborate criticism, and we can do no more than illustrate these few comments by some extracts, which, while exhibiting Mr. BARTON in the most favourable aspect, will make our meaning clear to those who read with a recollection of the comments we have adventured.

A pleasing feature of these poems is the wholesome and genuine religious feeling that runs through them, apparent everywhere, but nowhere thrust forward obtrusively as in the poems of Mr. ROBERT MONTGOMERY. Here is one—

TO THE DEAD IN CHRIST.

Ye are gone from the saddened hearth,
Your time hushed tones are stilled;
Ye are gone from the bowers of earth,
From the homes your presence filled.

Ye are gone to the spirits' land,
And we miss your looks of love;
Ye have joined that happy band
Who rejoice in light above.

And our spirits yearn below
For the music of your voice;
For our longing hearts would know
That which bids you rejoice.

Ye have done with sin and sorrow,
Ye are freed from care and pain;
Ye dread not the coming morrow,
Ye never can fear again.

Ye have laid down those mansions of clay
Around which sad memory hovers;
And your spirits have winged their way
To scenes their pure vision discovers.

The golden bowl is broken,
Loosed life's silver cord;
And your spirits, by angels spoken,
Rejoice with Christ the Lord!

Another of seasonable interest is

ON THE GOING OUT OF THE OLD YEAR.

Eighteen hundred forty-four!
Soon thy twelve months will be o'er;
And thy memory only be
All that shall survive of thee!
Every year that hurries by,
Though it wait not for reply,
Brings, as plainly as it can,
Serious questions home to man;
Tells him that he is but dust;
That he holds his life "IN TRUST!"
And that trust's discharge demands
Sober reckoning at his hands.

Ask we, then, of by-gone years,
What their true result appears?
Some of us have known enow
To write wrinkles on the brow:
What of wisdom have they taught?
What true pleasure have they brought?
What of real growth in good?
Questions these—in thoughtful mood
It becomes us oft to ask,
Not to turn from as a task:
Life's best boons we all confess,
Wisdom, virtue, happiness.

Is the world much WISER grown,
When the surplice and the gown,
Turning east, or turning west,
Are of magnitude confest,
And, in days of fearful signs,
Dwelt upon by grave divines?
Shall we never comprehend
That Religion's aim, and end,
In such things can have no part,
But appeals unto THE HEART?
There would rear her hallowed throne,
Rule and reign by love alone!

Are we HAPPIER? Truest bliss
Surely should consist in this—

In the happiness of ALL,
High and low, the great and small!
What though every rising sun
See new wreaths by science won;
Though the arts their trophies show,
And the rich may richer grow;
Science, commerce, wealth, and art,
Leave ungladdened many a heart?
Are there more, or are there less,
Who *now* share in HAPPINESS?

Are we BETTER? Growth in good,
Truly felt and understood,
Means a growth in every grace,
Shining in its proper place:
It implies a growth in love
Unto Him who reigns above!
Love to all His creatures here,
Rendered, for his sake, more dear?
Tried by this unerring test,
Genuine goodness is confest;
Heavenly in its aim and birth,
It would make a heaven on earth!

If such questions, and replies,
Bid misgiving doubts arise;
May those doubts but urge us, still,
So to weigh the good and ill
Of our daily walk in life,
That it be not found at strife
With His merciful intent
Who another year hath lent:
But, with humbled, grateful hearts,
May we so perform our parts,
That in each God yet may give,
We wiser, happier, better live!

The sentiment of another poem is remarkable for its liberality, while it approaches nearer to poetry than any thing we have found:—

STANZAS

Suggested by a beautiful copy of the Madonna and Child, presented to me by my friend Mary Frances Fitzgerald.

I may not change the simple faith
In which from childhood I was bred;
Nor could I, without scorn or scathe,
The living seek among the dead;
My soul has far too deeply fed
On what no painting can express,
To bend the knee, or bow the head,
To aught of pictured loveliness.

And yet, Madonna! when I gaze
On charms unearthly, such as thine;
Or glances yet more reverent raise
Unto that infant so Divine!
I marvel not that many a shrine
Hath been and still is reared to thee,
Where mingled feelings might combine
To bow the head and bend the knee.

For who, that is of woman born,
And hath that birthright understood,
Mindful of being's early morn,
Can e'er behold with thoughtless mood,
Most pure and perfect womanhood?
Woman—by angel once addressed;
And by the wise, the great, the good
Of every age accounted blessed!

Or who that feels the spell—which Heaven
Casts round us in our infancy,
But, more or less, hath homage given
To childhood—half unconscious why?
A yet more touching mystery
Is in that feeling comprehended,
When thus is brought before the eye
Godhead with childhood strangely blended.

And hence I marvel not at all,
That spirits *needing outward aid*,
Should feel and own the magic thrall
In your meek loveliness displayed:
And if the objects thus pourtrayed
Brought comfort, hope, or joy to them,
Their error, let who will upbraid,
I rather pity, than condemn.

For me, though not by hands of mine
May shrine or altar be upreared;
In you, the *human* and *Divine*
Have both so beautiful appeared,
That each, in turn, hath been endeared,
As in you feeling has explored
Woman—with holier love revered,
And God—more gratefully adored.

And better still is

ONE MORE TRIBUTE TO MY FAVOURITE OLD ABBEY AT LEISTON, SUFFOLK.

The breath of Spring has o'er thee blown,
For thou canst yet her blessing share,
Decking, with beauty not their own,
Those walls, which else were bleak and bare;
The ivy's twining wreath is there,
And, brighter from that ivy's gloom,
Shedding its perfume on the air,
The wall-flower's golden bloom.

And thine is music, even now,
Which suits thy hoary ruins well:
The blackbird on the ivy-bough,
The bee that comes to store its cell,
Throw round thee music's sweetest spell;
While its yet deeper charm is found,
When ocean's billows proudly swell,
In listening to their sound.

Thus, even in their drear decline,
Though thou art crumbling in decay,
Beauty and melody are thine
Which cannot, will not pass away:
With every bright and balmy May,
And each successive leafy June,
Thy walls in loveliness are gay,
Thy harmonists in tune!

But not in man's declining years,
Alas! can each revolving spring
To dimmer eyes and duller ears
A sense of fresh enjoyment bring:
Alike round peasant and round king,
When these approach life's closing stage,
Wants and infirmities must cling—
Nature can not assuage.

Has Nature, then, done more for thee
Than Nature's God would do for man?
Oh, surely not! With eyes to see,
And grateful hearts aright to scan,
His mercy's comprehensive plan,
We, too, when health and strength decay,
Might find He gives to life's last span
More than He takes away.

The deathless wreath by wisdom twined
Of thankful thoughts and feelings high
Beyond the ivy's we should find,
Though thine be lovely to the eye:
While hopes of immortality,
Far brighter than the wall-flower's bloom,
In darkest hours would still be nigh,
To cheer us through their gloom.

And sweeter far than bees' glad hum,
More rich and full than Nature's choir,
Would sound, though all on earth were dumb,
From gold harps touched by heavenly fire,
Glad songs of praise! Hope's strong desire
To faith would kindle at their sound;
That faith in triumph might expire,
And mightier love be crowned!

Do not these amply justify the remarks which, as honest reviewers, we were bound to make?

EDUCATION.

English History for Children. Pp. 292. London, 1845. Burns.

THE purpose of this work is to give to children a Churchman's view of the history of their country. Upon principle we object to all books that profess to narrate facts, not as they were, but according to the writer's political or sectarian views of them. It is impossible but that the truth must be often perverted or concealed, and always coloured in accordance with the design to which it is subservient. The effects of such publications are most mischievous in education; they are false teachers—practical impostures,—and the first duty of the reviewer is to warn the public against the use of them.

Lays of Faith and Loyalty: or, Narratives in Verse, selected from History. By EDWARD CHURTON, M.A. London: Burns.

A VOLUME of ballads, the subjects taken from memorable or romantic events of history; respectably written, and, as inculcating faith and loyalty, likely to be useful as well as interesting to the young, for whom it was composed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1846. Edited by the Countess of BLESSINGTON. London: Longman and Co.

THE remarks we last week made upon the literature of the *Keepsake* are equally applicable to the *Book of Beauty*, which is superintended by the same editress. It will not, therefore, be necessary to repeat them.

We find, also, almost the same names in the list of contributors, with two or three additions, as Mr. SIMMONS, Mr. MICHELL, Miss MUNRO, Miss AGUILAR, Hon. GEO. SMYTHE, and Captain MARRYAT. Nothing remains but to present the readers of the CRITIC with two specimens of the best of this miscellany.

First let us take a cleverly told anecdote entitled

THE OLD BROWN COAT.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

"I reckon you see nothing very particular in this, do you?" said an American acquaintance of mine, bringing out the cuff of an old coat, and holding it up before me, dangling it between his finger and thumb.

"I can't say that I do," replied I, "but I presume it has some secret merit, which remains to be explained."

"Ex-act-*ly*," replied my acquaintance, pronouncing each syllable of the word apart; "yet the coat, of which this is the remaining cuff, was the occasion of my being just now pretty considerable well to do in the world; I guess I'm right, ain't I?" continued he, appealing to his wife, a very pretty young woman, who stood by him.

"So you seem to think," replied she, smiling, "but I am not convinced, so far as I am concerned in the business, that the coat had any thing to do with it."

"Well, then, I shall just tell my story, and leave you to decide," said he, turning to me. "You must know that there was a time when I was rather hard up, and how to go ahead was the business. I had tried at mercantile speculation, and sunk an immensity of dollars. I had turned lawyer, but that would not answer in any way. I took to farming—no luck there. Went out supercargo; ship went on a reef, and lost cargo. Returned to New York, speculated a long while upon nothing; didn't lose much, that's certain, but didn't realize; at last I gave up business, and resolved to amuse myself a little, so I went south, and joined Bolivar. I fought with him for three years, and a good officer he was; but he had one fault as a general, which was, that his army never got paid. I wanted my three years, and finding that there was neither pay nor plunder, I got tired of it, and made my way home to the States, and at last arrived at the capital, with only one extra shirt and not a cent in my pocket. I happened to meet with a tailor, whose customer I had once been, when I had money and paid my bills; and he observed that my coat was rather shabby and that I could not appear in it. I knew that very well, and that all he wanted was an order for another, but as I had no chance of paying him, I thought it advisable not to take the hint. 'I think,' said I, 'that with a new velvet collar and brass buttons, it might do very well for an evening party.'

"'I see,' says he; 'that's an old country custom wearing an old coat at a ball; I guess you're going to Mr. T.'s to-morrow night. A regular flare-up, I am told. President there, and every body else. It's hardly worth it,' continued he, touching the threadbare cuff.

"'Yes, it is,' replied I; there'll be a regular jam, and a new coat would be spoiled. I'll send it to you to night, and you must let me have it in the morning; so good-bye.'

"Well, the coat came home the next day, not early in the morning, as I expected, but past meridian, and I walked up and down my bedroom in my trousers, thinking what I should do. At three o'clock I called upon Mrs. T. and left my card; went back again, and waited two hours for the invitation—no invitation. Called again at five, and left another card, telling the nigger that I had not received an invitation, and that there must be some mistake; whereupon an invitation came about an hour after my return, just as I was putting my hat on to call again, and leave another card, in a very fierce manner, I reckon. Well, I went very early to the ball, and my coat looked remarkable gay. You could see that the velvet collar was new, and the buttons glittered famously, but you could not see that the cloth was not a little the worse for wear; in short, my brown coat looked very smart, and I was a considerable smart fellow myself just at that time.

"Well, I stood near the door, looking at the company coming in, hoping to know somebody; but I presume that I had grown out of all recollection, for nobody knew me; but as the company were announced I heard their names, and if they did not know who I was, at all events I found out who they were.

"This won't do, says I, as the rooms became quite full. I may stick against this wall till daylight, but I shall never go ahead; so at last perceiving a young lady speaking to the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, after they parted, I went up and bowed to her. Having heard her name, I pretended to be an old acquaintance, and accused her of having forgotten me. As I was very positive and very bold, she presumed it was the case; and when I gave her my name, which I refused to do till we had been talking for some minutes, as it happened to be a very good one, she considered that it was all right, and in another quarter of an hour we became very intimate. I then asked her if she knew Miss E——, the daughter of the Secretary of the Navy. She replied that she did, and I requested her to introduce me, and offering her my arm, we walked up to the young lady together, and I was introduced. Now, thought I, I am going ahead a little. After the introduction I commenced a conversation with Miss E——, and a gentleman fortunately relieved me of my first acquaintance, whose arm I had dropped. I continued my attentions to Miss E——, exerted myself to the utmost, and on the strength of my introduction and my agreeableness, I was soon intimate with her, and she accepted my arm. As I paced her up and down the room, I asked her if she knew the daughter of General S——, who was near us. She replied in the affirmative, and I requested an introduction, which was immediately complied with, and I offered Miss S—— my other arm, and paraded them both up and down the room, making them laugh not a little.

"Now, I'm going ahead, thinks I, and my old brown coat looks remarkably well.

"'Here is the President coming up,' said Miss E——. 'Do you know him?'

"'I did once, a little, but he must have forgotten me since I have been in South America so long.'

"The President came right up to us and addressed the young ladies; I made a sort of half bow.

"'You don't recollect Mr. ——?' said Miss S——.

"'I recollect the name well,' replied the President. "You are well supported, Mr. ——; you have the Navy and the Army on each side of you.'

"'And the Highest Officer of the State before me,' replied I, with a low bow. 'I ought, indeed, to feel proud. It makes amends for all the privation that I underwent in my last campaign with General Bolivar, for the general and his aide-du-camps fared no better than the meanest soldier.'

That last was a hit. I did not say that I was aide-du-camp to Bolivar, but they thought proper to fancy so; the President made me a bow, and, as it appeared, he wanted to have some information from that quarter; and he asked me many questions, all of which I was able to answer with precision. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, during which the whole room were wondering who it was that was so intimate with the President, and many were trying to catch what was said, the President presuming, as Bolivar's aide-du-camp, that I could give him information upon a certain point, and not wishing to have the answer public, said to the young ladies, 'I am going to do a very rude thing; I wish to ask a question, which Mr. —— would not like to reply to except in strict confidence; I must take him away from you for a minute or two. I beg your pardon, Mr. ——, but I feel and shall be truly grateful for the great sacrifice you will make in giving up for one moment such charming society.' 'I fear the loss will only be on my part,' said I to the young ladies, as I dropped their arms and followed the President to a vacant spot near to the orchestra. The question which the President put to me was one which I could not well answer, but he helped me out of my difficulty by answering it himself according to his own views, and then appealing to me if he was not correct. I replied, that I certainly was not at liberty, although I had left the service of General Bolivar, to repeat all that I knew; 'fortunately,' continued I, bowing, 'where such clear-sightedness is apparent, there is no occasion for the question being answered.' 'You are right, Mr.——, I wish all those about me had your discretion and high sense of honour,' replied the President, who had one of my new brass buttons between his thumb and finger; and I perceive by your reply, that I was also right in my conjecture. I am much obliged to you, and trust I shall see you at Government House.' I bowed and retired.

"I am going ahead now at all events, thought I, as every one was looking as I retreated. I had been walking arm-in-arm with the daughters of the two first officers of the State, I had

been in confidential communication with the President, and that before all the *élite* of Washington. I can now venture to order another suit of clothes, but never will I forget you, my old brown coat.

"The next day the tailor came to me, he had heard what had taken place at the ball, and I amended my wardrobe. Every body came to me for orders, and I ordered every thing. Cards were left in showers; I was received everywhere, the President was my friend, and from that moment, I went ahead faster and faster every day, till I am, as you now see, well off, well married, and well up in the world.

"Now I do pertinaciously declare, that it was all owing to the old brown coat; and I have kept this cuff, which I shew now and then to my wife, to prove I am grateful, for had it not been for the old brown coat, I should never have been blessed with her for a companion."

"But, ——," said his wife, round whose waist he had gently encircled his arm, "the old brown coat would have done nothing without the velvet collar and new brass buttons."

"Certainly not, my dear."

"And they would not have effected much without they had been backed by——"

"What?"

"*Impudence*," replied the lady, giving him a slight slap on the cheek.

And now for an extract from some notes in Brittany by Mrs. TORRE HOLMES.

MARRIAGES IN BRITTANY.

In the neighbourhood of Quimper, the marriage-ceremonies are singular, and somewhat burlesque. The village tailor bears a most prominent part on these occasions. He appears in Brittany greatly to resemble the barber of the old French comedy. Frequently deformed in person, and (owing, no doubt, to his sedentary occupation) he is a gossip, a go-between, a poet; the favourite of the women, whose repasts he shares, and the ridicule of the men.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that in Brittany the females of a family dine after and apart from their male relations: indeed, nowhere is the inferiority of woman more strongly expressed and dwelt upon, and nowhere is her subjection greater, than among the Breton peasantry. *Before* marriage, the tender *tutoiement* may be used in speaking to the bride; *after* the wedding-day, this endearment ceases, to give way to a more reserved and despotic form of address, as if marriage were too serious to retain any of the frivolities of love, and the woman was to learn at once that all equality between her and her partner was at an end for ever.

When a Breton peasant has marriage in view, he charges the tailor to visit the young woman; who always refers him to her parents; and, if their reception to his proposal is favourable, he returns to his employer. The tailor then, bearing in his hand a branch of the *genêt*, or broom, from which, like our Plantagenets, he derives his name of Bazvalen (*baguette de genêt*), and dressed in a singular manner, with one stocking red and one purple, accompanies the young man and his nearest relative to the bride's house. While the parents arrange mere worldly matters, the young couple are allowed an hour of uninterrupted conversation; after which, hand in hand, they approach the table round which their relatives and the important Bazvalen are already seated. The young couple eat with the same knife and drink with the same glass, and are considered *fiancés*. A day is appointed for a meeting of both families; which always takes place at the bride's house, and is called the *velladen*, or the beholding. On this occasion the young girl appears in her gayest attire,—her scarlet bodice, with worked eyelet-holes, laced with gold or silver; the embroidered apron, snow-white cap, and all the finery of the Breton peasant. The young man's large-bordered hat is ornamented with ribands of several colours, and the full trousers and bright blue jacket complete his costume: the jacket is often such a masterpiece of finery that the tailor's name is embroidered in coloured worsteds on the breast, as an artist writes his name on a precious painting which he deems worthy of immortality. At this meeting, the farmhouse is in all its glory. The beds, which close with doors like wardrobes, are resplendent with wax and rubbing; the rafters are hung with hams; the old black coffers you always see in Breton houses disclose their riches; linen, lace, counterpanes, blankets, all the wealth of the family, are displayed; and horses and cattle are inspected. Above all, the bee-hives are decorated with scarlet and yellow ribands; for the bees are supposed to be particularly tenacious of respect; and, if they are not put into mourning at a death, and adorned in token of rejoicing for all fortunate occasions, they immediately take flight, choosing to be treated as the friends and confidants of the family they enrich by their labours, or certainly to punish ingratitude by desertion.

As soon as the day of marriage is fixed, which is generally about a week after the *velladen*, the young girl, accompanied by her bridesman, or garçon d'honneur, and the young man by his bridesmaid, go with a white stick in their hands from door to door, inviting to the wedding. The invitation is given in verse, setting forth the period of the marriage, the place appointed, and the name of the aubergiste or traiteur who provides the dinner. Sometimes six or eight hundred persons assemble on these occasions, and seldom less than three or four hundred; and as no guest goes empty-handed, but all take presents of flax, corn, honey, and sometimes of money, these gifts form a material addition to the resources of the young housekeepers; and many people marry with but little more than these friendly contributions and their own labours to rely on for subsistence.

Stable-Talk and Table-Talk; or, Spectacles for Young Sportsmen. By HARRY HIEOVER. London: Longman and Co.

THEY whom business or pleasure may induce to perambulate the streets at the west-end of London must have noticed a certain class of youths and old boys who rejoice in a peculiar costume; a jockey coat, a showy neckcloth, a waistcoat of many colours, a hat singularly round and flat-brimmed; they carry a hunting-whip, sometimes wear spurs, walk with a loose, shambling gait, and patronize cigars.

This is the class for which the volume before us must have been written. Their discourse is ever about horses; their elysium is TATTERSALL'S; their table-talk is stable-talk; and our author, catching their spirit, has put their bald, disjointed chat into a book, which will have more attractions for the members of this class than for the general reader. Therefore we shall deal with it very briefly; it is not after our taste, and we hope it is not such as our subscribers would approve.

Not that it is altogether wanting in wit, in intelligence, or in amusement. A good deal of agreeable matter might be extracted from it, both by way of anecdote and of information. Being in good humour at this moment, we will take two of the best things that present themselves, that it may be seen in its most favourable aspect. Here is a well-told

ADVENTURE IN FRANCE.

Riding one evening after dark along the same delectable road, on a favourite English horse, down he dropped as if he had been shot, sending me over his ears *en avant courrier*. This mishap had arisen from my (Englishman-like) taking the side of the *pavé* in preference to the middle af the route. A drain had been left open of about two feet deep, into which my horse had gone. He was up in a moment; I remounted, and what I said about French high-roads was bad enough then; but when I examined my horse's knees by the first light I came to, and found two concavities made in them something the size of a teacup, I fear what I said was ten times worse. I really now thought that, from this trap having been left open, and holding myself a loser of about thirty pounds each knee, some redress would be afforded me. I found, however, that redress, something like promotion or reward for services, was likely to be some time in coming; for I was first told I had no business riding where I did; and, secondly, from whom was the redress to come? Before this could be got at, it was necessary to find who made the drain, and it behoved me to find that out. "Did Monsieur know who it was?" Of course Monsieur did not. I saw my chance was out; but, to render assurance doubly sure, out came again the infernal "Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc." The prayers of the wicked are sometimes heard: I prayed for a chance to return all favours to Monsieur le ——, and it came. I learned that his lady had taken a mania for riding *en Amazon*, and that her lord and master would give any price for a perfectly broke English horse accustomed to carry a lady. Just before I left England, a very beautiful horse that had been carrying a friend of my wife's had unfortunately gone badly broken-winded, so much so as to be useless. I started my groom off for this said horse, and he brought him back in blooming condition, and looking worth as much as any lady's horse could be, and only six years old. I got the daughter of a friend of mine, a girl nine years of age, to ride him about the town, taking care he should be seen by the lady and her good lord. The beauty and docility of the horse in carrying a mere child could not be resisted; so a note arrived filled with apologies for asking if I would sell "le beau cheval," in which case I was begged to name a price, and to pass my word that he was as docile as he appeared. Monsieur would only ask leave for a friend to look at him in the stable, who would bring the "argent comptant." I replied by saying I would sell the horse, that on my honour he was "doux comme un agneau," a hundred and fifty Napoleons his price, and that Monsieur's friend was quite welcome to see him, assuring Monsieur "de ma parfaite considération," &c. &c. Yes, thinks I to myself, you are welcome to *ma parfaite considération*, but I

suspect you will not get much *considération* for your hundred and fifty. I have the "Il faut qu'il l'apprenne" fresh in my memory—"chacun à son tour!" I have not spent so much money about horses without being able to make a broken-winded one fit to be examined by your friend. The "ami" came; the "valet d'écurie" came; the saddle and bridle (such a saddle! a kind of "demi-pique" resuscitated), the bridle half red velvet and silver buckles, came—no matter; the money came. Out of kindness to the horse, I desired the French groom not to give him any cold water that day. Those initiated in such matters will know why; the groom did not. "Il faut qu'il l'apprenne," thinks I. The groom mounted, rode off "en dragon," stiff as a poker, Monsieur "l'ami" walking by his side, and as I saw, Frenchman-like, stopping ten times in the street to shew le beau cheval to some friend. "Tout à l'heure, tout à l'heure," thought I. The next evening "l'ami" waited on me, begging I would go with him to look at the horse. "Volontiers, Monsieur;" and away we went. I found him of course blowing away like a blacksmith's bellows. What was de mattere? vas de horse indisposé? "Eh, non; Monsieur says il est poussif; voila tout." "Poussif, poussif?" cried Monsieur le ——. "Sacré ——! do I hear you right? you say de hors is what you call broke in de vind,—do I hear dat?" "Yes," said I, "you do;" and thinks I to myself, Madame will hear it too *occasionally*, if she rides him. Monsieur assured me he had no idea of the horse being so when he bought it. I freely expressed my conviction that this was correct. Vat was he to do? "Ce n'est pas mon affaire cela," said I. Doubtless my reader has seen two Frenchmen in a passion; but to see two most passionate ones in a regular white-heat rage is really a treat. Now, says I, for the *coup de théâtre*. I reminded Monsieur of the broken-gig and broken-knee decisions; he recognised me in a moment. "Now, Monsieur," says I, "what have you got to say? You wanted 'un beau cheval,'—you have him; you wanted a docile one—you have that also; I said nothing about his being sound; you have no fault to find with me." "Mais, mille tonnères! I no vant de hors broke in de vind, dat go puff puff all de day long." 'C'est possible," says I; "mais cela m'est parfaitement indifférent. You trusted to your friend's judgment." "Bote my friend have no jugement for de horse." "Il faut, Monsieur," said I, making my bow, "qu'il l'apprenne donc."

The author exhibits an unusual frankness in his comments on

THE HUMANITY OF SPORTSMEN.

The huntsman, the jockey, the steeple-chase rider, the bull-baiter, and dog-fighter—even the gentleman, if he is merely a "bookless sauntering youth, proud of the scut that dignifies his cap"—will all deny that there is a particle of cruelty in any of their several occupations; while the man of sense will candidly admit the charge, but may very justifiably add, that if we do not let a selfish thirst for amusement benumb or obliterate our feelings of humanity, the great source of amusement arising from sporting, and also the great advantages a large portion of the community derive from it, overbalance the trifling cruelty we inflict in its pursuit; and this is the only true state of the case. No man can attempt to deny that to turn out a stag merely for the pleasure of hunting him is gratifying ourselves at the expense of a harmless animal; it would be folly to deny it: still, I hunted seven seasons with stag-hounds, and must allow I never thought of any thing but keeping as near to the hounds as a sportsman ought to be. Foxes are vermin, some will say, therefore we ought to kill them: "so where's the cruelty?" This is all nonsense. If there is any cruelty in hunting, whether it be the fox or the hare, the thing is the same; and for this reason, a gun would be a quicker mode of ridding ourselves of the one and of possessing the other. It is always bad policy to pertinaciously defend a bad cause, or to attempt to controvert that which in itself is incontrovertible. Let us allow therefore, like honest fellows, that there is some cruelty even in fox-hunting, but that it is so born with those of the right sort, and is so fascinating in its pursuit, that death would almost be preferable to resigning it. Then fill a bumper to fox-hunting, and I will be as vociferous in the three times three, and again, again, again, as the loudest of you all. That fox or stag-hunting is the frequent cause of a great deal of cruelty and suffering to horses is quite clear; that is, when they get into certain hands. I have some years since seen the hon. Mr. P. with his horse spurred from shoulder to flank, and that because, from want of common sense and judgment in the early part of the day, he had beaten a good horse before it was half over. If this is not cruelty, I do not know what is. Depend upon it, the man who would be guilty of it towards his horse, would be equally the brute to his wife or child. God forbid that he should ever have the one or the other! Let no man tell me that enthusiasm in the chase is an excuse for premeditated and wanton cruelty. I maintain it to be wanton cruelty to butcher a good horse, when the only plea we can produce for so doing is a wish to see more of the end of the run, as if a man could never see another during his life. I can assert from experience and observation—and have had no small share of the former, or want of opportunity for the latter, in these matters—that I never knew one of these real butchering riders in the field who was not a brute in all his relative connections in society. Let it not be supposed that I mean in any way to infer that riding straight to hounds necessarily involves cruelty to a hunter; quite the contrary. I am perfectly satisfied, and I am sure the best judges in these matters will agree with me, that the man who rides straightest to hounds, generally speaking, distresses his horse the least: he keeps near enough to watch the leading hound, or couple or two of hounds, by which he is enabled often to avail himself of sound ground instead of heavy, and perhaps cuts off the whole angle of a fifty or sixty-acre field. If the hounds throw up their noses for only half a minute, he can give his horse the full benefit of that half minute; and half a minute, ay ten seconds, is an age to a horse all but blown. When they hit it off, he is off with them; they don't gain an inch on him: he has no ground to make up, for he is ready to take his place. Long may he keep it, both here and in his chase through life!

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Rejected and the Elect. By EMILE SOUVESTRE. 4 vols. 1845.

THE idea of this work was excellent, and, with one-half the power displayed in the volumes before us, either as regards invention or imagination, it might have been ably carried out. But M. SOUVESTRE has failed, and, in our opinion, most signally failed, in working out his purpose nevertheless. He professes to have derived his first intention of producing the book from listening to the narration of a *klourck*, or student in theology, who, as is usual in Brittany, entertained the circle of his host with a religious apologue, which went to shew that the angel of death, having separated his day's harvest at the foot of the judgment-seat, according to the decision formed by the world upon the merits of the different individuals, was enlightened as to their real deserts by having their hearts laid open before him, and discovering that several of those belonging to the "elect" were occupied by a serpent, while among those of the "rejected" he discovered many which were lighted by a star. These serpents, as he was informed, were hidden vices, which had imprisoned all the apparently virtuous lives of their entertainers; while the stars were emblems of some equally hidden virtue, which had redeemed their more prominent faults. The world, according to its wont, had judged wrongfully, and confused alike the sinners and the saints.

It was then to prove (what no one will be tempted to deny) its persistence in this wrong-headed system, that M. SOUVESTRE, as we have stated above, set himself to write the lengthy work before us. He has, however, ended by proving nothing; for his "rejected" are in truth such unmitigated, incorrigible villains, that there is no hope of the existence of a hidden star in any of their hearts; and, indeed, in one or two cases, we can fairly see the serpent writhing upon the surface, while, in the case of his pure and virtuous heroine, although she is sorely tried throughout all the four volumes, yet, as at the end of the concluding one we leave her in a position to be "happy ever afterwards," we do not think that he can claim for her the title of the world's "rejected." The plot of the work is so hopelessly involved, that we shall not even affect to give our readers an idea of it. Its ingredients are, moreover, so incongruous and so multitudinous, that we could never hope to induce the least interest in its involutions by the necessarily imperfect digest which our space would enable us to give. Suffice it, that it occupies the energies of a marquis, a couple of counts, a country physician, a female farmer, an idiot, a housebreaker, and an old Jew hawker, in addition to sundry other personages equally ill-assorted. As regards the fable itself, then, we condemn it altogether; for with all the *argot* of the "Mystères de Paris," all the low-lived licentiousness of "Jack Sheppard," and nearly all the poisoning of "Madame de Brinvilliers," it is painfully and unnecessarily improbable in itself. The gentle and beautiful heroine, the daughter of a fair and highborn mother, turns out to be the child of a galley-slave; and that mother herself dies poisoned by her sister's husband, who has already disposed of his wife by the same means: ensured the idiocy of his only child by a

fiendish series of concealed cruelties, and who, with the cognizance of the reader, prepares a deadly drug for his mother-in-law, which, being dissolved in wine, excites the covetousness of the mad boy, who, seizing his opportunity, swallows it and dies; and ultimately bribes two hardened ruffians to drown the heroine, who stands between himself and a large inheritance.

Now here, we contend, is crime enough to condemn the whole shelf of a circulating library. It is so monstrous that it becomes disgusting; and these are, moreover, only the feats of the head villain of the tale—the Lucifer of the fabled pandemonium, which is well furnished with minor imps, only the more virtuous because they are the less powerful. In short, we may truly say, *Longa est injuria, longæ ambages.*

Such being the case, but feeling that the style and power of M. Souvestre deserve to save the book from utter condemnation, we shall do him the best service by making a few extracts, which will enable our readers to appreciate the extent of his talent.

A MONOMANIAC.

The Marchioness de Biezi had married a very wealthy Italian, a fanatical tourist, who was to be seen every where save at home. He had overrun successively the five divisions of the globe; not in order to study them, or even to see them, but for the purpose of visiting the most inaccessible mountains—that was his mania. In 1816 he had climbed Mont Blanc; in 1818 he had accomplished the ascent of the level of the cedars in Lebanon; in 1821 he had explored the Kûmberg, at the Cape of Good Hope; in 1823 he had succeeded in traversing the Andes. But he had still to scale the Dawalagiri, elevated 8,529 metres above the sea. Without that of the Dawalagiri, all his other ascensions were useless; the Dawalagiri alone could make of him the first mountain climber in the civilized world. He hesitated for a considerable time, withheld by the difficulties of such an enterprise, and excited by the glory of its accomplishment. At length the thirst of glory decided him, and he departed for Thibet, carrying with him the good wishes of the marchioness, and a memorandum for the purchase of six Cachemire shawls.

THE HUNCHBACK AND THE GRISETTE.

Master Bronsmiche, surnamed the Mountain, was a little hunchback, who performed the duty of porter to a house in the *Rue des Morts*. Condemned to ridicule by his infirmity, Bronsmiche had taken life in a spirit of resignation: it would have been difficult to find a more conciliating and inoffensive creature. As, according to his own declaration, no woman had ever been able to look at him without laughing, he had made up his mind to a life of celibacy, and had concentrated all his affections on a cat and a goldfinch, Lolo and Fanfan, which formed his substitute for a family. Unfortunately, all his efforts to establish a fraternal friendship between his two *protégés* had hitherto been unavailing, and he saw with sorrow a renewal of the history of Cain and Abel acting before his eyes. Several times already Fanfan had nearly fallen into the claws of the fratricide, and Bronsmiche had just discovered a fresh act of feline delinquency, as a young female in a cap, and wrapped in a tartan shawl, entered the lodge with a bandbox in her hand.

She found the hunchback standing before his cat, to whom he was addressing the most pathetic remonstrances on this new crime.

"Oh, fie!" she exclaimed, as she paused at the door; "has that monster of a Lolo been endeavouring again to tear out the feathers of the goldfinch?"

"Do not speak of it, Madame Charles," said the hunchback, raising his hand to his Greek cap, with instinctive politeness, "the wretched animal will make me die of grief."

"You should beat him well," said the grisette, approaching the delinquent, as though she would have added example to advice.

"I ask your pardon, Madame Charles," interposed the porter, extending his hand sententiously; "but you know that blows do not enter into my ideas of education."

"Nonsense!" laughed his companion, "the education of a cat! You have too much respect for animals, Monsieur Bronsmiche!"

"In any case, I am not the only one," replied the hunchback, who prided himself upon his reading, and who had, above his stove, a shelf covered with dilapidated volumes; "the Egyptians of the Pyramids adored all descriptions of animals."

"Really?" interrupted Madame Charles.

"Oh, we ought to be surprised at nothing," said Bronsmiche, indulgently; "we still see things quite as odd. You know that the English, for example, are a people who may be considered as civilized."

"I should think so! Our best needles come from there."

"And the knives, too? And the fruit? We are indebted to them for the English pears."

"Well, and what then? Do you mean to say that they adore animals?"

"Not exactly; but I was reading the other day, in a newspaper, that they have a law which forbids coachmen to flog their horses."

"Is it possible! Then how do the hackney-coaches get along?"

"The animals exhibit great delicacy, do you see, Madame Charles; speaking to them is enough. You cannot imagine how very susceptible animals really are. They are like women,—without comparison—but, dear me, I am leaving you standing there, without either offering you a chair, or even taking your bandbox."

This is very life-like and pleasant writing, and, moreover, perfectly true to nature. We shall follow the grisette to her garret-home, and teach the reader to know her better; only prefacing her reappearance by informing him that she has fallen a victim to the passion of a selfish and avaricious banker, of high fashion, who is the father of her child, and who has presented himself to her under the double disguise of sordid habiliments and a false name, in order to pass as the junior clerk in a mercantile house, and thus avoid the necessity of contributing to her support, and that of the infant.

RICH AND POOR.

Madame Charles, as Mademoiselle Francoise was commonly called, was a handsome young woman of about three-and-twenty, in whom every thing announced health, strength, and goodness. Although her figure was slight, her features delicate, and her complexion of the fairness and polish of velvet, there was, nevertheless, in her bearing something so calm, so simple, and so awkwardly graceful, that it gave her a sort of peasant beauty. It was only requisite to look at her to feel convinced that she was incapable of the most innocent coquetry. This native uprightness gave her a charm that was quite refreshing. You felt, as you gazed upon her, the same soft and tranquil sensation which is induced by the aspect of a lake, whose peaceful waters reflect the woods, the flowers, and the heavens.

After having hastily arranged her hair, Francoise put on a muslin dress with pink sprigs, and a white cape, whose simple elegance harmonized charmingly with her innocent countenance. Then she hung round her neck a little gold cross, suspended from a narrow black velvet; added to her earrings two mother-of-pearl pendants, and clasped round her wrists two bracelets of coral. Thus adorned with all that she possessed which was most valuable, for she was expecting her lover, she turned herself round and round before her little dressing-glass of a foot square, in order to convince herself that all was neatly arranged, passed her hand several times over her hair, and, satisfied at last, hastened to put every thing around her in its place. * * * She had just opened the door when she heard, at the foot of the stairs, a voice speaking to the porter: eagerly she leant over the bannisters; a step which she recognised at once made the stairs creak; and with the joyous exclamation of "Charles!" she rushed to meet him.

"Here I am, my lady-bird," said the visitor, as he applied a sounding kiss to the cheek which the grisette turned towards him. "You received my letter, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I was expecting you; but come in as fast as you can, there is a great draught on the landing, and you look very cold."

"It is the fog," said the lover, following Francoise into the room; "it is so dark, that one cannot tell a rag-merchant from an omnibus. Fortunately, I had put on my caoutchouc great coat and my comforter. Prrr!—Wait an instant, lady-bird; wait till I pull off my wraps."

He withdrew the lambswool cravat, in which he had been enveloped to the very ears, threw off his outer garment, and laid aside his hat; while, after having assisted him in these arrangements, Francoise hastened to draw towards him the only arm-chair that she possessed, and into which he sank gently down, while she placed herself before him on her knees upon a foot-stool. "This street is at the world's end," he said, drawing a long breath.

"Why did you not come in the omnibus?" asked Francoise, as she passed a handkerchief over his forehead.

"Nonsense, I am recommended to take exercise," said the banker, shaking himself; "besides, I had my evening to myself, and I wanted to see you."

"It is so long since you were here before, Charles."

"What can I do? We are overwhelmed with work; besides, you had nothing particular to say to me, had you?"

"Nothing! Do you really believe so?" asked the grisette, with a face beaming with joy; "well then, sir, you are wrong; I have received news from Normandy."

"Ah!—and the child?—Is he well?" asked her companion, with a little confusion.

"Yes; but that is not all."

"What is there more?"

"Do you not guess?"

"No."

"Well—he has begun to talk!" From the glow of happiness which spread over the features of Françoise, as she pronounced these words, it was evident that she anticipated a cry of joyful surprise from her listener; but the latter was perfectly calm, and only remarked,—

"Ah, indeed! So he has begun to talk." A shade passed over the brow of the young mother.

"Does it not make you happy, Charles?" she asked, with a slight accent of reproach.

"Certainly," replied her visitor; "but you expected it, I imagine? It was clear that the boy was not to continue dumb."

The grisette felt surprised as well as grieved. In her simple mother's heart she could not understand that the progress of their child should not delight its father as it did herself.

"I thought to give you such good news," she said sadly.

"So you have;" replied the banker, passing his hand through his hair; "only, from the manner in which you announced it, I thought it was question of a telegraphic despatch which would raise the funds."

"He is your own son, Charles;" said Françoise, as she buried her face on his shoulder. "Ah, if you could only know all my plans for him!"

"Let me hear your plans."

"In the first place, Jules must not be a workman; he must have an education, and be capable of filling some situation in an office."

"Why so?"

"Because I should not like you to be ashamed of him—as you are of me."

"Do you reproach me, Françoise?"

No, Charles, no; I know that if you walked out with me, or if I went to see you at your lodgings, it might do you an injury; therefore I do not complain; it is not your fault; but I would spare Jules such a mortification."

"And how can you manage it, my poor girl? The education of a boy is expensive."

"Oh, I know how," smiled the grisette, triumphantly; "I have made inquiries; in the first place a neighbour has promised to give him his earliest lessons."

"And afterwards?"

"I will pay a master."

"Where is the money to be found?"

"It is here;" she answered joyously. "Ah, you never suspected it. You thought that all my time was taken up in making artificial flowers; but you are wrong, sir; I have studied business, too, and I have prepared a speculation. By depositing 100 francs in the chest of the 'family tontine,' on every 1st of January for ten years, I shall be able to secure an education to Jules."

"Perhaps so: but the 100 francs must be had."

"I have them," said Françoise, running to her cupboard, and bringing out a purse. "Look, sir, five new golden coins!"

"I'faith, so there are; but where did you get them?"

"That is the secret; I have found out a way; but I would not tell you until I had got the whole sum, and it has required eleven months of economy."

"And how the devil have you contrived to economise five louis?

"By doing away with superfluities."

"In what?"

"Oh, in many things. In the first place I used to breakfast on coffee, which is said to be very unwholesome; I have left it off. Then I discovered that by dressing a little warmer I could do without a fire in the winter; and, finally, I calculated that by getting up earlier in the morning I should have time to wash instead of paying a laundress. All that seems very trifling, does it not? Well, do you know what I saved by these means, sir? At least six sous a day; yes, six sous! which makes more than 100 francs a year, and pay the tontine."

"Embrace me, Françoise;" cried the banker, evidently more astonished at the cleverness of the grisette than affected by her self-abnegation; "you are a good girl, and deserve to be encouraged; so I will help you in this undertaking—I will go myself and inquire if this family tontine is safe."

"Oh, thank you Charles!"

"And moreover;" added the man of money-bags, who, though he had no natural feeling for the child, was secretly ashamed: "I will also do something for Jules—I will give 100 francs like you."

"Oh, no, no; eagerly interposed Françoise; "indeed you shall not; you are obliged to incur expenses. A man cannot deny himself comforts like a woman; he must do as others do; you cannot save any thing, Charles?

"How do you know that?"

"You have often told me yourself that it was as much as you could do to live;—besides, love," she added with an expression of tenderness, "it would destroy all my delight; it would indeed! I want to feel that I brought up my boy without taxing you—without asking you to do any thing but love him. This may be pride, but you must forgive it, for it is a pride which gives me courage, and makes me happy. Let me bring him up, and when he is a man, and can do you honour, then you shall claim him. Do not refuse me this, Charles."

"Can I refuse you any thing!" exclaimed the banker, as he drew her towards him; "you know that your will is always mine."

Our limits warn us to conclude, but we cannot forbear making another extract, which will shew the power of M. Souvestre over the terrible as favourably as those which we have given display his knowledge of human nature. The Count de Luxenil, to whom the heroine has been united against her will, and who, after dissipating the greater portion of her property, and compelling her by his insults to fly from his roof, accidentally discovers her retreat; a little fishing-village on the lip of the Bay of Cancale. Of this shore, the author remarks,—

At a certain hour all is deserted, silent, and motionless in the arid sand-plain; but wait only a few minutes and a murmur will arise in the distance, a white line will shiver along the horizon; and this murmur is the voice of the sea; this white line is the fringe of the advancing tide: you have scarcely had time to recognise and to name them ere the level plain has every where disappeared; and the mountain which only just before dominated a stretch of shore, now seems to ride upon the waves. In a few instants the continent has become an island.

In this romantic spot the Countess is accompanied by the friend of her youth—the chosen one of her heart—who is insulted with injurious suspicions by her husband, and finally challenged. The parties are to meet at dawn the following morning, and meanwhile the convict-father of the heroine, having convinced himself that his daughter, whom he idolises, is sincerely beloved by De Gausson, undertakes to arrange the affair of the duel in his own way. To avoid exciting the suspicions of the family, De Gausson, who is familiar with the neighbourhood, leaves the house first, accompanied by the two seconds; and ultimately Mark the convict undertakes to conduct the Count de Luxenil to the place of rendezvous.

A DUEL.

The old convict entered the room. He was wrapped in a goat-skin cloak, and carried a lantern. "Is M. de Luxenil ready?" he asked in a sharp voice.

"You see that I am waiting for you," said Arthur, who was buttoning his gloves.

Mark threw the street-door wide open, and stepped out. De Luxenil ignited a cigar, and followed. The first streaks of light lay white upon the sky; the sea-fog covered the shore; and the path was almost invisible. Mark went first, holding the lantern low to light his companion. They walked to the bridge of Conesnow, and then reached the sands.

The wind was chill and damp, and De Luxenil involuntarily quickened his pace. The duel which he was about to fight was so unlike those in which he had previously been engaged, that he could not help feeling, in spite of himself, somewhat of that irritable impatience common to men on the approach of danger. His blood circulated more rapidly, and he longed to converse, for the silence of his companion oppressed him. At length, despite his repugnance to do so, he addressed him.

"Are we far from the spot where M. de Gausson is waiting for us?" he asked.

"No," answered his guide.

"I am afraid that we are not in the right road," he said, a minute after; "the sand gives way under my feet."

"Make yourself easy, sir," replied Mark, gazing upwards; "we shall arrive in time."

The count, annoyed by the laconism of his guide, threw away his cigar with an angry gesture, and walked still faster. The first rays of the sun were darting through the fog which veiled the shore; the wind freshened; the sound of the waves became more distinct, and the sands less steady. De Luxenil, who could scarcely retain his footing, and who was looking on all sides for his adversary, suddenly stopped.

"On my soul," he said, "if we had taken the right road, we can now see to such a distance that I must have distinguished M. de Gausson."

"Do you see nothing, then?" asked Mark.

"Nothing, but an unsteady white line yonder, against the horizon."

"And do you not guess what it is?"

"Not at all, unless it be a rock or a sandbank glistening in the sunshine."

Mark, who had also stopped, shook his head. "It is neither rock nor sun," he said, "for the line widens and comes nearer."

"What is it, then?" exclaimed the count.

"Death!"

Arthur drew back.

"I wished to deliver the woman who bears your name," said the ex-convict, "and to restore her to liberty, that she might yet have a chance of happiness."

"Wretch!" cried De Luxenil, "you are then an assassin!"

"No," said Mark, calmly, "it is a duel, a duel to the death for both of us, for neither can now escape from this spot with life."

"You lie," shouted Arthur, glancing about him; "yonder is the mountain; I can yet find a path."

He would have sprung forward in the direction of the mount, whose sombre mass was becoming visible through the vapour; but he had scarcely taken a dozen steps, when the sands gave way beneath his feet. The billows rushed on like race-horses; the slender line had widened, and swelled into a grim, ever moving mountain-chain of foam, which rolled towards them with a deafening roar. The separate waves could be distinctly distinguished, and the spray reached them where they stood.

The hair of Arthur rose upon his head; the saline foam suddenly dashed into his face; and he uttered one cry, so wild and loud that it was audible above the fury of the sea. The pride upon which his courage had been based was prostrate; he saw nothing before him but a horrible and unexpected death, and he was afraid. "In Heaven's name, save me!" he cried madly; "I will renounce all my rights over Honorine—I will renounce my vengeance on M. de Gausson—save me, and I will give you all I have, Oh! quick, quick—see! the waves gain upon us. Oh! I beseech you with clasped hands. What you are doing is infamous, treacherous, and cruel.—You seek a duel, you say; deliver me from this scene of horror, and I will meet you—on your own terms—you shall be satisfied—as you seek my death—but let it not be such a death as this—not this! Ah!—I am lost!

He had grasped the arm of the old man, who, leaning against a hillock of sand, had hitherto resisted the action of the waves, and who made no effort to shake him off.

"Do not waste your last moments in idle words," he said solemnly, "No human power can save us now."

"No, no," shouted M. Luxenil, as he grappled with the billows, "I will not die here!"

He loosened his hold on Mark, and would have endeavoured to swim towards the shore, but the convict seized his hand and held him fast, as he uttered the word "Pray!" and rising from the sand, which had hitherto sustained him, he abandoned himself to the waves, which were awaiting their prey.

Once or twice the head of the erring but devoted father, and that of the inhuman husband, appeared above the crest of the billows in an atmosphere of foam, and then all disappeared, and nothnig could be seen but the mighty sea rolling its long fold over the beach which it had invaded; while the fog passed off into the blue sky, and the sun illuminated the bay with its splendid beams.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

England und Schottland im Jahre, 1844. Von Dr. C. G. CARUS, Leibarzt Sr. Majestät des Königs von Sachsen, &c. &c. Erster Theil.

England and Scotland in 1844. By Dr. CARUS, Physician, to his Majesty the King of Saxony, &c. &c. Vol. I. 8vo. Berlin, 1845: London, D. Nutt.

WHEN this work was first announced we had some misgivings as to its author. Could it be a contribution to literature from the King of Saxony, or was it exclusively the production of Dr. CARUS, or of *Ego et Rex meus?* We are bound to state, upon perusal, that it is the entire property of Dr. CARUS. Accustomed to take notes of the cases of his patients, the Doctor has been beguiled into the same plan for his travels, and sooth to say he has written them much in the same style. If formerly he wrote "visited L. C. aged 50,—face flushed,—tongue furred,—symptoms morbid," he now writes, "visited Cologne,—saw the Dom,—built 1248,—free from houses, impressive on the spectator,—plan of the nave and right tower now more clearly seen,—admirable gallery," and then dismisses the cathedral with a gentle pun and expression of his assured hope for its full and perfect restoration. Then we have notes on the weather: "the morning was fine but cold,—the afternoon hot though dusty,—that he travelled all night in the carriage,—found it roomy,—slept soundly, and awoke much refreshed in the morning." Followed by "dinner at the palace,—fifty guests,—wines flowing,—appetite good," with a slight expression of surprise at the lateness of the hour at which he afterwards returned home. "Eleven o'clock the hour," as Master Ford has it. Now we do not say this is bad, but it is very M.D.; it is the fact drily noted, the weather as habitually discussed, the patient's night recorded; the tone, the manner, and the gentle levity of the sick-room, very appropriate, perfectly adapted for families, and not entirely uninstructive. Such a work, however, it is obviously unnecessary strictly to criticise, we are in such case sworn of the peace, and as the Doctor has doubtless shewn himself to be a patient physician, so we trust his narrative will obtain, what we think it deserves, what we feel it requires, a somewhat patient reader. This premised we shall commence our extracts with

THE BEGUINAGE AT GHENT.

From thence we drove to the *beguinage*, a remarkable demi-conventual corporation of women, which has come down from the thirteenth century to the present times, like one of those old melancholy-looking gable-houses among the elegant buildings of recent days. This description of society was by no means rare even in Germany from the twelfth century; they were called *Beguines* (also *Begutten*, or *Soul-women*), and probably took their origin in those times of war and disturbances when so many women were deprived of male protection, and because the religious tendencies of the age demanded and promoted the formation of such congregations. The foundation in Ghent is probably the largest and most complete existing. The number of small houses, which are surrounded by an old enclosure usually shut, is very considerable, and in each of these houses, furnished with large glass windows, five, or six, or more sisters live together. Their dress consists of a simple blue-gray gown, with a large white head-dress. The most of them appeared already advanced in life; the one who conducted us round was very loquacious. We saw the arrangement of their dwellings, which is simple enough. They dress their food in the kitchen of each house in common, but each eats apart before and on the falling leaf of a sort of small cupboard, with the face towards the wall. The produce of their work, whatever it may be, goes to the benefit of the community, and they are also ready to attend and nurse the sick when applied to for that purpose. The first year after entrance is a noviciate, and during this period they are allowed to leave the society at any time; and even at a later period, when fully admitted, they may depart from the institution under certain conditions. After having taken a hasty view of the whole, it leaves behind a weak and strange impression. We passed, too, for a moment into the old church, which stands opposite the dwellings of the sisters, and belongs to the foundation. The beguines appeared there like spectres, with their large white head coverings—what means their devotion?

We are at the present time all fully aware of the benefits derived from the study of the classics. From the days of WOOTTON to those of the late respected Canon TATE, opinion upon this point has become extended and confirmed, and the subject indeed hardly requires an argument in its behalf. But few, even the most enthusiastic of our readers, convinced as they may be of the salutary influence of Greek authors on the mind, will be prepared for the following remarkable instance of their beneficial effect upon the body. Indeed we hardly know how to head it, but trust we shall not wrong Dr. CARUS by citing the passage with which we commence our extracts, as

THE STOMACH-ACHE CURED BY PLUTARCH.

Yesterday, for the first time, whilst we were in Brussels, I experienced what for a long time I have been free from—much internal derangement. My nights were restless, almost sleepless, but relieved by the perusal of the *Timoleon*, in Plutarch. How powerful is the influence of the "Spiritual" over the "Material!" Sufferiŋg last night, I sought my Plutarch for relief. Alas! there was no book at hand but "The Travels in England of Von K——," and I cannot describe how every bad symptom was increased by its perusal, especially by the details relating to Manchester and its prisons; but the spirit of Plutarch again breathed o'er me, as healing as (Friar's?) balsam, and I was soon quite well.

These "Travels of Von K——," we suspect to be "The Travels of J. G. KOHL," and we feel it our duty to warn our readers of the effect produced by their perusal—when taken at bed-time; how far, on the contrary, the *Timoleon* may be curative, we do not dare aver, but suspect this is the first instance on record of PLUTARCH taken medicinally, and of a classic being classed with rhubarb.

The following is equally classic, and rather more obvious :—

DEPARTURE FROM OSTEND.

I was during this night often disturbed by the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea ; and the weather, which yesterday was fine and sunny, seems now to have become both cold and windy. Nevertheless, we still think of embarking before seven, and I shall then see whether the wish for my favourable passage will be realized according as my friend Regis expressed it, in his recent letter,

> Sic te diva potens Cypri
> Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera
> Ventorumque regat pater,
> Navis ; O *Carum* mihi !
> Quæ fers.

As we have Dr. CARUS bearing witness to what PLUTARCH can effect, we trust he fully enjoyed his voyage, strengthened, as he doubtless was, by his friend's "Extract of HORACE."

But we must quit this for more serious themes, and would especially direct the attention of our readers to the chapter on the physical and geographical structure and position of England, with the remarks on climate, vegetation, and the inhabitants, and subjoin the following on the

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ENGLISH.

Besides the race and the external circumstances, there is yet another element, which has always appeared to me of great importance in every attempt to illustrate the nature either of individual man or of whole nations ; and this is indicated by the question—only to be answered after mature inquiry and reflection—to what age does the person or the people as a whole correspond ? By what age can it be regarded as, in some measure, represented ? There are men who, from their very childhood, are endowed with the wisdom and sobriety of age, who have, properly speaking, no youth ; who are always characterized by the anxieties, doubts, want of vigour, avarice, ceremony, and other signs of advanced age. There are others who never, at any age, lose the characteristics of childhood, never grasp a weighty or important idea, and always indulge, and amuse themselves with, trivial pleasures, and are interested in what is trifling and new. There are some, again, who, by the prevalence of headstrong passions, may be regarded as the representative of adolescence ; and others as the type of mature age, by the strength of their resolution and the vigour of their minds, even from their earliest years. With their necessary modifications, such comparisons, by which objects are gradually made clearer, may be applied to whole nations also. If we ask now, adopting this method, how are the English people to be characterized ? there can be no doubt, that after a very short observation of their whole mode of action and conduct, they must be characterized by the mature, late, but still vigorous age of man. A firm adherence to principles once adopted, a quiet historical foundation and development, a decisiveness and vigour, a Catonian severity of morals, but together with these, a great measure of pedantry, and, even as a people, conspicuous and unconcealed egotism are precisely the very circumstances and conditions which must soon impress themselves upon the mind of the observer, and become consolidated into a firm and decisive judgment, such as that already expressed. It is, undoubtedly, something beautiful to see a man, as well as a nation, still in a full state of manly vigour, still grandly following out the development of his destiny, or, properly speaking, creating his own destiny ; and it is, therefore, easy to perceive the reason why personal observation and contemplation of the English people, with all their manly consistency, their tenacious firmness, their clear perceptions, their contempt for all prolixity, and their decisive practical nature, is so peculiarly interesting, and calculated to produce such a powerful influence on the mind. The most important aid to the full understanding of this sketch of character, which we have compared to that of vigorous manhood after the middle age of life, is to be derived from a consideration of the naval power of England, which results, as I have already shewn, from the nature of the country, and its capacities.

At this period too, when "La jeune France," and "Le brave Joinville,"

> Threaten to put off in
> Flat-bottom boats, with threats to make
> Each British ship a coffin,

the author's opinion upon this point will be read with additional interest :—

THE BRITISH NAVY.

The navy, as it is called, the development of an immense sea force, in whose proficiency and might the highest as well as the lowest take interest and delight—which even engages the very spirit of dilettantism displayed in the numerous yacht-clubs—it is this which represents the first condition of the trade and manufactures of England, and forms the strongest support of her universal dominion. It is only by reference to this, that it becomes possible to solve the problem, how 26,000,000 of Englishmen are able to rule 200,000,000 of foreigners. And the navy continues to be the source and instrument of her continually increasing wealth, of which some idea may be formed, when I state that, according to Mr. Porter's reports, the savings-banks of England alone, in the year 1841, contained above 24,000,000*l.* sterling ; that the number of ships was above 30,000, of which 900 were steamboats ; and that more than 80,000,000*l.* sterling were invested in railroads alone. The navy, therefore, which works all these wonders, which engages men in a continual struggle with a dreadful and unruly element of nature, which accustoms them to live in their frail houses on the rolling main, and to be *always ready*, for life or for death—it is this, especially, which imparts cool and manly courage to the people as a whole, and elevates them in every practical relation far above all other nations of the earth.

We regret we cannot find space to insert the description of the various country seats the author visited, although this will not, we think, prove the least attractive to the reader. At Buckhurst, the Doctor adds,—"I strolled into the library, and looked through a splendidly illustrated work on one of the late court-balls, at which the company were all dressed in ancient costume, and then turned over the catalogue, in which I looked in vain for the works of GOETHE and SCHILLER among the foreign books which it contained." Now there is no complaint more common, so generally preferred by German travellers, as that they cannot find these works in public and private libraries in England ;—a complaint which, at the least, in this case, it is somewhat ungracious to print, since Dr. CARUS was under the pleasing obligation of much courtesy from Lord DELAWARR. We trust, therefore, he he has by this time remedied the deficiency of which he complains by the transmission of these works as a present. As illustrative, however, of the general style of this portion of his work, we insert the description of

REDLEAF.

The name of the gentleman who owns the mansion is Wells. He has made an immense fortune in India, by ship-building, and now lives in this beautiful place alone, in dignified retirement, surrounded by a tasteful collection of choice trees, plants, and pictures. He is a friend of Landseer, the painter, and his collection contains many admirable pieces by that artist. Immediately at the entrance I was struck with the picture of two large dogs ; one a yellow-coloured dog, lying down and being licked by a large grayish-brown greyhound. They were represented as if lying in an empty chimney, and the picture was placed on a level with the ground, in a flat, blind, chimney-piece. The effect was admirable ; the treatment of the subject extraordinarily able and bold. Then followed a whole series of pictures by the same skilful hand—"The Dog at the Shepherd's Grave," and others, already so generally known from the engravings. Having previously seen so many engravings and copies of his pictures, I here for the first time saw the originals. In a true conception of nature, Landseer is undoubtedly the first of all painters of animals. I know of none who has so thoroughly conceived, and so faithfully portrayed as he has done, the fine shadings of the human intelligence and disposition, so remarkably embodied in an animal. His "Jack in Office," his "Fireside Party," and his "Honourable Member of the Humane Society, what fine striking characteristics do they contain !

Now to other rooms in which remarkable treasures are literally heaped, in agreeable apartments, whose large windows everywhere look upon the magnificent park. I can merely name the beautiful pictures of Wouvermann, Du Jardin, Vander Velde, Netscher, Mieris, Terbourg, Gerard Dow, and others, which it would require much time to describe. Besides these, there is a "St. Cecilia," by Domenichino, engraved by Sharp, and a (somewhat doubtful) Guido Reni. Then again, a beautiful piece by Ruysdael—dark and deep standing water, with large oaks. Further, two excellent pictures by Hobbema, a large poetical landscape by Claude, with a certain noble and clear severity, which almost reminds one of the tone adopted in the "Coasts of the Cyclops" in our Dresden Gallery. In another apartment we saw a large portrait of Walter Scott, by Landseer. The poet is represented as a sportsman, with a gun and some dead grouse at his side. A picture by Webster was almost still more remarkable than this. It delineates two rows of children at school, one placed above the other. In one case the poor little ones are terrified, half weeping and trembling—their tyrant, the schoolmaster, is ill-humoured and morose ; in the other the children are happy and delighted, and diligent withal, for the teacher is full of kindness and affection. It is impossible to avoid making many useful applications on looking at the picture, so admirable and impressive are its characteristics.

At length, in this magnificent collection, I found among many other modern pictures, some of Wilkie's. The largest among them was his "Distraining for Rent." A farmer's family in the utmost distress and anxiety how to pay their rent. The execution is very careful; the colouring weak and cold in tone; and the whole conception of the picture inferior in depth and in details to that of the "Rent-day." Next to Landseer, Wilkie was the most original painter in England; he had a very deep and firm conception of life, and the art of fixing its moving scenes upon the canvass. How singular is it that at a later period, as if weary of the prose of English family life, he threw himself headlong into the forced French romance, as in his "Maid of Saragossa."

After this, Dr. CARUS visited in London several of our public buildings, but as his details on these points possess but little interest, we prefer presenting to our readers his descriptive sketches of some of the very eminent men with whom he became acquainted. First,

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

"I have not much the air of a sick man," said the Emperor to me, when I was presented to him, and he discoursed with me upon his plan of proceeding to Kissingen, a remark I can fully confirm. He is strong and well proportioned, stout and broad shouldered; the head expressive and well balanced, but devoid of any remarkable formation of the frontal regions. His hair was brown, almost bald at the crown; his features large, regular, calm, and not without a certain refinement and mildness. His carriage was military, his manner quick and decisive, his gestures unconstrained and impressive. He wore at the review the uniform of the dragoon guards, green, with white trousers, and the helmet with horsehair. His costume for the soirée was that of a Kosack general, dark-green kurtka, with silver tissue scarf, short curved sabre, and cap surmounted with heron's plumes, in his hand. He speaks French with great purity, English less readily; the tone of his voice is sonorous and musical, his expression clear, resolute, and full.

To this sketch Dr. CARUS has appended some reflections which we omit, and pass on to that of

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Apparently fifty; the head well-formed, strong, and tolerably large, exhibiting rather breadth than heighth. The relations of its three divisions, so far as one may judge by a general glance, and through the yet strong dark iron-gray hair, tolerably good; the middle part, as is commonly the case with heads of even broader form, depressed. His features express much firmness, blended with something thoroughly *prosaic*, yet deeply intelligent. In conversation with men of elevated positions his manner is mildly deferential, and with others invariably refined, circumspect, and restrained. I noticed he was always dressed in black, with white neckcloth, and no orders of any kind. In his daily intercourse he is considered cold and proud, and without many personal intimate friends.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The very image of an old soldier. Stiff, deaf, but animated; we see at a glance that he must have been once, what we term a well-made, handsome man. The form of his head and face is oblong, the upper part not particularly expressive, but the forehead and back part tolerably high. White hair, still rather bushy when compared with others, and considering his age. The orbits of his eyes broad, and decidedly conveying the impression, the Duke is to be considered as a man acting more from what he sees, than what he hears,—an impression upon which his life forms the best commentary. I saw him generally in uniform, with various decorations. He led his own regiment at the review, and notwithstanding that a few years since the windows of his house were broken by the mob, he seems still to be the man of the people, for whenever he was seen, we invariably heard, "The old Duke, hurrah! hurrah for the old Duke!"

We trust that we have not done Dr. CARUS injustice by our translation of the above craniological sketches, nor the very eminent men whom he thus converts into phrenological studies. The collections of heads at Windsor, seem to have possessed a peculiar interest to him, independent of the position and character of their owners, and are apparently second only for their instructive purposes to that formed by Mr. DEVILLE. We have long thought it would be desirable to have a state phrenologist, to whom the heads of kings and ministers might be submitted, and their capacities for government thus ascertained, before power was conceded to them, and we can conceive no man better suited for this office than our author. Clothing and skulls, indeed, occupied at intervals exclusively his attention, and the form of the head, the uniform, and the orders, seem all he could remember of the man. Observations of this nature were not, however, confined to the "great,"—the "little" had their share; and as from the sublime to the ridiculous it is but a step, we present our readers with the Doctor's portrait of

TOM THUMB.

I next saw an *anthropological curiosum*, Tom Thumb, the most diminutive of men, thirteen years old, twenty-five inches high, and fifteen pounds weight. I have altogether met with many more small than great men, but one of this kind never. A veritable remnant of the pigmies. He is delicately formed, and his well-rounded head, prominent child's forehead, and quick glancing eyes, indicate his intelligent and self-contented disposition. He creates on the spectator the impression of an elaborate piece of clockwork, as he struts up and down the table, imitates the manner of Napoleon, or sings a sea-song as the pilot of a vessel.

ADMIRAL CODRINGTON.

Of rather large stature. The emperor said to him, "*Vous avez engraissé;*" and, in fact, there is considerable *embonpoint* in his figure. Of the three divisions of the brain, the middle and back parts are more considerable than the front; the form of the whole, as is usual with the English, rather long than broad. His head is nearly bald. In his face, his nose seems to project with a sort of sensual characteristic, and the eyes are rather too near one another. The expression of his countenance is cheerful. He was dressed in black, with several orders.

We must conclude our extracts with one on

ASCOT RACES.

It was towards one o'clock when we drove to Ascot races. These are among the most celebrated in England, and to-day the Queen's plate was to be run for. We drove again through the park, and several more splendid trees, particularly beeches, met my view. Soon after we had left the park and approached the race-course, the number of carriages and riders increased; at length the vast heath with its various roads opened upon me, which was already covered with a vast number of persons. Amidst loud cheering the court, in fourteen carriages, drove along the race-course to the pavilion specially erected for the Queen. On the top of this pavilion was a comfortable roof, from which a good view of the heath could be obtained. There were, perhaps, from 25,000 to 30,000 persons present. These took up their positions partly on both sides of the course, partly in various houses and on scaffoldings. A number of policemen were employed in keeping order. Round about were masses of tents, and numbers of carriages, covered with human beings. Thimble-riggers and gipsies were not wanting. Among the spectators were a great many ladies and people of the best ton. The place itself is to a certain extent waste, really a heath, here and there stony; all this presented a remarkable picture under a grayish, rainy-looking sky, very different from that given by an imitation of an English race, that I had seen three years before, in the Cascini, near Florence.

The course was now cleared, and the race began. The first time the race was only along the course, as far as the little wooden house with the loophole, by means of which, and a tablet placed exactly opposite, the judges determine which horse first passes the line of vision. A brown horse, long and slender and quite young, like all these racers, ridden by a jockey with orange colours, was the one which gained the prize on this occasion.

The court now retired to lunch, which was served with great profusion in a large tent-like space, and then again ascended the flat roof, upon which loud cheering followed. Indeed, when this cheering began, I could not help thinking of the public at the theatre calling for a favourite actor after the play. Here also the royal personages present were called for singly, and as they appeared were greeted with loud cheers; first the Queen, then the Emperor, the King, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and, finally, the Duke of Wellington. As often as any distinguished person appeared, the hurraing and waving of hats began, accompanied sometimes with clapping of hands. A sharp wind and some rain did not at all interfere with all this, and even umbrellas were not suffered by the people, inasmuch as they hindered the view of the rest.

Now began a new race, according to the programme upon the printed cards which had been previously distributed; and this time the horses ran along the whole course, and then in a wide circuit round the heath back again to the goal. This time, too, a jockey in orange was in advance; but a green one kept close behind him, and was evidently holding in his horse. When not far from the winning-post, the latter gave his horse head, and urged him with the spur to his greatest speed, so as to reach the goal first, amid great cheering from the crowd. Such chances and sudden changes undoubtedly possess a certain interest and

amusement, and I could easily fancy that such scenes, often repeated, serve to excite the people, raise the interest of the thing itself, and give occasion to the most extravagant betting! For my part, I could not consider it otherwise than as an interesting thing to have obtained, in so convenient a manner, so good an idea of this national sport; but the sport itself could never have any great charms for me personally.

Such is the work written as descriptive of the King of Saxony's visit to England. Those who expect royal ideas of government, conversations of royal personages, or details of the courtly ceremonies of crowned heads, will be disappointed. It is a plain matter-of-fact detail of incidents common to every traveller, though not generally in such elevated circles, and in this, and the opinions exercised upon this, the value of the work consists. With a little more curiosity the Doctor had been more piquant; with a little more imagination, a trifle more enlivening; and with a little less in his note-book, rather more progressive in perusal. From observation and reflection we are inclined to believe the appearance of some "Young Rapids" would not be unattended with good results in Dresden. There is a tranquillity which is torpidity, a research which is wearisome, a correctness of detail very painfully accurate, combined with a habit of speculative inquiry, ending in obscurity; and we have at times suspected this style circulates (if it can circulate) chiefly through the pens of German authors. Dr. CARUS is not averse to this school; we do not say he is of it, but merely inclined thereto. His time, however, was limited; he was probably restrained by his position in what he wrote; still his book is decidedly interesting, and his acknowledged scientific acquirements entitle him to every considerate respect. Some of his reflections are not, we think, what he intended them to be—amusing. He sees Netley Abbey through a telescope, and adds, "There, no doubt, might studies of *great importance* have been made. He thinks the English Hurrah unmusical, and prefers the German Hoch; or rather, as indeed it is—a prolonged Ho-ho. His opinion of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS will hardly pass the Academy; and his criticism on the Queen's piper, however just *quoad* piper, should hardly have led him to assert, "this is not the only proof that the English are prone to mistake mere noise for music; it is confirmed by the chimes of the Castle, which, morning and evening, produce the most disagreeable effectt upon a musical ear." There are many mistakes in names of persons and titles, which we trust to see corrected in the translation announced by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to appear in the "Foreign Library," a series already well known to our readers for the valuable works it contains.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschökke. By PARKER GOODWIN. 8vo. pp. 213. London and New York: Wiley and Putnam.

THERE is in these tales a fertility of invention that will astonish the reader accustomed to the paucity of incidents that can be concocted by the duller imaginations of our own fiction writers. Some are humorous, others romantic, others again faithful pictures of society; but all are pervaded with a profound spirit of religious philosophy, and aim at a distinct moral purpose. No two of the tales bear the slightest resemblance, save in their lavish fancy and ever-flowing eloquence. "The Fool of the Nineteenth Century," is a delightful composition, and "Jack Steam," is a THEODORE HOOK improved. We regret that there is no one narrative in the volume brief enough to be transferred entire to our columns, and no extracts or passages severed from their contexts would convey the slightest idea of the worth of the entire work, which we can well advise the book-clubs to order, for it contains more invention than a dozen of our ordinary novels. What a fertility of fancy is displayed in the "Adventures of a New Year's Eve."

ART.

A Treatise on Painted Glass, shewing its applicability to every style of Architecture. By JAMES BALLANTINE. 8vo. pp. 51. Edinburgh. London, Chapman and Hall.

MR. BALLANTINE is quite an enthusiast in his art. His notions of the capacities of painting on glass are magnificent; —according to him, it will accomplish as much as canvass, or more. It is "a medium for expression worthy of the energies of genius"—expression being the very particular in which hitherto it has been thought most to fail. His purpose is "to shew its applicability to every style of architecture,—to clear the way, in short, for the improvement of an art remarkable for the elegance and beauty of its expression."

We do not quarrel with Mr. BALLANTINE for maintaining such exalted hopes of his art. It is by such enthusiasm that progress is made and its true powers developed, and Mr. BALLANTINE has done good service to the cause to which he has so manfully devoted himself, by this successful endeavour to diffuse more widely the principles and practice of glass-painting. He takes as the foundation of his teachings the heterodox, but as we think truthful, position, that the greatest triumphs of art are successful imitations of nature, and its chief aim to achieve such imitations; that as the most beautiful combinations of form and colour are to be found in nature, so will decorative art, as it improves, more and more approach to nature; and that the notion is fallacious, that mere combinations of colours, without regard to form, is the primary purpose of painted glass.

These views he carries out in practical teachings illustrated with many coloured plates, and which must be of extreme value to all practitioners of the art, as they are certainly instructive and interesting to amateurs.

Two small paintings (on panel) were recently purchased for a few shillings, of Mr. Fenton, broker, of this town, and were sent to Mr. Abrahams, of London, to be cleaned, when, on removing the thick incrustation of dirt, they were discovered to be originals of Charles the First and his Queen Henrietta, by Vandyke. They are in the possession of Sir Thomas Cullum, Bart., and are supposed to be worth 500 guineas.—*Bury Post.*

MUSIC.

The Liburnum and Lilac: a Duet, from the "Songs of Spring," by Mrs. E. DARBY. Music by OBERTHUR.

A PLEASING addition to the *Musical Bouquet.* The words are very pretty, and the music has more of originality about it than we are wont to find in the songs of the day. This duet will please the most unlearned by its melody, while to the musical scholar it recommends itself by the science that lurks under its seeming simplicity.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS

Drew together a very crowded audience at Erat's Saloon, Berners-street, on Monday evening. The selection for the evening did not comprise so many novelties as on former occasions—a manuscript sonata (in A) by WALTER MCFARREN, and a quartet (in F), also MS., by CHARLES J. STEPHENS, being the only *new* native productions. The former of these has many agreeable points, and much scholarship; but it is so redundant in iterations, that passages with which the ear has been at first pleased, are made to cloy and weary it by "vain repetitions." The finale, *Vivacissimo,* although strongly impregnated with this defect, was the most satisfactory part of the composition. Mr. STEPHENS exhibited in his quartet (played by Messrs. PATEY, WHEATLEY, WESLAKE, and W. L. PHILLIPS) more than his ordinary ambition, with less than his ordinary success. We would entreat the directors, or those under whose superintendence the programme of the evening is arranged, to avoid, if possible, such a disadvantage as that to which the composition of Mr. STEPHENS was exposed. It is not fair towards a young writer to place his work after such an admired and well-known model as MOZART'S quartet in G (No. 1, op. 10), with which the concert was opened. Miss CALKIN, aided by Messrs. CLINTON, KEY, CALCOTT, WINTERBOTTOM, and C. SEVERN, gave ONSLOW'S sestet for the pianoforte, flute, clarinet, horn, bassoon, and contra-basso, with brilliant success. The vocal portions were sustained by the Misses PYNE and Mr. CALKIN, who gave among other *morceaux,* with great effect, a trio, *Ti Prego, o Padre eterno,* by CURSCHMAN.

Mr. John Terrail, the well-known vocalist, died last week, in Gray's-inn, aged sixty-one, very much regretted by his professional friends.

CROSBY HALL.—A selection of sacred music was performed at Crosby Hall on Saturday night last, the object being to give a public exhibition of the talents of Miss Flower, a lady who has long enjoyed considerable repute in musical circles as a composer of taste and imagination. The examples which were made upon this occasion gave indubitable proof that her abilities had not been over-praised, for the programme contained a variety of vocal solos and concerted pieces highly creditable as works of art, illustrating an amount of originality of thought, and scientific acquirement, not often encountered in compositions proceeding from a female pen. What we heard tended to give us an exalted opinion of Miss Flower's skill and powers of invention, and to confirm the impression which the perusal of certain of her published works had led us to entertain as to her merit and intellectual discernment. The vocalists employed in this interesting demonstration included Miss Cubitt, Miss Thornton, Miss Sabilla Novello, and Mr. Alfred Novello, supported by an efficient chorus.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—The cantata written by Liszt, the celebrated pianist, for the Beethoven inauguration at Bonn, will shortly be executed at Paris, Jules Janin, an intimate friend of the composer, having made a French version of the poetry of Dr. Wolff. The cantata will also, in all probability, be heard in London in the ensuing season. A Miss Hayes, a soprano vocalist, native of Ireland, has made a great sensation as *prima donna* at the Scala (Milan). She debuted in the *Sonnambula*. Mr. Henry Russell has been giving his entertainments at the Saturday evening concerts, Liverpool, to crowded audiences. M. Benedict and Signor Costa were among the associates lately elected by the Philharmonic Society. Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, has made a great sensation in New York. The examination for the King's scholarships of the Royal Academy of Music is fixed for Friday, Dec. 19. The Sacred Harmonic Society give their second performance on Wednesday, the 26th instant, at Exeter Hall. *Israel in Egypt* will be repeated.—*Musical World.*

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Several very pleasant things have been produced here since our last notice; and first, there is *Clementine*, the story of a girl who, daughter of a washerwoman, and having herself pursued that cleansing, but not the more refining, occupation, has suddenly come into the possession of some six hundred a year, and is intent upon improving her mind by all sorts of studies, to make herself more worthy of her lover, a young barrister. The *plot* more immediately turns upon the jealousy of *M. Albert*, the lover in question, who has found out that, at a certain hour every day, a young man is admitted, by an *escalier dérobé*, to his mistress's boudoir. He watches the approach of his supposed rival, and is about to inflict condign chastisement upon him, when *Clementine* explains that it is her writing-master whom he is assailing, and not an *inamorato*. Hereupon *Albert*, all tenderness, undertakes himself to teach her caligraphy, and the affair ends pleasantly for all parties except the poor writing-master, thus deprived of his pupil, when, after twenty-four lessons, she was just achieving a capital capital O. Mademoiselle ANNA GRAVE fills the part of the amiable heroine with great nicety of perception, and the teacher of writing, a pacific soul, utterly amazed at the attack made upon him by the enraged Corydon, is capitally represented by M. NARCISSE. Then there is *Le Marin, ou les Deux Ingénues*, also an amusing affair, done full justice to by LAFONT and the two ladies who, with him, constitute the *dramatis personæ*—Mesdemoiselles ST. MARC and LEROUX. Next we may notice *Père et Fils*, a capital vaudeville, wherein LAFONT, with utterly astounding versatility, appears both as father and son, as *Mathias, père*, a fine-hearted, sturdy, independent old grazier, filled with the most hearty contempt for all counts and barons, and such like, as such—for scores of them have cheated him out of his money, and turned out as insolent debtors as they were cringing solicitors,—and as *Mathias, fils*, a silly oaf, whom his father supposes to be at college, but who, under the name of the Baron de Muldorf, is about to marry an old countess he has got acquainted with. We have no space to go into the details of the piece, but we strongly recommend our readers to go and see it for themselves when it is repeated, for it is an excellent comedy, excellently acted by LAFONT and Mademoiselle ST. MARE in the principal parts, ably supported by Madame CROSET, M. PLUNQUET, &c. *Le Lansquenet*, too, is very amusing; M. DUMERY, a recent appearance, fills one of the chief parts satisfactorily. LAFONT impersonates the hero of the piece, a harum-scarum, devil-may-care, good-hearted *Répétiteur de Droit*, capitally; his *polkaing* with another limb of the law into a *salon* where he has no sort of business, is one of the richest things we ever saw. CARTIGNY represents a pseudo-philanthropist, whose false benevolence is strictly limited to the worthless, with great unction, with a perfect conception of the character.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. RICHARD B. KNOWLES'S comedy is played here every evening. It improves greatly upon acquaintance, and, above all, gives promise of much good hereafter. Its defects are of a character which experience may well rectify; its good points are remarkable in a maiden comedy, the easy flow of the writing more especially. We gave last week some specimens of the verse; the following extracts will doubtless also be acceptable to our readers. The old bachelor, *Sir Simon Sage*, thus dwells upon the comforts of connubiality:—

> "Yes, a world of comfort
> Lies in that word, wife. After a bickering day
> To come with jaded spirit home at night,
> And find the cheerful fire, the sweet repast,
> At which, in dress of happy cheeks and eyes
> Love sits, and smiling, lightens all the board."

And again; the heroine of the comedy thus discourses of chance:—

> "What an uncommonly strange thing chance is!
> What heaps of sins, like charity, it hides,
> Or, rather, altogether blots them out!
> For who's to blame for that he had no hand in?
> Which was not meant—was never once foreseen—
> Which happened—some way—as a thing might drop
> Out of the clouds; though very strange to say,
> It always falls exactly where we'd have it.
> Chance is a scapegrace, who, in all his life
> Did never do a proper action yet.
> He puts his hand to nothing but he blunders;
> Mistakes his neighbour's pocket for his own;
> Ruins good causes without fault in the pleader;
> Gives the wrong medicine and kills the patient;
> And, like an awkward knave, makes poor young ladies—
> The least designing creatures in the world—
> Meet the same man, at the same place, and hour,
> Day after day, who never for a moment
> Dreamt in their walks to meet with any thing
> But fields and trees and charming scenery."

This is in the best vein of SHERIDAN KNOWLES himself.—A new farce was produced on Thursday. We will notice it next week.

SURREY THEATRE.—The lovers of melodrama, in the intensest sense of the term, may experience a fine treat by witnessing the production just brought out here with the title of *The Beggar's Petition, or a Father's Love and a Mother's Care.* It is founded on the well-known ballad, immortalized in Speakers and spelling-books, commencing "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man." The nature of the piece—but let us turn to the playbill: "All must remember having learnt, and heard others repeat, that sweet and interesting piece of poetry, in which are all the materials for a domestic drama—the farmer losing his land by ill-success, and the rapacity of his landlord—the seduction of his daughter by a wealthy villain—his being reduced to acts of mendicity—his begging at the gates of the proud and the unfeeling, and having to suffer the taunts of the 'pampered menials,'—losing his wife, 'the partner of his cares,'—and his invisible appeal to the feelings of the humane. This is embodied in a drama, embracing all the events of a beggar's life, each act being an era,—the vacancies between the acts being ten years each. To draw life as it really is, describing all the good and bad passions of the human heart—their operation on the rich and poor—to excite the hearty laugh at folly and eccentricity, and cause the tear to flow at the distress of the good, is the true purpose of the stage." And this purpose is fully carried out by the piece. The tears of the audience *do* flow at the distress of the good—and there is no small allotment of that commodity in the drama; and the hearty laugh *is* excited at folly and eccentricity. The characters are nearly to a man well and efficiently sustained. Mr. FREDERICKS enacts the "wealthy villain" of the piece, losing his title to that epithet, in the end, by repenting on a sudden, somewhat inexplicably. Mr. SHEPHERD is the virtuous farmer who cannot pay his rent—people on the stage are always virtuous on such occasions—and then there is Mr. N. T. HICKS, the representative of a gentleman also of a most noble nature, and with only the trifling drawback of being a housebreaker and a murderer. But, however, he has a remarkable affection for his old master, the farmer; and this "one touch of virtue" in the eyes of the audience well balances the thousand crimes of his profession. So *Dick Darkly* is applauded rapturously. Mr. HICKS enacts the character well—evidently quite at home in the vulgarity of the part. The farmer's (*alias* the beggar's) wife, *Maud Brightwell*, has an able representative in Mrs. SHEPHERD—the Mrs. POPE of other days; and the part of *Polly Marl*, the coquettish housemaid at

Wilton Hall, always holding her hands in her apron pockets, and talking of being married, is given in the most approved manner by Miss MARTIN. Altogether the piece is first-rate of its class, and has met with great success. Some of the situations are tremendous in effect; in particular, the scene where *Jane Brightwell* (Mrs. HENRY VINING) is instigated by her lover, *Sir Edgar Grantley*, "the wealthy villain," who will not marry her unless she accuse her parents of stealing from her a ring, and where the mother, seeing the motive, in order to save her daughter from disgrace, criminates herself. Then, again, the audience are drawn to a high pitch of admiration, when at the end the old beggar solicits alms of the "wealthy villain," who insultingly orders him "a crust of bread and a horse-cloth from the stable," which are given to him by Sir Edgar's little son. The son gives but half the horse-cloth, and on being interrogated, says, "I have preserved the other half, father, against a day when you may be in the same condition as this poor man." The villain quails. Another version of the French farce, recently Anglicised at the Lyceum, with the title of *Next Door*, has also been produced here under the title of *Popping in and out*. It differs very slightly from the other version, and was enthusiastically received.

COVENT GARDEN.—M. JULLIEN'S concerts proceed triumphantly, a huge audience filling every nook night after night. An attempt was made some evenings ago, by a party of young men, to be more frisky and polkaish than suited the decorum or comfort of the company, but the effervescent offenders were promptly placed in charge of the police, and, on a subsequent introduction to the magistrate, expiated their *escapade* by fine and imprisonment. A very proper example.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Amongst the means of instruction and entertainment provided for visitors to this Institution, such as the model Atmospheric Railway, the Chromatrope, Physioscope, Proteoscope, and Dissolving Views (which are most particularly interesting, as they represent views of the places visited by her Majesty during her late tour in Germany), we have valuable experimental lectures by Doctors RYAN and BACHHOFFNER. Dr. RYAN, lecturing on the potato disease, points out the means of extracting starch as an article of food, although the potatoes may be in the worst stage of decay. The Doctor thinks the disease probably arises from cold and damp, which have always acted most destructively to vegetables Dr. BACHHOFFNER explains the principle of the atmospheric railway, a model of which is at work daily. COLEMAN'S new American locomotive engine for ascending and descending inclined planes. The diver and diving-bell are not the least attractive in this exhibition. The diver, among other things, exhibits a life-preserving coat, by which he can keep three people above water, with perfect ease and safety. The musical department, under the direction of Dr. WALLIS, deserves especial commendation.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

Sketches in Erris and Tyrawley. By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland," &c. Second edition, 12mo. pp. 418. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

As this work has been for some time before the public, and a second edition attests that its merits are known and appreciated, we must not do more than announce the fact, and recommend it to those who purpose taking a tour in Ireland, as a truly accurate and most readable guide to the districts named on the titlepage. The author's descriptions of scenery and his personal sketches, are very graphic, and prove him a keen observer and an agreeable story-teller.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Although a constant reader of your favourite periodical from its commencement, I do not remember to have seen in it a review or notice of a Terrestrial Atlas. As I make THE CRITIC my guide in my purchases of books, and am in want of such a book, I shall esteem it a favour if you will, in your next number, inform me what Atlas you consider best for general use, and also, if possible, please to state the price.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Worcester, Nov. 24, 1845. T. S.

[The Atlas of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is undoubtedly the best we possess. But it is expensive. The exact price we do not know.—ED. CRITIC.]

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE MOORISH MUSTER.

(*From the Spanish.*)

Renowned Osmanlis! quick press to the strife,
Loud shouting our watchword, war, war to the knife!
Ye sons of the Prophet! whose blood and whose breath
Are spent in the all-hallow'd combat of death.
Ye suppliant pilgrims at Mecca's famed shrine,
Descend like the storm on the infidel's line!
Infuse in their breasts pale affright and deep awe,
As they gaze on the cohorts of Mahmoud Pacha!
Behold how the blaze of the crescent hath riven
Their souls, like the all-vivid lightning of Heaven!
Ah! soon shall we teach the proud Giaour to know
The valour that lights up the Moslemite foe!
Soon, soon shall our banners, wide floating on high,
Proclaim to the Christian that havoc is nigh!
Quick press to the conquest of Granada's plain—
Made sacred to Mahmoud by infidels slain—
By massacred chieftains of Spain's proudest band,
All scattered to death on fair Araby's strand!
Alla, il Allah! firmly grasp the good spear,
And the Prophet's green standard triumphantly rear;
Contemning soft hours of womanish life
For conquering glory's exalting career!
THEN shall the RED CROSS pale its dim, waning light
'Fore the thunder and brightness of fierce Moslem might!

Dublin. HENRY SPILLAN GERALD.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A French mechanic formed the idea that by subjecting iron-dross to the slow cooling process which is known to produce a total change in the nature of glass, a new and useful species of stone might be obtained: and as iron-dross, such as the large furnaces yield, is a wholly useless substance, the announced successful result of his persevering attempts cannot but be matter of great interest, more especially at the present time, when the smelting furnaces of England are in a hitherto unknown state of activity. The object which the Frenchman sought to accomplish was, to impart to iron-dross the compactness and hardness of granite, and at the same time to save the cost and labour which the hewing of the real stone requires. To this end he contrived to let the iron-refuse, while in a fluid state, run into iron forms, which were previously brought to a red heat by being placed so as to receive the superfluous flame which issues from the mouth of the furnace; and, in order to ensure the slow cooling, these forms are provided with double sides, between which sand is introduced, which is well known to be a bad conductor of heat; the whole is then brought again to a glow heat, and in like manner again cooled off. By this procedure, it is asserted, the ingenious discoverer had succeeded in forming paving-stones, flags, large building-blocks, and even pipes, of any given form, of a degree of hardness and polish, equal, if not superior, to the best hewn natural granite, and at the most trifling conceivable cost.

ARTIFICIAL FUEL.—A great improvement in the production of an artificial fuel concrete is stated to have been made and exhibited by a Mr. Parsons.

LIFE PRESERVERS.—A public exhibition lately took place, off the Old Ship, Brighton, of a life-preserver, the invention of Mr. G. R. Pigot, of Hammersmith. The preservers are made of a kind of macintosh cloth, air-tight, and are of various forms, one being in the shape of a gentleman's stock with large ends covering the shirt bosom, a second resembling a shirt bosom itself, and a third kind resembling that article of ladies' attire which is, we believe, designated a pelerine. The article weighs only a few ounces, and might without inconvenience form part of the dress. The buoyant properties are given by inflation, which is easily accomplished through a small tube con-

structed for the purpose. Two men, with a preserver of a different form, plunged into the water a few yards from the shore, where there were several hundred spectators, and played a variety of antics, and among other things, in order to shew the effect of the preserver, wore their hats, smoked short pipes, and drank from a bottle, and this notwithstanding that there was a considerable swell at the time.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

RELIEF OF PARALYSIS BY MESMERISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In the latter part of September, my *protégé*, Henry, told me of a poor but honest family, residing in an obscure court near St. James's, suffering much privation and grief from the affliction of the father, who had for nearly a year been so entirely prostrated by paralysis, as to be disabled from rising in his bed, and from uttering any sound beyond a monosyllable. From the account Henry gave of the case, and the earnest manner in which he begged I would go and try if Mesmerism would relieve it, I went with him one evening, and found things precisely as he had described them: the patient utterly helpless and in pain (having been discharged from one of the hospitals some time before as incurable), and the family of five depending for support upon the scanty earnings of his wife (by washing) and of the eldest son, a youth of seventeen, as a slater's servant.

My passes soon threw the poor man into a deep magnetic sleep, from which he ultimately awoke, much astonished to find that it had given him the power of rising in bed and talking, the first time he had been able to do one or the other since the commencement of his illness. After I had mesmerised him the evening before, I am told he got out of bed and said his prayers quite aloud and distinctly. Visiting him once or twice more, and being then about to depart for the country, I gave instructions to the son (an earnest, healthy, and rather intelligent boy for his station) to continue the manipulations daily.

Hearing no more of the case till my visit to town at the end of October, I called to make inquiry, and found the patient with his clothes on, lying on the bed, from which he sprang with an alacrity that astounded me, and shook my hand, with many expressions of gratitude and joy. He was evidently considerably better for Mesmerism; but his son having been compelled to leave home, the process had unfortunately been discontinued, and I was naturally somewhat afraid of a relapse. Having, however, just incidentally heard that he has since continued steadily to improve, and that his son has returned and resumed the manipulations, I feel very anxious to have the case watched by some faithful and philanthropic Mesmerist, if among your London readers there should be any one so qualified and disposed. I give you privately the address of the poor deserving family with this view—not publishing it, lest it should lead idle or curious persons to interfere with the case from any other motive than the "luxury of doing good;" and shall be happy to correspond on the subject with any kind and intelligent party in town, since my engagements in the country will not allow me to attend upon it personally for some time.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Lansdowne Lodge, Leamington, Nov. 24th, 1845. SPENCER T. HALL.

NECROLOGY.

JOHN BACKHOUSE, Esq.

With sincere regret do we record the death of John Backhouse, esq. late under-secretary of state in the foreign department. He died at his house in Hans-place, having suffered long from a fatal illness, which a tour last year to a milder climate could not remove. Severe application to his official duties was probably the proximate cause of this malady, for a more diligent and assiduous public servant the country never possessed. Mr. Backhouse's entry into political life may be dated from the election of Mr. Canning for Liverpool, from which city he removed to London, to act as the secretary for its gifted representative, and take care of the important parliamentary business connected with its vast mercantile interests. In this situation he so highly recommended himself to his principal as soon to be advanced by him to trusts of a more general national character; and thus in a short time to become the holder of an office of the utmost confidence and responsibility. In every point of his useful career, Mr. Backhouse shewed himself to be eminently worthy of this preferment; and we may safely state, that the conduct of no man in such a station ever gave more satisfaction to his employers, or contributed more essentially to the prompt and judicious administration of affairs than was the result of Mr. Backhouse's faithful labours.

His attachment to literature was a prominent part of his life; and readers may remember the interesting manner in which he edited the Narrative of the American Sailor, Robert Adams's residence in the Interior of Africa, at Timbuctoo, &c. We have reason to believe that Mr. Backhouse wrote frequently in several of the most popular periodicals, and also assisted in other literary undertakings of considerable interest. He was in every relation of society most highly and deservedly esteemed.—*Literary Gazette.*

TO BOOKSELLERS.—*A stamped copy of* THE CRITIC *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4s. 4d.), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

BOOKSELLERS *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* THE CRITIC *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE voluntary witnesses to the real extent of the circulation, influence, and character of THE CRITIC, who have so kindly appeared in every part of Great Britain and Ireland; with intent thereby to prove to the publishers, booksellers, and advertisers, that it is in very truth what it professes to be, the accredited *Guide to the Book Club and Library and the Booksellers' Circular*, we repeat that this mass of evidence, now in course of publication, has already proved of essential service. It has induced many, who before had scarcely deigned to open it, to look more closely into its contents, and they have expressed their surprise to find here a synopsis of Foreign as well as English literature, such as exists nowhere besides, and was never so much as attempted before in this country. Others who had deemed it too youthful and uncertain of existence to claim either their advertisements or publications, have been satisfied by the wide range as well as by the number of those testimonials, that it has really taken a firm hold of the public favour, and has become the recognised organ of a class upon whom the publishers are almost entirely dependant,—to wit, the circulating-library-keepers, and members of book-clubs. The fruits of all this must be apparent ere long, and we must again request those of our readers, belonging to the same classes, and who have not already favoured us, to add their testimony to the list of opinions which we hope may be continued for some weeks to come.

In these busy times, men can only be moved by repeated calls, and half-a-dozen columns of such notes as have appeared in the last and present CRITIC, will receive more attention, and prove more serviceable, than five hundred advertisements.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I keep THE CRITIC always lying on my shop counter; it is often taken up by teachers and others, and books ordered from it, which I get through the Messrs. Chambers. I do not give out books on the old penny a vol. system. I tried it, and had to give it up, as in a town of the size of Kilmarnock books were lost or stolen, though looked after with the most careful accuracy. I now give out only to quarterly readers. The books in demand with that better class of readers are all of what is vulgarly called the *crack* kind. The "O'Malleys," "Lorrequers," "Hintons," "Handy Andy," "Arthur O'Leary,"

"O'Donoghues," and all that class. It is a great matter to be successful in procuring "Ten Thousand a Year." Again readers —those who read with avidity—ask after Cooper's novels, Marryat, Chamier's, Mrs. Trollope's, Bulwer's, &c. &c. Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, nobody will have; and you dare hardly mention the name of Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Meeke, Monk Lewis, or any of that *wonderful* class. My shelf of Galt's works is very seldom touched, although I often recommend that best of all novels that ever was written, viz. "Laurie Todd." Shelf of Scott's works has always some book out of it. I recommend Professor Wilson's works, but even the sweet tale of "Margaret Lindsay" readers will not take, although it might well be read half-a-dozen times. Of poetry I have little or none in the library; but the less the better, although the respectables in and around this district patronize literature exceedingly well, witness 1,000 and 1,500 subs. for the last three years for the "Ayrshire Wreath," and this year nearly 1,000 for a poetical work immediately to be issued, "The Home of the Heart," by Miss Aird. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAMES C. W. KIE.

Kilmarnock Journal Office, Nov. 24, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you that I have found THE CRITIC of very great service in the selection of books for sale, and that in my opinion it is an impartial guide to the literature of the day. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Devizes, Wiltshire. HENRY BULL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the excellence of THE CRITIC, as a guide to book-buyers, and at the same time as a medium of communication, and I hope soon to see concentrated in its columns every advertisement connected with the trade, which will alike promote the interest of the advertiser and the convenience of the readers of THE CRITIC.

Wishing you the success you deserve,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Cupar, Angus, Nov. 18, 1845. W. H. LIDDELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Ever since the first publication of THE CRITIC we have taken it, and have very great pleasure in informing you that its request is increasing amongst our numerous customers, who constantly look forward for its perusal as we receive it, to see the opinion it has upon works, previous to their ordering, being governed by it as to whether they will have the publication or not, having such confidence in its opinions generally.

Sincerely hoping it may increase in its profits to you, as it has done in its usefulness, We are, Sir, yours, &c.

H. WHITE and SONS.

Library, Carmarthen, Nov. 19, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I feel the greatest pleasure in giving my testimony as to the utility and entertaining character of THE CRITIC. I am convinced that a better medium for advertising new works does not exist, inasmuch as the high character it bears as a review must of necessity secure it a very large circulation.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Droitwich, Nov. 25, 1845. EDWARD SMITH, Bookseller.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—As you ask of Booksellers and Library-keepers, who are subscribers to THE CRITIC," their opinion of its value to them, I think it just towards the proprietors of that Journal publicly to state, on my part, that I set a high value on its criticisms, and am very much guided by it in the purchase of books.

I am surprised the publishers of books have not more generally used it as a medium of advertisement.

I am Sir, yours, &c.

Hastings, Nov. 27, 1845. W. ARUNDALE.

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From Nov. 22 to Nov. 29.
NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.*

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Principles of History. By L. RAYMOND DE VERICOUR. 12mo. pp. 40. London, 1845. H. Baillière.

ALTHOUGH such a very little book, it contains more of original thought, profound philosophy, and practical wisdom, than any dozen of the tomes that used to be inflicted upon the world by pedants dreaming themselves to be sages. A subject of the mightiest importance is submitted to the thinking portion of mankind in a new aspect. Hitherto the philosophy of history has been but imperfectly cultivated among us, for it has been ever subject to the curse which has been, and still is, the bane of all philosophy in England,—the invincible tendency to deal with it in the spirit of partisanship, political or sectarian. An Englishman appears to think it necessary to set forth upon the pursuit of truth with certain dogmas in his brain, to which he will persist in shaping the results of his investigations. Be he Tory or Whig, Churchman or Dissenter, all truth must be moulded to his particular *ism*, or it is rejected without remorse; while a falsehood that favours his prejudice is readily embraced with only the pretence of an inquiry.

Thus has history been written; thus has its philosophy been treated of by our countrymen; and therefore it is that we are indebted to a foreigner for giving us the first rational exposition of the principles of history. To these we invite the serious attention of our readers, as we endeavour to present an abstract of that which is already so brief.

What is history?

"It is the infinite multitude of various actions by which man manifests his passage upon earth."

These present to the unreflecting gazer neither regularity nor stability—without permanent connection and without order.

But to the thinking mind, under this seeming irregularity and confusion, there is a providential law that governs and guides all.

That law is "THE LAW OF PROGRESS."

M. VERICOUR remarks that this word progress belongs to modern civilization; it was, indeed, used by the ancients, but it had a different signification. The idea it conveys to us was unknown to them :—

The true idea of Progress is the offspring of Christianity. It is the consequence of Christian tuition—the spirit of which is, that we are all children of the same Father—that we are all members of the same community—that the day will come when there will be but one flock—one Pastor—when the human races will form, not only a unity, but a Society.

To Christianity, then, are we indebted for the recognition of a Providential Law ruling human actions in the concrete, and "from Christianity emanated the two principles unknown to the ancients—that of *Human Unity*, and that of *Historical Unity*."

All men, generations, and nations, whether in past or future ages, are united by the common link of reciprocal dependance and by a community of functions and of responsibility. Thus, they form a Society that embraces all Times. In other words, there exists in the human species, at all times, and in all places, a continuous link of spiritual or intellectual relations, in virtue of which individuals and nations multiply, succeed, and replace each other.

Thus viewed, the whole human race is a society, and the history of Society is explained by the Law of Progress :—

Progress alone resolves all difficulties—all objections. It is a fertile principle in all the ramifications of History. It throws streams of light on the days of Genesis. It has referred to the religious tradition the loftiest discoveries of Modern Sciences—Geology, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy.

Progress, therefore, explains the phases of History. They are the result of the nature of man, individually speaking—of the functions of societies, and of the succession assigned to the acts of Humanity itself. The conviction of the Progressive working of Humanity can alone meet the restless yearnings which characterize the modern nations and the ardent wishes of the masses for better days.

The fact is thus shewn :—

Let us admit as a principle, that the human species has not created itself—nor given itself to the world—nor made itself progressive; it has not established the laws of its acts—nor that of its relations—nor, lastly, its End. God has created all, the world and man. To the latter, He has revealed the End, which is to urge him on through all ages—through all the obstacles of Nature. The idea of Progress thus defined—studied in its corollaries, leads straightway to the belief that has generally been admitted by all human generations, namely—that man has received from God himself, the Revelation of his duties or of his functions.

Nor is the doctrine incompatible with free-will in the right sense of that term.

Humanity has great faith in liberty and its fruits; indeed, without those feelings which are inherent in man, our actions would be incoherent—they would not conform to our mission on earth. Very few would have the courage to execute that which is ordained by the law of mere duty. Very few would find in Self the heroism of Sacrifice. We all need the conviction that our devotion will not be lost to humanity; indeed, devotion is only possible on those conditions. This conviction is graven on all hearts, although it supposes something beyond the mere liberty of man, namely, that we have faith in a power which gives an impulse and movement to all the actions of human liberty, which makes them tend towards an object that escapes us all.

If man, therefore, is free with regard to his actions, he is not so with regard to the consequences of those actions. They escape him, and fall under the law of necessity. You are free as to whichever side you may throw the stone you hold in your hand; but when you have thrown it, no human power can prevent it from obeying the laws of gravitation.

Every being gifted with reason uses his liberty: he gives way to his judgment as if he were alone in the world—as if others like him did not exist. Nevertheless, all those actions and efforts, apparently diverging, tend towards a common end. A secret harmony exists under the most contradictory appearances.

Thus viewing nations, we shall find that each has had a characteristic feature—a special function in the work of progress.

The Phenicians were pre-eminent, and flourished through industry and commerce. The mission of the Jewish nation seems to proclaim the unity of the Deity, and to preserve the communications in which it was revealed. Literature and the fine arts characterized the brilliant Athens—martial activity, the indomitable Sparta. Rome, during the whole of her existence, breathed but for one thought, one object, one ambition—the conquest of the world. Every nation has had some duty, some function to fulfil upon earth; and each has derived from it the elements of its national activity.

A common end in the movement and advancement of societies is the condition of their existence, else why do men unite and work together, and recognize an object that all pursue apart from the special pursuit of each individual.

There exists, however, another law which regulates the various relations of Man, namely—the functions of man with reference, 1st, to God; 2ndly, to his fellow-creatures; 3rdly, to himself; 4thly, with reference to the Physical World, living or material. Without this divine law, the End of Activity of Societies is a dead letter. Without it, they can neither possess the energy indispensable to Unity nor the power of preserving it. In one word, the End of humanity cannot emanate from Human Will. Its basis must be far more solid. It must be a duty ordained by God, and it is called Morality.

Morality is the great law that regulates all human relations. It points out or banishes all changes and ameliorations. It incessantly urges man and societies to perfection. It teaches man how to improve his organization, so as to become a fit instrument in his earthly functions; it teaches him his duties with regard to the special perfection he must attain—with regard to his duties towards God; lastly, it tells him what he is with regard to the world, and what power of action he has over it.

Hence the study of the moral, religious, and political modifications of nations unravels the various ends they have hitherto attained. Morality and religion are the fundamental laws of all societies.

The activity of societies has its agencies in the successive laws of individual activity. In the analysis of the latter will be found the laws of the former:—

Societies have their faculties as well as individuals. The sense attached to the word Faculty with reference to Humanity is easily understood. It refers to the forces and means it possesses. Thus, the discoveries in science,—the results of industry,—the organization of public institutions, are alike elements in the amount of this force. Herein, the alphabet—Algebra—Steam, are the details—the new powers of action, or new faculties acquired to the human species.

As man has a twofold life, the spiritual and the material, so are societies subjected to a double sway, that of *Moral Duties*, and the necessity of a *Political Organization*. In these we have the means to the great end, the study of which is the object of history.

The same order of development of the faculties manifested by individuals is exhibited also by societies:—

During the first period, Feeling predominates. The people must receive the moral and religious doctrines which are the agencies of their activity; such were the middle ages.

Later, Reason acquires its full power, and when the time of its development is arrived, it grows and extends rapidly; the work of Science acquires the highest importance. It was the case with Europe at the close of the 13th century.

Lastly, comes the period when the object is realised. The Social organization is established according to the laws of morality. Human nature is modified and perfected; its action over the world is manifold and multiform. The earth itself changes its aspect. Such is the period commencing in our time.

Christianity has done much, but its end is yet far from being accomplished; that end being "to bring the whole world under one common law—to unite by one common duty of fraternity—by feelings of universal sympathy—the most divergent and remote nations."

History, therefore, is an account of the progressive phases of some one or more of the great national Societies of the human race; it does not only relate the existence of States and Governments, and of the individuals who constitute them, with their passions, and actions, and their abuses in the name of the State, for selfish purposes; nor does it consist merely in the vicissitudes of the past, so often beautifully recorded by great Historians; or, in the wars of the human race, so carefully preserved when every thing else has perished. That part of History, with its outward nature, its picturesque attraction, has justly been called, material History.

But societies, we have said, have two distinct parts in their working, namely, the *moral duties* and *political organization*; these form the inward life, which is the soul of history,—which determines the external life and material history. Their progress is what is called civilization.

History, thus viewed, assumes a new character of grandeur and utility. "It engenders resignation in better days, courage in the struggles, confidence in futurity."

History teaches that man is not born for self only; it teaches to all their duties, and however arduous may be those duties, it gives the courage to bear their momentary weight without groaning, and, above all, without waiting for a salary. Every man who studies history, learns to do his best according to his means;—he learns how to live and improve himself; he learns to sympathize with his fellow-creatures, and learns, also, to die in the place assigned to him by Divine Providence.

M. De Vericour laments that a science of so much importance should be treated with such entire neglect in England, although he expresses a hope that better days are dawning. Should The Critic continue to grow in favour of the public, we trust that it will do something towards the advancement of this as well of the other branches of philosophy, which it was one of the main purposes of its establishment to encourage and diffuse. The task is slow and toilsome, and urged amid many discouragements, but with such an end in view, we go on in good heart and with resolve to struggle manfully for success, confident that a good and honest purpose zealously pursued rarely fails to find favour at last.

But there is another vital element in the natural life of nations—those economical questions which, though they form apparently but a subordinate science in their relation with the supreme political questions, become of the highest vital and moral importance.

Political Economy, therefore, is not a mere science of material interests or of statistics; many of its questions are of another paramount importance to a nation, so much so, that they often decide its moral and political condition, its welfare or its misery; such are, for instance, the commercial laws of a country, and those which have caused such a febrile sensation in our own time, namely, taxation. Political Economy is the great science which History has to trace in its progress, and to mark in the horizon as portending the great object of a morally civilized nation; namely, of procuring the greatest happiness to the greatest number. The importance of its mission is evident; but it cannot advance without the two principles of equality and order. Order, above all, so indispensable to the successive and continued regulation of progress.

What mean we by equality? Of rank? By no means. Of franchises? Not so. Of social intercourse? Certainly not. But the equality which history recognises as an element in Progress, is equal liberty to develop the faculties of mind and body, and to use them the most advantageously to ourselves, and to our fellow-creatures.

Liberty thus defined, advances hand in hand with political economy—for the man who is hungry, whose constitution, moral and intellectual, is depressed by the cravings of nature, is not free. He cannot make free use of his faculties; he can neither exercise them, nor develop them. Morally speaking, he is brutalised. Intellectually speaking, he falls into a state of inactivity and torpor. Political economy, therefore, in its widest sense, is a noble part of history. * * * History has, therefore, to mark what has been done in various countries, and at different periods, for all the classes of a society. It has to shew how the principles of equality before the law, and many economical and political advantages have often been promulgated, and often with salutary results; and also, how the middle classes have chiefly grasped at those advantages, whilst the working classes have been too late in claiming them, or have been overlooked by their promulgators. The mission of history, therefore, is to conduce through all the phases of past ages to the present condition of the human race, leaving to the student the consoling spectacle of its future welfare and perfectibility.

Thus do economical questions rise into the highest political and historical interest. And this is being recognised more and more every day. In them all other questions have merged; they occupy the foremost place in the thoughts of all governments, and lesser differences are forgotten by the people in their pursuit of this one great object.

M. De Vericour then takes a rapid glance at the progress of political economy, viewed as a prominent feature of history, beginning with feudalism. He traces a steady improvement in the condition of the masses, simultaneously with the better recognition of economical principles, and this is the result:—

But now, we all believe that the day will come when no human being will be without his share of comfort and liberty. The general diffusion of that conviction, however, can only be the result of historical studies which shew how, in the field of civilization, generations have advanced through numerous efforts and conquests. Let the people judge what remains to do, by

what has been done; and when we behold the labouring class escaping Roman bondage to take refuge in Feudalism; then organizing itself in corporations; afterwards, venturing on the seas, stimulated by the instinct of commerce; and lastly protected by political liberty, we all understand that Political Economy is not a science of words and numbers, but that it is the mission of history to analyze firmly its march and progress through nations and ages, indeed, to adopt it as one of the fundamental elements that constitute its Being.

The other branch of the Philosophy of History is that of *Political Organization*, through which it exhibits the movements and the progress of liberty.

In this point of view, History is the protestation of humanity against the tyrannies and iniquities that have assailed it; we behold in it the supreme reign of the soul, the triumph of the infinite over the finite, the human mind struggling to develop itself, and exulting in its victory. The fact is, that if a day came when such a thing as liberty could be eradicated from the human heart, from that day History would become a dead letter; it would cease to exist.

Man has a history, because he is subject to a Law of Progress. He advances, and every step he takes is added to those already taken towards the end. "History, in short, is an incessant revelation of God."

And how should this philosophy be employed?

In our opinion, the use or the philosophy of History must be closely blended with History itself: it is nothing more after all than a morality of History, and it ought to gleam in every page of the historian, and breathe in every word of the teacher of History.

To conclude in the eloquent language of the author—

Historical studies abundantly supply all its yearnings—they teach love and virtue; not confined to a narrow circle of kin or country, but to extend over all and everywhere, like the sun. Finally—those who will study the History of a country, will never close that study without having a loftier idea of their mission on earth—without having a greater faith in the final reign of justice and reason—without feeling more devoted to liberty and to their fellow-creatures.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lives of Celebrated Greeks. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1845. Burns.

This new contribution to the *Fireside Library* consists of a collection of lives of famous Greeks, based upon Plutarch. They are introduced by a brief sketch of the geography of Greece, and historical sketches of Athens and Sparta.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Rambles in the United States and Canada during the Year 1845, with a short Account of Oregon. By Rubio. 8vo. pp. 259. London, 1846. Clarke.

The author of the *Rambles* can boast, at least, of one virtue,—he is a good hater. The Americans, and all that belong to them, find no favour in his eyes; he hates every thing he sees, and hears, and tastes, with a hearty uncompromising hatred, that disdains disguise, and rejoices to give it vent in language as expressive as his feelings are fervid. Taking Mrs. Trollope for his model, the anonymous tourist has infused her spirit into the larger subjects to which a man's attention was necessarily directed, and made an indiscriminate attack upon manners and morals, climate and houses, the busts of the ladies and the shoulders of the gentlemen, the steamboats and the clergy, the wine, the markets, the newspapers, the land and the literature, hotels, and railways, conducted much after the miscellaneous fashion in which we have stated them.

Now, however this sort of one-sidedness in a book may amuse the reader, it detracts much from its intrinsic worth. It is impossible to put faith in any thing proceeding from a source so tainted by partialities, or to receive with respect a narrative coloured by such an *animus*. This is to be regretted, for the *Rambler* is a man of lively perceptions, well informed, and on all subjects where his prejudices do not overpower his judgment, exhibiting a certain strong good sense, that, but for the feeling with which it is associated, would have made his observations a valuable accession to the library. Moreover, his style is peculiarly racy and vigorous; he writes with a sharp firm pen, so that there is no haziness about his ideas, and his meaning can never be mistaken. What he intends to say is said without circumlocution; he does not hint and hesitate, but speaks out boldly, with a bluntness that startles at first, but soon pleases by its novelty. Indeed, there is in the entire work, in its plain speaking, its heartiness of hatred, its bustling energy, and its overflowing prejudices, an incarnation of *John Bullism* which will recommend it to popularity, and will please even those who may condemn while they read.

The *Rambler* opens by informing us that the maxim of the Americans is that "roguery is the best policy;" that the men are remarkable for "their vulgarity, hypocrisy, ignorance, and dishonesty;" that the inhabitants are "hypocrites in the northern states, rogues in the middle, and ruffians in the south;" that "no honest man can be president of America again;" as for the climate, "I consider it to be the worst in the world;" "you look in vain for the comforts, enjoyments, and luxuries of life;" and these are selections from the first chapter of ten pages!

A tour commenced with such a spirit—the result either of the not uncommon narrow-mindedness that vilifies as bad whatever differs from its own habits, or of some personal dislikes, extended from an individual enemy to the nation to which that enemy belongs,—another not rare weakness of human nature; we say, whatever its excuse, observations made through eyes so discoloured must be received with suspicion, and read, if at all, for amusement only, and not in any manner as a chronicle of facts. So viewing it, and admitting to the full its claims in other respects to critical approval, we shall content ourselves with this protest, and proceed to shew the author's better characteristics by a few extracts which have attracted us by the novelty of their matter, or the spirit of their manner. Here is a clever, but manifestly caricatured, sketch of

A BREAKFAST IN NEW YORK.

Though every one must admire the early hours and temperance of the Americans, yet only imagine a Londoner, and an old hand, not used to any thing much worse than the shady side of Pall-mall, assembling at six o'clock at the noise of a great bell—washed and shaved, mind, by six o'clock—to look at an immense rump-steak at the head of the table swimming in fat, not half-cooked; then lower down a dish of enormous salt mackerel, one of which would make two of our English mackerel; then some Halifax salmon just as taken from the barrel, and as salt as brine; then two or three smaller dishes, some with mush, a food for pigs, and others with hommaney, only differing from mush in that this last is *white* maize ground and boiled in water, whilst *mush* is *yellow* corn ground and boiled. As this sort of food is not known in England, thank God, except in the penitentiaries, I have been rather particular in describing it. No caution is required to my countryman to avoid it, because the very sight of it will be enough to make him sick. The remainder of the table was filled up with some warmed-up tough old hen, called chicken fixings, all washed down with the most execrable coffee in the whole world. I used to think that England might defy all creation for bad coffee, but the Americans beat us hollow. It is all that abominable trash from Rio, costing there about twopence halfpenny per pound by the cargo; and as the Americans really seem to be no judges, even of things they are constantly putting into their mouths, or else so careless that they care nothing about it, whether it be good or bad, all is Brazilian coffee bought by the boarding-house keeper, ready ground, and of course, as the Americans adulterate every thing, ready mixed.

He adds, however, a compliment upon the butter, which in every part of America is excellent. At this time, when there is so much talk about the admission of Indian corn, our author's description of it as a food will interest:—

There is also at the breakfast-table a profusion of nice-looking hot yellow cakes, called, I believe, Johnny cakes, made of Indian corn, but they are like mush and hommaney—only fit for pigs or prisoners. This valuable grain, which is one of the greatest gifts of nature, and which is more extensively cultivated in the States than in any other country, under the single name of *green corn*, forms a delicious dish of vegetable at dinner, little inferior to green peas, but in *every other shape* or manner of preparation it is perfectly execrable, and would scarcely be eaten by a Scotchman, although accustomed to his oatmeal porridge.

In the same style is his picture of

THE MEN AND WOMEN OF AMERICA.

The men have no shoulders: they are tall and lathy like corn-stalks, and under the nape of the neck they are sometimes as

narrow as a female. The ladies of New York have been through all time, which means about fifty years, so famous for their beauty, that I know I shall be accused of heresy, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, if I say that it is entirely a mistake. But the truth must be told, and I have seen more pretty women in London in one day than ever I saw during all my rambles in the United States. That *prominent* point of female loveliness, and which the whole English race so much excel in, is entirely wanting in the American ladies: they are as *flat* as their own horrid sea-coast; and though they artfully endeavour to conceal this national deficiency by a peculiar, newly-invented, and really very ingenious corset, yet it will not do; our imaginings return unsatisfied, and our worst suspicions come back confirmed.

But it must be confessed, that what they want in busts they make up in bustles, and to an excess that shocks an English female, and which is so glaring and preposterous as to be downright indelicate.

The pure red and white of English complexions must not be looked for in any part of the States. The lilies and the carnations are not of American growth; the men are sallow, and the women tallow.

The hotels maintain the reputation of their order throughout the world. At one of them he was charged *thirty-five shillings* English for a bottle of port! the duty on importation being one halfpenny per bottle. Now for

CHEAP LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

The Americans are certainly a nation of readers, and it is always amusing to walk the principal streets and see what a large traffic is carried on in the cheap publications. The "Last of the Barons," or the "Smugglers," is no sooner arrived in New York than one publisher strikes off 50,000 copies at threepence each, and a rival printer a better edition at 6d. and 1s. The respective authors, however, need not reckon much on this cheap immortality; the books are thrown by as soon as read, like their halfpenny newspapers; in a little time, if you ask where are they, "Echo answers, Where?" There are no private libraries in America, nor are there any circulating libraries, for it is cheaper to buy than to borrow. The London picture newspapers form an item, also, very considerable; and you see "Punch," "Pictorial Times," and "Illustrated London News," in the shop windows for sale, as abundantly as they are in London. This is not confined to New York, but pervades the entire Union, as far as New Orleans; and, whilst the boat was getting up her steam at St. Louis, at the junction of the two mighty rivers Missouri and Mississippi, we had nearly a dozen boys on board, with great bundles under their arms, singing out, "Last Lecture of Mrs. Caudle" only one halfpenny; No. 20 of the "Wandering Jew," and all Bulwer's and James's novels, at a shilling each! The boys drive a very lucrative trade in these amusing wares; one youth told me that he cleared ten dollars a-week on a capital of only ten dollars!

ADVERTISING.

The country papers advertise for almost nothing. A man gives notice that he will advertise in one hundred and twenty of the leading journals of the State of —— for less than a penny each, if inserted for three months, and he will receive payment in wheat, maize, rye, pork, bacon, whisky, feathers, bees'-wax, tobacco, hemp, shoes, tinware, or eggs!

Here is a scrap of seasonable advice:—

But if this plan of universal temperance has not yet been thoroughly organized in the American army and navy, there is to every reflecting Englishman great satisfaction in observing that by a late Act of Congress flogging has been entirely abolished in American ships, as well in those belonging to the State as in those belonging to the merchant service. It would have been more agreeable, perhaps, if Great Britain had been foremost in this just work, but it is an example that must soon be followed by our own legislature; for nothing can be more impolitic on our parts than to leave any thing *to be envied* by either British sailors or British colonists in the laws, customs, or institutions of our Republican neighbours; but, on the contrary, it should be the aim in Downing-street, if possible, to make every thing British or Canadian the envy of the Americans!

The author excepts from his detestation one feature in the American character, their temperance. In this they might well offer an example to us.

He warmly recommends Canada to the emigrant. While at Montreal, he observes—

Thinking I was going to settle among them, I had daily offers of beautiful farms, more or less improved, some as low as 10s. per acre, up to 5*l.* and 10*l.* an acre, whilst 20*l.* per acre was asked for some suburban spots on the plank road. The buildings about the towns and along the roads all seemed warm and substantial, though it was a pity to see such hundreds of pretty places for sale, and no buyers! This can only be owing to a falling off of emigration, occasioned by the late Canadian troubles, which are not likely to occur again, and therefore the field of enterprise, being so unlimited in Western Canada, there is no doubt the roaming portion of our English emigrants will prefer that country, especially as they can get the English newspapers only a fortnight old, by way of Boston, which is a great advantage over every other colony, and there will be a constant demand for all their surplus wheat, ashes, and timber.

And again—

I repeat, therefore, that if my countrymen of England will emigrate, don't let them throw away themselves and their scanty means by going to the Cape of Good Hope, or *any of the Australian Colonies*, or New Zealand; but, by all means, go to the best parts of *Canada West*, where they will find the soil fertile beyond their expectations, the seasons certain and regular, and the climate healthy; besides which it is a cheap and abundant country, without taxes; whereas, if they should emigrate to the United States, which is called the land of freedom, they will be insulted for being Englishmen; where taxes are high, clothing very dear, produce very low, and nothing but fever and ague to welcome the settler; and, the best of the joke, not half so much freedom as in Canada.

Behold a picture of

A SPEAKER.

I made an acquaintance here with a mean-looking young man who was squirting his tobacco saliva in every direction,—one of the most frequent and odious nuisances in the United States,—when, to my astonishment, he told me he was Speaker of the House of Representatives! Had he been speaker at the debating club at the Pig and Whistle, it would have been a grave announcement; but to find my friend exercising such high legislative functions as Speaker of the House of Representatives was what I was not prepared for.

Our rambler very sensibly rebukes the absurd expense of English funerals, and compares it with those of America.

The friends assemble in their usual dress, and by a numerous muster, rather than by their inky habiliments, testify their regard to the memory of the defunct. As for hearses and mourning coaches, plumes, cloaks, and hatbands, with all the other tricks of undertakers to make out a long bill for funeral expenses, all such nonsense is unknown in America; whilst the act of sepulture is performed with as much propriety and decency as in London, and probably does not cost more than a sovereign! And why should it? This is one of the most glaring follies of my countrymen, and it is to be hoped their good sense will not much longer submit to the tyranny of undertakers.

A geographical sketch of the Oregon territory is appended, and at this time it will be both useful and interesting.

New Zealand and its Aborigines, &c. &c. By WILLIAM BROWN, lately a Member of the Legislative Council of New Zealand. London, 1845. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE official position occupied by Mr. BROWN in the colony argues a considerable acquaintance with its characteristic features, and with the condition, capabilities, and prospects of its people. How far this very advantage of opportunity is marred by a partiality unavoidable in such a case is a problem we will not venture to solve. The reader will, however, act prudently to bear in mind the temptations to over-colouring on the one side, or under-colouring on the other, inseparable from the descriptions of a partisan, and make sufficient allowance for it as he proceeds.

Indeed, this volume is not altogether a descriptive work. There is about it a great deal of the political pamphlet. It reviews the topics that attracted so much attention in Parliament during the last session; but inasmuch as with these we have no concernment, we shall pass them by, and confine our regards to the matter of more freshness, which narrates Mr. BROWN'S experiences of the aborigines. A few passages will suffice to exhibit the sort of information conveyed in this volume, and the author's manner, which, it will be observed, has the fault of being too wordy. He wants condensation of thought and of expression; but these will come with practice.

He presents but a sorry and unpromising picture of the

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

The New Zealanders do not seem to possess the domestic affections in an eminent degree. In general they appear to care little for their wives. Not that they are unkind to them, or that

they deem them inferior, and therefore not worthy of attention, but it seems to result rather from a want of that sympathy between the sexes which is the source of the delicate attention paid by the male to the female in most civilized countries. In my own experience, I have only seen one instance where there was any perceptible attachment between husband and wife. To all appearance they behave to each other as if they were not at all related; and it not unfrequently happens that they sleep in different places before the termination of the first week of their marriage. It is a very rare occurrence indeed for husbands and wives to quarrel, and still rarer for a husband to beat his wife. They have no courtship, nor any marriage ceremonies beyond the mere conducting of the lady by her lover to his hut. A chief can, in effect, take any unmarried female he may choose. Their laws do not openly acknowledge his power to do so, but they permit him to take her by force if he can, and she then becomes his lawful wife. If she, however, is aware of his intentions, and does not think proper to yield, her friends will protect her as far as they can. Parents not unfrequently betroth their children in infancy, and a woman in such a case becomes tapued to her future husband, and to him alone; nor can any other person make proposals to her even though he should die—a law which has a considerable influence on the population. In these cases of forced marriages, the females are not beaten or maltreated as the New Hollanders are under similar circumstances. On obtaining his wife, it is a common practice for the husband to make a present to her parents, whether the marriage has been a forced or a voluntary one. The slaves are allowed to marry as they please, but they are not permitted to take wives by force, this privilege being reserved for their masters alone. Wives are usually chosen from a different tribe, partly from inclination, and partly with a view to the increase of the power and influence of the individual, as the husband is always considered to belong to his wife's tribe, and may rise from inferior to superior rank accordingly. A chief is permitted to have as many wives as he thinks proper, a license which is very generally taken advantage of. The Christian natives have been induced to put away all the supernumeraries; indeed, some of them have become such sincere converts as to preach as well as practise the duty of entire celibacy. However many wives a chief may have, there is always one amongst them who is the favourite or wife-in-chief; or should rival claimants divide the empire, separate establishments will be provided for them. In this there may seem to lurk the seeds of jealousy; but the wives appear to make no objection to the number of their competitors; not because they cannot prevent it, but because they are destitute of those feelings which characterize the females of other countries. Chastity is not deemed one of the virtues; and a lady before marriage may be as liberal of her favours as she pleases without incurring censure.

And again:—

It is easily seen that they are only acting a part; and it is frequently ludicrous to observe the difficulty that some of them find in forcing out these crocodile tears. A proof of this is seen in the immediate change which takes place in their appearance as soon as the "tangi" is over, when they at once begin to laugh and talk with the greatest animation, thus precluding the supposition that they can have felt even the slightest emotions of grief. Show and ceremony appear to be a main feature in the native character; so much so that even grief is universally simulated. The only wonder is, that vanity should lead them to the affectation of such a noble and refined feeling as sympathy; and it affords the most unequivocal evidence of the superiority of the New Zealanders and their susceptibility of the highest improvement. They think the white people cold hearted; and say, that when they meet they shew no more regard for each other than so many dogs. In stature, the New Zealanders are rather above the middle size, and some are very tall, six feet to six and a half. They are very muscular and well formed. Very many have mild, pleasant, and highly intelligent countenances, and their predominant feelings are easily distinguished. This is owing, in some measure, to their being less accustomed to conceal their feelings than people more civilized; but doubtless, in a still greater degree, to the natural conformation of their minds. The slaves have a very different appearance. They seem formed of far inferior materials; the very texture of their skin is coarser. Neither are they so tall and well proportioned, though they are more muscular. Their countenances are much less expressive, clearly denoting that they are much more beasts of burden, and less accustomed to mental exertion. Of course, this is no more than the circumstances would lead a person to expect. Slavery produces its natural results in New Zealand, as well as in other places. The poor slave labours that his master may live in idleness, and give him leisure to expand his mind, and enable him, by his superior knowledge, to bind the fetters of his slave the faster. It is due to the New Zealanders, however, to state, that they behave, in general, with great kindness and consideration towards their slaves, who enjoy the utmost freedom, frequently possessing land as well as their master. Indeed, he freely distributes his land amongst them, well knowing that his interest and power lie in conciliating their good will. It should be remarked, that this description of the degraded appearance of the slave class only applies to a certain portion, for many of them having been taken in war, and from being chiefs themselves reduced to a state of slavery, are in every respect equal to their present masters.

He entertains a hope that the New Zealanders will be exempted from the extermination which has been, as if by the operation of some natural law, the fate of all savage nations upon the invasion of a civilized people upon their haunts.

It must be gratifying to the friends of the helpless aborigines of new countries, who have hitherto melted away at the approach of civilized man, to know that there are especial reasons for believing that the New-Zealanders are reserved for a better fate. One of the most prominent causes of our failure, in respect of other demi-savages, will be found to exist in the vast inferiority of their minds generally; or, at least, in the entire dissimilarity between the two races: but this does not hold with regard to the New Zealanders. On the contrary, their natural capacities, mental as well as moral, are of a high order, and eminently fit them for amalgamating easily, at no distant period, with their civilized brethren. Their pursuits, too, it should be remembered, are very much the same: the New Zealanders rather exceeding the Europeans in their love of trading and other commercial pursuits. Neither are they, like other savages, devoted to war, leading a wandering life, and existing by fishing and hunting. They would most eagerly abandon the few warlike habits they may still possess for the security afforded by the Europeans; and, for their subsistence, would be equally willing to cultivate the ground, as they have been in the practice of doing from time immemorial. Another reason for the probability of this amalgamation exists in the fact, that the New Zealanders have been recognised as the rightful owners of their own lands, and therefore entertain no feelings of hostility or hatred towards the settlers.

Theft appears to be a national custom.

NEW ZEALAND THIEVES.

Next deserves to be noticed their singular custom of robbing (the singularity rather consists in the occasion), and the *sang froid* with which the parties submit to be plundered. It is in fact the usual method of punishing all offences real or imaginary. There is certainly nothing new or extraordinary in depriving an individual or a tribe of their property, on the violation of any law or custom; but civilized people would certainly not voluntarily submit to such a loss; far less would they refrain from using every exertion to secrete as much of their property as the circumstances would admit of their doing. Not so with the New Zealanders, however; they will calmly and unconcernedly sit by and see themselves plundered of every thing. Nay, it is even customary to give the individual warning; but even then he will not put away his property, as this would be termed an act of cowardice. I knew a case where a party of natives went to rob a chief of the name of Koinaki, in consequence of his wife having committed adultery. On that occasion they took from him a fine double-barrelled gun (an article at that time in great estimation, and very expensive, worth from 10*l.* to 12*l.*), all his blankets, a trunk containing clothes, and other articles, he looking on calmly all the while; indeed, he was on the best of terms with them, and after the affair was over entertained them in his house for three days, the weather not permitting them sooner to depart. Robbing is a punishment for all descriptions of offences: indeed, unless under peculiarly aggravated circumstances, a payment will compound for almost any offence, whether the culprit be a native or pakeha (as the white people are termed). In these robbing excursions they do not always confine themselves to the property of the offender, but constructively implicate the whole of his tribe, and indiscriminately carry off all they can find. I witnessed a practical illustration of this in the case of a tribe living a few miles off from the place where I resided. A young chief having taken undue liberties with the wife of another chief of the same tribe, the old chief Kanini assembled a few of his followers, and not only stripped the youthful delinquent but many others of his tribe, not omitting the injured husband himself. They carried off all the provisions that could be found, as well as three canoes. It is a common practice to rob a new-married couple immediately after their nuptials, and not unfrequently to give them a good beating into the bargain. It was at one time customary to rob a person on the occasion of any accident, such as his being burned, the bursting of his gun, &c. &c. Towards Europeans they adopt the same method of punishment; but they have not been able to get our countrymen to submit with a like good grace; they, of course, resisting whenever they can, and ill-feelings are consequently engendered on the part of the English by

the loss sustained, and the very natural supposition that the natives have some ill-will towards them. But such may not be the case. The natives think nothing of being robbed themselves, and do not appear to entertain the least anger towards each other on such occasions; and this should, therefore, be kept in view by the Europeans in judging of the conduct of the natives. Of course it can never be expected that Europeans will be reconciled to such a perversion of the natural laws of *meum* and *tuum*, but it is at least so far gratifying to think that, in such cases, the natives may only be acting in strict accordance with their own customs, rude although they be, rather than from ill-feeling towards the sufferers.

Yet, upon the whole, Mr. BROWN forms a high estimate of their general character, and anticipates their speedy addition to the ranks of civilization. This is his sketch of the

CHARACTER OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

The analysis which has been given of the character of the aborigines exhibits them in the first stage of social existence, and proves that their domestic affections are much less powerful than we are accustomed to find, not only among civilized, but even in other demi-savage nations; while, on the other hand, their ties of tribe or clanship are much stronger than amongst European nations. For instance, we see that the smallest affair affecting the interests of one member of the tribe is deemed of sufficient importance, not merely for the notice, but even for a long and serious discussion by the whole tribe. If a death occurs, the grief is not merely shared by the tribe with the relations of the deceased, who are commonly the least affected by the event. In enumerating, however, the peculiarities of temperament on which these characteristics depend, we find that the New Zealanders have the fighting or opposive propensity very moderate, their angry or vindictive feelings also small, and easily allayed even when excited. We further find that they are not naturally cunning, but open; while we see too, on the one hand, that they are a nation of traders, exhibiting the utmost eagerness to possess the goods of others, they are scrupulous as to the means—using honest and even laborious industry, where others might not even hesitate to steal. Combined, however, with this powerful desire of accumulation, we find that they have kind and generous natures, and part with their acquisitions with as much readiness as if they were the recipients rather than the givers. We also see that they are not proud and distant, but affable, courting eagerly the praise and good opinion of others. It should also be remembered, that this good opinion is sought in respect of the higher moral qualities, and not as one might have expected in the case of a demi-savage people, as a tribute to the intensity of hate and revenge—to the possession of the greatest number of wives—to skill in the practices of deceit. Neither is it asked on the score of the native being the best boxer, the deepest drinker, or the most accomplished profligate;—characters which are, even to this day, not altogether expelled from civilized society. No; the cannibal New Zealander, in despite of many evil practices, emulates higher virtues, the chief of which are bravery and generosity, the absence of hatred and anger, and the evenness and placidity of a temper regulated by the dictates of reason. Whatever falling short in the case of individuals, or even of masses, there may be in the attainment of these virtues, it is encouraging, as affording the best grounds for anticipating great advantages, to find that there is no part of what may be styled their code of morality, or what they deem it any honour to aspire to, that is not really estimable in itself. It is true that they are very deficient in conscientiousness, which must operate very injuriously; but they may easily, by the stimulation of the good qualities they possess, be led to do what is right, if not for the right's sake. In this recapitulation of their peculiarities must not be omitted their powerful religious tendencies, though I feel very certain that these will not continue to have an influence equal to that which they exerted while the minds of the natives were ignorant and superstitious; but this only points out one of the many applications which a knowledge of their real character should direct us to make. It shews that the missionary must not be contented with merely communicating religious knowledge to the natives, but he must, by example as well as by precept, train to activity all their best faculties to ensure moral conduct—nay, even to keep that conduct up to its present standard. To this enumeration of the motives of conduct and action in the New Zealanders it remains to add, that their intellect fully equals that of our countrymen; and while their genius is eminently of a practical nature, and they are keenly alive to their own interests, the fact ought never to be lost sight of, that their feelings or motives to action are in a remarkable degree subservient to the dictates of their reason, which is saying more for them than could be affirmed of most civilized nations. With such capabilities, therefore, there never was a better—nay, never even so good an opportunity afforded to the religious, or even to the mere natural philosopher, for trying the experiment of raising a savage into a civilized being—a heathen into a Christian. And if our government are really actuated by the humane feelings which they have expressed, and truly desire to see the grand experiment practically made, they have only to use the means, and they may rest satisfied that the result will be most satisfactory.

And here we close a volume, over which we have perhaps already lingered too long, considering the small quantity of matter it contains calculated to interest the general reader, who takes no part in colonial squabbles.

A Pastor's Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wildernesses of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and other principal Localities of the Holy Land, visited in 1842; *with brief Notes of a Route through France, Rome, Naples, Constantinople, and up the Danube.* By the Rev. GEORGE FISK, L.L.B. Prebendary of Lichfield, &c. Third edition. 8vo. pp. 461. London, 1845. Seeley, Burnside, and Co.

THIS third edition, being a *verbatim* reprint, we reluctantly resist the temptation to review it at some length, and cull some passages from the abundance of interesting matter its ample pages yield. But new works claim all the space we have to spare, and more, and therefore we must invariably dismiss second editions with a brief passing welcome and congratulation. Mr. FISK's description of his adventures in the route set forth upon his title-page are extremely graphic, shewing him to be an accurate observer, and to have entered upon his tour with a resolution to see every thing that he could reach, without sparing labour or time. His previous studies had specially qualified him for travelling in the Holy Land, and everywhere he makes good use of them, always tracing in the scenes he beheld the localities famous in Scripture; thus his volume possesses something more than the interest of a book of travels; it is a practical Bible commentary, and will be found of infinite service to all who study the word of God with a desire fully to understand every portion of its history as well as of its precepts. Being such, we can heartily recommend this portly volume to the book-club, and even to the family library.

FICTION.

The White Lady: a Romance. From the German of C. VON WOLTMANN. Translated by JAMES D. HAAS. 12mo. pp. 64. London, 1845. Burns.

Select Popular Tales from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. London, 1845. Burns.

Two delightful importations from that land of romance, Germany, with its great gloomy forests and black hills, with their superstitions, begotten in the fancies of the most imaginative people of Europe. Both belong to the *Fireside Library*, and are well entitled to the name, for more pleasant reading on a winter's evening it would be difficult to find. *The White Lady* is a romance of absorbing interest.

Miriam; or, the Power of Truth. A Jewish Tale. By the Author of "Influence." Eighth edition, 12mo. pp. 388. London, 1845. Hatchard and Co.

AN eighth edition of a fiction proves that it must possess some at least of the qualifications for popularity, and that implies the presence of characteristics that appeal to our common nature, and therefore proceed from sincerity of purpose in the writer. *Miriam* is a religious tale, written with a distinct and avowed purpose, and this may be one cause of its great success; but that alone would not have carried it through eight editions, and we find, in fact, that it is interesting in its story, and eloquent in its language; and though to us it appears to be too much amplified, and might be improved by the curtailment of many of the dialogues and descriptions, and the omission of some obtrusive reflections and sermonizing; still to other tastes this has proved to be no objection, and success is a fair test of fitness to please the public.

The Mysteries of the Heaths. From the French of FREDERICK SOULIE.

Pauline Butler. From the French. London: Bruce and Wild.

THESE form the 80th part of *The Novel Newspaper.* We are glad to see that the spirited proprietors are directing their attention to foreign literature. A huge field is there open to

them. Germany would supply a hundred volumes, and France as many. Why do they not give us the best novels of PAUL DE KOCK and ALEXANDER DUMAS, and others that have been recorded in the *Journal of French Literature*, that adorns the pages of THE CRITIC? How much more popular would these be than the stupid novels borrowed from America! Query—Would not a similar collection of the best voyages and travels, foreign as well as home, be a profitable speculation? We recommend it to the consideration of the proprietors. The two fictions here contained are well chosen and wonderfully cheap.

POETRY.

Poems. By ALLEN PARK PATON. London, 1845. Saunders and Otley.

THERE is little in this volume to praise or to condemn. It is one of those works particularly puzzling to a reviewer, since there are no passages in it which have caught the light of genius, and none which are below the average of the poetry of the day. The character of present poetry (we use the word poetry merely as an expression for verse) is obstinately mechanical and even in its course. The poetic mind is struck down to a monotonous level, like a bird that flutters his wings in mid air, as if he made progress, but which keeps the same position. It is a few degrees above the hopelessly bad, and many degrees below the hopefully good. In consequence of this, we believe that poetry will be longer gaining its ascendancy. Critics generally cry out on the low state of the poetic mind. Comparing it with the times when BYRON, WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, and their glorious contemporaries wrote, and whose splendours still tinge the world, they do not judge the poetry of the day according to its abstract standard. It is not the low state of poetry that we lament, but rather that it is too nicely poised between the good and the bad. We receive hosts of poems which may be termed *respectable* performances, as far the *art* of poetry is concerned, but the spirit of poetry is wanting in them. They are dead exhibitions of skill, but not living, pulsatory evidences of genius. They are like withered boughs, which hold no communion with that warmth of the sun by which alone they can bud and vegetate. This position of poetry is fatal to its complete restoration, because it is deceptive. Readers, who perform in themselves the office of the critic, detect nothing absolutely despicable in the compositions of the poet, and in the false security of reading nothing unworthy they put criticism aside, and thus mediocrity is perpetuated from author to author. A poem of average merit, such as we have described, is more likely to be exalted than depressed by casual readers. It is the same with poetry as with national distress. That state of a country in which the people's distress does not amount to actual destitution is further from healing than when such destitution is seen in every street. The legislator looks upon the distress of a tradesman who is not virtually a pauper as a reader looks upon a poem whose faults are not conspicuous. Judging, then, from analogy, the poetry of the day is too good to promise for the present anything better. It is an historical fact that the greatest literary geniuses have always emerged from the midst of the lowest literature. We have now poet rising upon poet so much alike in quality, that they all seem to belong to one family. Genius is afraid to shew his face among them lest he should be taken for one of the kin—lest the world should mistake genuine poetry for polished versification. Our remarks shew that the art of verse-making is cultivated too much. It is now perfect—so much the greater evil—and it pushes itself forward under the name of *poetry*. It contents itself with wearing the outward semblance of that which is infinitely above it in soul, as the slave CLEMENS usurped the character of a king.

Our remarks have sprung from what in the commencement of this notice we asserted as a fact, viz. that we can see little in Mr. PATON'S poems to praise or to condemn. We try all authors by an impartial standard, and the circulation of THE CRITIC is secured by that impartiality. Mr. PATON will see that our opinion is, that his poetry is *not* below the average poetry of the day. This to a man who does not pant for universal fame will be a consolation, and perhaps an encouragement. But it must not be understood that all the poems in the volume before us are of the same precise quality. The "Vision of Want" is a poem generously conceived and skilfully executed. The "Monster-Affectation" is another poem as useful as it is humorous, but each of them is too long for our columns. We close this notice with some lines which are a just eulogy of the bard of whom they speak.

ON SEEING TENNYSON'S PORTRAIT.

The man I fancied. 'Tis my thought I see.
Tennyson is what Tennyson should be.
Belonging not unto that doubtful kind
Of bards, whose features seem to mock their mind;
Who differ so much in their living looks,
From what men would suppose them by their books,
That a suspicion through the breast will steal
Of their ne'er having felt what makes us feel:
Doubts whether these same strains are from the heart,
Or but created by some trick of art;
Writ in "a player's passion" duly wrought,
Not the true music of the wind-like thought,
Which, wheresoe'er it listeth, comes or goes,
Dies unexpected—unexpected blows;
Whether their word-streams have a natural source,
Or play into the air through foreign force;
Come from lead pipes, and marble founts, or roll
Fresh from the springs and geysers of the soul.
No doubting here, for I can almost trace
The poet's writings in the poet's face!

Sonnets, and other Poems. By Mrs. JEVONS. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

THESE poems are chiefly devotional. Many of them have appeared in "Poems for Youth," the "Sacred Offering," and in other annuals. There is the softened, hallowed tone of religion in all the writings of Mrs. JEVONS. It should be the design of the poet to teach the understanding, and to cast a light upon the darkest shadows of the heart. Poetry is the sister of religion, and, when it is used to increase love and charity, for the loftiness of the object we can overlook the slight errors of composition. But we cannot allow that the sacredness of poetry should be destroyed by using it as a prop for any creed whatever. And it is because Mrs. JEVONS has preserved inviolate the high character of poetry, her muse never dealing out the gall and wormwood of dogmatism, that we are inclined to speak favourably of her writings.

Mrs. JEVONS is profuse of sonnets. We have before expressed our opinion that the sonnet is a faulty kind of verse; that it is an opposition to the freedom of poetry. The sonnet is the working out of a single thought, and unless it can be proved that every thought requires the same amount of language to unfold itself, we deny that the sonnet is the best medium for any thought whatever. MILTON and WORDSWORTH did not establish the sonnet as a superior mode of poetic expression, they merely proved through it their own superiority. We regret that Mrs. JEVONS has been so haunted by the genii of fourteen lines. She has imposed needless fetters on herself, and although she moves in them with ease and grace, yet there is no doubt that she would move with increased ease and grace in lines not subject to numerical rules. But, to shew our readers that Mrs. JEVONS has to a great degree been successful in the sonnet, we shall take a couple from the volume before us.

SONNET.

See! from his eastern couch the Sun arise
To run his glorious race, and scatter round
His heavenly rays to earth's remotest bound,
Whilst songs of praise and joy salute the skies.
Image of one more beautiful! whose light
Can know no change—whose living glories shine
In human hearts that kindle at his shrine.
The Heathen worships thee—and shall thy bright
Unspotted beams awake my eyes in vain
To this fair world of harmony and love,
Nor yet a holier joy my bosom move,
To raise a voice of praise in nature's fane,
And bless the light that scatters mental gloom,
And sheds a deathless radiance o'er the tomb.

SONNET.

I saw thee, Virtue, weeping o'er thy woe,
Yet lovely in thy tears; unnumbered sighs
Burst from thy heaving bosom, and the glow
Raised by the worldling's scorn, thy pale cheek dyes.
And thou wert long a mourner—haunted still
By the base throng that bow at Mammon's shrine.
Ambition mocked thee from her loftiest hill

With idle threat, and Pleasure's taunt was thine.
I see thee now—how changed, how beautiful!
The Christian's hope is kindled in thine eye,
Immortal hands the fadeless wreath shall cull,
That on thy spotless brow will ever lie;
Whilst Faith points smiling to those realms above,
Where angels wait thee, and a Father's love.

Petra, the City of the Desert; and Nehemiah: Poems. By JAMES TALBOYS WHEELER. Oxford: Shrimpton.

WE have here two short poems, the former of which is on the same subject as the Oxford Newdigate Prize Poem for the present year. The idea of lost pomp and grandeur, which haunts us like a melancholy spirit as we gaze on the ruins of what were once triumphal arches, glorious altars, and magnificent thrones, tempers the mind into that soft and yielding state on which the impression of poetry is soonest received. Poetry is not for all seasons and times, but, like religion, the heart receives it more sensibly and healingly in particular moments of life. Commerce is only in part the offspring of poetry; and now, when memory turns to "the City of the Desert," it is rather to muse on pyramids, and obelisks, and tombs, than to remember the caravans of valuable merchandise which rolled into Petra from distant quarters of the world. Yet all the associations of Petra have their share of poetic fact and fiction.

Mr. WHEELER had written his poem of *Petra* before the appearance of the Oxford Prize Poem, but however suggested, or whenever executed, can be of little consequence, since the work is creditable to any poet.

The City of the Desert, as well as *Nehemiah*, bear the undoubted marks of careful finish. The heroic verse is handled skilfully by Mr. WHEELER; it is seldom frittered away into mere polish, or suffered to remain in unartistic inelegance.

EDUCATION.

The Christmas Annual. Glimpses of the Wonderful. 1846. Harvey and Darton.

HERE is, at last, a good, sensible, rational annual for children—just the book for a Christmas prize or a New Year's gift. It has all the outward attraction of the most gaudy of its butterfly rivals, an elegant binding, good paper, choice typography, and a profusion of engravings; and its substantial merits are vastly superior. Instead of stupid stories, and bad poetry, and essays that no child will care to read, this volume contains amusing, and, at the same time, instructive accounts of the wonders of the world, each illustrated by spirited wood engravings. It will be received with a shout of welcome wherever it appears.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE new number of *The Westminster Review* maintains the new reputation at which this periodical has been aiming. Formerly it was the most speculative of the quarterlies; the vehicle for all fresh and startling doctrines; sceptical in religion and extremely radical in politics. Under its new management it has changed all this. Its aims are now eminently practical. It specially deals with the business of life, with the commercial affairs of the country, and passing events. Its principles are liberal still, but subdued and moderated, just such as are held by the most enlightened of all parties. Withal it has lost no jot of its ability or eloquence. The articles are remarkable still for their vigour and learning; and it has thus succeeded in reaching the happy medium that pleases both the philosopher and the man of the world—sufficiently original for the former, and quite practical enough to engage the attention of the latter. Hence its great and growing popularity. The number before us is admirable in this respect. The subjects handled are few, but all are interesting, and they are treated with a care that must command at least a respectful hearing. Foremost is an essay on the great topic of "Railway Investment," evidently written by one thoroughly at home with his subject, and which will be read with eagerness by thousands anxiously seeking a guide amid present perplexities. "Imprisonment for Debt," and the various schemes afloat relative to the Law of Debtor and Creditor, are then reviewed. There is a long notice of the "Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White." An article on "The Papal States" describes minutely their constitution and government. "Scandinavia" is the theme of another essay, and then the "German Theology and the Priest Ronge," a topic at this moment foremost in the public mind, is handled with a temperate examination of the present state and prospects of the new Reformation. "The exploring Expedition of the United States" is the remaining review, and agreeably varies the solid character of the essays with which it is associated.

The Dublin University Magazine for December opens with the first part of a tour in Portugal in the spring of the present year, written with great liveliness, and having the recommendation of novelty. In the way of fiction there is a sort of elaborated historical anecdote, entitled "Madame de Sorverne," and a continuation of the novel of "The Whychcots." Of reviews we are presented with one only—an excellent article on the "Didactic Irish Novelists." CARL LUDWIG FERNOW has contributed some comments on "Raphael's Tapestries," marked by a profound knowledge of art. A fifth number of the "Poetical Remains of the late Mrs. JAMES GRAY," contains some very beautiful poetry, that serves only to shew what a genius has been lost to the world. There is also a third article on "Ireland and her Church," and a political essay, entitled "Protestant Union," warmly advocating the revival of the orange lodges.

The Prospective Review, a Quarterly Journal of Theology and Literature for November, contains some papers of extraordinary ability, and a higher class of subjects than is usually found in English periodicals. "The New German Catholic Church" is first considered, both as to its causes and consequences, and very ably is the topic handled. "Reform of the Church of England," as connected with recent events, is then considered. "Rome and its Environs" is a learned essay, and will interest the lovers of classical literature. A valuable contribution to philosophy is the article on "The Elements of Morality, including Polity." There are many shorter reviews of more or less merit.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine for December is the best of the many colonial magazines. It contains not only all kinds of information relating to the colonies, but some admirably-written tales, and very respectable poetry. "The Emigrant" is a novel of no common ability, now appearing in its pages.

Dolman's Magazine for December.—The new number of this monthly magazine of the Roman Catholics is creditable to the body from whom it proceeds. "The Manor of Summerdale" is an interesting tale; the "Chapter on Music" exhibits taste and good sense; but most interesting of all will be W. T. OAKELEY'S "Letter on Submitting to the Catholic Church," containing the reasons for his quitting the English Church and embracing Catholicism.

Sharpe's London Magazine, Part II. for December.—A sort of *Chambers's Journal*, with the addition of engravings. The selected matter is very much better than the original contributions, and we would advise the editor to exclude the latter altogether.

The Art-Union Monthly Journal of the Fine Arts for December contains many articles interesting to the lovers of art, upon which it presents every kind of information, gathered from all parts of the world. These are illustrated by numerous engravings. "Visits to Private Galleries" is an article that contains much novelty, and the notice of the exhibition at Munich will be read with eagerness.

Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith, Part XIII. is as curiously learned and powerfully eloquent as were its predecessors.

The Connoisseur for December contains a lithographed portrait of JULIO ROMANO, an original piece of music, and many articles on art and music.

Knight's Political Dictionary, Part X. continues the article "Life Insurance," and proceeds to the word "Marriage." It is a very valuable work.

The Pictorial Penny Balladist, Part III. presents us with many fine old ballads, illustrated with engravings. It is neatly printed, and very cheap.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The History and Power of the Ecclesiastical Courts. By Edward Muscutt. 8vo. pp. 52. London, 1845. Snow.

All agree that the Ecclesiastical Courts are an abuse that ought to be abolished; that the system is disgraceful to our age and country. Every party in the state has, by turns, endeavoured to destroy it, and yet have all been baffled, and the abuse still flourishes. We fear that what Ministers have attempted in vain, even with the aid of parliamentary majorities, will not be accomplished by the pen of Mr. Muscutt, though it proclaims truths that are unquestioned and unquestionable. The fact is, that the interests involved in the maintenance of the abuse are more powerful than the love of abstract justice that governs the reformers. It is not one of the evils that directly affects the masses, and they will not be moved to the exertion needful to rid themselves of it. Whether Mr. Muscutt may succeed in rousing some inert minds to effort by the powerful picture he paints, remains to be seen; but certainly he has ably performed his task, and his pamphlet will interest the reader and reward perusal.

RELIGION.

Plain Sermons, addressed to a Country Congregation. By the late Rev. Edward Blencowe, M.A. Curate of Teversal, Notts, &c. 12mo. pp. 412. London, 1845. Bell.

The most difficult, as it is the most rare accomplishment of authorship, is to write anything plainly. Nor are sermons an exception, as is proved by the paucity of really plain sermons to be found amid the crowds that continually come from the press. We do not remember ever to have heard half a dozen plain sermons, nor to have seen so many.

There is nothing about which the misunderstanding is so universal as the meaning of that word "plain." Plainness does not consist in coarseness or vulgarity of speech, as some think; nor in commonplace thoughts, as others suppose. It is simply the possession of clear ideas in the first place, and then the power to express them in language intelligible to every capacity. The plain writer or speaker has a distinct thought in his own mind, which he desires to convey to the minds of others. This clear thought naturally takes a clear form, and would always be clearly comprehended but for one obstacle which education produces, and which can only be overcome by an effort. The scholar is too apt to forget that he speaks a language unknown to the common people; that half his words are as strange to them as if he were uttering Chinese. If, then, he express his ideas, however clearly they may be conveyed to those as learned as himself, in language unfamiliar to the multitude, it will not find its way into the heart, and his labours will be ever in vain. He must, on the contrary, forget his scholarship, cast aside the dialect of the schools, imagine himself again a child, and address his hearers in words which are familiar to them as the current language of their country; and if he have occasion to use a "dictionary word," as they would term it, invariably to accompany its use with an explanation of its meaning.

In this Mr. Blencowe appears to have succeeded beyond any preacher we have met with for many a day. It is rarely, indeed, that we find in his pages words that would perplex the most uneducated. And yet he never lapses into vulgarity, nor reduces simplicity to childishness. The subjects of his discourses are well chosen for such a congregation as was his. He deals with them in a like manner, shunning over-refined divisions and strained types and analogies, in every thing following the natural order of thought and the suggestions that the text might be fairly expected to summon into the mind of the pious and reflective. Hence do these discourses really deserve their title of *Plain Sermons*, and that is the very highest praise that could be awarded to any.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1846. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 4to. London: Fisher and Co.

The numerous and beautiful engravings of this superb volume have been already noticed in their proper place. To its literature the same remark applies as to the other annuals. It is altogether subordinate to the main design, and therefore must not be judged with the same strictness. If an author be tied down to a particular subject, called upon to write something upon an engraving, it will be impossible for him, whatever his genius, to be brilliant and original; nay, the more his genius the greater his difficulty; the true genius will not be chained to a task; it must choose its own field for exercise, or it will fold its wings and descend sullenly to the earth. Mrs. Norton has proved this here. She has done her best to write some verses to accompany each engraving; but that best is not her best, and the greater portion of them are just such as might have been anticipated from the circumstances under which they were produced. A few of the poems are pretty, and some are provokingly commonplace; but still, as we have said before, it would be unfair to judge her by what she has here done. The destination of this volume is the drawing-room; this she knew, and she knew also that for such a place her loftiest efforts would be wasted. The pages of this beautiful book are for the enjoyment of the eye, and to delight the taste for art rather than to claim literary admiration. Nevertheless, she has done all respectably; there is no bad poetry, if there be no fine flights of the muse; and the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book* is not, therefore, the less deserving of its reputation as by far the most gorgeous of the annuals, and the most attractive for the purposes for which these works are produced.

Forget-me-not: a Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present for 1846. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. London. Ackermann and Co.

Not having seen or heard aught of this eldest born of the annuals for three or four years past, we feared that it had shared the fate of its many younger sisters. But though out of sight it was not out of mind. It was linked in our memory with a thousand pleasant associations. It used to come to us in our young days freighted not alone with poetry that entranced and tales that enthralled, but bearing on its handsome envelope of green and gold, intimations that Christmas was nigh at hand, and home and holiday were thenceforth inestimably associated with the charming visiter. Glad are we to hail once more the old familiar name; it was with a joy almost as that of yore that we greeted its smiling face again, even although it bore traces of the innovating spirit of the age, and changes which some will call improvements have been effected in its form. The binding of glossy green paper, for whose better preservation a case was supplied, has been superseded by a substantial binding of cloth of a rich hue, most elegantly adorned with golden ornaments. The engravings are larger and more numerous than formerly, but of these we have spoken elsewhere. The paper and print are equally choice, and in all mechanical aids the *Forget-me-not* of 1846 outshines that of 1826.

But we cannot give the same laud to the literature. No improvement is visible there. It has shared in this the fate of the other survivors. But withal is the *Forget-me-not* in this respect very superior to any other of the annuals. It has more of variety and more of real ability in its pages. Indeed it is edited with more taste and discrimination. For whereas, the rest seem to choose their contribution for the sake of the writer's name, utterly regardless of intrinsic worth, Mr. Shoberl gathers for the *Forget-me-not* with an eye to the literary character of his volume, and he will admit no trash merely because it is the production of a lord or an honourable. Hence is this volume agreeable reading, and something better than a drawing-room table ornament. Among the contributors are such genuine authors as Mrs. Sigourney, the late T. Hood, the late Miss Jewsbury, the late Mrs. James Gray, Calder Campbell, Eliza Cook, Charles Swain, Miss Gould, Miss Pardoe, &c. The tales are real tales, containing a definite plot, and all the poetry is respectable, much of it above the average.

We have not read for many a day so interesting a narrative as "The Bivouac," by Miss Pardoe, and very beautiful is the fiction entitled "Sarah Burnett," from the lamented Mrs. James Gray. For specimens we are more perplexed by the number that offer themselves, than by any difficulty to find that which will do no discredit to the book whence it is taken. We select two little poems which will please every body, and following the example of the Editor, we shall take them on account of

the intrinsic worth of the composition, without reference to the writer's name.

And first, some anonymous stanzas on

SPRING.

Is spring a time to mourn?
When by deep glens, and by the silver streams,
The flowers once more return;
The crocus with a starry splendour gleams,
And the pale snowdrop's fragile bells of white
Reflect a tenderer light.

'Neath leafy beech or pine,
Listening, I hear the voice of birds again;
Wandering, where fragrant shine
Fresh budding trees in April's passing rain;
And Nature everywhere lifts up her voice,
Bidding us all rejoice.

How lovely life appears,
How much of Paradise seems left on earth!
Yet thoughts which waken tears,
Shadowing all glad emotions in their birth,
Can fill my spirit with discordant sadness,
E'en midst earth's vernal gladness.

Another year has fled,
Alike to all with joy and sorrow fraught:
How many mourn the dead;
How many—sterner, sadder lessons taught—
Gaze on the future that before them lies,
With cold and careless eyes!

Yes, storms and clouds depart,
And golden skies and verdure come again;
But to the saddened heart
Long will the winter of the world remain—
The glory lost its opening prospects wore,
Which time can ne'er restore.

Yet deeper truths I feel,
While month succeeding month is rolling by;
Closer around us steal
The shadows of the grave, where all must lie!
And oh! while yet the day to us is given,
Let each prepare for heaven!

The other, a fine and solemn melody, by one who has since followed to the tomb the friend she thus mourns in strains of truest poetry.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

We keep an anniversary to-day—
But not as those who mark with festal mirth
The victories of ages passed away,
Or sweet home-time of marriage or of birth—
We wear the mourner's robes, we hush our breath:
Ours is an anniversary of death!

Oh, how this day recalls the bitter past!
This summer day, our loved one's last of life;
And this deep midnight hour, his very last
Wherein she slumbered from the final strife;
Even *now* the death-damp crept o'er every limb,
Even *now* her gentle eye grew glazed and dim.

Methinks I see her yet—that fairest creature—
Panting her very life in fever forth;
I see her yet, with every lovely feature,
Bearing the propheey of "earth to earth:"
Yet with her soft, deep-loving eyes, whose meekness
Looked gratefully around through all her weakness.

I see her yet, as on her death-bed laid,
Her face all still, yet mutely eloquent—
A solemn twilight, that was scarce a shade,
Showed on her brow the fulness of content—
The small, white, drooping hand, the braided hair,
The stirless lip, the cheek so calmly fair.

One year ago, this night, my hands for her
Performed the last sad offices of love;
Still, 'midst my task, I dreamed her pulse must stir,
My straining eyes *saw* those dark tresses move!
But the white morning broke upon thy brow,
Beloved and lovely one, and what wast thou?

A rigid corpse—a marble image, changed
From slumber's likeness to a sculptured form,—
A something sadly from our dreams estranged,
That looked as though with life 'twas never warm,
That seemed our hearts instinctively to draw,
Yet thrilled them with a deep, mysterious awe.

Sweet one, thou liest in thy lowly tomb.
We ask not of thy mortal relics now—
They perished, like the wild flower's summer-bloom;
Yet are they garnered, as the seed we sow,
From whose corruption God's great power shall bring
An incorruptible and holy thing!

Said I that we should *mourn?* The thought I call
Back to my heart—we keep no *mournful* day—
Let there be high and solemn festival,
As for the saints of old, who passed away;
The Church of God marks each returning year
With joyful reverence and hopeful cheer.

We celebrate a victory,—o'er the earth,
Its tribulation, its decay, its sighs—
We celebrate a glorious day of birth,
An entrance on a life that never dies—
We keep a marriage-feast—her darksome tomb
Is but a passage to the Bridegroom's home!

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

LITERARY GOSSIP IN PARIS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

We are, as yet, by no means rich in literary news. A few *mots* are going the round of the *salons artistes* of different degrees of merit, but we have no practical novelty. Poor M. D——, a co-editor of the *Revue Indépendante*, hung himself lately to the head-bar of his bed, and was not discovered until life was perfectly extinct. We trust that suicide is not about to become a literary epidemic here. Considerable sensation has been created among the painters, both professional and *cognoscenti*, by a communication made at the last sitting of the *Académie des Beaux Arts*, that a letter had been received by M. R. Rochette, the secretary, from M. Jesi, the celebrated engraver, containing the information that a fresco of immense dimensions, and in admirable preservation, had been recently discovered in the refectory of a convent at Florence, which was suppressed at the close of the last century. It had always been supposed to be a work of Perrugino, and represents the Last Supper; but, on cleaning it a short time since, the name of Raphael, with the date 1514, were discovered on the drapery of one of the figures. The great painter must consequently have been in his 21st year when he produced the work, and as this is the period of his life about which Vasari, as well as other writers on art, appear to be the worst informed, the resuscitation of this fresco is the more valuable, from its filling a portion of the blank.

I have, by the way, another extraordinary suicide to announce to you. The young, rich, powerfully-built Duc de Saulx Tavannes, Peer of France, who appeared to possess within himself every requisite for a long and prosperous life, was discovered suspended by the neck by a friend who went to visit him. Every means was resorted to in order to restore vitality to the body, but all was vain. Rumour is busied in assigning causes for this desperate act, and it would appear that one of a very melancholy nature has been too readily found.

But I promised you the last new *mot*. Here it is:—

M. de F—— was complaining that an unscrupulous journalist had adopted one of his own most witty remarks. "You have reason to feel aggrieved," replied Madame de V——, to whom he had addressed himself; "in my opinion theft is never so reprehensible as when it is exercised upon the poor."

The "Musqueteers, or Twenty Years Afterwards," of M. Dumas, has just been dramatised by M. Auguste Maquet, and represented at the *Ambigu Comique* with complete success; a triumph the more astonishing when I tell you that the performance, which commenced at half-past six, did not finish until past one o'clock in the morning! So admirably, however, had the romancer and the dramatist worked together, that no symptom of weariness was visible in the audience.

M. Jules Talma, the son of the great tragedian, who was a cornet of Spahis, has just obtained his lieutenancy, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour, for his gallantry during the late engagements in Algiers, and particularly for having recently, in company with five other comrades, cut off an Arab convoy, and, under the sharp fire of the enemy, captured 400 camels. This gallant feat, of which General Cavasgnac was an eye-witness, has been entered in the Book of Orders.

In the middle of October, the publication of a newspaper was commenced at St. Helena. The schoolmaster is indeed abroad!

The king has caused an electrical telegraph to be established between the palaces of St. Cloud and Versailles, by which means he can, from his cabinet, issue his directions to the artists and operatives employed in restoring and embellishing the magnificent residence of Louis XIV.

The president of the Monetary Commission has just ordered a s ries of the finest coins in the collection of the mint, and of the French medals, to be struck, as a present to — POWELL, Esq. assistant-solicitor and inspector of the English mint, in acknowledgment of the zeal and promptitude with which he discovered and seized the machinery for coining French money, which was in the use and possession of certain individuals in London.

The island of St. Margaret, near Cannes, has now become a complete Arabian colony. For several years all the prisoners of war have been landed there, while the delinquents have been consigned to Brescom, between Cette and Adge. In the island the number of Arabs now amounts to about 500. Among them are several of the chiefs of the rebellious tribes, of whom the most conspicuous is the aunt of ABD-EL-KADER, who was made prisoner at the taking of Smala.

The authorities allow them the greatest liberty on the island; they inhabit the fortress of the "Iron Mask." They have been permitted to erect tents according to their own fashion; they have erected some small mosques; and the animals which are intended for their consumption are delivered to them alive, in indulgence of the law which forbids them to partake of dead flesh. They have solemnly elected a chief; their marriages are celebrated before a marabout, chosen by themselves; their feuds are settled by recognised cadis, and all the formalities of Arab life are strictly observed.

You will meet with few more interesting spectacles in the south than this Arabian colony.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE WORKS OF DICKENS.

(*Continued from page* 564.)

WE will not here investigate how far the real conception of humour may be involved. It might be fixed at something lower than real art, using this term with the same feeling that we do in painting; or we may mean by it only the lively and vivacious manner of its representation, or the comicalities of many of its incidents. Lastly, the mere material richness of his descriptions and sketches may procure for the author the reputation of a humorist—a style which is particularly to be met with among the English writers, who, indisputably of realist tendencies, are very much disposed to neglect the ideal, as that which of itself is clear to comprehension. Passing over all this, we will set before us the recognition of humour, such as we deduce it from JEAN PAUL'S *Vorschub*.

With such an idea, then, it cannot be denied that DICKENS evidences great powers of this kind. He has a genuine and more than usually vivid sympathy with all human doings, as such, in all the details and confusion of daily life. A tendency like this points directly and decidedly towards the humorous; for if we stand in the midst of business, and even take part in it, it cannot but appear an earnest matter to us; and so it really is; each one does what he can to the utmost of his abilities, and finds in this his only comfort when his plans fail before him. But, as the failure of life by far outweighs its success, and where success is apparent it is found to be perfectly independent of all merit, so must the course of the world, regarded *in toto*, appear throughout almost ridiculous. Every one will turn away from its contemplation who is not armed with a good store of heartfelt love and cheerful freshness of mind, which, when met with in unusual measure, are frequently manifested in a riotous enjoyment of folly itself, such as we find so delightfully represented in a JEAN PAUL or a STERNE. With the advantages of more decided cultivation, the latter divides itself into two elements—a love of the fantastic, or even absurdly wonderful, such as in Germany was carried by T. HOFFMAN to its extreme point; and a gloomy fantastic trifling with idiotcy, of which, perhaps, the best illustration may be found in the *Titan*. Both are to be met with in DICKENS. The raven in "Barnaby Rudge" is particularly in connection with its idiot master, whose weakness he, by his cunning, brings into stronger relief, while at the same time he raises him, by the feeling that he, the deeper mind, is subordinate to the weaker, is a happy example of the first. Of the second an illustration is to be seen in the history of the man who runs mad from the idea that he has inherited madness; a fruitful theme, to which only a more important sequel should have been added.

Many have regarded the perpetual repetition of one trait, which generally with DICKENS replaces the regular painting of character, as an evidence of humorous talent. It is, however, nothing but the genial, though at the same time wearisome, characteristic with which we see many persons in general society contrive to make themselves more tedious than agreeable. Under the term "the one peculiar quality," which the old well-known definition ascribed to all humorous objects, something else is comprehended; namely, the particular and remarkable colouring given to the entire external life of an individual, which, while this is suffered to proceed in proper proportion, cannot be portrayed by one trait alone; and also the capability of seizing upon the *complete* individual. The same may be said with regard to the want of historical relation. It is true that, strictly speaking, no humorist can invent or contrive a plot. A humorist has no conception of what is necessary to a plot. As an example let us think of the *naïveté*, as SOLGER calls it, of JEAN PAUL in seriously persisting that the plan of *Titan* was remarkably well designed. The humorist is too whimsical to bind himself to any thing like consistency; for him consistency does not exist. But this is not a *want*, neither is he who cannot comprehend consistency a humorist on that account alone. The law of the exercise of his art *requires* that there shall be no regular historical order—the common order of things is by him *persiflé*. And in this STERNE is greatest. We have, too, in JEAN PAUL, innumerable instances of this consistent inconsistency. DICKENS pursued a somewhat similar course in the introduction of the correspondence in *Master Humphrey's Clock*. But he soon loses breath in these airy flights, and may thank his genius as soon as he again touches the *terra firma* of a common romance. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, his last work, has proceeded on rational grounds, but of this we shall speak more particularly.

DICKENS is especially wanting in a free play of his materials. Now this is precisely the point of art which, when made good use of, bespeaks the humour of an author. It is difficult also to believe that he possesses only so much as he shews; for the deeply prosaic background of his sketches is in itself quite remarkable and worthy of consideration. The conventional anxiety which pervades all Englishmen, in opposition to their decided liberalism of life and literature, never leaves him for a moment. The preface to the *Pickwick Papers* assures the public, that nothing shall appear in the forthcoming work which shall hurt the delicacy of the "most sensitive persons." In the story of the young man who goes mad because he believes madness to be hereditary in his family, it is repeatedly enforced that this is an erroneous idea, an exceptional case—is this in the fear of the book falling into the hands of any one whose grandfather has chanced to die mad? Yes, even when he draws a ridiculous clergyman, he does not fail to introduce a clause, to the effect that he does not mean to condemn the whole class! This of itself is sufficient to deprive him of the title of a genuine humorist. The true humorist needs not to excuse himself, for he is conscious beforehand of his own good will. DICKENS is only a satirist. He himself acknowledges the practical aim of many of his representations. At the close of *Nicholas Nickleby* there is a note to the purport that the frightful treatment of the children in the so-called "Preparatory Establishment" is only too near the truth; he regarded it as his duty, when proceedings of this nature came to his knowledge, to hold them up to universal horror.

There is a point, too, which we must endeavour to investigate, namely to what class or country our author spiritually belongs. Political life, he has, by a thousand slight touches, proved to be an object of his ridicule, the election of a parish beadle, in the *Sketches*, is one of the most laughable scenes in the whole collection. But it is not the less a fundamental point in his view of life. Among the English, where by means of the press every one daily and hourly can address the public, satire is not what we are accustomed to regard it, from association with the authors of the Roman empire,—namely, something subjective; it is irresistibly felt to be serving no party spirit, but to be borne by the whole nation, and exercised for it at large. The Englishman is accustomed to, and authorized in, exercising such a survey; with him it is not denunciation. Similar to DICKENS'S exposition of the education system in Yorkshire, was the appeal of SMOLLET on the sacrifice of the English at Cartagena Nuova, in 1741, which he also made in a novel; and we know that GOETHE regarded the expressions of BYRON'S misanthropy in the light of so many restrained parliamentary speeches.

Viewed from the æsthetic side, we hardly think the sentence we have passed can be altered. With an evident regard to practical effect, the sharpest outlines, the harshest colours, are unscrupulously made use of; the elements of character are enlarged to caricature, which, by-the-by, is cultivated among the English with extreme predilection, especially in the department of painting and drawing. We may refer to the illustrations which accompany DICKENS's writing as being so many specimens of this gross branch of art. In fact, DICKENS is only humorous when he has to do with superficialities—with follies that are easily overcome; for instance, the "History of the four Misses Willis," or "The Childbed-linen Monthly-loan Society." In general, he finds himself carried away by whims and caprices, which the depth of his mind is not sufficient to carry out; and thus it is that in most cases he does not, like STERNE, picture an innocent folly as something highly ridiculous, but he fixes upon some unfortunate idiosyncrasy, which in itself is rather tragic than comic, and makes it the subject of his satirising pencil. We are as capable of enjoying a hearty laugh as the rest of the world, and without any, even the slightest, philanthropic *arrière pensée* disturbing our pleasure. We can laugh, too, over many of DICKENS's characters; but, again, at others we can laugh as little as at a drunken man rolling about the streets; and then, again, we might perhaps laugh at this, were it represented by a Dutch painter. Here lies the enigma: the Dutchman would shew us the man in his comic side; but DICKENS gives us the object in its full and bold reality, so that, if we add the laugh, it would be as when the tables turn against ourselves. DICKENS may have laughed, but then he had it all to himself, and has given us the epigram without the point. A fool, who is absolutely nothing more, is strictly speaking a madman. The individual who for a space of twenty years sits by the hearth of old Willet and repeats one and the selfsame story—Willet himself, too, who for the space of five years still stares at the empty caldron—and many other similar forms in the other tales, follow us like spectres, which we know all the time to be only so many lies to reality, but to which we cannot for our lives say—*avaunt!*

We find nothing more perfectly represented in our author than the midnight darkness of a soul which sees itself hopelessly standing on the abyss of moral and conventional destruction; we know it must have been so with them, when they gradually awoke to consciousness. Think of the suicide of Ralph, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, or the same in the *Sketches*, or the flight and death of the murderer in *Oliver Twist*. Before all, the scene where one's hair stands on end, where old Rudge, when, after twenty-three years, he again hears the bell which had never sounded since the man whom he killed seized and rung it, is certainly the greatest which has been or can be written on such a subject. The waves of existence close over the criminal; once perhaps he rises—the lights upon the shore gleam sadly upon him, and he sinks; the circles formed by the plunge in the stream soon disappear, and the cold night-wind steals over its surface. The word is *destruction*, utter destruction: no beam of hope penetrates our hearts.

It is not as if we desired a religious comfort. In Nelly Trent this only gives us a stronger feeling of reality, and is consequently unæsthetic. But we desire quite as little that the villain should make a sudden reformation; a poet's creation should depart in due order. Neither does it shock us to see evil in its nakedness; the simple innocence of a young maiden is like the descriptions of the same in DICKENS's works, not less interesting and insipid. But in his compositions this is a discord which must resolve itself. If no proper reconciliation can be made with evil,—and this can only be accomplished through the individual himself, not represented by another,—so also an æsthetic reconciliation should be effected with the frightful. This failing proves that DICKENS is not an exception to the great mass of modern authors, who alternate the hideous with the beautiful, and fancy they are thus producing an artistic work. We cannot say of DICKENS that he unites therewith the design of rousing the sleeping senses of the age; we cannot say this, because he never makes use of the indecorous; and if he did, he would lose that share of humour which is not to be denied him. This æsthetic wandering manifests itself in the ground plan of many of his works, which are often based on the persecution of some innocent child. It is certain that in the tumult of a city like London, individualities become frightfully sharpened; but in the representation of wickedness pursuing innocence into every corner of the three kingdoms, there is something really painful.

And with this does our critique of DICKENS's works come to an end? After having taken from him all claims to æsthetic merit, do we close with accusing him of sins against the holy spirit of beauty? We should gain little in the way of thanks. The reading world would not cease to be delighted with him, and those who could not answer our imputations would at least be of opinion that the question was by no means settled there.

Nor is it. There remain many merits which have hitherto been unmentioned by us. And as the more important faults are more easily to be discovered, so we must conclude, from the applause which he has hitherto met with, that they will, during his entire career as an author, occupy a distinguished place. To none more than to the writer does the remark apply, that while we form our virtues, we appear at the same time to be cultivating our faults. What, then, is the virtue to which all these errors owe their origin?

To the poet the whole spiritual world lies open, when his tone of mind does not abstract him from its impressions. The varieties of poetic individuality are known to be innumerable. The one, like GOETHE, will, through a series of utterly distinct works, make himself, and his inner life, the foundation of the whole; a SHAKSPEARE investigates the phases of the relationship of man to man; of DANTE it might be said, that all things were seized by him, only as they would be seen when viewed in one peculiar aspect. Thus it is necessary, when we would characterize a poet, or artist, to discover, before all things, in what he is peculiarly at home. We shall say, then, that the individuality of DICKENS lies in this, that in him surrounding circumstances are represented individually and figuratively.

We have before alluded to the *Sketches* as a collection of paintings, in which, without reference to any thing else, he followed only the bent of his talent. But their excellence does not alone consist in this, that he has not compressed their fragmentary form into any external junction; they are in other respects the original phenomena of his mind; they make no concealment of the fact, that London and its condition are alone the parent ground where such moral formations can find nourishment.

We observed, jestingly, that after the single gentleman had shewn himself to be the brother of the curiosity dealer, and Master Humphrey declared himself to be the single gentleman, that DICKENS must next legitimatize himself as Master Humphrey. The love of surrounding objects,—the clock gave the name to the tale,—the fine sense for their peculiarities, the capability of drawing thoughts and feelings from them; lastly, and chiefly, the wandering about the streets of London, not merely to see, but to observe—all this we must in the highest degree ascribe to DICKENS himself. It does not affect this idea that with Humphrey there are things which cannot be applicable to DICKENS. Humphrey is deformed and sickly; so he turns himself to the inanimate things around, because mankind always stands far from him. In great cities every thing is driven to the extreme point; this is the excuse we are bound to offer for DICKENS's exaggeration. When his characters fail, it is because they are carried out to an excess, and degenerate into caricature. It is the same with the town trifles, which he paints so fearfully true to nature; they are only to be found in their overgrowth in large cities, for they do not consist in the devotion to particular interests. We see this in all mankind—but in the overweening importance ascribed to them. For this reason DICKENS delights in drawing a political meeting in the suburbs of London. But in the inner life of the great city he is not less at home.

"'Tis strange," says he, "with how little notice, good, bad, or indifferent, a man may live and die in London. He awakens no sympathy in the breast of any single person; his existence is a matter of interest to no one save himself, and he cannot be said to be forgotten when he dies, for no one remembered him while he was alive."

In all this and the numberless details of crime, folly, and destitution leading therefrom, DICKENS has the deepest insight; but he is himself influenced by this great-town life; it has not left him time to look within himself; and for this reason we meet with no satisfactory psychology, no regular de-

velopment of place. He knows mankind only externally, from appearance. This is *his* solitude amidst multitudes. His studies, like those of Humphrey, have consisted only of going through the streets.

More, perhaps, than any other writer, DICKENS represents the visible in his works. Not only does he begin every scene with a close description of the locality, so that we are indisputably *there;* he seems also to have a very spirit of communion with the old ruinous houses, in which so many of his tales enact their scenes. As in Master Humphrey, he listens to the mysteries told to him in a broker's room, and holds a dialogue with the objects near him in the harbour. How idyllic is the history of the shop which gradually sinks into the hands of poorer and poorer people; how elegiac the story of the proud family seat of ancient days, now descended to common uses! There never was a writer who evidenced so fine a perception of the physiognomy of daily life. The hammer-strokes of Master Varden, in the forty-first chapter of *Barnaby Rudge*, bring before us, with a magician's wand, a whole street full of sun-light and active business.

In fact, the physiognomy of externals is with DICKENS so vivid, that one almost wonders not to see them start into animation. The secret of his most successful characters is this, that they are the very souls of their physical situation, gathering together in deserted houses, and being deserted with them, like the Hamadryad dying with their dwelling-place; or, when he paints certain classes, as in Sam Weller the omnibus driver, it is not that he brings before us an abstract idea, but rather what the ancients called the genius of a definite existence,—the living essence and individual vivification of the omnibus drivers.

Thus is explained the want of development in his characters; at the same time, their want of unity. *Situation* gives them their existence,—this cannot then be changed without becoming another. A *genius loci* remains ever the same, for the external relations which it represents are and must be immutable.

Of all that comes under DICKENS'S eye, humanity clearly has the deepest interest for him; the *form* of humanity, for in great cities, where we daily behold great masses of individuals, of whose minor existence we know nothing, we become accustomed only to consider them generally, forgetting that each contains within him an inestimable self. But this evil is indirectly replaced. Those who pursue certain occupations must, at certain hours of the day, habitually meet the same persons. In small places they are known, or soon identified; but in larger districts one is reduced to guessing what they are from their appearance or manner; we consider who or what they may be, and deduce as much of their history as we can. Thus we see DICKENS introduce all his persons with a lengthened detail as to their externals.

After all this, is DICKENS a humorist? Not rightly, for humour finds its subject in man himself, but with him it is something incidental. In the style of his productions he is connected with the humorist, for all descriptions of life in details are mixed with a certain self-irony, and for this reason we style the Dutch painters humorists.

So much for the sound foundation and domestic tone upon which DICKENS'S works rest. These remarks gain corroboration from the works which were written away from his native land. The *American Notes* are throughout sound, natural subject-matter, and for the reason that beyond the ocean he learnt to know things which he had not been in the habit of observing from his youth up. We may from the period of this journey date a new period to his authorship. It is not our design to penetrate with old saws and world-wise remarks into the personal development of a man so talented as DICKENS; our only concern is with the æsthetic character of his works. If we grant that their characteristics rest upon the vivid seizure of externals, we may perhaps refer their failings to the fact that the author remains too near his subject. He does not convert them into humour from his want of sufficient freedom; he is not purely artistic, because he does not labour sufficiently to combine his materials with freedom of action. A temporary absence from the scene of his descriptions, the contemplation of nationalities which stand in direct opposition to the systems he observes at home, must be of incalculable benefit to him, in enabling him to attain a step yet higher. At all events, *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit* evidence to us a better and a nobler spirit. The elements of painting and description begin here to be penetrated with something deeper. The devotion to self in the various persons, and the national characteristics of the Americans, seem to form the groundwork of the book. The individuals have flesh and blood—even the young maiden, Mary Graham—a point in which DICKENS did not before distinguish himself from the other romance writers of England. Tom Pinch, the oppressed, is not so helpless as such characters usually are; he has friends, all who know him, love him. Lastly, Mark Tapley is no mere block, on whom the author hangs all sorts of notions, but he is a genuine humorist. All this justifies us in the hope that if DICKENS has hitherto pleased himself in publishing his single studies, he will, from this time, devote himself, if not to such voluminous contributions to the public pleasure, to such as answer more closely to the higher demands of art.

WILHELM DANZEL.

JOURNAL OF ITALIAN LITERATURE.

Arnaldo da Brescia: Tragedia di GIO-BATISTA NICCOLINI. Firenze, 1843.

Arnold of Brescia: a Tragedy. By JOHN BAPTIST NICCOLINI. Florence, 1843.

IT is a rare thing, even in these days of universal printing and almost universal authorship, for a book to appear which creates a powerful sensation, much more one which agitates a whole country. The six thousand new books which the fair at Leipsic annually exhibits to the world, might all be withdrawn from circulation the year following without much loss, and almost without inquiry. A book therefore, which, to use the powerful language of CHARLES LAMB, *is* a book, ought to be approached with respect and handled with reverence.

Such a book is that which we are about to introduce to the notice of our readers—it has fallen upon Italy like a spark among tinder, and its effects will be long, very long, felt.

In order, therefore, rightly to appreciate the poem and its author, we must first advert to the civil and political condition of modern Italy, and remember that the central part of that peninsula is under a government perhaps the very worst the world can exhibit. Rome, even in her best days the very model of stern and uncompromising oppression, has now lost her external strength: she is no longer regarded with terror by those without, and while she fetters the minds as well as the bodies of all within her reach, she becomes only the more despotic as her despotism is reduced within a smaller circle. Relying on foreign support, and looking perpetually to Austria for assistance, she attempts to stifle all expression of public opinion; and the silent atmosphere of her moral and intellectual world is but too fitly represented by the deadly and melancholy air of her desolate *Campagna*.

Yet it is scarcely possible to take up a modern Italian book without perceiving a vivid spirit of patriotism and love of liberty. We have noticed this, and shall have to notice it again, in considering the novels which every year make their appearance at Florence and Milan, and the only reason that Italy is not free, is that *Italians are not united*.

The tragedy of *Arnaldo da Brescia* is an exhibition of this spirit in a concentrated form; and yet, while so intense it is perfectly calm and philosophical. No sooner had it appeared than it excited the terror of Rome, and within three days after the first copies were given to the world an order was obtained for its prohibition. But the Tuscan government, more enlightened than their southern neighbours, connived at its sale, and upwards of six thousand copies have been disposed of—a circulation, for an Italian work, utterly unprecedented. It is not saying too much to assert that there is scarcely a thoughtful mind in Italy that has not perused it. What then is the work about which so much interest has been excited, and so much pains taken for its suppression? and who is NICCOLINI, the author?

NICCOLINI is a man who has passed his sixtieth year, the heat and enthusiasm of youth has been long over, he has been a hard student, a man of high moral character, of rational, but genuine, religion, not given to dabbling in small politics, and somewhat of a recluse. Hence his opinions have been for a quarter of a century much looked up to, and his character highly es-

teemed. And who was Arnold of Brescia, the hero of this drama? He was a martyr—a man who perished for exposing the corruptions of the Roman Church, and attempting to give liberty to the Roman people. He opposed the pope, because he oppressed the Church, and corrupted the creed, and deteriorated the morals and enslaved the minds of the west. He opposed the emperor, because Italy was not intended to be a province of the German empire, and thus he brought on himself at once the hatred of one of the most powerful emperors, Frederic Barbarossa, and one of the most able popes, Adrian IV. He had been a pupil of Abelard, and so learned was he that when Abelard was accused of heresy, and called on to defend himself before the council of Sens, Arnold was the only person whom he sought to assist him. St. Bernard gives his testimony to the zeal and erudition of the scholar by assigning to him a place above his master, and calling on all Christian kings and princes to seize and punish him. This call two, viz. Adrian and Frederic, willingly heard, and, after many vain attempts, the pope seized him, had him privately strangled, his body burned, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber, lest they should be gathered by the people, and treasured as holy relics. That Arnold of Brescia was a thorough Church reformer, in an age when the Church was thoroughly corrupt, and that he was an ardent advocate of liberty when freedom was scarcely understood, is clear from the statements of all who mention him, nor is it less evident that he was a man of immense attainments and great virtues. His popularity may be judged of from the precautions which the pope thought necessary to take with regard to his remains, and his moral character, from the absence of any charges against him, save those of heresy. Such was the man who died in his endeavours to restore purity to the Church, and liberty to the states of Italy. Such is the hero of NICCOLINI'S poem; and it is in an age when the pope and the Austrian emperor divide Northern and Central Italy between them, that there appears, in the Austrian capital of Tuscany, the tragedy of *Arnaldo da Brescia*.

Regarded as a poem, it is undoubtedly a fine one, and though its length precludes it from representation as well as its subject, and though it is wanting in that dramatic tact which characterizes ALFIERI, as well as in the fervid and fiery genius of the great Italian dramatist. Still it is poetry of a high order, and the work is at once attractive and likely to endure.

The tragedy opens by a scene near the Capitol, for the whole action takes up but three days, and passes at Rome, and the characters introduced are few. The personages first introduced are Giordano, the Patrician, and Leoni Frangipani, an adherent of the pope. These address the populace in turn, one upholding the papal claims, and the other urging the people to resist, on the ground that, till Innocent III. had robbed them of their rights, the people of Rome had the privilege of joining with the conclave of cardinals in the election of the sovereign pontiff. Most striking are the following lines:—

> Awake—arise, our very blood is bought;
> Within yon temple, gathered in its walls
> Are the dark band of cardinals—they meet
> To clothe with the great mantle one wolf more,
> Whom they call shepherd.

There is much force, too, when speaking of Gregory VII. He calls that pope, a "surpliced Cæsar." After much recrimination between Giordano and Frangipani, the latter retires from the contest, and Giordano taking the people to the brow of the hill shews them Arnaldo, whom they suspected to have forsaken them, received with thundering applause. Arnaldo addresses them in a burst of vivid eloquence, and reminding them of their ancient glories, urges them to resist the sovereignty of the pope; they wish to confer on him the title of "*Tribune of the People*," but he replies that for himself he seeks nothing.

> Nor think that thus I seek to raise myself
> As consul or as tribune. Gold and purple
> May cover him who succeeds Constantine,
> Rather than Peter.

He urges unity among all Italians, and finally calls forward two thousand Swiss troops whom he has brought from Zurich, a circumstance which Niccolini endeavours in a note to show to be within the limits of possibility at least; and with the chorus of citizens and soldiers the first act closes. And here we enter at once our protest against the employment of choruses after the ancient Greek manner in modern tragedies. NICCOLINI has marred, by their introduction, some of the finest parts of his fine drama.

The second act brings us into contact with the pope, who, in a conversation with Guido, one of the cardinals, exposes the dangerous condition in which Rome then stood; he touches on the more than doubtful friendship of Frederico Barbarossa, and hints at a reconciliation with Arnold. It is impossible to say whether Adrian really ever contemplated such a step, but it is by no means unlikely; and if such were the case, what a change would have been wrought in the destinies of Europe! A reform of the Roman Church would have strengthened at that time the power of the pope beyond all computation—would have enlightened centuries, and been the cause of more benefit to Southern Europe than any student of probabilities can calculate. But if this power of influencing the world for ages was given to Adrian by the occurrence of such an idea, certain it is that it was not embraced. Guido attempts to dissuade the pope from the design, and even hints that it was beyond the papal power to reconcile a man excommunicated by a council. The reply of the indignant pontiff is very characteristic: that his one day old infallibility should be questioned even by a cardinal appears monstrous.

> What sayest thou?—
> I CAN DO ALL THINGS! dare the too bold limbs
> Rebel against their head? In these my hands
> Are not the keys which Christ to Peter gave?
> And Heaven repeats the sentence of her God
> That *my* word here shall bind, and here shall loose!
> Arnold himself has never doubted this;
> He but disputes my earthly power; but thou
> Art further even than he is from the Church!

Adrian determines to see Arnold, and to try to reconcile him with the Church in her corrupt state, and in the attempt he fails. Arnold refuses all overtures save on perfectly honest and honourable grounds, proves himself to be no self-seeker, and is sent to prison. In the mean time a riot occurs on the Capitoline Hill. The Cardinal Guido is struck by a stone and killed, and the act closes by the solemn pronouncing of an interdict on the city of Rome until the blood of Guido shall have been expiated. The third act is occupied by the escape of Arnold from Rome, during the panic occasioned by the interdict, and his reception by Count Ostasio in the Campagna. In the fourth act the emperor appears, and we have two reception scenes, one in which Frederic, after some hesitation and some rough plain-speaking, receives the pope, but refuses to perform the customary homage of holding the stirrup while the pope alighted, which at last, however, he is induced to do, and one in which he sends back the republican ambassadors with great severity, after having been by them plainly told that he may expect their hostility. In the course of this act, too, an agreement is made, by which Frederic undertakes to obtain possession of Arnold, and to deliver him up to Adrian. The fifth act shews us the fulfilment of this contract, and is chiefly remarkable for a most magnificent soliloquy by Arnold, of which, however, our limits will not allow us to offer a translation. After the death of Arnold, which is not exhibited, and indeed took place secretly in the dungeons of St. Angelo, we have one or two short scenes, and then a chorus of mutual congratulation between the adherents of the pope and those of the emperor closes the tragedy.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

THE same correspondent to whom we have been indebted for several communications relating to New South Wales has forwarded us the following extract from the *Sydney Herald*, describing a visit to the Abercrombie Caves and tunnel, near Bathurst:—

Friday, the 30th of May.

We were stirring early; it had been raining occasionally during the night, and showers still were hovering round us; but unable to damp our spirits or check our sport. After breakfast

we started for the caves, and passed over a bleak and dreary country most part of the road. We pulled up at a steep declivity, at the foot of which was the tunnel, and the party left their vehicles and horses and walked down, each carrying something for the benefit of the rest, as we were to have our noon repast below. A walk of about half a mile brought us to a mass of rocks, towering far above our heads, and presenting their sharp conical points to the clouds; rounding the hill, and following the course of the creek, the opening of the tunnel burst upon our view in all its native grandeur. A single arch of a hundred feet span, and sixty or seventy feet high, shewing a recess as dark as midnight, the front part of it ornamented with stalactites, varying in length from twenty to thirty feet; masses of stone and lime concretions in every fantastic form and varied hue—the brilliant white, the delicate pink, the heavenly blue, and dull grey, all formed a picture so magnificent and so gorgeous that I feel convinced no pen or pencil could adequately describe the same. We at first simultaneously held our breath, and the deep solitude of the silent bush was only broken by the ejaculations—Beautiful!—Splendid!—How magnificent!

The tunnel forms a segment of a circle, and is supposed to be about 700 feet in length. The dome of the tunnel is much greater in the inside than at the openings, and is calculated at from 120 to 150 feet in height. The sides are principally formed of marble of the purest white and finest grain; masses of which weighing many tons have to be clambered over to reach the galleries which form the principal attraction of the tunnel, and where nature seems to have let loose the genius of sculpture! One of the galleries on the left side as you enter the north arch is difficult of access, and somewhat dangerous—it was explored by several gentlemen with lights, and the scene from the opposite gallery was most interesting. The pigmy figures of the men when contrasted with the magnitude of the cavern—the glimmering lights rendering darkness visible—the reverberating echoes of shout and laugh, altogether formed a scene which will not be easily effaced from the minds of those present.

We visited two of the dark caves, into one of which several of the ladies accompanied us, and on a tablet of marble, scratched with the point of a stone, are recorded the names of the visitors.

About two hundred feet within the north entrance of the tunnel, is a small pool of water as clear as crystal, and as still as death—looking into the pool and seeing the reflection of the tunnel, with its thousand pendant beauties—the opening of the cavern, and the distant sky, all clearly reflected as in a mirror—it appeared like one of the fairy scenes in the Arabian Nights, the depth appeared interminable, and one almost longed to plunge therein and visit the world of spirits—far beyond. A vessel dipped for water to make the tea caused its eddying circles to dispel the dream, and once more found us denizens of the world—ready to do ample justice to a good lunch.

It was then the opportunity was embraced by Mr. Suttor, in a neat and appropiate speech, to propose the health of the discoverer of these caves—Mr. W. R. Davidson, who returned thanks in a modest and graceful manner. Others have claimed the merit of the first discovery, it was Mr. Davidson who first made them known, and the party who could have seen and explored them, and then have kept silent on the subject, must have been as devoid of feeling of the grand, the beautiful, and the sublime, as the senseless marble on which he trod.

After spending about five hours on the spot, taking a glimpse at the wonders it contains, and which it would be useless for my feeble pen to attempt to describe—we once more ascended the mountain on which the servants had kept our horses, and reached the sleeping destination a little before sundown, when the incidents of the day formed the main topic of conversation after dinner, and the evening was passed in the same gay and merry manner as the preceding one, thanks to a gentleman who accompanied us, and whose budget of songs was so voluminous that there appeared to be no end to them; he actually kept the party in a roar of laughter the greater part of both evenings.

Plenty of clean straw, with blankets thereon, formed our beds, and pleased with each other, gratified with the scenes we had visited, and happy with ourselves, we needed nothing to make our pillows easy and our slumbers sound.

I have given you a faint outline of three days of pleasure, never as yet surpassed in a sojourn of fifteen years in the colony, and all I can say is that parties who come to Bathurst, if they can possibly spare the time, ought not to omit visiting the Abercrombie Tunnel and Caves; they will be amply repaid for loss of time and the trouble of going, and if they can only make up a party as jovial, as happy, and as united as the one I accompanied, they may think themselves fortunate indeed.

ART.

Forget-me-not for 1846.

The ten engravings that adorn the present number are all of them in the first style of art. *The Reverie*, by Drummond, is a beautiful picture of a fair girl musing upon a night scene. It is exquisitely engraved by Cochran. C. Smith's *Choicest Flask* is an alehouse scene full of expression—the aspect are very drunk, and contrast admirably with the calm figure of the fair girl who is supplying them with more wine. One of Prout's truthful bits of street painting from *Verona* has been admirably engraved by J. Carter. Then we have a *Sketch from Nature*, by G. E. Hering; a scene by McIan, called *The Penitent and his Penance;* and *The Bivouac*, by Lear, a picture that cleverly tells its story, and exhibits some clever effects of fire-light, which the engraver, Carter, has well succeeded in catching. Colin's *Silent Avowal* is another excellent work of art, also abounding in expression, and, as a composition, of uncommon merit. We are not so well pleased with Stephanoff's *Imogen*, and we must again repeat our surprise at the popularity of this painter with those who cater for the annuals. He has no nature in him, and his style is fast growing out of favour. This is stiff and theatrical, like all his productions. Compare it with the *Portrait*, by Chisholme, which next follows, and our objection will be apparent. Here is life and truth. Altogether the engravings in the *Forget-me-not* are remarkably choice, and it is a very fair specimen of the state and progress of the art in this country.

Sale of Property of the late Mr. Wm. Beckford, the celebrated Author of "Vathek."—Since Friday last a considerable interest has been excited among the residents of Bath and Bristol, in consequence of the disposal of Lansdown Tower, with a large portion of the rare and valuable property it contained, which was commenced on that day by Mr. English, auctioneer, of Milsom-street, Bath. During the several days of the sale, a very fashionable company attended, among whom there was a most active and extraordinary competition for the different lots, which, in general, fetched high prices; a great portion, as was stated, having been purchased, through their agents, for the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the King of Bavaria, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess of Northampton, the Marquess of Lansdown, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Warrington, the Earl de Grey, &c. and also for the British Museum. The following are the sums at which some of the lots went:—The Tower with the Gardens, 8,415 guineas, and which, it is said, cost the wealthy owner above 20,000*l.*; Albert Cuyp, 175 guineas; the Building of Babel, by Welckenberg, formerly in King Charles's gallery, 130 guineas; a grand mass in the interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, West, 108 guineas; a portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, Velasquer, 64 guineas; the Pursuit of Love, Domenichino, 109 guineas; View of the Dutch Coast, Cuyp, 183*l.* 15s.; interior of a handsome parlour, decorated with flowers, Gonzales Cocques, 162*l.* 12s.; a view at Venice, Canaletto, 215*l.* 5s.; the interior of a Cathedral, Peter Neefs, 137*l.*; Poultry amidst a beautiful landscape, Hendekœter, 193*l.* 5s.; a landscape, rocky and romantic, Francisco Mole, 147*l.*; a vessel endeavouring to enter a harbour on the approach of a storm, 152*l.* 5s.; &c. &c. The pictures were sold for a sum of nearly 3,000*l.* several of them realizing the prices they were knocked down at from the circumstance alone that they had been in possession of the owner of Lansdown Tower. On this account, several china plates fetched from 30 to 36 guineas the dozen, and cups and saucers from three to four guineas each. There are yet to be disposed of a variety of extremely rare and unique Etruscan vases, besides coins, which were the currency of the most ancient nations—the Greek, the Roman, the Assyrian, the German, the British, &c. &c. Several artists have attended the sale who are in the employment of some eminent porcelain and china manufacturers, to sketch the designs on the different vases, &c. and which are of the most exquisite character and finish.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Haymarket Theatre.—There is a work by Mr. Beresford, entitled "The Miseries of Human Life," the first volume of which is one of the most amusing books extant, crammed full of distresses that make one's side ache with laughing at them; there is a French *vaudeville*, pleasantly known to the frequenters of the St. James's Theatre as *Les Petites Misères de la Vie Hu-*

maine, and now we have at the Haymarket a farce, also "very pretty to observe," under the title of *The Miseries of Human Life*. M. De la Rochefoucauld lays it down that there is something in the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures which, whether we confess it or not, gives a feeling of secret pleasure to the best of us. The distresses of *Mr. Ally Croaker*—for so is named the hero of Mr. Webster's amusing farce—may fairly be taken as matter for mirth of the most benevolent. When we see him everlastingly tormented by nothings, because his coat is too large, or his boots too small, because he misses his dinner, because it rains, because it shines, and so on, we look on with infinite complaisance at his weaknesses, and laugh hugely, as though there were no moral in the farce, which, if applied where due, might touch all of us more or less closely. Mr. Webster is a capital impersonation of the new *Heautontimorumenos*, and he is excellently supported by Tilbury and Mrs. Humby. It is obvious that so mere a sketch requires no delineation of plot on our part. As little *argument* need be set forth touching another novelty at this theatre—*Railway Bubbles*, a trifle light as air, and as pleasant as good air. It is the production of Mr. Stirling Coyne, and is of sterling coin merit, full of hits, more or less laughter-moving according to circumstances, at the railway mania, and men of the day. Mr. Hudson plays a *Mr. Hudson*, who is passed off as the *Railway King* upon infinite tartar-catching provisional committee-men, and puts forth no end of impossible schemes. Mr. Hudson took up the part allotted him in great style. Tilbury is very amusing as a *General Bungalow, one of the Provisional Directors of the North African Direct*. The whole affair, to those to whom such hits do not seem personal, is very rich.

French Plays, St. James's Theatre.—A comedy, new to this theatre, but popular in Paris, was produced here on Monday. It is entitled *La Mère au Bal et la Fille à la Maison*. The hero, a *M. Alfred de Soligny*, is a young gentleman, *fort inconséquent*, who, while paying great court to a *Comtesse de Mirval*, has a decided tendency for her daughter, the *naïve Ernestine*, whose uncle, a bluff vice-admiral, has demanded her for his young friend, *Amede de Saint-Almon*. On the evening supposed to be occupied by the piece, there is a grand ball at the *Princesse Owinska's*, to which both mamma and daughter are invited, but, in consequence of *M. Alfred's* designedly dilating to the Comtesse upon the sensation *Ernestine* will produce, mamma discovers that her daughter has a very bad cold, and orders her to remain *à la Maison*, while she herself repairs *au bal* with *ce cher Alfred*. The gay Lothario makes a pretext for returning to the house, and finds poor *Ernestine*, habited in her gay ball-dress, dancing by herself for want of a partner. (The charming girl is charmingly represented by Mademoiselle St. Marc.) At the same moment *Le Baron*, her uncle, comes in, and indignant at his sister's wanting to exclude his niece from company, takes her to the *Princess's* with him. There *Alfred* again meets her, and recognizing her, despite her mask, makes a declaration; it is overheard by mamma; there is a terrible scene, the result of which, however, is satisfactory to the morally disposed, for the nefarious *Alfred* slinks off, and *Ernestine* is bestowed by her repentant mamma upon the eligible *Amede*. Lafont played the hero of the piece as Lafont always plays, capitally. He acted the same evening in two other deservedly popular pieces, *Père et Fils* and *Le Lansquenet*, respecting both of which we have already written. The capital comedy, *Le Chevalier de St. Georges*, is, we are glad to perceive, in rehearsal.

Jullien's Concerts, Covent Garden.—We looked in here on Tuesday evening, and found a numerous crowd assembled, not much in the promenade part of the house, but in the boxes, dress, first circle, and second circles, and in the gallery. The programme embraced a variety of excellent compositions, done full justice to. Jullien's new quadrille *The British Navy*, from first to last a most stirring affair, was received with perfect enthusiasm. Mr. Richardson was to have performed a solo on the flute, but he was indisposed, and in his place Baumann gave us a solo on his bassoon, a detestable instrument in itself, to our ears, but which he has certainly a most surpassing command of. The worst of these solos is, that the performer seems never to know when to stop; each successive burst of applause, and every body now-a-days applauds every thing, induces another five minutes *variation*, and the orchestra is fain to support him, to save appearances. We hope to have the Irish, Welch, Scotch, and English quadrilles and other favourites of last year played soon; there is no time to be lost, for the present is the last week but two of the season, much to our sorrow, for there is no pleasanter place than Covent Garden, with these Promenade Concerts at which to spend an hour or two.

Royal Polytechnic Institution.—The school for instruction of naval officers and others in the economy and uses of steam, and the management of steam-engines, at this institution, is, we are glad to find, in a flourishing condition. It is indeed a sign of the times that so many distinguished naval men should devote their leisure moments to the study of steam navigation, and that the Admiralty should insist upon such a step prior to granting an appointment to a steamer. We find also that the spread of railway locomotion has aroused among all classes a desire to understand the powers of the steam-engine, and therefore not only are the private courses of instruction given by Professor Ryan numerously attended, but his public lectures on the steam-engine are crowded by ladies and gentlemen, who anxiously listen to his popular explanations of its wondrous powers. The optical department is also carried on with great activity, and therefore deserves particular notice, and among them is an instrument called the Chromatrope, which is shewn in the theatre. It consists of a series of beautiful concentric circles of various colours exhibited upon a white ground or disc. These revolve rapidly, presenting a most singular appearance. The circles seem at times to be moving independently of one another, and often in opposite directions, and at such times the general effect is similar to the engine-turning on the back of a watch, the rings being divided into little compartments, although still maintaining their concentricity of colour. Another very striking peculiarity of this exhibition is the undulation of the colour, which seems to possess a centrifugal motion, yet without confusion. The colours of light seem to emanate from a central nucleus, and assume in succession the colour of the various rings through which they pass. The phenomena are like what might be expected if a kaleidoscope were put in rapid revolution, the arrangement and combination of colours being varied at pleasure.

Rubini and his Tempters.—Mr. Lumley, who is still in Italy, has been on a short visit to Rubini, at his chateau at Romano, and has, it is understood, been endeavouring to tempt the *gran' tenore* to one more "last engagement" at her Majesty's Theatre in London. The terms offered by this prince of *impresarii* to the prince of tenors are described as simply—a blank sheet of paper, to be filled up altogether by Rubini, on whatever terms he chose to propose—a truly regal mode of doing business. We have not yet learned the result.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—Having in page 571 of The Critic extracted a notice on the authorship of the Letters of Junius, I would call your attention to the *St. James's Chronicle*, Nov. 20—22, page 3, col. 3, as well as to *Prior's Life of Doctor Oliver Goldsmith*, vol. i. p. 149—152, on this point.

Among the many suggestions which appear in your valuable jouanal, might I add one which would save much trouble to the London and country booksellers, and would afford great convenience to the reading public generally.

In applications for a pamphlet on any interesting subject of the day, unless you forward the name of the publisher, the chances are considerably in favour of a reply from your bookseller that he cannot ascertain the name of the publisher.

The formation of a general registration office of all works published both in town and in the country, with the price, publishers' names, &c. would facilitate the sale of books in many ways, and would form a very useful depository for reference to the book-trade generally.

If these remarks are considered worthy of attention, their insertion in The Critic will oblige,

Sir, your obedient servant, L. L. H.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

ERINNA.

[Erinna, the Ionian poetess, is said to have been chained by her mother to the spinning-wheel, and to have pined away under the confinement.]

What ails thee, golden tress'd one, Ionian sea-side pearl,
That like a weeping-willow droops that labyrinthine curl?
That, like a miracle of rain forth-gushing from the skies,
Dissolve in dews of bitterness thy lustrous violet eyes?
It cannot be the breath of love thy heart has blighted yet,
For the suns of thrice five summers on thy bloom have scarcely set;
Nor art thou yet an orphan—for thy warrior sire's afield
Gathering the prunings of the vines in the hollow of his shield;
And thy mother sits beside thee—beside thee, yet apart—
Her coldness cannot brook the throb of thy torrid poet-heart;
For thou art one to whom the gods that doubtful boon have given,
To breathe and work through scenes that irk with brain and heart in heaven.
Thy mother is not cruel—no! thy mother is but cold,
And knows the power of wealth and dower, and loves the glittering gold.

It is not that she loves thee not—'tis for thy very weal
She chained thee there to her low chair, beside the spinning-wheel.
And she would have thee what she is—her nature is to pore
O'er spiritless monotonies—to be, and nothing more;
And her eye lights up with joy and pride if haply thou hast done
Work that a score of weaving worms as deftly would have spun.
Thy suffering silent eye declares thou bearest her no grudge,
In sooth it was no fault of hers thou wast not born a drudge;
And willingly and lovingly thou followest her behest,
With a watery radiance in thine eye, and a fire within thy breast.
She gazes on thee sadly, for she deems thy mind distraught,
And holds her breath to watch the death of thine immortal thought;
That thought, unlike the grosser fire that perishes confined,
Consumes its prison-house by stealth, and Matter yields to Mind.
It needs must be thou wilt be free—thy soul will be unbound
From hands that fare in clammy air, and feet that press on ground.
Electric rapture seizes thee—thou feel'st a friend at hand,
Thy case to mend, the only friend who such can understand;
He warms the flood of thy young blood—he thrills thy faltering breath,
The only friend thy woes to end, he seeks thy bosom—Death!
An embryo thunder-storm blocked up within a cavern-cell,
At the bottom of a loathsome mine a melancholy well;
An osprey caged in wicker-work, who sees but prison-bars,
Instead of ocean's azure world, and a thousand thousand stars;
A sleeping Ætna's might that wakes, and shakes, nor bursts the ground;
A plunging ship by its oaken lip to a patient anchor bound;
An Afric barb beneath the yoke; a bounding Alpine roe
Locked in a drift it cannot lift of numbly slaying snow:
Such images, thou poet-child, betoken thy distress,
That human kind thy glowing mind was chartered but to bless
Hath bade it measure out the yarn that twines the wearying reel,
And killed thee there, in thy mother's chair, beside the spinning-wheel.

G. C. SWAYNE.

NECROLOGY.

PROFESSOR BADHAM.

Dr. Charles Badham, who has been long known as one of the most learned and accomplished members of the medical profession, died on Monday morning last, having been removed to town many weeks since, by easy stages, from Rome.

Having completed his medical education at Edinburgh, he entered a gentleman commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, in which university he took with honour the degrees of B.A., M.A., and M.D. He commenced his professional career in London as a medical lecturer by succeeding Dr. afterwards Sir A. Creighton, when he went to Russia, and evinced considerable talent. About this time he published his excellent and original treatise on Bronchitis, which went through two or three editions, and has ever since attracted the attention of all medical men who are well read in the literature of their profession. Not long after the publication of this treatise he became a fellow of the College of Physicians, and a friend of Sir Henry Halford, a man of kindred taste and accomplishments. Dr. Badham's fondness for travel, in which he spent nearly the half of his days, and his taste for classical literature, were unfavourable to his attaining that notoriety and that extent of practice which, had he remained in town, would, with ordinary diligence, assuredly have been his portion. But he preferred the more easy, though less lucrative occupation of travelling physician of persons of high degree to the labours of professional life.

About the year 1815 he gave to the world a forcible and eloquent translation of the *Satires of Juvenal*, in which he displayed a thorough knowledge of his author, and so much poetical talent that even Dr. Gifford, who was then editor of the *Quarterly*, and the severest critic of his time, himself the author of a translation of the same satirist, felt himself obliged to admit that though, in the tenth satire, Dr. Badham had to contend with Dryden, he had "well sustained the contest." This translation, we believe, has been recently republished, with considerable corrections, in the *Family Classical Library*.

Upon the occasion of the medical chair becoming vacant in the University of Glasgow, in 1827, Dr. Badham was recommended to the Duke of Montrose by Sir Henry Halford as one whose talents and accomplishments would tend to increase the fame of a rising university. And although Scotchmen were not pleased at having an Englishman preferred before them, his lectures displayed so much ability that they soon discovered that they had reason to be proud of the services of so brilliant and remarkable a person. He was a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* in its best days; and one of the most classical poems we ever remember to have read, entitled "Lines written at Warwick Castle," appeared in the April number of that periodical in the year 1829.

Professor Badham was twice married; in early life to the beautiful Miss Campbell, first cousin of the poet, and for whose hand the poet is understood to have been an unsuccessful suitor. Two sons, a married daughter, and a brother, survive him. His eldest son was recently the Radcliffe travelling fellow from the University of Oxford. About twelve years since Professor Badham married the eldest daughter of Admiral Sir Edward Foote, who, with several children, survives him.—*Herald*.

MRS. JEVONS.

The obituary chronicle of the week includes the name of another among the children of William Roscoe. His eldest daughter, Mary Anne, wife of Mr. Thomas Jevons, of Liverpool, passed through the last stage of a most suffering disease, and died, in London, on the 13th of this month, aged fifty. "Mrs. Jevons," says a correspondent, "was known for several successive years as editor of the 'Sacred Offering,' and as the author of many poems in that little work, which have since been selected from it, and printed in a separate form, with some beautiful additions. In her native town and its neighbourhood she was beloved and admired in no common degree. Her benignant countenance, beaming with animation and kindness, was always welcomed with delight. Her pure benevolence, sweetness of manner, her sympathy with every form of goodness, her tenderness to the erring, her kind efforts to amend the condition of the distressed, and to raise and refine those who were of low estate, have made the deeper impression, because of the peculiar quietness and modesty with which her good deeds were performed. Who that remembers her when, in her young days, she adorned her father's happy dwelling—who that afterwards saw her as one of the chief supporters of his adversity and old age—or, in later times, has known her as the wife and mother, the consistent devout Christian worshipper, the cultivated, developed woman, rich in beautiful tastes and yet more rich in good works, but will think with sorrow on the vacant place she has left?—*Athenæum*.

ALEXANDER DEUCHAR.

Our northern capital last year lost a man who had attained to an extraordinary proficiency in heraldry and genealogy, and has left behind him some singular monuments of his industry. Alexander Deuchar, while conducting the business of a seal-engraver, gave a large portion of his time to the collection of memorabilia respecting families and their armorial bearings, particularly those of his own country. The consequence was his publishing, in 1817, a well-known work on *British Crests*, in 2 vols. 8vo. He also contributed the Scottish portion of Robson's *British Herald*, a large work published at Sunderland, in 1830. His remaining MS. collections, however, infinitely exceed all he gave to the world. Amongst these are, a collection of English surnames, with all their various spellings, with references to places where their arms are to be seen; a collection of family armorial bearings from all imaginable sources, and about 10,000 in number, pasted into a volume; notes and documents respecting genealogies, filling *hundreds of volumes*; many volumes containing armorial bearings, chiefly printed. Mr. Deuchar, having succeeded a father of similar taste, this collection may be said to have been eighty years in progress.

RHEINHARDT.

From Copenhagen, we hear of the death, at the age of sixty-one, of the learned Danish naturalist, Charles Frederick Rheinhardt, Professor of Zoology at the Royal University of that city. The Professor was a Councillor of State, Member of the Direction of Public Instruction, and author of many important works of his own, as well as of a Danish translation of those of Cuvier. He has left his valuable library, as well as his museum of objects of natural history, to the University of Copenhagen.

COUNT CASSINI,

The astronomer, and last of the famous name, member of the Academy of Sciences, formerly director of the Royal Observatory of Paris, chevalier of the order of St. Lewis and Legion of Honour, died on the 18th ult. at his château of Thury sous Clermont (Oise), aged 90.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

At the evening parties of the Marquis of Northampton during the last season, great admiration was excited by Mr. Goadby's beautiful anatomical preparations of the lower classes of animals, prepared in fluids, discovered by him after years of laborious and expensive experiments, and displayed in glass cases, also of his own invention and manufacture, admitting of the full examination of the animal either by the eye or microscope. These preparations on more than one occasion attracted the especial attention of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, whose knowledge of natural history enabled him to appreciate their value. They were also seen and much admired by Sir Robert Peel; and it is with the utmost satisfaction we are enabled to state, that, with the discriminating patronage of science and its cultivators which distinguishes him, he has recently presented Mr. Goadby with 150*l.* from the Royal Bounty Fund, as a reward for his labours in this department of natural history.—*Morning Post.*

CORKE'S PATENT FUEL.—We had the gratification, a few evenings since, of witnessing a variety of experiments in the presence of a number of scientific and practical gentlemen, at No. 3, Trafalgar-square, with the patent firing, and all were of opinion it was the best material as yet produced both for durability, economy, speedy and certain brilliancy in burning. The fuel consists of blocks of various sizes, which ignite on being touched by a lighted match or candle; the light from it is so exceedingly brilliant that it reminds us, in that particular, of Cannell-coal, but it is more powerful and lasting, and does not fly in the least. We understand from the proprietors that one farthing's worth of fuel will boil four quarts of water, and will also be sufficient to light a fire, thereby completely saving wood. This will prove a great boon to the poorer classes, particularly in hot weather, when firing is required only for the purpose of cooking. The following are the directions for use:—Well cover the bottom of the grate with cinders, take one or two blocks and break them in pieces and distribute them over the cinders, apply a lighted match, taking care that a draught through the fire be maintained. When the blaze has nearly abated gently use the poker to increase it, and the result will be a red-hot and lasting fire. For bachelors or persons living in chambers it will be found particularly useful, as they can light their own fires in a moment. The fuel is the invention of a Mr. PARSONS, and Mr. CORKE is the patentee; the latter gentleman having extended his right over England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and America.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

The Curative Power of Vital Magnetism, verified by actual Application to numerous Cases of Disease. By Mrs. LAVINIA JONES. London, 1845. Baillière.

THIS little pamphlet is a collection of cases of cures of disease by the agency of Mesmeric treatment, and incidentally a record of some curious and interesting phenomena observed during the process. The cures embrace the usual classes of nervous disease as epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria, paralysis, headach, deafness, and diseases of the eye. But the same treatment was also found serviceable in other diseases, whose primary cause was probably a disordered state of the nervous system, preventing the due operation of the organic functions.

Commending this pamphlet to all who feel an interest in a subject of very great importance, we will make two or three extracts from cases that illustrate the phenomena of vital magnetism, and which were elicited accidentally in the course of treatment for disease, and therefore are the more valuable evidence.

The case of ELIZABETH ———, aged thirteen, displayed he faculty of reading with closed eyes, as somnambulists did tong before Mesmer wrote.

I asked her to let me tie a handkerchief over her eyes, and she would see then. I did so, and took care to have it well folded and placed as perfectly over the eyes as possible. She then took up the book, read it all through with the greatest ease and rapidity, and told me to fetch her a book out of my box. I went down in haste, and carried her up a hymn-book, one she had never seen. She read several hymns, and one in manuscript, and then sung several she had read without any fatigue. This went on for about an hour, and she awoke quite astonished to see the place strewed with books. She had no recollection whatever of what had passed.

Another extremely curious case was that of an epileptic lunatic restored to reason and almost cured of her fits. She exhibited all the phenomena in great perfection. At first she was a mere animal, subject to violent passions, and entirely ungovernable, but by management these were subdued, and she is now a sensible, well-behaved girl. Some of her doings are extremely interesting, and were very carefully noted by Mrs. JONES.

One of her propensities was an inordinate desire to eat. When magnetised and in the somnambulist state, she was so clairvoyant that they could not hide eatables in any part of the house but she at once discovered them. More than this, she never failed to tell what was in the cupboards of Mrs. JONES's house. One day she was violently demanding some jam.

I began now for the first time to try to arouse some moral action, and told her the jam cost money, and asked her if she had any. At this she was very silent for some time, reflecting deeply; at last she sighed, threw herself down on the pillow, and said, "Then I have no money belonging to me." But she soon began again—"Ah, but there is a jar on the shelf. I can see it." "What is in it?" "I don't know." "Can't you see a jar? I can see plain enough; it is black things like plums. They aint plums either; the jar is tied, and is covered with brown. I can see the black things under though." It was pickled walnuts. "No—they cost money too—you must work hard and get money, and then you can choose whether you will buy them." At this she lay quietly for a second, and burst into a loud laugh. "I can see the dog; I can see the cat." "What is the dog doing?" "Lying in a corner fast asleep—the cat is running about—I can see your fine room, too—there is your fine carpet." "What colour is the carpet?" "What colours, you should say—why red, blue, black, green, all manner of colours, and fine flowers; there are your fine chairs, and your fine books and pictures in the closet. I am in the closet; I can see all the newspapers too: what lots of books, to be sure! And there is *his* coat, and his scarf, and his gloves." "Where are his boots?" Silence for a few seconds—"Why, in t'other cupboard. Do you think I can't see?" "What sort of a fire is there?" "A very bad one." "Go into the kitchen, and tell me if the kettle is on the fire." She laughed heartily. "Why the kitchen fire is near out." All this occurred in an upper room; the child was lying on the bed.

Like somnambulists, she sees perfectly in the dark.

She learnt the 53rd chapter of Isaiah during sleep, and retained it when awake. Needlework she does most beautifully; but she complains that the light teases her. I have had a room darkened on purpose for her convenience, and have been very careful to shut out every crevice, so that it is as perfectly dark as it can be made. Here she sits, dresses her doll, sorts silks, reads, can write and copy, tells us what is passing in the street, and is constantly saying how happy she is, and how clearly she can see. She made one little bag very neatly indeed, putting double strings, and placed a small note inside to be presented to the gentleman who had helped to darken the room for her.

Again—

I nearly forgot to record that once Emily told the colour of a piece of cambric which was placed within a book. The book being held fast closed and handed to her, requesting her to look inside and tell the colour, she very soon said "green," which it was.

Let Mrs. JONES continue thus to note down facts without speculating upon them, and she will perform an essential ser-

vice to science, which only now needs a vast array of observations to arrive at something like an explanation of phenomena which they only have a right to deny who have tried to produce them and failed. But there are none such, because to try is to succeed.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

It will be seen that a correspondent proposes a register of all new publications at a common centre, whence they may be transcribed into the lists weekly published by the literary periodicals, and which at present are but very imperfect. Such a register we propose to keep at The Critic office, and a book lies there for that purpose; and country booksellers need but to transmit the names, size, and prices of their publications, to have them entered and copied into our weekly list; and if the town publishers would follow their example, it might be made very useful and complete.

There is another department of The Critic which has not yet been so employed as its utility deserves; we allude to the list of *Books wanted to Purchase*. Passing as does The Critic into the hands of a large proportion of the booksellers in the United Kingdom, this list affords an unequalled opportunity for procuring works and odd volumes that cannot be obtained at the publishers; and as no charge is made for insertion in this list, we suspect that it has been overlooked by many of our subscribers, or more would have made use of it.

It will be seen that the letters kindly forwarded by so many of the booksellers and library-keepers, by whom The Critic is used as their guide and circular, have already proved serviceable. We ask a like favour from those who have not yet aided The Critic in this most effective manner; it being our purpose to include them all in a prospectus to be widely circulated at the beginning of the new year and the new volume.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—It is with great pleasure that we bear testimony to the very impartial manner in which the Critic has been conducted, and have frequently regulated our purchases by its reviews: our subscribers and readers being on the increase, evidently shews that the Critic has given general satisfaction. Wishing every success may attend it, We are, Sir, yours, &c.

Clarke and Walter.

Circulating Library, King-street, Jersey, Nov. 29, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I have the pleasure of bearing witness to the value of your impartial work. I have several times received orders by its means. This past week I have received orders for the "Sacred Gift," altogether from the high tone in which you spoke of it. I hope this will be of use to you, and that others will follow my example. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

J. Beamish Hamilton, Bookseller.

Drogheda, Nov. 22, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—Having been a subscriber to the Critic from its commencement, I beg to acknowledge the very great pleasure and benefit I receive from the perusal of its columns. It is my confidential guide to my circulating library, having bought all my books of late from the opinions given of them in the Critic; a better guide for the selection of new publications cannot be. I am also happy to inform you that the Critic is read by all my subscribers. Wishing it the support of which it is worthy,

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Circulating Library, Portshead, E. Richards, Librarian.
near Bristol, Somerset, Nov. 25, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,— I willingly give my testimonial to the benefit the Critic has done me, and consequently the publishers. I am in the habit of circulating the copy I receive amongst my customers, for their perusal, and I am perfectly aware that I have had many orders for books which I should not have had but for your favourable notice of them. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Robt. Taylor, Bookseller.

High-street, Chepstow, Nov, 19, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I cheerfully add my name to the list of those of your subscribers who have expressed the pleasure and the advantage they have derived from the perusal of your columns.

The suggestions of some of your correspondents, if carried out, would add greatly to the utility of your paper, especially the giving of the name and place of abode of the publisher, in the case of works published in the country, in addition to the title, size, and price, as now contained in your weekly list of new publications. This, however, I am aware, would subject the announcements to advertisement duty. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Sevenoaks, Nov. 26, 1845. J. Payne.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I like The Critic; it brings me into good company, and makes me acquainted with authors and books of which otherwise I should know nothing; and I should like it still better if publishers and booksellers were more liberal with their advertisements, because that would be to my advantage as well as theirs; for I frequently find that when one copy of a good book has been sold, more copies of the same work are ordered. I think that if authors and publishers who are about to print an interesting work in numbers and small parts were to print a few extra of the first for the purpose of being sent to country booksellers to send into the villages or lend from house to house, it would be a good plan, as many would then be sold, instead of lying as dead stock on the publisher's shelf. As I live in a small country-town, where most of the people are of the working class, I find that small cheap books sell the best—say from one penny to two-and-sixpence. Books for the million should seldom be sold above that price. I have sold more of *Chambers's Tracts* and shilling volumes than any other; and next to them, the numbers and parts of the *Family Herald*. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

R. A. Jacques, Bookseller.

Mountsorrel, Dec. 3, 1845.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

Junius.—An article has been circulating lately through the daily channels of information, that Sir David Brewster is supposed to have discovered Junius in Mr. Lachlan Macleane, who figured among the bustling class of politicians in the early part of the reign of George III. This idea is not new, having been broached above sixty years ago, but we think it clearly settled in the negative by Prior, in his "Life of Goldsmith," vol. i. pp. 149—152, where there is the only account of him we remember to have seen. It appears that having been educated in Trinity College, Dublin, he was entered there as "Filius Johanni *generosi*" (not implying that his father held any clerical employment), went into the medical service of the army, obtained the patronage of the well-known Colonel Barré, and, after various vicissitudes, became successively private secretary to Lord Shelburne, and Under-Secretary of State for the Southern Department, retiring from office with that nobleman on the dissolution of the Grafton ministry. Now it is familiar to the readers of Woodfall's "Junius," that abusive strictures on Lord Shelburne by this celebrated writer, under other signatures, commenced about the time Macleane stood in the above relations to him; and it would, therefore, imply unusual moral obliquity, if not the grossest ingratitude and treachery, thus covertly to assail his patron, whose loss of office, be it remembered, necessarily involved that of himself and, with it, all his importance, and, in great measure, his income. This, we think, were there no other evidence, would settle the point. But he hated, abused, and challenged Wilkes, a long letter connected with which appears in the newspapers of that time; and Junius ridiculed him in March 1771, when writing under the signature of Vindex (Woodfall's edition, vol. iii. p. 343); added to which, there was nothing known of his character to warrant so serious an imputation upon it. His future career, as given by Prior, exhibits the usual transmutations of a political adventurer. He wrote largely in pamphlets and newspapers, but could not speak, from an impediment in utterance; in May 1771, he received the appointment of Superintendent of Lazarettoes from Lord North; soon afterwards, that of Collector of Philadelphia; then a situation in India, where he became a kind of agent to Mr. Hastings—brought home that gentleman's resignation (afterwards disclaimed by the Governor-General)—proceeded again to India, intending, as was said, to call him to a severe account for his conduct, but perished, with all on board, on the passage out. He was a friend of Mr. Burke's, who thought highly of him, and through their means aided Barry, the painter, in some of his difficulties, when abroad.

Antiquities.—M. Lottin de Laval, charged with an archæological mission in the East by the French government, writes to the *Journal de Constantinople* that a corner-stone has been recently found in Babylon (a thing of exceeding rarity in that ancient city of bricks), having two fine inscriptions in the arrow-

headed letter. This he has purchased; and he has likewise taken casts of a score or so of bricks from the Mujellibe and Birs-Nimrod, of which Europe had as yet no impressions. In the same letter the writer speaks of a new process of moulding which he has invented; enabling him, by means of a substance very light and malleable, to take impressions in plaster as fine as by the ordinary process—while the model of a bas-relief weighing thirty thousand, will not exceed fifteen or twenty, kilogrammes. "I bring with me," he continues, "thirty-eight figures from Persepolis, several groups from Shapoor, and nearly two hundred inscriptions. I have applied my new process to the inscriptions, and am no longer in danger of seeing my labours destroyed by the rains—as happened to me last winter, in the mountains of Kurdistan and the plains of Upper Assyria, with my paper impressions. Now, the substances which I use have scarcely one-tenth more weight than paper, and take up less room."

SINGULAR DRAMATIC DISCOVERY.—A few weeks ago a very curious document was discovered among some old family-papers belonging to an ancient family in Kent. It is a play called *Wit and Wisdom*, and is supposed to be the earliest drama in which a foreigner is introduced speaking broken English. The liberal owner has given permission for its publication, and it will be shortly printed by the Shakspeare Society under the editorial care of Mr. Halliwell.

COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH POEMS, LETTERS, &c. OF GRAY.—During the last few days the auction-rooms of Messrs. Evans and Son, in New Bond-street, have been crowded by eminent bibliopolists to witness the disposal of a portion of the library of a gentleman containing a collection of autograph poems, letters, and books, with curious and elaborate manuscript notes, by Gray, the poet. The style of writing of the deceased poet excited the admiration of all who beheld it, the writing being very small, but most clear and distinct, having more the appearance of engraving than pen and ink. Many of the books (which were first sold) containing merely the autograph of Gray, fetched large sums; and of those books interspersed with notes by the poet, the following are worthy of notice:—Lot 538, Shakspeare's works, in 8 vols. wanting vol. 2, with Notes by Theobald, and MS. corrections of the Text by Gray, sold for 12 guineas. Lot 541, "London and its Environs Described," with numerous MS. notes by Gray, 15 guineas. Lot 597, Milton, 2 vols. interleaved, with numerous MS. notes by Gray, 33*l*. Lot 598, "Linnæi Systema Naturæ," 2 vols. in 3, interleaved with MS. notes and beautiful pen-and-ink drawings of birds and insects by Gray, 40 guineas. Lot 602, "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," in his own handwriting. This manuscript contains five stanzas omitted in all the editions of Gray's poems, and the names of Milton and Cromwell are substituted for Tully and Cæsar. The original title given to the Elegy in the manuscript is "Stanzas wrote in a Country Churchyard." The competition for this manuscript was most spirited, and it was knocked down for 53*l*. but there being a dispute as to who bid that sum, it was again put, and was eventually knocked down to Messrs. Payne and Foss, of Pall-mall, for 100*l*. The two following lots, an "Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Grafton at Cambridge," and "The Fatal Sisters," an ode in the handwriting of Gray, sold for 22 guineas. Lot 605, "A Long Story," in Gray's handwriting, with a complimentary letter to him from Miss Speed, 45*l*. Lot 614, A playful letter to West, containing a supposed dialogue between some books in his library, and a letter of Gray to West, containing a poetical translation from Statius, 27*l*. Lot 615, Satirical Verses, on the Heads of Houses at Cambridge; Humorous letter to Dr. Wharton, from Florence, by Gray, 30 guineas. Lot 622, Three pen-and-ink drawings, and four insects painted on vellum by Gray, 10*l*. Lot 621, Epitaph on a child, in verse; a song beginning "Thyrsis when we parted swore," and transcript Latin verses; letter of Gray to Mr. Stonehewer on the death of his father. Bought by Sir G. Bright for 40*l*. Lot 626, Seven small note-books containing memoranda by Gray, made during his tours in England and on the continent, sold for 30*l*.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting for the season, which was very well attended, was held on Wednesday evening, at the rooms of the society in Sackville-street. Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, the president, congratulated the members on the success which had attended the proceedings of the Ethnological sub-lecture at the late meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. The subject of Ethnology was also making great progress both in France and America; and amongst other interesting circumstances which would be brought forward the present season, General Briggs would introduce his researches on the aborigines of India, in which he had proved that the tribes who inhabit the hills were very distinct, both in habits and religion, from the Hindoos, who appear to have been the conquerors of the country. Dr. Hodgkin stated some curious facts regarding the inhabitants of St. Vincent's, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, which exhibited a remarkable instance of the deterioration of the people, who, once civilized, had been reduced to a very degraded state. In connection with the paper, Dr. Hodgkin mentioned the interesting circumstance of Latin and Greek being taught at some of the Hottentot schools, and acquired by the children with great avidity.

THE COLLEGE OF CHEMISTS has been authorized to take the title of *Royal*; and Prince Albert, besides accepting the office of president, has presented a donation of 100*l*.

GRESHAM COLLEGE.—The total number of persons who attended the lectures of the various professors in this college during the late term was 3,040.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,
From Nov. 29 to Dec. 6.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Animal Topography, square, cl. with a Zoological Map of the World, in case, 4s. 6d.—Allen's (John) Daily Monitor, 16th thousand, 32mo. 1s. cl.

Bunbury's (Miss) Star of the Court, new edit. fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Bible Stories for Very Little Children, Second Series, 2nd ed. square, cl. 2s. each.—British Minstrel and Literary Miscellany, Vol. III. royal 8vo, 6s. cl.; ditto, complete in 3 vols. 17s. 6d. cl.

Christian Family Library, Vol. XLVII. "History of the Church in the Middle Ages," fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts, Vol. VII. 12mo. 1s bds.—Combe (Dr. A.) on the Management of Infancy, 5th edit. royal 18mo. 6s. cl.—Churches of the United Kingdom, edited by A. Leighton, Volume I. "The Scottish Church," fc. 8vo. 4s. bds.—Christison's (J.) Easy Grammar of the Italian Language, 18mo. 1s. 4d. cl.

Elinor Wyllys, a Tale, edited by J. F. Cooper, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11s. 6d. bds.—Evagrius's Ecclesiastical History, 8vo. 7s. cl.—Early Influences, by the author of "Truth without Prejudice," fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas, by the author of "Revelations of Russia," Vols. I. and II. post 8vo. 1*l*. 1s. cl.—Euclid's Elements, by Potts, demy 8vo. 10s. bds.—Everett's (James) Village Blacksmith, 18th thousand, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—English Churchman's Kalendar (The), for the year 1849, compiled from the "Book of Common Prayer."

Falcon Family; or, "Young Ireland," post 8vo. 7s. cl.

Gill's (T. E.) Life of Mrs. Fletcher, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Galignani's New Paris Guide, new edit. with maps and plates, 18mo. 10s. 6d. bd.; or with map only, 7s. 6d. bd.—Goldfinch's (J.) Mechanic's Expositor, for the Use of Builders, &c. square, 1s. swd.

Hawkin's (Rev. E.) Historical Notices of the Missions of the Church of England, 8vo. 9s. cl.—History made Easy for the People, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. hf. cl.—Hebrew Reading Lessons, with Interlineary Version and Complete Analysis, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.

Invalid's Hymn Book, with Introductory Preface, by Rev. H. White, 6th thousand, 18mo. 3s. cl.

Johnson's (E. M. D.) Hydropathy, nine engravings, 3rd thousand, royal 12mo. 2s. 6d. sd. 3s. cl.—James's Sunday School Teacher's Guide, 17th edit. 12mo. 1s. cl.

Leslie's (Rev. C.) Essay concerning the Divine Right of Tithes (reprinted from edition of 1700), 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Laurie's (J., M.D.) Homœopathic Domestic Medicine, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 12s. cl.

Mysteries of Paris (People's Edition), 8vo. 2s. 6d. sd.

Newman (J. H.) on Development of Christian Doctrine, 8vo. 12s. cl.

Paget's (Rev. F. E.) The Living and the Dead, Sermons on the Burial Service, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cl.—Points and Pickings of Information about China, new edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.

Queen of Denmark, edited by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 1s. 6d. bds.

Rambles in the United States in 1845, by Rubio, post 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—Reginald Dalton, by the author of "Valerius," new edition, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd., 4s. 6d. cl. gilt.—Round Preacher: or, Reminiscences of Methodist Circuit Life, royal 16mo. 5s. cl.

Songs of the Press, and other Poems, edited by C. H. Timperley, 12mo. 3s. cl.

Thiers's Historical Works, Vol. I. imp. 8vo. 1*l*. 2s. 6d. cl.

Wandering Jew, by Eugène Sue (People's Edition), plates, 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.—Webb's Shareowner's Account Book, fc. 8vo. 2s. 6d. bd.—Williams's (Rev. A.) Home Sermons, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.—Winslow's (Rev. O.) Gathered Flowers from a Bible Class, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Wordsworth's Poetical Works, complete in 1 vol. royal 8vo. 1*l*. cl.

Yarrell's British Birds, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 4*l*. 14s. 6d. cl.

To Readers and Correspondents.

C. B. *requests the name of a good work on Science and Literature. The question is somewhat general, so must be our reply—the* Encyclopedia Britannica.

J. G.—Inquiry shall be made.

If the Authoress of H. and S. will favour us with her address, in strict confidence, *it will give us pleasure to comply with her request.*

C. H.—*We are not aware of any English edition of the work named; a Memoir of Fichte had previously appeared in our columns, hence we do not repeat it.*

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

History of the English Revolution of 1640: *from the accession of Charles I. to his death.* By T. GUIZOT. Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT. 8vo. pp. 488. London, 1845. Bogue.

THIS is the second volume of that extraordinary enterprise, the *European Library*, of which an account was given in our columns a month since. In pursuance of the design to present the standard works of every literature, Mr. HAZLITT has crossed the Channel, and imported from France a work of first-rate interest and importance, the production of her most famous historian and statesman, and which offers the twofold attraction of a home subject and foreign composition. The revolution of 1640 is, indeed, too intimately associated with present party and sectarian principles to permit of being handled with perfect fairness by an Englishman. The calm judgment of a foreigner, viewing the facts apart from all prejudices, is likely to be more just, and is certainly far more instructive, than can be looked for from an English pen. But the History of M. GUIZOT has peculiar claims to notice from certain special merits of its own. It is not only a laborious collection of facts, many of which are gathered from exclusive sources, but it contains a great deal of the philosophy of history both in its application to, and as it is to be deduced from, the events of that remarkable era. Moreover, it is singularly eloquent, studded with lively sketches of men and incidents that indicate genius in the artist, and without which there can be no true historian. And this delightful and instructive work is admirably translated by Mr. HAZLITT, beautifully printed, well indexed, and sold at a price so trifling, that all but the poorest may become possessors of it. It is a very miracle of publishing.

BIOGRAPHY.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In 2 vols. London, 1845. Chapman and Hall.

ALTHOUGH these volumes have been withheld from us, so that we have been compelled to borrow them for the purpose of review, the motive certainly was not, as usually it is, a consciousness that it would not endure honest criticism. This is in truth a valuable contribution to the stores of English History. It serves to throw a blaze of light upon one of the most perplexing, and least understood, characters among the men who have made themselves famous in the annals of our country. Mr. CARLYLE is well known to be given to hero-worship; it is a boast and pride with him; he has made it the subject of a book that is among the most eloquent and deep-thoughted in our language. But his hero-worship in the case of Cromwell is enthusiastic beyond measure, and carries him as far on the other side of extravagant and indiscriminate laudation as it has been the faulty fashion with his predecessors to discredit and decry the man who was at once dissenter, republican, and triumphant. Pleasant as it is to find earnestness anywhere; readily as we can pardon the rare error of too much enthusiasm on behalf of greatness bayed at by a pack of curs who snarl at what they cannot comprehend; still the calm judgment of the critic is compelled to protest against even a one-sidedness so generous as that visible everywhere in these pages, and to pronounce the result to be not so much a history, or a biography, as a panegyric.

But Mr. CARLYLE is himself an original man; a genuine, true-hearted, out-speaking man. He loves and hates, and he avows it fearlessly; and he has reasons wherewithal to justify his feelings, and he asserts them boldly, however much they may shock the conventional notions of his generation. He may not be, and he is not, always right in the emotion, or the reason for it, but he maintains his position with a courage and an eloquence that win upon those who do not set watch and ward upon their judgments. His style at the first falls harshly upon the ear, because it is strange, and his language is apt to repel the curious eye that glances over his pages, for the words are not always of the purest English, and the spirit of Germanism has so imbued his mind that he cannot express his ideas otherwise than in the formulas familiar to our neighbours, though uncouth and sometimes unintelligible to us. But a very short acquaintance serves to remove these difficulties; soon the meanings of the odd phrases come out; the eye is familarized to the words of strange shape; the curiously constructed sentences fall into melody; and ere long the reader has learned to like the freshness of speech, and to recognise it as a fitting medium for the utterance of thoughts as fresh.

Mr. CARLYLE has contrived to carry his characteristics even into a collection of the letters and speeches of his hero; and this, not only by an Introduction of upwards of 150 pages, in which he presents a sort of biographical sketch of the man, some notes on his family, a pungent criticism on his biographers, but by an essay intended to be a sort of summary of his own views of the letters and speeches that follow.

Mr. CARLYLE'S estimate of the character of CROMWELL is already familiar to the reading world, through his "Lectures on Hero Worship," and, we believe, an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. It has been the fashion with our historians to treat him as a hypocrite—a man of pretences and shams, assumed to cloak his ambition; but Mr. CARLYLE contends, and we think truly, that CROMWELL was, in truth, a sincere and earnest man; that his aims were not selfish but patriotic; that circumstances forced him into the positions that have been the grounds of offence; that when he said he was commissioned to do the Lord's work, he so believed. And if his career be traced impartially, from his first appearance upon the stage of life as the stern and resolute country gentleman, to his death as the first magistrate of a country whom his energy and wisdom had made to be respected abroad and prosperous at home, we shall, in fact, find that he preserved his character unchanged through all the changes of his eventful career—always hopeful, always resolute, always putting his trust in God, always using the same phraseology, always recognising the presence of a greater power, of whom he deemed himself but the humble instrument. It is not thus with the hypocrite: he is never the hypocrite always: the real man will betray himself sometimes, if not in moments of defeat, certainly in the hour of victory. Whatever uses he had found for his cant, if such indeed it was, while he was aiming to rise, he needed it not when he had risen; nay, to the Lord Protector it was rather an impediment than otherwise. Then, at least, the hypocrite would have flung it aside and rejoiced to be himself. Nay, nay, only prejudice or thoughtlessness could pronounce CROMWELL a hypocrite.

But enough of comment of our own: we will not longer detain the reader from the specimens of Mr. CARLYLE'S labours, which we have selected as best calculated to illustrate our remarks, and to please by their intrinsic worth. We regret only that we are compelled by the pressure of other claims to be so brief. But it is a work which every book-club should order, and without which no historical library will be complete.

Mr. CARLYLE shall describe in his own words the editorial system he has adopted.

I have (he says) corrected the spelling of these letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The originals, so far as I have seen such, have in general no paragraphs: if the letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some postscript, subjoined crosswise on the margin—indicating that there was no blotting-paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and pointing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that wish it may have specimens of him in abundance, and of all due dimness, in many printed books: but to us, intent here to have the letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that en-

cumbrance. Would the rest were all as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word—but taken care to point out the same; what words in the text of the letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by single commas: it was of course my supreme duty to avoid altering, in any respect, not only the sense, but the smallest feature in the physiognomy, of the original. And so, "a minimum of annotation" having been added, what minimum would serve the purpose,—here are the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell;* of which the reader, with my best wishes, but not with any very high immediate hope of mine in that particular, is to make what he can.

The following passage, though long, contains the substance of CARLYLE'S views of the revolution and its authors.

I will venture to give the reader two little pieces of advice, which, if his experience resemble mine, may prove furthersome to him in this inquiry: they include the essence of all that I have discovered respecting it. The first is, By no means to credit the wide-spread report that these Seventeenth-Century Puritans were superstitious crack-brained persons; given up to enthusiasm, the most part of them; the minor ruling part being cunning men, who knew how to assume the dialect of the others, and thereby, as skilful Machiavels, to dupe them. This is a wide-spread report; but an untrue one. I advise my reader to try precisely the opposite hypothesis. To consider that his Fathers, who had thought about this World very seriously indeed, and with very considerable thinking faculty indeed, were not quite so far behindhand in their conclusions respecting it. That actually their "enthusiasms," if well seen into were not foolish but wise. That Machiavelism, Cant, Official Jargon, whereby a man speaks openly what he does *not* mean, were, surprising, as it may seem, much rarer than they have ever since been. Really and truly it may in a manner be said, Cant, Parliamentary and other Jargon, were still to invent in this world. O Heavens, one could weep at the contrast! Cant was not fashionable at all; that stupendous invention of "Speech for the purpose of concealing Thought" was not yet made. A man wagging the tongue of him, as if it were the clapper of a bell to be rung for economic purposes, and not so much as attempting to convey any inner thought, if thought he have, of the matter talked of,—would at that date have awakened all the horror in men's minds, which at all dates, and at this date too, is due to him. The accursed thing! No man as yet dared to do it; all men believing that God would judge them. In the History of the Civil War far and wide, I have not fallen in with one such phenomenon. Even Archbishop Laud and Peter Heylin meant what they say; through their words you do look direct into the scraggy conviction they have formed: —or if "lying Peter" do lie, he at least *knows* that he is lying! Lord Clarendon, a man of sufficient unveracity of heart, to whom indeed whatsoever has direct veracity of heart is more or less horrible, speaks always in official language: a clothed, nay, sometimes even *quilted* dialect, yet always with some considerable body in the heart of it, never with none! The use of the human tongue was then other than it now is. I counsel the reader to leave all that of Cant, Dupery, Machiavelism, and so forth, decisively lying at the threshold. He will be wise to believe that these Puritans do mean what they say, and to try unimpeded if he can discover what that is. Gradually a very stupendous phenomenon may rise on his astonished eye. A practical world based on Belief in God; such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism: very great, very glorious; tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours. My second advice is, Not to imagine that it was Constitution, "Liberty of the people to tax themselves," Privilege of Parliament, Triennial or annual Parliaments, or any modification of these sublime Privileges now waxing somewhat faint in our admirations, that mainly animated our Cromwells, Pyms, and Hampdens to the heroic efforts we still admire in retrospect. Not these very measurable "Privileges," but a far other and deeper, which could not be measured; of which these, and all grand social improvements whatsoever, are the corollary. Our ancient Puritan Reformers were, as all Reformers that will ever much benefit this earth are always, inspired by a Heavenly Purpose. To see God's own Law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy Written Book, made good in this world; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this: it was a thing worth living for and dying for! Eternal Justice; that God's Will *be* done on Earth as it is in Heaven: corollaries enough will flow from that, if that be there; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the Seventeenth Century. In other somewhat sadly disfigured form, we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a Church, if you like to name it so: a Church, presided over not by sham priests in "Four surplices at Allhallowtide," but by true god-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire:—this was the prayer of many, it was the godlike hope and effort of some. Our modern methods of Reform differ somewhat,—as indeed the issue testifies. I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of Reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of Reformer, if he would understand what the old meaning of the word was.

The first letter is introduced with a picturesque sketch of the town of St. Ives, the birthplace of Cromwell.

St. Ives, a small Town of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, stands on the left or North-eastern bank of the River Ouse, in flat grassy country, and is still noted as a Cattle-market in those parts. Its chief historical fame is likely to rest on the following one remaining Letter of Cromwell's, written there on the 11th of January, 1635-6.

The little Town, of somewhat dingy aspect, and very quiescent except on market-days, runs from North-west to South-east, parallel to the shore of the Ouse, a short furlong in length: it probably, in Cromwell's time, consisted mainly of a *row* of houses fronting the River; the now opposite row, which has its back to the River, and still is shorter than the other, still defective at the upper end, was probably built since. In that case, the locality we hear of as the "Green" of St. Ives would then be space which is now covered mainly with cattle-pens for market-business, and forms the middle of the *street*. A narrow steep old Bridge, probably the same which Cromwell travelled, leads you over, Westward, towards Godmanchester, where you again cross the Ouse, and get into Huntingdon. Eastward out of St. Ives, your route is towards Earith, Ely, and the heart of the Fens.

At the upper or North-western extremity of the place stands the Church; Cromwell's old fields being at the opposite extremity. The Church from its Churchyard looks down into the very River, which is fenced from it by a brick wall. The Ouse flows here, you cannot without study tell in which direction, fringed with gross reedy herbage and bushes; and is of the blackness of Acheron, streaked with foul metallic glitterings and plays of colour. For a short space downwards here, the banks of it are fully visible; the Western row of houses being somewhat the shorter, as already hinted: instead of houses here, you have a rough wooden balustrade, and the black Acheron of an Ouse River used as a washing-place or watering-place for cattle. The old Church, suitable for such a population, stands yet as it did in Cromwell's time, except perhaps the steeple and pews; the flag-stones in the interior are worn deep with the pacing of many generations. The steeple is visible from several miles distance; a sharp high spire, piercing far up from amid the willow-trees. The country hereabouts has all a clammy look, clayey and boggy; the produce of it, whether bushes and trees, or grass and crops, gives you the notion of something lazy, dropsical, gross.—This is St. Ives, a most ancient Cattle-market by the shores of the sable Ouse, on the edge of the Fen-country; where, amongst other things that happened, Oliver Cromwell passed five years of his existence as a Farmer and Grazier. Who the primitive *Ives* himself was, remains problematic: Camden says he was "Ivo a Persian;"—surely far out of his road here. The better authorities designate him as Ives, or Yves, a worthy Frenchman, Bishop of Chartres, in the time of our Henry Beauclerk.

Oliver, as we observed, has left hardly any memorial of himself at St. Ives. The ground he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records or leases being still in existence. It lies at the lower or South-east end of the Town; a stagnant flat tract of land, extending between the houses or rather kitchen gardens of St. Ives in that quarter, and the banks of the River, which, very tortuous always has made a new bend here. If well drained, this land looks as if it would produce abundant grass, but naturally it must be little other than a bog. Tall bushy ranges of willow-trees and the like, at present divide it into fields; the River, not visible till you are close on it, bounding them all to the South. At the top of the fields next to the Town is an ancient massive Barn, still used as such; the people call it "Cromwell's Barn;"—and nobody can prove that it was not his! It was evidently some ancient man's, or series of ancient men's. * * *

In fact, there is, as it were, nothing whatever that still decisively to every eye attests his existence at St. Ives, except the following old Letter, accidentally preserved among the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum. Noble, writing in 1787, says the old branding-irons, "O. C." for marking sheep, were still used by some Farmer there; but these also, many years ago, are gone. In the Parish records of St. Ives, Oliver appears appears twice among some other ten or twelve respectable rate-

payers; appointing, in 1633, and 1634, for "St. Ives cum Slepa" fit annual overseers of the "Highway and Green:"—one of the Oliver Signatures is now cut out. Fifty years ago, a vague old Townclerk had heard from very vague old persons, that Mr. Cromwell had been seen attending divine service in the Church, with "a piece of red flannel round his neck, being subject to inflammation." Certain letters, "written in a very kind style, from Oliver Lord Protector to persons in St. Ives," do not now exist; probably never did. Swords, "bearing the initials of O. C.," swords sent down in the beginning of 1642, when War was now imminent, and weapons were yet scarce,—do any such still exist? Noble says they were numerous in 1787; but nobody is bound to believe him.

Mr. CARLYLE has put in a sort of pleading for CROMWELL, in the form of an address supposed to be spoken by himself, and really in part made up of extracts from his letters and speeches, and interspersed with interjections, supposed, in like manner, to be uttered by his commentators. From this curious document we must take a few passages. It opens thus:—

I was by birth a Gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the Nation: To serve in Parliament, 'and others;' and,—not to be over tedious,—I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man, in those services, to God and His People's Interest, and to the Commonwealth; having, when time was, a competent acceptation in the hearts of men, and some evidences thereof. I resolve not to recite the times and occasions and opportunities, which have been appointed me by God to serve Him in; nor the presence and blessings of God therein bearing testimony to me. [*Well said, and well foreborne to be said!*] Having had some occasions to see, together with my own brethren and countrymen, a happy period put to our sharp Wars and contests with the then common Enemy, I hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labours and hazards: the enjoyment, to wit, of Peace and Liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and a Man, in some equality with others, according as it should please the Lord to dispense unto me. And when, I say, God had put an end to our Wars, or at least brought them to a very hopeful issue, very near an end,—after Worcester Fight,—I came up to London to pay my service and duty to the Parliament which then sat; hoping that all minds would have been disposed to answer what seemed to be the mind of God, namely, To give peace and rest to His People, and especially to those who had bled more than others in the carrying on of the Military affairs,—I was much disappointed of my expectation. For the issue did not prove so. [*Suppressed murmurs from Bradshaw and Company.*] Whatever may be boasted or misrepresented, it was not so, not so! I can say, in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not,—I declined it in my former Speech,—I say, I love not to rake into sores, or to discover nakedness! The thing I drive at is this: I say to you, I hoped to have had leave, 'for my own part,' to retire to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again; and God be Judge between me and all men if I lie in this matter? [*Groans from Dryasdust, scarcely audible in the deep silence.*] That I lie not in matter of fact, is known to very many ["*Hum-m-m!*" *Look of "Yea!" from the Military Party*]: but whether I tell a lie in my heart, I say the Lord be Judge. Let uncharitable men, who measure others by themselves, judge as they please. As to the matter of fact I say it is true. As to the ingenuity and integrity of my heart in that desire,—I do appeal as before upon the truth of that also! —But I could not obtain 'what I desired,' what my soul longed for. And the plain truth is, I did afterwards apprehend some were of opinion (such the difference of their judgment from mine) that it could not well be. I confess I am in some strait to say what I could say, and what is true, of what then followed. I pressed the Parliament, as a member, to period themselves;—once and again, and again, and ten, nay twenty times over. I told them,—for I knew it better than any one man in the Parliament could know it; because of my manner of life, which had led me everywhere up and down the Nation, thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, and of the best of men,—that the Nation loathed their sitting. [*Haselrig, Scott and others looking very grim.*] I knew it. And, so far as I could discern, when they *were* dissolved, there was not so much as the barking of a dog, or any general and visible repining at it! [*How astonishing there should not have been!*] You are not a few here present who can assert this as well as myself. And that there was high cause for their dissolution, is most evident; not only in regard there was a just fear of that Parliament's perpetuating themselves, but because it 'actually' was their design. 'Yes,;' had not their heels been trod upon by importunities from abroad, even to threats, I believe there never would have been 'any' thoughts of rising, or of going out of that Room, to the world's end. I myself was sounded, and, by no mean persons [*O Sir Harry Vane!*], tempted; and proposals were made me to that very end; That the Parliament might be thus perpetuated; that the vacant places might be supplied by new elections;—and so continue from generation to generation. I have declined, I have declined very much, to open these things to you. [*What nobleman would not, your Highness?*] But, having proceeded thus far, I must tell you 'this also:' That poor men, under this arbitrary power, were driven, like flocks of sheep, by forty in the morning; to the confiscation of goods and estates; without any man being able to give a reason why two of them had deserved to forfeit a shilling! I tell you the truth. And my soul, and many persons, whom I see in this place, were exceedingly grieved at these things; and knew not which way to help them, except by our mournings, and giving our negatives when occasion served. I have given you but a taste of miscarriages 'that then were.'

He asserts that he summoned the short Parliament, for the purpose of settling the Nation, and laying down the power which circumstances had thrown into his hands. But their distractions, weaknesses, and jealousies incapacitated them to meet the exigencies of the times, and to save the nation from anarchy he was compelled to dissolve it.

A desire perhaps, I am afraid, sinful enough, To be quit of the Power God had most clearly by His Providence put into my hands, before He called me to lay it down; before those honest ends of our fighting were attained and settled.—I spy, the Authority I had in my hand being so boundless as it was,—for, by Act of Parliament, I was General of all the Forces in the three Nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland; in which unlimited condition I did not desire to live a day,—we called that Meeting, for the ends before expressed. What the event and issue of that Meeting was, we may sadly remember. It hath much teaching in it, and I hope will make us all wiser for the future! But, 'In short,' that Meeting not succeeding, as I already said unto you, and giving such a disappointment to our hopes, I shall not now make any repetition thereof: only the result was, That they came and brought to me a Parchment, signed by very much the major part of them; expressing their re-delivery and resignation of the power and authority that had been committed to them back again into my hands. And I can say it, in the presence of divers persons here, who do know whether I lie in that [*Hum-m-m!*], That I did not know one tittle of that Resignation 'of theirs,' till they all came and brought it, and delivered it into my hands. Of this also there are in this presence many witnesses. [*Yes, many are convinced of it,—some not.*] I received this Resignation; having formerly used my endeavours and persuasions to keep them together. Observing their differences, I had thought it my duty to give advice to them, that so I might prevail with them for union. But it had the effect I told you; and I had my disappointment. When this proved so, we were exceedingly to seek how to settle things for the future. My 'own' Power was again, by this resignation, 'become' as boundless and unlimited as before; all things being subjected to arbitrariness; and myself, 'the only constituted authority that was left,' a person having power over the three Nations, without bound or limit set;—and all Government, upon the matter, being dissolved; all *civil* administration at an end—as will presently appear.

In this singular strain of Carlylism is the death-warrant of CHARLES THE FIRST commented upon:—

"*Ipsis molossis ferociores*, More savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise; shricks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred, think some, in point of horror, to 'the Crucifixion of Christ.' Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Margaret's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you,—when once they are quelled, and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, "My faithful people, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our isle. That is not God;

no, that is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my wash-bowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!"—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment;—and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since! Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honour to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas!—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkeyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Commonwealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest of Anti-Flunkeyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavour* after Heroism and Veracity.

We must not omit the beautiful and affecting picture of this great man bowed down by grief at the death of a beloved daughter, when all the world was awed by the vigour and splendour of his rule.

The Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi, with their splendours, and congratulations about Dunkirk, interesting to the street-populations and general public, had not yet withdrawn, when at Hampton Court there had begun a private scene, of much deeper and quite opposite interest there. The Lady Claypole, Oliver's favourite Daughter, a favourite of all the world, had fallen sick we know not when; lay sick now,—to death, as it proved. Her disease was of internal female nature; the painfullest and most harassing to mind and sense, it is understood, that falls to the lot of a human creature. Hampton Court we can fancy once more, in those July days, a house of sorrow; pale Death knocking there, as at the door of the meanest hut. 'She had great sufferings, great exercises of spirit.' Yes:—and in the depths of the old Centuries, we see a pale anxious Mother, anxious Husband, anxious weeping Sisters, a poor young Frances weeping anew in her weeds. 'for the last fourteen days' his Highness has been by her bedside at Hampton Court, unable to attend to any public business whatever. Be still, my Child; trust thou yet in God; in the waves of the Dark River there too is He a God of help!—On the sixth day of August she lay dead; at rest forever. My young, my beautiful, my brave! She is taken from me; I am left bereaved of her. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.

"His Highness," says Maidston, "being at Hampton Court, sickened a little before the Lady Elizabeth died. Her decease was on Friday, 6th August, 1658; she having long lain under great extremity of bodily pain, which, with frequent convulsion-fits, brought her to her end. But as to his Highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery, in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him; who indeed was an indulgent and most tender Father;—his affections" too "being regulated and bounded by such Christian wisdom and prudence, as did eminently shine in filling up not only that relation of a Father, but also all other relations; wherein he was a most rare and singular example. And no doubt but the sympathy of his spirit with his sorely afflicted and dying Daughter" did break him down at this time; "considering also,"—innumerable other considerations of sufferings and toils, "which made me often wonder he was able to hold up so long; except" indeed "that he was borne up by a Supernatural Power at a more than ordinary rate. As a mercy to the truly Christian World, and to us of these Nations, had we been worthy of him!"—

The same authority, who unhappily is not chronological, adds elsewhere this little picture, which we must take with us: "At Hampton Court, a few days after the death of the Lady Elizabeth, which touched him nearly,—being then himself under bodily distempers, forerunners of that Sickness which was to death, and in his bedchamber,—he called for his Bible, and desired an honourable and godly person there, with others present, To read unto him that passage in *Philippians*, Fourth: '*Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and by all things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me.*' Which read,—said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them: 'This Scripture did once save my life; when my eldest Son' poor Oliver 'died; [date and cause unknown, but probably slain during the first Civil War, in which he served] which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did.' And then repeating the words of the text himself, and reading the tenth and eleventh verses, of Paul's contentation, and submisssion to the will of God in all conditions,—said he: 'It's true, Paul, *you* have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace: but what shall *I* do? Ah poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out! I find it so!' But reading on to the thirteenth verse, where Paul saith, '*I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me*,'—then faith began to work, and his heart to find support and comfort, and he said thus to himself, 'He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too!' And so drew waters out of the well of Salvation."

We might gather half-a-dozen CRITICS full of passages of equal interest, but these will suffice to tempt the reader to turn to the volumes for the rest.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa. By G. TAMS, M.D. Translated from the German, with an Introduction and Annotations, by H. EVANS LLOYD, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 557. London: Newby.

THIS work comes opportunely, just as a solemn decision of the assembled judges of England has pronounced that the treaty with Brazil for the suppression of the slave-trade is waste paper; and it is apparent that, if the object is still to be pursued, it must be by some other means than any that have yet been tried. The fact has long since been ascertained that, notwithstanding the gigantic efforts and enormous sacrifices which Great Britain is yearly offering at the shrine of humanity in her endeavour to destroy the traffic in human flesh, that traffic has increased, is increasing, and the prospect of its suppression is seemingly as far off as ever.

It is certain, then, that ere long the question will be forced upon the British public for decision, whether we shall retire from the struggle in despair, or adopt other modes of warfare with the fiend who now laughs at and eludes our vain blows. To help that decision there could not be a more valuable witness than Dr. TAMS—well-informed—impartial, thoughtful, suggestive, a keen observer, a profound thinker, at once a man of the world and a philosopher.

This work of his is the latest account that has come to us of the condition of the slave-trade in the extensive regions possessed by the Portuguese in South-Western Africa, the result of personal inspection during a visit, brief indeed in point of time, but copious in its information.

The sum of Dr. TAMS's observations upon the present state of the slave-trade in that district is that it is really monopolized by a few individuals, many of whom "are not natives of Portugal, but have been sent to those colonies as convicts, often of the deepest dye; that they are not subject to any control or restriction, but are at liberty to direct every effort to one sole object—the rapid acquisition of wealth; that the slave-trade alone paralyzes every endeavour to improve the boundless commercial advantages which might be derived from the infinite variety and excellence of the natural productions of the country; and that this dominant evil reduces these colonies, which might become the most flourishing in the world, to a state of dependence on Brazil, and even on Europe, not only for many of the luxuries, but even for the daily necessaries of life.

The first step to the reform of this state of things must be the entire abolition by Portugal of the traffic now carried on in her colonies, and the propagation there of Christianity. The translator, in his preface, hints the propriety of the purchase of these territories by Great Britain; but this is a sacrifice that can scarcely be hoped for in present circumstances at home.

With this brief summary of Dr. TAMS's views upon slavery and the slave-trade, we turn to the very interesting and instructive narrative he has preserved of the incidents of his visit, abounding as it does in vivid descriptions of the country and its productions, vegetable and animal, the people, their manners, customs, and characteristics. It would be quite beyond our limits to trace his progress step by step; we shall best consult the amusement of our readers, and best exhibit

the worth of the volumes, by extracting some of the passages that appear to possess the most novelty, commending the inquiring to the work itself for further information. Suffice it to say, that the author departed from Altona on the 28th of June, 1841, and reached San Antonio on the 5th of August following, where he was hospitably received by Mr. FONSECA, the Portuguese agent.

Here is unexpected proof of the progress of

NEGRO CIVILIZATION IN THE CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS.

We scarcely had time to allay our thirst, when a well-drest, corpulent negro bustled into the hut, and demanded "which of us was the doctor to whom he had yesterday sent an invitation?" On the intimation that I was the person, he cordially grasped my hand, and led me in haste through the crowd. By the obsequious manner in which all made way for him, and the aristocratic air with which he returned their salutations, I soon perceived that he was one of the chief people of the place. On reaching the high thick wall which surrounded his house and garden, the gate was opened by a negro servant, one of the few slaves that are to be met with in San Antonio. The garden was planted chiefly with capava, oranges, and guavas; all the trees were laden with fruit, but only the cocoa-nuts and a few bananas were ripe. We proceeded to the house, which, like all the rest, lay at the further end of the garden, through a fine avenue of ancient dates—palms, plantains, and cocoa-nut trees. The beautiful order, both of the house and garden, indicated the wealth and taste of the proprietor. On entering, he immediately conducted me, with an air of conscious pride, to a large old-fashioned Nuremburg clock, which sounded "Cuckoo" every hour, and which he positively assured me was the only one in the island. According to the custom of the country, he then paid me the compliment of placing every thing at my disposal, and concluded by saying, "While you continue under this roof, I shall have the honour to be your guest, and you will be my host." The great man then ordered breakfast to be prepared, and a large table was immediately covered with refreshments. A messenger was despatched for Mr. Wrede and Mr. Grossbendner, our two naturalists, who were still at the inn; a crowd of people followed them uninvited, and, utterly regardless whether or not the company was agreeable to the master of the house, were resolved to have their share in the ample collation which he had provided.

Every luxury which the island afforded was displayed in great profusion; and our host not only set us a good example himself, but was unwearied in inviting us to partake of the good things which were spread out before us. Our repast would have been nowise inferior to an excellent European breakfast, if good potatoes had been substituted for the roasted bananas, and foreign wines for the execrable beverage of the country. We had no bread, but small Brazilian biscuits were handed round, with very fair European butter; and a great variety of preserved tropical fruits, especially oranges, were also passed round with every dish.

Our jovial friend successively drank the health of his guests with extraordinary rapidity; according to etiquette, we were obliged to empty our glasses, and, in proof that we had duly performed our part, we had to sound them upon the table. I must confess, that I was greatly surprised at the decorous behaviour of every person present; and although a great deal of wine was drank, no one appeared to be in the least affected by it.

When our host rose from table, most of the company retired, but he invited me to follow him to that part of the house where his wife and daughters lived in complete seclusion. The separation of the two sexes, and the consequent timidity of the females in the presence of a man, naturally excited my astonishment, because this practice seems wholly at variance with the manners of an insular people, whose chief attraction is a childlike simplicity, and innocent freedom from conventional restraint. This Mahometan institution was introduced into the Cape Verd islands by their intercourse with the countries along the northern coast of Africa, which was formerly much more frequent than at present. Polygamy has not, however, followed as a consequence; at all events is not tolerated here.

On the 11th of October they sailed into the harbour of Benguela, one of the finest on the coast of Western Africa; and there landing, the Doctor found himself for the first time in a country inhabited by negroes. "It was not without repugnance," he says, "that I got upon the back of a sturdy black fellow, whose face was striped with red earth, and held fast by his disgusting greasy hair, till we were fairly on *terra firma*."

Nor were these first impressions effaced by subsequent acquaintance. The Portuguese governor had been sent thither for some misdemeanor, and he appeared to wield his power with little care for aught but his own emolument. The days are scorching; the evening only permits out of door exercise, and then what horrible nights. As witness:—

As soon as darkness sets in, all hurry anxiously home; even the negroes desert the street, or lie round a blazing fire in front of the dwellings, or, if obliged to be abroad, carry lighted torches in their hands to scare away the wild beasts. "Darkness seems to be alive," for the silence of night is broken by the cries of ravenous beasts of prey, chiefly the hyena, whose presence in the town is immediately announced by the howling of the dogs, which slink away in evident terror.

While the European stranger is filled with apprehension at the proximity of such neighbours, the inhabitants, who are accustomed to it from childhood, are almost indifferent to it, although it is by no means unusual for men to fall a prey to these ravenous creatures. Indeed, only a few days before our arrival, a female slave was devoured by a lion close to the town, at noon-day.

Let us subjoin the graphic picture of

A DAY AT BENGUELA.

The terrors of the night are quickly dispelled by the transcendant beauty of the morning. Earth glows in her primeval beauty, all nature smiles in the loveliest verdure, and the delicious coolness of the atmosphere invites every one to enjoy the early dawn. From half-past five till eight o'clock, when the sun gradually dispels the silvery mist that is spread over the earth, is the busiest part of the day, and the time most enjoyed by the European; the merchant then attends to his business, the physician visits his patients, and the negro goes a fishing, or looks to his maize and tapioca, when he cultivates any, which is not often the case.

Suddenly the whole scene changes; the sun begins to shoot down his vertical rays, and the European, who dreads the fierce magnificence of this glorious luminary like the pestilence, retires to his house for the day, while the negro lies down before his hut, smokes tobacco, and basks in the sun; but neither dance nor song is heard. The numerous birds disappear; the little parroquet and the African humming-birds seek the thickest shade; the songsters of the woods are mute, and the plants, which but a moment before looked vigorous and fresh, languidly droop their leaves. The pulses of nature seem to be stopped; every sound is hushed; there is not a breath, not a motion in earth or sky; an unearthly deathlike stillness prevails, which, combined with the oppressive heat, is more trying to bear than all the terrors and discomforts of the night.

All the slave dealers here are Portuguese, and so flourishing in the trade that in the year 1838 nearly 20,000 slaves were exported.

The custom of the negroes is to burn their dead; but this duty is intrusted to one negro. By the existing laws this burning cannot take place till after sunset; then his life is in danger from wild beasts, and he is obliged just to fire the pile and run for it. The flames usually perform their work but imperfectly, and the hyenas do the rest. Of this beast of prey Dr. TAMS gives some interesting particulars.

THE HYENA.

These animals are so numerous in Benguela and its environs, that it is no difficult matter to find hundreds of their holes in the space of half an hour; and not a night passes without their proximity being betrayed by their disagreeable howl. By dint of exertions, the hyena is able, in the course of a few hours during the night, to burrow into the loomy soil, which is hardened by the heat of the sun, and to prepare for itself a subterranean dwelling. In the most busy parts of the town, such pits or burrows are often found in the morning, left in an unfinished state, the animal having been disturbed by the noise of the stirring population. The aversion of the hyena from the light of day is so great, that you may tread upon a pit or den in which it is reposing, without any apprehension; nay, we were not even able to induce it to leave its den, either by hallooing or throwing stones, while four or five of us stood prepared to receive it with our pieces ready cocked.

The mouths of these dens are three or four times as large as a fox's burrow, and run from ten to fifteen feet under ground, when they make a turn, so that it is impossible to reach the animal, while it is crouched in its lair, by stones or shot. The hyena very rarely makes its appearance in the day-time; but during our stay in Benguela, one of them actually lay down in an open space in front of our house, which was situated in the very heart of the town, and was shot at five o'clock in the afternoon. After it was shot, it bit the iron lance which was thrust into its jaw, with such fury, that it broke three of the strongest grinders in pieces.

It strikes me that the hyena is unjustly charged with great cruelty; I made many inquiries, but nobody could adduce a proof to substantiate the accusation. From the concurrent testimony of the inhabitants, the hyena, when not provoked or assailed, never attacks a living man; but the churchyards are its favourite resort, and corpses its favourite food.

The religious ceremonies are curious.

A NEGRO MARRIAGE.

Eight days prior to the marriage, the bride is brought to a solitary hut, where she is daily visited by a negro saint, and anointed with oil over her whole body. This office of the negro saint, though not prevalent in every village, is to give his *protégée* practical instruction in all her future matrimonial duties, and by the performance of various religious ceremonies, to secure for he a happy marriage and a numerous progeny. At the expiration of these eight days, the bride is taken to another dwelling, where for the space of three days, she is treated by her relations and acquaintances like a queen, and receives numerous presents of ornaments and articles of dress; the dowry given by her parents, being chiefly of the latter description. During this time, the bride is entertained with divers religious practices, and especially with dances, which, for the most part, are initiatory to her approaching union; at the expiration of these various rites, the bridegroom takes her to his own home. The whole of the marriage ceremony is distinguished by the name of "Lembamento."

But it is on the occasion of a death that superstition assumes its most hideous form.

An almost universal belief prevails among the negroes, especially in some districts of Benguela, that death is not a natural event; but that the soul of a person previously deceased, or the Fetish of some one still living, has carried off the soul of the individual just departed. In order to obtain certain information on this point, various manœuvres are practised with the corpse, and the most devout and clear-sighted among the natives are consulted for the purpose of ascertaining who was the murderer of the deceased. Suspicion at length falls on the Fetish of some negro, and not unfrequently of a whole family, all of whom must then atone for the crime, either by death or slavery. In some cases, the body is borne by two negroes past every dwelling in the village, till the corpse itself is said to point out the hut of the murderer; and the bearers affirm that the dead man will not suffer himself to be carried any further. Any desire of vengeance, which may have been rankling in the breasts of the relations of the deceased, now acts most powerfully, and woe betide him who has been an enemy to the family. The suspected man cannot even prove his innocence by showing that he was absent at the time of the death; because it is taken for granted that his Fetish is not confined to time or place.

There is, however, a means of justification among the negroes, by which every accusation may be cleared away. It is called "Imbolungo," from the name of a plant whose roots contain a narcotic poison: the accused takes some of this, and the poison either excites vomiting, without any deleterious effect, or narcotic symptoms, in which latter case he is declared guilty of the crime imputed to him, and, as a condemned man, he soon dies from the effects of the poison, unless a well-known antidote be administered, or he is stoned to death.

The Cabindian negroes consult an idol, which they keep in their houses for the purpose. The ceremony is thus performed:—

The negro, seating himself cross-legged on the ground, takes up in a prescribed manner, with his right hand, this idol, or manipancha, as it is called by the Cabindians. It is a small human figure, wretchedly carved in wood, and generally clothed in dirty rags. A glass of brandy or of water is then presented to him, a small portion of which he takes into his mouth, and splutters at his manipancha, in order to dispose of it by this libation for the desired communication. He now commences a low murmuring of unintelligible prayers, and then holds the manipancha to his left ear; after a few minutes, he repeats in a loud voice, the petition or question he has put up to the idol. If his manipancha is not disposed to answer him immediately, which is frequently the case, he again repeats his prayers in the same low tone of voice, and he puts his idol to his ear, to ascertain whether any answer will be accorded.

When the god is won, the negro is seized with violent convulsions, and then he relates to the spectators the communications he has received. The manufacture of these idols is confined to a peculiar class of workmen, who, while engaged upon it, are not allowed to follow any other employment, or to hold intercourse with any of their relations and acquaintances.

At Loanda, Dr. TAMS was introduced to the wife of the Portuguese physician resident there, a Spanish lady, who lived in great luxury. He describes her treatment of her slaves as most cruel. The following statement reverses a trait of human nature usually observed in civilized countries, namely, that a servant makes a bad master:—

The notion which is almost universally prevalent in this country, that the negroes are not men, but, as the Portuguese usually say, *sao macacos* (monkeys), may be a principal cause why the slave in very rare cases only, meets with humane treatment from Europeans; but Donna Catarina, the wife of the physician, seemed to feel a real pleasure in standing in the balcony, and with a fiendish smile, looking upon the poor wretches writhing under the whip. Hence it was, that every one in Loanda preferred purchasing slaves which had been disciplined under the eye of Donna Catarina, and paid a higher price for them than for those which were trained in other houses.

I remarked just now, that the European seldom treats his slaves with lenity; nay, I must candidly confess, that I met with very few instances of the kind; whereas, the native, whom worldly success has made the owner of slaves, never practises such inhuman cruelty; at any rate a case of this kind never came under my notice, either in Benguela or Loanda, although some of the wealthy slave-owners in both towns, who were themselves formerly slaves, have a great number in their immediate service. Thus, for instance, Donna Anna Oberthaly frequently expressed her disapprobation of the cruelty of my hostess, and observed, that there would be no surer means to induce her to amend her conduct, than to receive a severe castigation herself.

Donna Anna was born in the interior of Africa, and brought as a slave to Loanda, where she now lives in great style, and carries on a prosperous trade in slaves; but I must do her the justice to say, that she practises no wanton cruelty, but, on the contrary, treats her dependants with great humanity. None of her numerous slaves bore upon their backs any traces of having suffered punishment; and whenever a grievous fault was committed, she endeavoured to sell the culprit rather than inflict a severe chastisement. Notwithstanding this mild treatment, her people were well trained, and very skilful in all domestic duties.

One of the most curious sights at Loanda is the entrance of

A CARAVAN.

I have often seen caravans, consisting of more than two thousand persons, every one of whom carried some kind of wares. This vast influx of people, from different quarters, their motley appearance, the variety and abundance of their merchandise, their strange dialects, and singular manners, present an ever-changing scene, and give to the streets of Loanda the greatest animation.

However extensive the caravans may be, the people invariably walk in single file, partly on account of the narrowness of the paths, but chiefly from prudential motives, because, if they were at all scattered, a wild beast might easily seize a victim. The negroes who head the caravans always have bells hanging about them, which make a tingling noise at every step, and startle or frighten any wild beast that may happen to be lurking by the road-side; the rear is also brought up by men wearing bells.

It is not always easy, at first sight, to distinguish the few slaves who are intended for sale; they are frequently mixed with the caravan, walk in the line with the rest, and, like them, carry goods; but sometimes they follow the train with their hands tied behind their backs, or with ropes round their necks. If the caravan consists of only a few individuals, conducting a large body of slaves, they are compelled to adopt measures to ensure their own safety, and to provide against running the risk of being murdered in their sleep. In such cases, the slave-leader is provided with a long pole, which is furnished with a kind of fork at the end, into which the neck of the slaves is fixed, the other end is fastened to the body of the leader, who, in this manner, always remains at a safe distance, so that he can, without apprehension, lie down to sleep; at which time the hands of the slave are bound behind his back, that he may not take the opportunity of relieving himself of the fork about his neck.

If the slaves are very numerous, they are fastened to each other with chains or ropes about their necks, and their hands bound; the drivers are of course always well armed, and, on the slightest appearance of danger, will save their own lives by sacrificing those of their slaves.

But we are tempted too much by the novelty and liveliness of these agreeable pages, and already we have trespassed beyond our proper limits. With one more extract we conclude. It is a sketch of

A GOVERNOR'S BALL.

A heterogenous throng of blacks, whites, and mulattoes, all

equally proud of the honour which they enjoy, are here mingled together; among the characters in this motley group, we find a female richly adorned with gold and jewellery, who came to these shores not many years ago, from a province in the interior, as an unhappy slave, and subsequently, by her beauty and her wiles, obtained both liberty and riches. Here was a man who had received his first and only education as a cabin-boy or sailor, and came as a prisoner on board a slave-ship to this coast, where he soon made his fortune. A third, banished from Lisbon for some piece of roguery, and who had been educated and trained in the streets of his native town, here recovered his character, and acquired so much property that he thinks himself entitled to assume great importance. A fourth had his reasons for running away from a company of strolling actors in Madeira, and now carries on a more lucrative kind of trade here. There were possibly some among them whose mind and understanding were rather more cultivated; but at all events, these were so few in number, that they exerted no visible influence on the company.

And here reluctantly we conclude, recommending this narrative to the Book Club and the Library. The first volume alone has yielded the above passages, and the second is equally rich.

FICTION.

La Soubrette; or, the Adventures and Recollections of Theresa Dornay. A narrative founded on facts. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Madden and Malcolm.

We presume that the facts upon which this novel are alleged to be founded are not the adventures of the heroine, but the characters and some of the incidents introduced, the author making the fiction the medium for recording divers persons and scenes witnessed in the course of his personal experiences, and also for the advancement of that which appears to be his main purpose, namely, to exhibit the condition of governesses, and the treatment to which they are subjected. The story opens with an extremely romantic narrative of the loves of Theresa's parents, which are only exceeded by the variety of fortunes that attend herself, from her appearance as a lady's maid, and progress through the different stages of servitude in the condition of a governess, until at last she marries a duke, and becomes a real duchess. But, before the author conducts her to this lofty position, he bids us accompany her into a multiplicity of adventures, some grave, some gay, some painful, some pleasant, and introduces us to many odd and good and bad characters, which bear upon them the intrinsic evidence of verisimilitude, and doubtless were *the facts* alluded to in the title-page. It would be impossible to make any thing like an abstract of a story so abounding in incident, and therefore we will not anticipate the reader's interest by the attempt. The writer, whether lady or gentleman we know not, is evidently unpractised in authorcraft; but there are traces of ability and power which, with practice, will not improbably secure for him a very respectable place among the novelists of the age. He has a quick eye for character, a fertile invention, a plain but vigorous style, and a good sound moral aim, which, rightly and laboriously cultivated, can scarcely fail to accomplish much better things than *La Soubrette*. But this, if it be not among the first of the novels of the season, is certainly entitled to a second place; and if it do no more, it will be sure to interest the reader in the fortunes of the heroine, and tempt him to pursue them to the end. It may be placed upon the list that is not required to be very choice indeed.

Forest and Game Law Tales. By Harriet Martineau. In 3 vols. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 252. London, 1845. Moxon.

Miss Martineau informs us in her preface that a change in the Game Laws being inevitable, it was considered by some of her friends that such change might be more easily and safely accomplished "if a clear knowledge of the operation of the present system on all the parties concerned were more general than it is found to be." And it was at their instigation that she was induced to give her aid towards the advancement of that object, by means of the instrument which she had before wielded so effectively—didactic fiction. Hence the idea of the series of tales, the first volume of which now lies before us.

Miss Martineau has selected three epochs of our history for her illustrations of the Game Laws, and their practical effect upon the population among whom they prevail. This first volume is devoted to the old forest laws of Canute, and those still more stringent enacted by the Norman Kings, and which endured until swept away by the torrent of public indignation in the revolution of 1640. The forthcoming volumes are to illustrate the operation of the milder system that prevailed from the revolution of 1688 to the change of the law in 1831; and an exposition of the working of the existing system, as it affects all the parties related to it.

The first tale is entitled "Merdhin," and is intended to shew the nature and operation of the Forest Law forced upon the Saxons by their Danish conquerors. The second, named "The Manor and the Eyrie," is laid in the times of the early Norman Kings. The third, "The Staunch and their Work," descending somewhat later, exhibits the ultimate effects of those harsh laws upon the happiness of the people; and the fourth, which closes the volume, and is entited, "Old Landmarks and Old Laws," traces the still more remote consequences to the point where endurance had been carried to the utmost, and humanity was about to rise in rebellion against intolerable oppression.

As a literary production, independently of their political purposes, these tales are, in all respects, worthy of the past fame of the authoress. Like her other works of the same class they have an interest as fictions, perfectly apart from the lessons they are designed to teach. Indeed, so excellent are the narratives, that we are apt to forget the moral intended to be taught in the absorbing attraction of the story. Whether the reader will draw for himself the conclusions designed to be impressed upon him is a problem that might admit of doubt; but there will be no question as to the great ability with which Miss Martineau has accomplished her task, nor that this new series of didactic fictions will command a popularity scarcely less than that enjoyed by its predecessors. Whatever the reader's individual opinions upon the subject to which they are devoted, he cannot fail to reap both instruction and amusement from the perusal of these *Forest and Game Law Tales*, which may be safely ordered by all book-clubs, and even placed with advantage in circulating libraries.

Elinor Wyllys: a Tale. Edited by J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. London, 1845. Bentley.

This, too, is a borrowed book, but it has less cause to fear or shrink from the notice of an honest adviser of the circulating-library-keepers than some others that are withheld from us. We have already, more than once, denounced the system of "editing" novels, as intended to impose upon the unwary through a mistaking of the name of the editor for that of the author. Although this is really not Cooper's, but the production of a lady friend of his, still it is not less obnoxious to the complaint. A novel is not a work to be edited. What does the editor do, or add, or change, or write? Nothing. He but lends his name to the title-page. With what intent? Can any body doubt? In this instance it may have been to serve a friend, as in others there is the disgraceful bargain of a sale of the name for so much hard money. But although this alters the complexion of the business as between the parties, it by no means changes its character in relation to the public.

However, *Elinor Wyllys* is really better than most of those introduced to the world in this discreditable fashion. It is a tale of American middle-class life, not remarkable for novelty of plot, incident, or character, but written with an easy, and almost graceful pen, exhibiting a good deal of sentiment, conveying a sound moral, and marked throughout by good taste. It is one of those average productions which admit neither of praise nor censure; which has no special claims upon the circulating library; which it would be wise not to order unless in lack of novelty more attractive; but which will pass muster, and even hold a respectable place among, the multitudes on the shelves.

The Chainbearer; or, the Littlepage Manuscripts. Edited by the Author of "The Spy," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Bentley.

Another of Mr. Cooper's foster-children, obnoxious to the same remarks as *Elinor Wyllys*. But there is a grave

objection to this work, which our librarian readers will thank us for pointing out to them. Would it not appear from the title-page that this is a novel, and might not some be tempted to order it as such? Now, what is the fact? It is no novel at all. There is a sort of tale that occupies about one volume, and the remainder is filled with essays on American society, manners, scenery, &c. &c. very little interesting to the English reader, and certainly possessing no such merits as compositions as to entitle them to preservation in a collected form. Great would be the grumbling of the subscribers to the library were this work to be sent them as the last new novel, and great would be the indignation of the librarian if he had ordered it in ignorance of the true nature of its contents. If THE CRITIC do no more, we shall save him many pounds a year, simply by guarding him against deceptive title-pages and advertisements.

The Young Baronet: a Novel. By the Author of "The Scottish Heiress," "The Young Widow," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Newby.

The Young Baronet amply redeems the promise contained in the author's previous publications. "The Scottish Heiress" was especially rich in auguries of the future, when experience should have come to the aid of genius, and age have somewhat tamed the exuberance of fancy, and checked the overflowing of words. In every particular where it was needed is improvement visible here; and that without any sacrifice of real merits. We can have no hesitation in pronouncing *The Young Baronet* by far the best of the author's fictions, whether in its plot, its portrait-painting, its descriptions, or its dialogues. As with its predecessors, the scene is laid in Scotland, with whose people the author is evidently familiar. The time is our own epoch, the year of grace 1832: the incidents are such as may be found continually enacted in the world we live in; the characters such as we meet or might find if we looked for them. Nothing is far-fetched or extravagant either in the story or its telling. The author is evidently a keen observer of men and things, although we should surmise, from the manner in which some scenes are handled, not one who has enjoyed a very extensive intercourse with society; life has not been seen in all its forms, and a few of those attempted to be depicted are manifestly rather pictures of the fancy or copies after books than sketches from nature. But when the subject admits of a personal inspection, nothing can be more vivid and truthful than the drawing the novelist takes of it: the landscape lives before us; the man moves and speaks. The oft-told tale of an election is repeated in these pages, but the author has contrived to throw into it a fresh interest, and to present it in a new aspect, perhaps because the opportunity has been taken to infuse the realities of the Reform Bill and Scotch Kirk agitations into the business of the scene.

We had some thought of presenting a short outline of the plot, but upon reconsideration we have determined not to do so, inasmuch as it greatly mars the reader's pleasure, and can be of little real service to the author. Nor would extracts interest without the contexts; nay, scarcely could they be made intelligible. Thus, to present isolated passages from scenes is unfairly to place the author before the public for judgment; and to take scenes entire would be foreign to the plan of THE CRITIC, and an encroachment upon its space, which other claims would not permit. Nor in this case is any such exhibition of style needful, for the author is already familiar to most novel-readers; no other introduction can now be required than of the name of any new work from that well known pen, with the expression of such a general opinion as may serve to guide the circulating libraries in their orders and the reader in borrowing, and to both we can with confidence recommend *The Young Baronet*.

Household Tales and Traditions of England, Germany, France, Scotland, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 188. London, 1845. Burns.

THIS volume of the *Fireside Library* will be welcomed by the young people every where, and if others retain the same love as we do for the fictions that charmed their boyhood, by men and women too, as a gathering of the tales and traditions now dimly dwelling in the memory, or only to be found scattered about in numerous volumes, or in stranger languages. No less than fifty-two of these fine old fictions are here presented, tastefully printed, and embellished with spirited woodcuts, and who is there who will not be pleased to renew his acquaintance with them in such an attire? It will not be the least acceptable volume of this unique series.

POETRY.

St. Lawrence's Well; a Fragmentary Legend of the Isle of Wight. By HENRY BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq. London, 1845. Madden and Malcolm.

IN external beauty this volume is unique: it is the most chaste and elegant specimen of binding we have seen, and the typography exhibits equal taste. For this alone, and as a mere ornament for the drawing-room table, it will deserve attention and command a sale. As for the poetry, it is of the class that calls for no special comment, either in the way of applause or censure. It is of the average quality of amateur verses. The author has no pretensions to the title of a poet in the true sense of that term; but he composes very respectable rhymes, unimpeachable metre, and in these he clothes his legend, which he tells very much as it would be told by any educated person accustomed to composition, but without any of the original thoughts which, when the eye lights upon them, the mind instantly recognises as the utterings of genius, the flash of inspiration.

The Maiden Aunt: a Comedy. By RICHARD BRINSLEY KNOWLES. 12mo. pp. 63. London, 1845. Moxon.

OUR dramatic record has already given an account of the plot of this drama and its reception. Perusal of it does not change the opinion there given. It is not quite a failure, and yet it is not successful; but something of this may be due to youth and inexperience. It wants the fine bits of poetry that continually flash upon us in the works of the father, and too often it descends into *very* commonplace. There is promise in it, however, and with study and perseverance Mr. KNOWLES may yet maintain the reputation of his name as a dramatist. But we would advise him, before he again appears either upon the stage or in print, to submit his manuscript to a judicious friend, with absolute power to alter or expunge. Had he so done with this, it would have given less occasion for critical comment, and might have secured more applause.

RELIGION.

The Plea of Conscience for seceding from the Catholic Church to the Romish Schism in England. By W. SEWELL, B.D. *To which is prefixed, An Essay on the Power of Conscience.* 8vo. pp. 53. Oxford, 1845. Parker.

THIS is the substance of a sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on the 5th of November. The subject, as its title implies, is the melancholy one of the recent secessions from the English Church. Mr. SEWELL, it will be remembered, was one of those who, at the commencement of the movement, materially helped it onward by his advocacy; but instead of going forward upon the path himself had opened, he has been one of the first to turn back. His orthodoxy having been thus exposed to suspicion, he appears to have taken the opportunity to re-establish himself by attacking those who, if misled, were so by him and with him, and they have been made peace-offerings for the security of his own fellowship and other good things, which seem to have turned the scale in his mind when balancing between his faith and his fortunes. The *Plea* is eloquently written, for Mr. SEWELL is really a very able man; but we must confess that it comes with an ill grace from him. Still, it cannot fail to attract all who have interested themselves in the recent schism.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Gallery of Literary Portraits. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. 8vo. pp. 443. Edinburgh, 1845. Tait.

IF these *Portraits* have not already appeared in some periodical, they ought to have done so; for, read singly at intervals, they would have shewn to more advantage than in this their collected form. The idea is not a novel one; it was

first started, we believe, by HAZLITT, in the *Examiner*, and its popularity has led to countless imitations, with which newspapers and magazines were deluged for many years. Of late, however, they have gradually passed out of fashion, or at least, out of sight, and Mr. GILFILLAN'S volume really took us by surprise, for we had scarcely expected again to meet with such, after the contempt into which a design, not in itself a bad one, was brought by the caricatures of GRANT.

Now Mr. GILFILLAN is really very superior to his immediate predecessor in the same walk: he is no penny-a-liner; he does not take his portraits after the fashion of the reporters of the police-offices; unlike Mr. GRANT, he does not exhaust the dictionary in describing the cast of the features, and the cut of the clothes, and the peculiarities in the speech and motions of his subjects. The mind is his study; his purpose is to measure the capacities of the genius of each of his heroes as deducible from his acts, and speech, and writings. This is a more exalted aim; it is high art; a large intellect is required in the limner who could successfully accomplish this: he must possess acute perceptions, and comprehensive powers of reasoning; he must be well versed in the physiology and philosophy of mind; he needs extensive experience of the world and of men, with courage to express his opinions, and eloquence to maintain them.

Mr. GILFILLAN has some of these qualifications. He can read a man's book, and say to what mental faculties its various features are due. He readily recognises the excellences and the defects of whatever is submitted to his contemplation. He is wanting chiefly in the wisdom which only age and experience can bring to a man. In his preface he remarks truly, that the life of every thinking man may be divided into three eras,—the era of admiration, the era of action, andthe era of repose. His is evidently that of admiration; and hence he sometimes colours too warmly, and forgets the shadows. Still there are undoubted evidences in this volume of an ability, which, when he arrives at the era of action, will make him a useful and a prosperous man, provided that he will really pass from contemplation to action, and keep the ideal under subjection to the practical; not expelling it altogether, for that would be to err the other way; but using it for the embellishment of his life, and not for its business.

But this by the way. *Our* business is now with his volume, which contains some six-and-twenty pen-and-ink portraits of the most distinguished literary characters of our age, some of them having the further attraction of a lithographed portrait. They all exhibit both the merits and the defects we have described above, but all are interesting, and will reward perusal, if the reader will but take care not to read too many in succession; for then there is a certain reiteration of phrase and uniformity of feature, unavoidable we admit, but still somewhat wearisome. It would not suit our space to examine the correctness of the judgment he passes upon the various intellects over which his glance is cast. To many we can cordially subscribe; from others we should entirely dissent. This must be the amusement of the reader, who will doubtless enjoy the task of comparing the estimates of Mr. GILFILLAN with his own, and correcting his opinion by such sufficient reasons as he may find adduced in these pages. It is a work very well calculated for the book-club, where a variety of tastes are to be consulted; for every body will here find something said about somebody in whom he feels an interest. We must content ourselves with a few miscellaneous extracts, that will best shew the manner of Mr. GILFILLAN'S composition, and bear witness to the justice of the comment we have ventured.

ROBERT HALL'S WIT.

We must not omit, while enumerating his intellectual qualities, to notice his wit, which, we think, discovers the fertility and power of his mind, more than his serious writing. We find striking specimens of it in the conversational fragments which have been preserved, and also in his political writings and his reviews. It is as sparkling and pointed as Johnson's, and far more broad and daring. He carried it with him to the madhouse. It is told, that when visited in his confinement by some person he did not like, and who asked him in a whining tone of affected condolence, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Touching his brow, Hall answered, "What'll never bring you, sir,—too much brain." Sometimes his love of point hurried him to the brink of the profane. Talking of Dr. Ryland, he said once, "Why, sir, Dr. Ryland's all piety; all piety together, sir. If there were not room in heaven, God would turn out an archangel for him." No one save Hall could or would have said this: "Is it true, Mr. Hall, that you are to marry Miss So-and-so?" "I marry Miss So-and-so! I would as soon marry Beelzebub's eldest daughter, and go home and live with the old folks." Frequentlyhis repartee is as happy as it is bold. That in calling Dr. Owen a "continent of mud," he has only stated the truth, will be owned by most who have tried to flounder through his intolerable tediousness. And what can be better than his reply to Horsley, who, for his political opponents, had offered up a prayer in the spirit of an indictment: "Miserable men, they are yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity." "Plenty of the first article," he says, "they must have, after he has distilled his own; and if the bonds of iniquity are not added, it is only because they are not within the reach of his mighty malice." Many other specimens, published and unpublished, might be given, but let these suffice.

DR. CHALMERS.

His appearance and mode of speaking have been often described. His eye, especially when excited, has a gray glare of insanity about it; his brow is broad rather than lofty; his step quick and eager; his accents fast and hurrying; his pronunciation barbarous; his gesture awkward; his delivery monotonous; but, need we say? all these defects are forgotten and drowned in the fierce and rapid stream of his eloquence. We have seen his face flushing up, like crystal goblet when filled with wine, as he warmed with his theme: his eye the while almost starting out of its socket, as if determined, in spite of itself, to become eloquent. No one quotes poetry with more effect, and we have heard him give to a doggrel hymn an effect almost sublime. In private he is the most benign and cordial of men; a generous critic, and a warm sympathizer with every species of genuine excellence. Altogether, with many of his peculiar views we do not coincide; though with the flatteries of his parasites we do not agree; though we do not think him a Jeremy Taylor, nor a Barrow, nor a Chrysostom, nor a Burke; we are free to confess, that he is a good, a wise, an honest, and a great man.

THE GENIUS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyle is a Scottish German: he has grafted on a strong original stock of Scottish earnestness, simplicity, shrewdness, and humour, much of the mysticism, exaggeration, and eccentricity of his adopted country. Even though he had never read a page of the Teutonic grammar, he would have been distinguished as a man of original powers, profound sincerity, and indomitable perseverance. But, having studied and swam, for years together, in the sea of German learning, like a levinthan, he has become a kind of literary monster, German above, and Scottish below. The "voice is Jacob's, the hands are Esau's." He is a hybrid. The main tissue of his mind is homely worsted; but he has dyed it in the strangest colours, derived from Weimar and Bayreuth. Endued by nature with a "strong in-kneed soul," and fitted to be a prose Burns, he has become a British Richter. We have sometimes doubted if he did not *think in German*. Assuredly, he writes in it, uses its idioms, practises its peculiarities of construction; not merely defends, but exemplifies its most daring liberties, and spreads his strong wing over its glaring defects. Although possessed of unbounded originality, he long contented himself with being a gigantic echo-cliff to the varied notes of the German lyre, rendering back its harsh discords, as well as its soft and soul-like sounds. And here lies at once the source of his defects and his merits. One who is unacquainted with German authors reads Carlyle with the utmost amazement: he is so utterly different from every other writer; his unmeasured sentences; his irregular density; his electric contrasts; his startling asseverations; his endless repetitions; the levity in which his most solemn and serious statements seem to swim; the air of mild, yet decisive scorn, with which he tosses about his thoughts, and characters, and the incidents of his story; the unearthly lustre at which he shews his shifting panoramas; his peculiar, and patched-up dialect; the singular terms and terminations which he uses, in unscrupulous abundance; the far and foreign strain of his allusions and associations; the recondite profundity of his learning, and those bursts of eloquent mysticism which alternate with yet wilder bursts of uncontrollable mirth and fuliginous irony,—produce an "altogetherness" of impression exceedingly startling. But, to one acquainted with German, the mystery is explained. Some, at least, of the peculiarities we have mentioned, are seen to be those of a whole literature, not of a solitary *littérateur*; and he who laughs at Carlyle must be prepared to extend his derision to the sum and substance of German genius. Still we doubt, along with Johnson, Foster, and critics of equal name, if any human understanding has a right to form, whether by affectation, or imitation, or translation, a dialect entirely and ostentatiously singular. A peculiar diction, it is true, has been considered by some one of the immunities of intellectual sovereignty; but he who adopts a uniformly uncommon mode of enunciating his ideas, and, still

more, he who transplants his style from a foreign country, does it at his peril, subjects himself to ugly and unjust charges, injures his popularity and influence, and must balance the admiration of the initiated few, with the neglect or disgust of the ignorant or malignant many.

But the defects to which we have referred, being chiefly of style and manner, rarely of substance, and never of spirit, form but a feeble counterpoise to his merits; his "pictorial omnipotence;" his insight into the motives and minds of men; his art of depicting character, often by one lightning word; his sardonic and savage humour; his intense hatred of the false, and love of the true; his bursts of indignant declamation and spiritual pathos; his sympathies with all power which is genuine; all genius which is unaffected, and all virtue which is merciful; his philosophy, at once mystic and homely,—obscure, indeed, in its premises, but most practical in its results; and, above all, that almost religious earnestness, which casts over all his writings the shadow of deep seriousness. We know not what Carlyle's creed may be, but we honour his reverence for the religious principle in man. No one has a deeper sense of the Infinite and of the Eternal; no one has knelt with more solemn awe, under the soul-quelling shadow of the universe, or looked up with a more adoring eye to the "silent Immensity and palace of the Eternal, of which our sun is but a porch-lamp." No one has expressed a higher reverence for the "Worship of Sorrow;" and it was "worth a thousand homilies" to hear him, as we were privileged to do, talking for four miles of moonlit road, with his earnest, sagacious voice, of religion, baring, ever and anon, his head, as if in worship, amid the warm, slumberous August air.

And thus of a kindred spirit,—

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Perhaps of a higher order than any we have named, is Ralph Waldo Emerson. He is the most original mind America has hitherto produced. After centuries of imitative slavery, it has at length born a native man. He has come straight from the wilderness, dripping with the dew of the aboriginal woods, and touched with their mild and solemn darkness. He is the first of a brood of Titans, who, in his own words, shall yet "laugh and leap on the continent, and run up the mountains of the west on the errands of Genius and Love." His province intellectually has been, to try to map out the domains of "Cloudland," and from the thick darkness of mysticism to protrude certain sharp points and brilliant edges of meaning. He has united in his single self much of the abstruse conception of the German, the ethereal subtlety of the Greek, and the practical acuteness of the American understanding. His insight is quiet and keen, may be called rather a mild, warm breath of enthusiasm passing over all things, and solving them as it goes by. He sees because he has first loved, and to this soft key what lock but must yield. His utterances are abrupt, and scattered amid much surrounding darkness, and remind you of those tongues of flame which you sometimes see high up amid the smoke, and cut off from the fire beneath. On the wide moor of his thought stands up, every now and then, a little sentence, like a fairy, and tells us the way. His power comes and goes, like spasms of shooting pain. But then, how lucid are his intervals! They are like those intense bits of blue we catch through summer clouds. To be so oracular in his power and mystery, and so practical withal—to be at home in the rarest regions of thought, and yet have an eye so keenly alive to the proprieties of every-day life, and the niceties of domestic economy—to have written at one time the "Oversoul," and at another "Prudence"—is the highest praise we can bestow on Emerson. His scenery has a fearless Americanism about it. He hates to talk of "Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean and the river Po." His own woods, that seem to "wait" till he has passed that they may resume their mystic converse—the clouds forming themselves into cherubic shapes above his lonely walk—the wind coming to him from the depth of the forest, with music and meaning on its wings—are dearer far to him; and sweet to his ear is the rustle of his own green or yellow corn.

From these partial extracts it will be seen that in his composition Mr. GILFILLAN shews the usual faults of young writers,—exuberance of similes, and an occasional inflation of style, as if sounding words were great thoughts, and to pile up epithets were to produce the expressive or the sublime. But these are defects which age and practice will certainly cure, and which, in the youthful, lean to virtue's side.

The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion; comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland, which obtained the gold medal and prize of the Royal Irish Academy. By GEORGE PETRIE, R.H.A. V.P.R.I.A. Second Edition. Dublin, 1845. Hodges and Smith.

THE Round Towers of Ireland have been a fruitful theme for speculation among antiquaries, and numberless are the conjectures that have been hazarded as to their age, their origin, and their uses. Some have attributed them to the Danes, others to the earlier Pagans, others have called them Phœnician or Eastern. They who maintain their Pagan origin assert that they were either fire-temples, or places from which to proclaim Druidical festivals, or astronomical observatories, or Phallic emblems or Bhuddist temples. Then, again, it is contended by another section of inquirers, that these towers are of Christian origin, and five conjectural uses have been assigned to them:—1. That they were anchorite towers; 2. That they were penitential prisons; 3. That they were belfries; 4. That they were keeps, or monastic treasure-houses; 5. That they were watch-towers, or beacons.

Mr. PETRIE reviews at some length each of these hypotheses, and shews conclusively that it cannot be supported either by known facts or by reasonable argument; and then he proceeds with a statement of his own opinion, and adduces a vast mass of evidence, historical, topographical, and architectural, upon which it has been based.

He appears to have proceeded upon the only satisfactory plan, a careful examination of all the existing Round Towers, with the purpose of noting their peculiarities, both of position and form and structure, and, by comparison, discovering in what particulars they agree or differ. He has then searched the ancient records, and every other probable source of information, for such facts or notices as might contribute to throw light upon their history. He has done more: he has examined, also, for the purpose of comparison with the towers, not only all the vestiges of early Christian architecture remaining in Ireland, but those of monuments of known or probable Pagan origin.

The results of this singular industry and research are now before us in a large and handsome volume, abounding in novel and curious learning, handsomely printed and illustrated, with numerous engravings, and altogether forming one of the most remarkable contributions to the archæology and the early history of Ireland, which has ever been offered by any of her sons.

The conclusions at which Mr. PETRIE has arrived from his laborious researches are thus stated:—

I. That the towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods, between the fifth and thirteenth centuries.

II. That they were designed to answer, at least twofold use; namely, to serve as belfries, and as keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics, to whom they belonged would retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attacks.

III. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

These conclusions, which have been already advocated *separately* by many distinguished antiquarians—among whom are Molyneux, Ledwick, Pinkerton, Sir Walter Scott, Montmorenci, Brewer, and Otway—will be proved by the following evidences:—

For the FIRST CONCLUSION,—namely, that the towers are of Christian origin:

1. The towers are *never* found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations.
2. Their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the *original* churches with which they are locally connected when such remain.
3. On several of them Christian emblems are observable, and others display, in the details, a style of architecture universally acknowledged to be of Christian origin.
4. They possess, invariably, architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of Pagan times.

For the SECOND CONCLUSION,—namely, that they were intended to serve the double purpose of belfries, and keeps, or castles, for the uses already specified:

1. Their architectural construction, as will appear, eminently favours this conclusion.

2. A variety of passages, extracted from our annals and other authentic documents, will prove that they were constantly applied to both these purposes.

For the THIRD CONCLUSION, namely, that they may also have been occasionally used as beacons and watch-towers.

1. There are some historical evidences which render such an hypothesis extremely probable.
2. The necessity which must have existed in early Christian times for such beacons and watch-towers, and the perfect fitness of the round towers to answer such purposes, will strongly support this conclusion.

These conclusions—or, at least, such of them as presume the towers to have had a Christian origin, and to have served the purpose of a belfry, will be further corroborated by the uniform and concurrent tradition of the country, and, above all, by the authentic evidences which shall be adduced relative to the erection of several of the towers, with the names and eras of their founders.

We can confidently recommend this very learned and curious work as indispensable to the historical and topographical library.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

The Cross of Berney (*Roman Steeple Chase*). By the Viscount CHARLES DE LAUNAY, MERY, THEOPHILE GAUTIER, and JULES SANDEAU. 2 vols. 1845.

THIS is, in every respect, an extraordinary performance; strange in its subject, in its construction, and even in its title, which it may be as well to observe, *en passant*, has nothing to do with the work whatever. The four gentlemen whose names figure as its authors are all popular writers, and are all easily recognised by their style. The book consists of a collection of letters, each writer having adopted a personage whom he carries out to the end. M. DE LAUNAY is readily detected by his Anglophobia; M. MERY, by the almost singular fact among his contemporaries, of the appropriate and correct application and orthography of an occasional English word; M. GAUTIER, by his affectation of universal travel; and M. SANDEAU by delicacy of sentiment, and a perfect knowledge of the female heart.

The story—what there is of it—is as amusing as it is impossible; while it is evident that those who wrote it have been, in this instance, resolute literary wrestlers, each trying his strength against the other, and bringing to bear in the combat all his resources of style, study, and observation; leaving the fable to work itself out as it could in the struggle. There is strong evidence upon the face of it, that its actual catastrophe was not originally contemplated.

The heroine, Irene de Chateaudun, bereft, at the age of eighteen, of the duke-marshal, her father, the duchess, her mother, and all her property, has hired a garret in the Marais, where she supports herself, as she best may, by her pencil. As it is necessary, in order to accomplish this somewhat difficult undertaking, that she should labour throughout a great portion of the night, she at length becomes interested by perceiving that a second lamp, burning late and early like her own, is visible at the narrow window of another garret, separated from her own by a garden, whose tall trees form a screen between the two lights. She gradually compels a wild sort of companionship from this circumstance; and, eventually deciding that the attic must be inhabited by some poor and painstaking student, she falls deeply and hopelessly in love with the vision of her own fancy. She even walks out in the twilight to endeavour to identify the house, in which she of course fails; and when, at the end of two years, she regains possession, by some extraordinary chance which is left in mystery, the whole of her enormous fortune, and returns to the world from which her previous misfortunes had banished her, she carries with her to the chaperonage of her mother's friend the Duchesse de Langeac, as pretty a passion as ever was engendered by a phantasy. Her antecedents, by another unrevealed singularity, remain undiscovered by society, and she consequently appears, in the very centre of fashionable life, a novelty and a problem to every one.

In the first ranks of the *élite* of Parisian light figures, at this particular period, a certain Prince Roger de Monbert, about whom the reader knows precisely as little as the French public know of Mademoiselle de Chateaudun. There he is, however, just returned from travelling over the whole globe, and walking to and fro upon the earth. He is a personification of twenty rabid travellers rolled into one—a *consommé* of tourists—and a formidable rival to Messrs. VAN AMBURGH and CARTER in his struggles and triumphs over the brute creation. Here is his description of Irene on her first appearance in public:—

A NEW BEAUTY.

She was seated in a box on the lower tier, and the natural distinction of her attitude was the first thing which struck me. Placed in the centre of admiration, she bore her triumph with the ease of a woman habituated to her beauty. In order to put every one at their ease, she had, with considerable art, assumed a position of artistic contemplation. You might have believed her to be really absorbed by the music, or following the advice of the Tuscan poet:

> Bright Angel, lingering here below,
> Let others gaze, but gaze not thou.

From the distance at which I was seated I could only distinguish the outline of her figure, for I look upon the rise of a *lorgnette* in such a case as a rudeness of a polite kind. Nevertheless, she appeared to me to justify the concert of admiration which eyes and lips had alike raised around her. Once, for a moment, the fair unknown leant gracefully towards the lower stalls, and protruded her face beyond the shadow of the box into the full blaze of the gas-lights; and it seemed like a vision, which, by an optical delusion, approached and dazzled me. * * * Beside the beautiful stranger I saw a large fan opening and shutting with a certain affectation; but it was only at the tenth evolution of this fan that I raised my eyes to the face of the woman who carried it. This woman was my nearest relative; consequently it was the Duchesse de Langeac. The fair unknown was therefore a friend of the Duchess. Another instant, and the termination of the act would place me in a position envied by all the people in the Opera.

When the curtain fell I left my box, and walked hastily for a moment in the lobby before I presented myself. My reception over, the Duchess at once placed me at my ease by addressing me abruptly, as she had guessed my embarrassment. Women, moreover, have an exquisite and supernatural perception of all that relates to love. Every thing, they divine every thing; it is frightful!

The Duchess named Mademoiselle de Chateaudun and myself to each other, as if to terminate with all speed the ceremonies of a presentation, and touching a chair with the end of her fan,

"My dear Roger," she said, "it is easy to perceive that you have have just arrived from every where except from the civilized world. I had addressed twenty salutations to you, and you had not done me the honour to return them. The music absorbed you, did it not? The savages do not perform *La Favorita*, so they continue savages. How do you like our baritone? He sang his *aria* with a sensibility that was adorable."

While the Duchess was speaking, I glanced twice at Mlle. de Chateaudun, and I understood the admiration which she excited in the house. * * * After exchanging a few more of those unmeaning words which are the skirmishers of conversation, we began to chat as people do between the acts when they are conscious that all the eyes in the house are on their box, compelling them to think of themselves, and to affect at the same time an utter ignorance of all that is going forward beyond it. In order to conceal my agitation, I had given a light tone to our conversation, of which it will suffice for me to give you one short specimen.

"Yes, mademoiselle," I said, in reply to some incidental question; "music has become in our time an universal want. It is France which is commissioned to amuse the human species. Suppress our theatre, Paris, and the Opera, and the universe would sink into an incurable lethargy. You cannot form an idea of the *ennui* by which the world's map is overrun. Happily, Paris sends to the province of the two Indies all the charming noise that it makes when it dethrones a king. One day Calcutta was at the point of death; it was about to expire of *ennui*. The East-India Company is rich, but it is not amusing; with all its treasures it could not purchase a smile for Calcutta. Paris sent out *Robert le Diable*, *La Ninette de Portici*, and some plays by Hugo and Dumas; Calcutta forthwith began to recover, and is now perfectly well. Chandernagor, its neighbour, was saved too into the bargain. In 1842, when I left the island of Bourbon, the playbills announced *La Favorita*, and the population awoke to life with delight. *Guillaume Tell* saved Madras from the spleen. When an equinoctial city is attacked by consumption, it turns to Paris with a hand outstretched, to receive both charity and cure, like a pauper at the door of a rich physician, and Paris forwards to that client beyond seas a bundle of scores, of books, and of journals. Paris does not seem to be aware of this fact. Its self-abnegation is stoical. Paris says a thousand bitter things of itself every day; it declares itself to be in a state of decay, and to be inferior to the Paris of former days, particularly during the Great Century: it asserts that it has lost all influence

among the nations: it exclaims that it is in the state of the Lower Empire: it builds up four-and-twenty leagues of fortification to sustain a siege against Mahomet II.: it weeps over its decay: it accuses heaven of having refused to all its children of 1844 genius, intellect, and talent, which used formerly to be rained down in prose and verse. The universe alone does not agree with Paris. You may consult the universe; I myself know it, for I have just returned from thence."

Ex pede Hercules! We have here introduced our reader to the hero as well as to the heroine. Was not this a pretty, puerile, pitiful prattle for a prince? was not this a romantic veil to cast over the "agitation" which he was anxious to conceal? And Mlle. de Chateaudun, within a couple of months, was his affianced wife, so well did she relish the taste which she had of his wit. Did she then love him? What had become of the "slave of the lamp?" To the first query we answer "no," but his addresses flattered her vanity. She thought that she should like to be the wife of a man who had hugged bears in Greenland, escaladed harem walls in Turkey, lighted his pipe at the crater of Vesuvius, cooled his claret in the snows of Mont Blanc, been dug from under an avalanche at the Great St. Bernard, eaten horseflesh in an Indian wigwam, and tried the real Hottentot ointment "upon the spot." He was handsome, too, and rich, and a prince: and Irene was vain, and, as her story betrays, egotistical to a wonder. And thus, as she probably felt that *Pierre vallait bien Paul*, she consented to become Madame la Princesse de Monbert.

The Bude light of the *Chaussée d'Antin* had eclipsed the humble night-lamp of the *Marais*. Such love as this could not, however, be suffered to "run smooth;" and accordingly Mademoiselle de Chateaudun conceives the idea of a game at hide-and-seek with her affianced lord; and, informing her chaperon that she is about to visit a sick friend, she suddenly leaves Paris, and resuming the feigned name by which she had seen fit to pass during her years of poverty, she starts by the diligence to the little town of Pont-de-l'Arche, in the department of the Eure, accompanied by her old nurse, on a visit to the postmistress, who chanced to be her landlady in the Marais. Here the beautiful heiress submits to all the privations of a scanty income, and to the contact of very undeniable vulgarity, in order to convince herself that the roving prince is possessed of sufficient energy to commit some act of despair on her disappearance; and, meanwhile, she makes a conquest in the diligence of the young lord of the manor, who, to his mamma's extreme uneasiness, persists in carrying his own letters to the post, and in making warm love to the young widow, Madame Albert Guérin (for such is her chosen pseudonyme). As, however, the passion of M. de Meilhan only forms the amusement of a few of her hours, and as she finds the time hang heavy in the dull little town, she falls back, as a matter of course, upon the lamp of the Marais. Pages upon pages of sentiment does she write upon this subject to a chosen friend who is in her confidence, and who appears from certain allusions to the advice which she gives (for her letters are suppressed), to be a very sensible, plaingoing mother of a family; in short, the poor prince is soon sadly at a discount, and she herself more than ever enamoured of the ideal of her own imagination.

At length she does indeed meet "the spirit of the lamp;" and, as a natural consequence, when the fine, dark-haired, magnificent cavalier, and the fair and wealthy lady come in contact, they at once recognise the object of the spell by which each has been so long bound; but the gentleman sees only in Irene the beautiful, but plebeian, young widow labouring for a subsistence; and very rationally resolves not to disclose to her this romantic link which he has himself, without knowing why, established between them, but at once to leave the neighbourhood, rather than involve himself in at attachment which his family would never be induced to recognise. The modern Ariadne is in despair, and she flits to Paris in order to watch the prince, all whose love does not prevent his presenting himself at the theatre, in very equivocal company, in the next box to herself; and then back again to Pont-de-l'Arche, where his friend Edgar de Meilhan is, in his turn, in despair at her abrupt disparition; for it must be explained that De Monbert, De Meilhan, and De Villiers, the old student of the Marais, are sworn friends, and that it is through the medium of their respective correspondence that the world has been admitted to a knowledge of the present history. While the two latter are searching in all possible and impossible places in order to discover the retreat of Mlle. de Chateaudun, and to reveal it to their disconsolate friend; he is eager, on his side, to encourage them to persist in their pursuit of the pretty plebeian Madame Guérin.

De Villiers, however, who is the "perfect monster" of the book, and who formerly inhabited the garret in the Marais, from the simple fact that he had sacrificed his fortune to save a friend from bankruptcy, and who had (like Irene herself) still retained the key from a feeling of sentiment difficult to understand, even after his friend had contrived to realize an enormous fortune in railway speculations, and to return the loan, poor De Villiers, with all his high-mindedness, cannot overcome his passion for the pretty widow; and as, in such a mood of mind, society is hateful to him, he repairs to his old haunt, curious to see if his instinct had guided him aright on their first interview, or whether the little flame would still burn on. It does; for Mademoiselle de Chateaudun, somewhat alarmed at the vehemence of M. de Meilhan's admiration, and the right which he asserts that she has given him by her encouragement, to claim a return of his passion, once more vanishes from Pont-de-l'Arche, and, as a safe retreat, ensconces herself in the rival attic. Light looks on light; the trees in the garden have been felled; the lovers recognise each other on their romantic watch, and De Villiers can resist no longer the fascinations of the beloved one. The scene which ensues is the best in the book. It is described in a letter from Mdlle. de Chateaudun, to her confidential friend.

AN EXPLANATION.

He has told you of his delirious joy when he recognised me at the window, but he has not told you, and he could not tell you, my uneasiness, my frightful suspicions, my despair when I discovered him in that garret. Our position was not the same; that which both astonished and delighted him necessarily astonished me also, but was only calculated to alarm me. He believed me to be poor, he found me in an attic; that was simple: the only astonishing part of the business consisting in the fact that the said attic in which I had taken up my abode, should chance to be in his precise neighbourhood. But, as regarded myself, I knew him to be rich, I knew that he was called the Comte de Villiers, I knew his noble and ancient family—I knew, by a thousand details of conversation, that he had travelled in Italy in the style consistent with his rank; I had seen him at Rochefort, alike elegant and liberal in his habits. It is true that there was great simplicity in his manners, but it was the simplicity of conscious station. In short, every thing told me that he had no business to be living in a garret, and that if I saw him there, I did not see him in his home! Remember Valentina, that for the last two months I have lived in the midst of deception. I have inspired the most variously-exhibited despair, I have induced the most picturesque consolations. I have seen myself *wept* at the Adéon in a box with courtesans—I might once more see myself *wept* at Paris in a garret with a *grisette*. Oh misery! in that single instant of doubt all the daggers of jealousy pierced my heart at once; but, on this occasion, I felt no indignation; I did not murmur; I thought that I should die. And I believe that, had I not at the moment met his delighted look; if I had not seen the purest joy irradiate his noble countenance; if I had not in one second comprehended and divined every thing, I believe that I should have thrown myself from the window, in order to escape the unknown torture, which made my brain reel, and that I neither could nor would support. But he appeared too happy to be guilty. He made a sign to me, and I understood that he was about to come to me. I awaited him—what a watch! My hair was unfastened, and I called my good Blanchard to help me tie it up, and to dress myself. My voice was so faint that she came running in terror, believing that I had been suddenly taken ill. A thousand conflicting thoughts rushed across my brain; one alone remained clear and steadfast. I had found him—I should again see him. When I was dressed—Oh, I cared little about my toilette that day!—I seated myself on the sofa in my poor little room; and there, pale with emotion, and almost afraid to breathe, I listened with feverish impatience to the different sounds which reached me. Soon I heard the bell: the door opened; a voice exclaimed, "You! my lord count!" He did not wait to be announced; he entered the room, and approached me. He was so joyful to have found me; I was so happy to look on him again; that, for the first few minutes all explanation on either side was unnecessary. It was evident that he was at liberty to love me, since he exhibited so much delight; it was apparent that I was equally unshackled, as I met him again with such undisguised pleasure. When at length he spoke, "It was indeed you then," he said, "who were the beloved star so dear to me for two long years!" Suddenly my doubts returned upon me, and I exclaimed in my turn: "It was you then who were

the mysterious beacon. But why were you there? Why did the Comte de Villiers become the inmate of a garret?"

Then, dear Valentine, he told me his noble story. He acknowledged to me, with some embarrassment, that he had become as poor as myself; very poor, having given up the whole of his fortune in order to save the honour of one of his friends, M. Frederic B——. Oh! how I wept as I listened to this affecting narrative, full of ingenious grandeur, sublime simplicity, and careless generosity; this story would have compelled me to adore him, had I not already loved him madly; while he was speaking I thought of the wife of the unfortunate Frederic, of her anxieties, her mental torture both as wife and mother, when she believed her husband to be ruined, and her children beggars —of her astonishment, her rapture when she beheld them saved —of her deep and eternal gratitude! And then came the reflection—How should I delight to know this woman, that I might talk with her of Raymond!

I wished, in my turn, to tell him my history, but he refused to hear it, and I would not urge him. Besides, I was anxious to shew my generosity, and to suffer him for a short time longer to believe that I was poor and humble. He was so happy in the thought that he was about to make me noble and wealthy,—I had not the courage to disenchant him.

Nevertheless, yesterday I was compelled to avow all. In his impatience to hasten our marriage he spends the whole morning among bonds, deeds, and contracts; and for the last two days he had been tormenting me to give him my family papers, that he might put them in order, and find my baptismal certificate which would be demanded by the Mayor. I resisted until yesterday; but yesterday he assumed his most gentle voice, which is his tone of command, and I found it necessary to prepare him for the terrible surprise which awaited him. I accordingly told him that these papers were in a secretary in the inner room, and I requested him to accompany me to seek them.

At the sight of the great family portraits, by which the walls of the little cell are covered from top to bottom, he suddenly stopped in astonishment and alarm, and examined them with evident uneasiness. Upon some of these portraits may be read the name and titles of the illustrious personages they represent. On reading the name of Victor Louis de Chateaudun, Marshal of France, he remained motionless, and looked at me with an extraordinary expression; then he remarked a magnificent likeness of a woman, beneath which he read this inscription:—

MARIE FELICITE DIANE DE CHATEAUDUN,
DUCHESS OF MONTIGNAN,

and instantly turning abruptly towards me, with a livid brow, he exclaimed, "Louisa!"

"Not Louisa," I replied, "Irene ——," and all the pride of my high blood spoke in my accents, as I asserted myself to him.

He was silent for a moment. A bitter sadness spread over his features. I was not alarmed. "It will pass by," I thought, "it is only envy. It is hard for a man who feels that he is generous to be vanquished in generosity. It is painful, when he expected to give all, to find that he is about to receive millions; it is cruel, when he had dreamt of the voluptuousness of his sacrifices, like the hero of a novel, to be compelled to the insipid arrangement of a lucrative money-matter, like a banker of an exchange-broker.

But Raymond was more than sad; and his countenance, almost severe, alarmed alike my affection and my dignity. He seated himself at a distance from me. I approached him, trembling with emotion, and with tears in my eyes.

"You love me then no longer," I said.

"I dare not love the betrothed wife of my friend."

"Do not mention to me either the prince, or your own scruples. He would not understand them."

"But he had told you that he loved you, *Mademoiselle*. Why did you desert him so abruptly?"

"I doubted the strength of his attachment, and wished to test it."

"Well; and what is the result of the trial?"

"He does not love *me*, and I despise *him*."

"He *does* love you, and merits your respect."

Then it was that, in order not to enter into painful explanations, or to condescend to justify myself, I put into his hands a long letter which I had written to my cousin, and in which I informed him of my accidental recognition of the Prince de Monbert at the theatre; the society in which I saw him, and the profound disgust with which his conduct had inspired me. In conclusion, I begged her to read this letter to the Prince himself, who was at that moment her guest; in order that he might understand, from the decision of my tone, that my resolution was taken; that I did not love him; and that the best thing he could do was to forget me. * * * I had left Raymond alone, engaged in the perusal of the letter, and had returned to the front room to weep. I could not support his severity towards me; I suspected that he accused me of caprice and inconsistency; the idea of having displeased him for a moment overwhelmed me with wretchedness. I do not know if the contents of the letter served to justify me in his eyes; if he considered it sufficiently sincere, sufficiently dignified; but, so soon as he had read it, he called me to him. "Irene," he said, and I was agitated with delight on hearing him pronounce my real name for the first time; "pardon me," and as he spoke he took my hand; "for having for an instant believed you capable of caprice and levity. I can easily forgive *you* for causing me to appear in odious light to my friend." Then, in a more tender accent, he told me that he could understand my motives, and that I had done right, for that where a woman was not certain of loving her affianced husband, or of being beloved by him, she was justified in making trial of his affection; and ultimately he asked me with a smile if I did not also wish to test his own passion, and to part from him for a month or two, in order to ascertain if I were really loved. "Oh, no, no," I exclaimed, "I have faith in you; I will not let you leave me. Oh! where love really exists who could live apart the one from the other? Who would dare to fling away a single day of happiness?" * * * *

The saddening sensation which the discovery of my identity had produced upon him was the only cloud that passed over our happiness; and all was soon once more bright and happy about us.

The sequel is readily guessed. The extraordinary lovers are married; and a week does not elapse before the Prince de Monbert and M. Edgar de Meilhan draw lots to ascertain which shall be the principal and which the second in a duel, when they decide that one or the other of the combatants shall remain upon the field. The long straw falls to the lot of the latter, who sends a ball through the heart of the bridegroom, and so satisfies the wounded vanity both of himself and his friend. The lady dies, as a matter of course. In fact, there was nothing else left for her to do, after turning the heads of the three most distinguished men in France; and so ends the book.

In conclusion, we would merely remark that a vast quantity of extremely good writing and ingenious argument has been wasted in these volumes; of which the composition has evidently afforded infinitely more amusement than will ever be derived from reading them. With all the ability displayed, the result is alike uncertain and unsatisfactory.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*The Library of American Biography: Gammell's Life of Sir Roger Williams.** Boston, 1845. Little and Brown.

This volume of Mr. Sparks's *Library of American Biography* contains memoirs of three persons who, though for very different reasons, deserve to be ever freshly remembered by the American people. They are Roger Williams, Timothy Dwight, and Count Pulaski. Especially are we pleased to see a new life of Roger Williams, ably and tastefully written by Professor Gammell, of Brown University. Before the appearance of this biography, the only memoir of Roger Williams of any value was that by the late Mr. Knowles. He was the first American writer to do justice to the great merits of the founder of the State of Rhode Island. His work, elaborately though not elegantly written, minute in its details, and learned in the knowledge both of its subject and of early New England History, left to the subsequent biographer but little chance of throwing additional light upon the life or character of Williams. Mr. Gammell, though he has consulted all the works of our colonial history relating to his theme, has not found occasion, in any important points, to correct the statements made, or, in the main, to vary from the opinions expressed, by his predecessor. The memoir which he has prepared, as its position in a series of popular biographies required, is more brief, and more closely confined to the life of the individual. The writer has shown more skill in the selection and arrangement of his materials, equal soundness of judgment in the views of individual character and of colonial policy, and very commendable impartiality in the narration of events the history of which has been too often distorted and coloured by prejudice or malevolence. The style is remarkably well suited to a work of this kind. It is chaste, easy, and animated, shewing the taste and skill of an accomplished and accurate scholar. The portrait of the character of Williams gives us a vivid and distinct conception of the man in

* From the *North American Review* for July 1845.

the different stages of his eventful career, and in his various relations to the times in which he lived; and it deserves—much more, we suspect, than the delineation of his features on the title-page of this volume—to be hung up in no inferior place among the illustrious figures which compose the gallery of early American history.

According to traditions which seem to be entitled to credit, Roger Williams was born in Wales, in the year 1599, and of parents in the middle ranks of life. He early removed, however into another part of England, bearing with him, no doubt, pleasant recollections of a boyhood spent among the mountains. The eager, inquisitive boy is said to have attracted the favourable notice of Sir Edward Coke, and to have been educated by him at the University of Oxford. This connection, it is believed, continued for a long time, and Williams afterwards corresponded with a daughter of the great jurist; but his opening mind certainly could not have received the seeds of his subsequent opinions from intercourse with one who openly declared that "to advise toleration was little short of high treason." Under the direction of this distinguished patron, Williams is reported to have turned his attention to the study of the law; but he afterwards relinquished it for the more congenial profession of divinity; and, before leaving England, was admitted to orders in the established church, if not appointed to the charge of a parish.

Williams did not come to this country until he had passed the thirty-first year of his age. His early life, accordingly, was spent amid the stirring scenes which were then fast preparing the way for the outbreak of the Revolution. He grew up as the friend of Cotton and Hooker, and the contemporary, if not the associate, of Vane and Cromwell, to the latter of whom he is reported to have been distantly related. The principles of religious freedom inculcated by Wickliffe, and the seeds of political liberty planted during the latter year of the reign of Elizabeth and the early part of the reign of James, were then rapidly springing up in the form of new opinions and new institutions. The English Anabaptists, inheriting the germs of their free opinions from the Lollards, had declared, in a confession of faith published as early as the year 1611, that "the magistrate is not to meddle with religion, or matters of conscience, nor to compel men to this or that form of religion; because Christ is the King or Lawgiver of the church and conscience." Many of the Puritans had already asserted, that "the ministers of the gospel ought to be maintained by the voluntary contributions of the people, and that the civil power had no right to make or impose ecclesiastical laws." From the moment that James crossed the Tweed, the Catholics, as well as the Puritans, ceased not to harass him with petitions for religious toleration. In Scotland the clergy were discussing the authority of civil magistrates, inculcating principles of resistance to despotic sovereigns, and endeavouring to establish a republican form of church government. In the neighbouring kingdom of Holland, the Arminians were openly disputing the supremacy of the established faith of Calvin, and filling the public ear with new notions respecting grace and predestination, universal redemption and free will. And in the new world recently discovered across the ocean, there had just been established an asylum for the fugitives from religious and political persecution in Europe.

Growing up to manhood under influences like these, Williams was early prepared to maintain the peculiar principles which afterwards governed his life; and when the good ship *Lion*, with "Mr. Williams, a godly minister," on board, anchored at Nantasket, on the 5th of February, 1631, he was ready to assert, to its fullest extent, the inalienable freedom of conscience in his new home.

The settlements then forming the Colony of Massachusetts Bay had been made two or three years previously. The civil code established by the colonists was founded on the institutes of Moses; crime was punished according to the laws of Scripture, rather than the laws of England; and though a republic in form, the infant state was governed by the spirit of the Jewish theocracy. The state was secondary to the church. Its principal use was considered to be that of securing the privilege of religious worship, and maintaining the purity of Christian faith. Every inhabitant was compelled to contribute, in proportion to his ability, to the support of religion; and very soon after the founding of the colony, it was "ordered and agreed, that, for time to come, no man should be admitted to the freedom of the body politic, but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." Thus church and state were closely united.

Such were the fundamental principles of the community of which Williams became a member on landing upon these shores. His own opinions on the subject of civil and ecclesiastical government were, in many particulars, directly at variance with them. Nor was it long before his peculiar views were boldly set forth. A few weeks after his arrival, when he was invited to become an assistant to the pastor of the church at Salem, the Colonial authorities remonstrated against the appointment, on the ground, that "Mr. Williams had refused to join with the congregation at Boston, because they would not make a public declaration of their repentance for having communion with the churches of England, while they lived there; and besides, had declared his opinion that the magistrate might not punish a breach of the Sabbath, nor any other offence, as it was a breach of the first table." What his views were on the first of these points is not exactly known. The Puritans of Massachusetts Bay had never formally renounced their connection with the church of England. Some of them, up to the period of their leaving that country, though opposed to the ritual, and grieved at the corruptions of the mother church, had not become open separatists; while others, even at the moment of their departure, had gratefully acknowledged themselves as her children. They had, in fact, all dissolved their connection with the church at home by coming to this country; but they had never publicly testified their repentance for the previous existence of such a connection. Nor does there appear any good reason why they should have done so. It seems to us, supposing the account we have of the matter to be correct, that Mr. Williams, being a new comer, may well be considered as having shewn a disposition to meddle in matters without the limits of his responsibility, when he insisted that this step should be taken by the Massachusetts churches. The second charge against him, of advocating the doctrine of the freedom of conscience, was certainly well founded; but it will not, at the present day, be imputed to him as a fault.

The remonstrance of the magistrates did not change the minds of the church at Salem; and Williams was settled as their minister on the 12th of April, 1631. In the month following, say both of his biographers, he took the usual oath of allegiance prescribed on the admission of freemen to the colony. But this statement, we think, must be a mistake, Williams regarded the taking of an oath as an act of worship, which a Christian might indeed perform of his own accord, but to which he could not be compelled by the civil magistrate; for, said he, "persons may as well be forced unto any part of the worship of God as unto this." Besides, it was at the meeting of the Court on the 19th of October, 1630, almost four months before his arrival in the country, that the name of Roger Williams appears on a list of one hundred and eight persons "desiring to be made freemen." Upon this list, all who were ministers had the title of "Mr." prefixed to their name, while that of Roger Williams was not so distinguished. We think there must have been another person of the same name, who came over in 1630, and was one of the fifteen persons, mentioned in the Colony Records, who composed the jury empannelled to inquire into the circumstances of the death of one Austin Brutcher.

Mr. Williams's stay in Salem was short. Though respected and beloved by his congregation, he was constantly harassed by the magistrates and elders of the colony, on account of his obnoxious sentiments; and therefore at the expiration of a few months, with the hope of finding elsewhere a more agreeable field of labour, he removed to the neighbouring colony of Plymouth. This settlement was much more liberal in its policy than that of the Bay; the Pilgrims had purified themselves, after their connection with the English church, by a residence in Holland; and Williams was therefore well received by them. However, he soon found himself, by reason of his peculiar opinions, ill at ease as an assistant to the Plymouth pastor; and receiving, in 1633, an invitation to return to his former charge in Salem, he asked for his dismission. Though several persons were anxious not to be deprived of his accept-

able ministrations, yet, as he was beginning to be suspected of "Anabaptism," his request to be dismissed was not denied.

The second residence of Williams in Salem was made more uneasy than the first. Re-established in the office of an assistant to the pastor of the church, he began with setting his face against a meeting of the ministers of the Colony, who were in the habit of assembling for mutual improvement,—fearing, as it was said, "that it might grow, in time, to a presbytery, or superintendency, to the prejudice of the churches' liberties." The apprehension in this particular case was groundless; though it must be confessed that a person of Williams's strong democratic opinions might reasonably have looked with suspicion upon an association of ministers who had so much to do with politics, as had those of the Massachusetts colony. Another matter which involved Williams in difficulty with the colonial government, was a treatise which he had written at Plymouth, and presented to the governor and council; wherein, says Governor Winthrop, "he disputed their right to the land they possessed, and concluded, that, claiming by the king's grant, they could have no title, nor otherwise, except they compounded with the natives." This treatise, written in another colony, and retained in the privacy of his own desk, Williams was required to submit to the governor of Massachusetts for his examination; and was afterwards summoned to appear in Court to receive censure for the same. Contrary to what might have been expected, he obeyed this order, and offered his manuscript to be burned, though he must have thought that the conduct of the authorities was in the highest degree inquisitorial and despotic. It was also objected to him, that he preached upon the duty of women's wearing veils in church; and that, by a discourse on the unlawfulness of all Popish symbols, he instigated Mr. Endicott, one of the Salem magistrates, to order the cross to be cut out of the king's colours. But the most serious charges brought against him were made after he had been raised to the office of teacher of the church, on the death of the elder pastor, Mr. Skelton. At that period, hardly a session of the court took place, but that he was summoned before it to give an account of his opinions, or to receive censure for them. At one time, it was for calling in question the validity of the king's patent; at another, for "usual terming the churches of England antichristian;" then, for publicly teaching, that "a magistrate ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man," and opposing the introduction of the unlawful "Freeman's Oath." While the Bay churches still maintained a connection with the mother church of England, we find him pronouncing its "bloody tenet of persecution most lamentably contrary to the doctrine of Christ." When the authorities enacted a law requiring every man to attend public worship, and to contribute towards its support, he asserted that the civil power "extended only to the bodies, and goods, and outward estates of men." The Court unjustly refusing to allow a claim of the people of Salem to a certain tract of land, Williams appealed from their decision to the people, and, in conjunction with his church, wrote "letters of admonition unto all the churches, whereof any of the magistrates were members, that they might admonish the magistrates of their injustice." In the issue of this matter, the town having been disfranchised for its independent course, Williams, more moved than became his office or himself, declared to his people, "that, if they would not separate as well from the churches of New England as of Old, he would separate from them." And finally, when the Boston ministers sent a committee to Salem "to deal" with him, he disputed their ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and instead of retracting his principles, boldly told them that he was "ready to be bound, and banished, and even to die in New England."

The difficulties between Williams and the colonial authorities were thus brought to a crisis. The people of Salem refused to follow him in his extremity of opposition to the government; and even his wife, disapproving of his course, assailed him with reproaches; his health, also, seemed about to fail. Summoned before the General Court, he was charged with maintaining, "First, that the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace; secondly, that he ought not to tender an oath to an unregenerate man; thirdly, that he ought not to pray with such, though wife, child, &c.; fourthly, that a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament, nor after meat." Upon this accusation no verdict was rendered until the next session of the Court, that Williams might have time to repent, and mend his life. But he stood firm on what he conceived to be the "rocky strength of his grounds;" and having been found guilty of having "broached and divulged divers new and dangerous opinions against the authority of magistrates; as also writ letters of defamation, both of the magistrates and churches," he was finally sentenced to leave the colony within six weeks. Though sentenced, Williams was not silenced. He withdrew to the sanctuary of his own house, and there set forth his obnoxious doctrines to all comers,—and they were not a few. At length, it being rumoured that he had planned the founding of a colony upon Narraganset Bay, the government determined to send him forthwith to England; and, for the execution of this purpose, again ordered him before the Court at Boston. Williams refused to obey the summons, alleging his ill-health as a reason. Thereupon a pinnace was sent round to Salem, with orders for his apprehension and conveyance on board a ship then ready to sail for England. It was too late. When the officers arrived at his house, the object of their search was already a wanderer in the woods, and a pensioner upon the bounty of the red men.

The course of Williams at Salem cannot be altogether justified. He was unbecomingly forward in requiring the congregation at Boston publicly to acknowledge the sin of having been united with the Church of England, as a condition of his communing with them; and he manifested a contentious temper in urging his people at Salem to withdraw from all fellowship with their Christian brethren of the colony. But on the other hand, it cannot be said that Williams committed any *crime* against society. It was not for any *overt act* that he was banished, but for the *expression of opinions*. He had preached against Popish symbols, but he had not cut the cross from the king's colours; he had advised his flock to withdraw from the communion of their sister churches, but he had not instigated them to revolt against the state; he had insisted that the king's patent could not confer a perfect title to lands in this country without some compensation to the natives, but this view did not militate with the general practice of the New England settlers. If he had not approved of the meeting of the Massachusetts ministers for spiritual improvement, neither had he disturbed it; and if he had insisted upon the duty of women's wearing veils, it was no more serious an offence than that committed by such good citizens as John Eliot and President Chauncey, both of whom had inveighed, with no less fervour, against the practice of men's wearing wigs. His offence consisted in asserting—with vehemence, we grant, with unyielding pertinacity, with little regard of consequences to others as well as himself; but no more nor less than asserting—the great truth of the *freedom of conscience*. Though he was charged with defaming the character of the churches or denying the power of magistrates, or wishing to restrict the liberty of individuals, the head and front of his offence really consisted in advocating the doctrine of "soul-liberty."

But it has been said, that the opinions of Williams tended directly to undermine the foundations of the government of the colony; and therefore that his conduct was in a high degree criminal. The premise may be true, but the inference is illogical. It may be true, that the church and state were so closely allied, and so dependent upon each other, that their severance would, possibly, have been fatal to both; but the principles of truth are insurrectionary only when the foundations of government are unsound. Roger Williams did but proclaim a great moral law when he asserted that the civil magistrate has no right to intermeddle between God and men's consciences. He was in the right, when he declared, that "the civil magistrate might not intermeddle even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy;" and when the authorities banished him for the utterance of this sentiment, they were in the wrong. Men have no right to construct society on the narrow, arbitrary system of a close corporation. They are bound to make it conformable to the essential requirements of humanity; and in doing this, they certainly cannot overlook so urgent a want, experienced by every enlightened mind, as that of worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience. If the Massachusetts colonists erected their civil and ecclesiastical organization on an illiberal basis, they, and not Roger Williams, must be held responsible for the bad conse-

quences which might have resulted to it from his proclamation of a vital principle.

(To be continued.)

ART.

Anglican Church Architecture, with some remarks upon Ecclesiastical Furniture. By James Barr, Architect. 3rd edition. 12mo. pp. 217. Oxford, 1846. Parker.

Mr. Barr has treated the entire subject of Church Architecture with great taste and knowledge of art. He has evidently mastered the principles on which it should be based; he has studied the sentiment intended to be conveyed by every part of the building and its furniture, and advises accordingly. The volume is beautifully printed, profusely illustrated with woodcuts, and will be a valuable acquisition to all who interest themselves in the subject to which it is devoted.

FREEMASONS OF THE CHURCH.

On Tuesday, Oct. 11, the 11th chapter for 1845 of this college was held at half-past 8 o'clock, when an unusually large number of gentlemen were present, besides its members, among whom are included a considerable body of the clergy, and numerous amateurs and patrons of the art of high standing. One of the chaplains occupied the chair, opening with a short collect the business of the evening, at the conclusion of which a lecture on the subject of "Illuminated Books in their connection with Architecture," was delivered by Mr. W. Harry Rogers, who endeavoured to trace the progress and successive changes exhibited in manuscript architecture, from a very early period to the middle of the sixteenth century. For this purpose about forty large diagrams had been prepared from manuscripts in the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Royale, and other important libraries, both public and private, which covered a large portion of the walls. Mr. Rogers, it appears, had, on a previous occasion, shown the origin of enriching manuscripts with pictorial illustration, and followed the development of the art through Egypt, Greece, Italy, Syria, Ireland, Britain, Lombardy; he therefore now only wished to represent the advantages offered by the examination of the subject to every individual connected with the arts and particularly to the student of medieval architecture. "And it is interesting," he observed, "to watch the development of each particular style as it supplants its predecessor, to trace the lingering remains of Roman taste and feeling in the earlier Anglo-Saxon productions, merging into a style of which short-stunted columns and a multiplicity of arches are the principal characteristics; the bold and massive Norman gradually give place to the long and elegant columns of the 'Early English' period, and the latter as soon followed by the crocketed pinnacles of the 'decorated' and the elaborate tracery of the 'perpendicular.' And no less are these changes to be perceived in the pages of medieval volumes than in the sculptures of our national cathedrals and the ruins of our once glorious monasteries. But as in the middle ages, that propriety which regulated the designs for every species of decoration was never intruded upon; as the glass-stainer never executed ornaments which would be entirely suitable for the purposes of sculpture, nor the auricifer subjects which might be copied for monumental brasses, so the borders, majuscules, and paintings, which tended to make volumes from the fifth to the fifteenth century so exquisitely beautiful, were of a style peculiar to themselves, and even when architectural features were introduced into a miniature, they assumed a character which approached only to a certain extent those edifices which at the same period were being raised by the inexhaustible piety of the middle ages." With others of extreme antiquity, the capital of the column was enlarged from a specimen in the celebrated "Durham book," and had a singularly original effect. While describing it, the lecturer endeavoured to account for the continual introduction of the dog in decorations of Irish and Anglo-Saxon volumes, by ascribing it to the remains of Phœnician paganism. The ancient ornamental doorways in the wooden churches of Norway were also referred to, as exhibiting a very similar character to the works in question. A suggestion was made, that the shortness of ancient Saxon columns is attributable to the prevailing ideas of durability, but that the taste of the period have preferred them of an inordinate length. This was substantiated by a number of drawings, which had been enlarged from manuscript architecture of the Anglo-Saxons, the columns of which, in more than one instance, were shewn to be formed of two parallel lines, and eighteen times the width of their diameters. Having traced his subject through every century of the middle ages, Mr. Rogers closed his remarks by alluding to the gradual advancement and eventual supremacy of the Italian school, influenced to a no inconsiderable extent by the discovery of the baths of Adrian, in Rome. This department was illustrated by some exquisite arabesques and ornaments, enlarged from various manuscripts, &c. The beautiful volume by Veronese, once Mr. Esdaile's, and now in the collection of Mr. Jarman, occupied a prominent position in the elucidation of the art of this period. A large collection of valuable manuscripts was placed upon the tables for the evening, from many public museums, as well as from the libraries of private collectors and amateurs.

The Royal Irish Academy has elected the poet Wordsworth an honorary member of its body; a distinction which it conferred likewise, at the same time, on M. Leonville, of Paris.

MUSIC.

Crosby Hall.—On Wednesday last a performance took place of music selected from the compositions of Miss Flower, a lady we believe but little known to the musical world, and not at all to the miscellaneous public. Some time ago a work called *Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief* was published and received great praise from the best critics, and from this many of the pieces were selected; but a considerable number we are informed are yet in the MS. condition in which after Wednesday's performance they cannot be suffered to remain. Perhaps there is no department of Art in which genius has been more grandly exerted than in Sacred Music, and it is a bold attempt for any one, and, according to ordinary opinion, particularly so for a woman, to enter a field in which such men as Bach, Handel, and Mozart have gained such enduring fame. When we reached the hall we found it fairly filled with an audience among whom were discernible some of the most distinguished men of the day, and it was evident that in some quarters, at least, considerable expectation had been excited. The performance commenced with an anthem "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, who wert, and art, and art to come," in which was a simple sublimity that reminded one of the early masters, and at once made a forcible impression upon the audience. The succeeding pieces told with increasing effect, the audience becoming accustomed to the style, and an enthusiastic encore was given to Miss Thornton, who sang with exquisite feeling a beautiful devotional melody entitled "He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower," every voice concluding with a response from the chorus. We have not space to particularize the various pieces which pleased us; but must mention "Darkness shrouded Calvary." Commencing with an appalling grandeur, worthy of the greatest master, the darkness was not physical only, the very soul seemed dark; and then "Came a voice like light athwart the skies" (to quote the words by the authoress of "Vivia Perpetua"). "To-day thou'lt be with me in Paradise," in which the melody was most touching and appropriate. Miss Cubitt gave the first part alone, with a dramatic power of which we had not known her capable; great as we feel was the genius of the music, it is not too much to say this young lady did full justice to it, and we hope often to hear her again in the same piece. It concluded by a chorus well worthy of the commencement. In the second part were several encores. The audience were particularly struck with "Beneath this starry arch," "More sweet than odours," "and, "When wild winds shake the elder-brake." We must not conclude without mentioning the "Cloud cap'd towers," in which the immortal voice of Shakspeare for the first time has been adequately expressed in music. You seemed to see "the unsubstantial pageant fade;" earth's glories, its gorgeous palaces and solemn temples rose before the eye, and then came the feeling that we are indeed "such stuff as dreams are made of." At the conclusion was a national air, "Now pray we for our country," which stirred the audience almost to a frenzy of enthusiasm, so that they rose *en masse*, and continued standing during its repetition, which was followed by loud and continued applause. The principal parts were sung by Miss Cubitt, Miss Thornton, Miss Sabilla Novello, Alfred Novello, Mr. Lockie, and Mr. Rowe, assisted by a very efficient chorus, and all acquitted themselves extremely well.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

We have absolutely nothing to report respecting the past week's proceedings of the various theatres.

Drury Lane.—The opera of *Maritana*, and the ballet of *Le Diable à Quatre*, have occupied the stage exclusively through the past week. *Maritana* grows in public favour. The novelty of the music at first took the ear by surprise, and the audience went away not quite sure whether they ought to be pleased or no; for your opera-goers are a race who dare not have an opi-

nion of their own, but follow the fashion. When, however, the better judges pronounced the composition good, the echo was taken up by the crowd, and applause has grown from night to night, until at length it is acknowledged that in *Maritana* we have a production of no common merit, and which indeed almost deserves the name of genius. We recommend all who have not yet heard it to take the earliest opportunity for a visit to Drury Lane, and they will be sure to come away highly gratified. The ballet, too, is lively and pregnant with a good plot and some excellent scenery. Altogether Old Drury has not been so attractive for a long period as at this moment.

At the FRENCH PLAYS, LAFONT has appeared, admirably supported, in PICARD'S excellent comedy, *La Petite Ville*, and has repeated several of his popular representations. Our readers, by the way, should lose no time if they desire to see M. LAFONT, for his present engagement terminates in another week.

At the HAYMARKET, *The Maiden Aunt* is repeated every evening with the farces mentioned in our last number.

At the PRINCESS'S, the well-merited success of *The Violet* precludes the necessity of Mr. MADDOX'S having recourse to fresher novelties. The *Diable à Quatre*, too, retains all its attractions.

THE ADELPHI.—*Green Bushes* promises to be an evergreen. It is still played here night after night with undiminished audiences, who gaze at it, and alternately laugh and cry at its pathos or its fun, scarcely conscious that they are doing so for the one hundred and thirty-eighth time. Nor is this so surprising when the extreme interest of the story, the originality of the characters, and the inimitable acting are considered. Mrs. FITZWILLIAM'S *Nelly* is perfect, and WRIGHT is beyond himself. A sort of burlesque on *The Devil to Pay* follows, and is really much less tedious than the original; there is fun as well as dancing. This theatre, under the management of Madame CELESTE, more than supports its old reputation.

The management at the SURREY has engaged the *Infant Sappho* for a limited period; she is well worth hearing, and retains her infancy in a most astonishing manner.

At COVENT GARDEN, JULLIEN continues to draw together larger houses than ever Covent Garden saw assembled within its walls for any other entertainment, not even excepting the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League. On the 22nd inst. M. JULLIEN gives his annual masqued ball, which, judging from the announcements, promises to be better this year even than on former occasions—*experientia docet*.

And now, to proceed from things that have been and are, to things that are to be, we have to repeat that a new theatre is about to be added to the number of those already existent. The project has been for some time entertained, and the *locus in quo* marked out, but it is only of late that the plan has assumed a definite and practical form. The theatre is to be erected by a subscription capital of 30,000*l*. in debentures of 250*l*. and 100*l*. each, entitling the shareholder to a free admission for each debenture, and five per cent. The site of the theatre is Leicester-square, and the edifice is to be completed, under covenant, on or before September 1847, the architect being Mr. Parkinson, of Sackville-street. As the drama and all that affects it is highly interesting to the public, we will make some extracts from the prospectus before us:—

"At no period of the dramatic history of this country have the prospects of the legitimate drama been so gloomy as at the present time. Those lofty edifices, the theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, raised in honour of the histrionic art, and associated with the proudest names of its professors, have either been partially closed, or are desecrated by appropriation to purposes foreign to their professed object. After a variety of vicissitudes, equally disastrous to the hopes of the drama, Covent Garden has been occupied by a political party, and identified as the arena of its operations; and in consequence, it is believed, has lost not only the countenance of royalty, but a great portion of noble and public patronage.

"As far, therefore, as the interests of the Drama are concerned, one of the principal establishments devoted to its representation has become virtually extinct. In respect to Drury Lane, that theatre has been for some seasons past devoted to Opera and Ballet, to the great benefit of the many foreign artistes employed; while the manager, supported by the proprietors, has publicly avowed his intention of continuing the same course of amusement. Without deprecating the motives of either party, the result must be considered as one for public lamentation. In a country possessing the noblest drama in the world, a fitting temple for its representation can now hardly be said to exist. It must either take refuge in distant parts of this great metropolis, or seek an asylum on foreign shores. The lyric muse of Italy possesses a noble fame consecrated to her service, with noble patronage for its support. The School of Germany and the Opera of Brussels have also been nourished and encouraged, while the French Drama has found a fitting home, and has become naturalized amongst us; but the art which Shakspeare and his contemporaries have rendered immortal, and which Otway, Cibber, Congreve, Farquhar, and Sheridan, amongst the dead,—and Knowles, Bulwer, Talfourd, and Jerrold, amongst the living,—have adorned and rendered classic by their wit and genius, has been banished from the temples raised to its honour, while the histrionic representative of its immortal character has shared in its involuntary exile.

"While the foreign *artiste* is caressed and enriched, we deny to our own countrymen and countrywomen the bare opportunity for the exercise of their profession; and, in consequence, many of the highest order of English performers have, from want of encouragement at home, been driven across the Atlantic, and the public lost the enjoyment and gratification of their talents. It is not, however (as has been most erroneously supposed), to the caprice of the public, or to the decay of taste for dramatic performances, that this catastrophe is to be attributed. The national theatres, as they have been called, independently of the causes already referred to, from their great dimensions, involve nightly so ruinous an expense, that even the most munificent patronage cannot sustain them; while, on the other hand, what are called the minor theatres rarely devote their resources to the highest order of dramatic entertainment. The necessity, therefore, for a theatre, sufficiently large for that purpose, and yet not incurring disproportionate expense, is obvious, and has suggested this proposal.

"The improvements aimed at will not be confined to the stage alone, but novelties will be introduced before the curtain. The fatigue of sitting out an evening at the theatre operates with manyas a reason for never entering one: by ladies, in particular, its irksomeness has been severely felt. To alleviate this as much as possible, it is intended that a corridor shall be constructed round the dress circle of the boxes, to be fitted up as a conservatory, and embellished with sculpture and works of art, so as to form an inviting promenade between the acts. The most vigilant precautions will be taken to prevent the introduction of improper persons of either sex into this part of the establishment, and the general arrangements will, in other respects, remove another great objection which has been felt to have had much influence on the prosperity of dramatic establishments.

"In stating that the theatre has already found a lessee who will take it a fair and remunerating rent, the project ceases to be a mere speculation, as the security of the shareholders is placed beyond a doubt; but in naming the gentleman to whose talent and experience this great enterprise is confided—Mr. Buckstone—the proposers of this undertaking feel that they shall have a still larger claim on the public confidence. As a favourite performer, unrivalled in a particular class of character, as the author of very many successful works, Mr. Buckstone unites the character of dramatist with that of actor. These qualifications, with his experience in the business of theatres, will be ample security that the expectations of those who look forward to the resuscitation of the National Drama by the establishment of this Theatre will be fully realized."

THE COLOSSEUM.—This magnificent exhibition continues to attract crowds of visitors. And where can a more enjoyable evening be spent than in its unrivalled sculpture gallery, the ear regaled with the choicest music of the old masters, performed upon the fine organ that has been erected there, and the eye wandering among some of the proudest efforts of modern British art; or in the conservatories, with their fountains, and birds, and flowers, or gazing upon the mimic representation of Mont Blanc, or looking with never-flagging admiration on the gorgeous and lifelike spectacle of London by night, with its moving waters and starry sky, or indulging the less intellectual appetite with the lavish stores of the refreshment-rooms. Undoubtedly there is no such public exhibition in Europe, and they who have not seen should go forthwith. They who have once been there will be sure to go again.

THE DIORAMA.—This is a veritable pictorial prodigy. To all who feel an interest in the wonder-working of art, nay, to those who can feel an interest in the beauties of nature, this exhibition will be an unqualified delight. It is certainly the most singular deception, for it is difficult to convince oneself that the scene before us is really a picture; the change of lights, from day to darkness, from winter to summer, is made so imperceptibly, that the keenest eye cannot trace it. No person should come to London without visiting this its most beautiful and curious sight.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—If our readers wish to enjoy an intellectual treat, they will profit by our recommendation and visit this popular institution. As during the approaching session of Parliament we may expect discussion respecting the various plans proposed for producing locomotion on railways, we are glad to find that the directors of the Royal Polytechnic Institution are making every arrangement for exhibiting on a working scale every suggested improvement. Our readers are already aware that there has been for a length of time in that institution a working model of Clegg and Samuda's Atmospheric

Railway, and, during the sitting of the committees last session, counsel frequently availed themselves of the practical instruction to be derived from an inspection of the models. The directors therefore are fitting up in this establishment various descriptions of railway carriages to be propelled by steam and other agents. In order to shew the vast advantages of Coleman's engines for ascending and descending inclined planes an extended line of railway is being constructed, so as to afford the patentee an opportunity of more fully exemplifying the ingenuity of his invention. Doctor RYAN'S lectures on the potato disease continue to draw full audiences daily, who appear to appreciate the admirable manner in which the lecturer illustrates his discourse. Doctor BACHHOFFNER also attracts attention by his admirable lectures on Experimental Philosophy.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

THE TAUNTON SAUCE.—We have three reasons for inviting attention to an advertisement of this preparation, which will be found in our columns of this day. The first is, on the principle that the merits of a good thing cannot be too extensively promulgated; the second is, that the sauce is the invention of a lady, widely and flatteringly known throughout the west of England for her culinary ability; and the third results from a belief that both the public and the inventress will equally benefit by the making of it known—the former by the acquisition of a zestful and innocuous condiment, and the latter by that of an income, which shall support the decline of life, and make some compensation for the loss of an affluent position of which misfortune and not misconduct has unhappily deprived her. Judging the Taunton Sauce, however, purely by *its own merits*, we are fully justified in according to it unqualified commendation; a more delicately flavoured, yet at the same time rich and piquant condiment we never before tried. There is a similarity, more or less, in the numerous class of sauces, that proves their close relationship, and how difficult it is to be original, even in this as in other things. Yet the sauce under notice is undoubtedly a novelty. To our own opinion in its favour we may add the unanimous praises of all to whom we have offered it, including a connoisseur in science *à la cuisine* of high authority. For these reasons we recommend the Taunton Sauce, in the full confidence that on trial it will be found deserving of even a higher encomium than it has received at our hands.

UNIVERSAL MAGNETISM.—ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At the monthly meeting of the members on Monday, Mr. Faraday, the Fullerian professor, continued his announcements by giving the heads of a new discovery in magnetic science, so general as to reach to all matter. Briefly, his statement was, that all matter not magnetic, as iron, was subject to magnetic force, and produced dynamic effects perfectly distinct from, and in contrast with, those of magnetic substances. Thus the prism of heavy glass, with which he had succeeded in magnetically affecting light, suspended freely between contrary magnetic poles, was acted upon, and arranged itself equatorially, or directly across the ordinary magnetic curves. This action he resolved, by experiment, into a direct repulsion, exerted between the glass and either or both poles of the magnet; and he further stated that all matter not magnetic, as iron, possessed this property. The investigation of this subject has been carried to a great extent with powerful instruments, as well also as new investigations of the relations of bodies magnetic in the ordinary manner, and fresh facts are daily being elicited. These, with the important conclusions to be drawn from them, will be sent immediately to the Royal Society in one or two papers, and be communicated to the members of the Royal Institution at some of their approaching evening meetings.

MAPS IN RELIEF.—An ingenious work of art and science, by M. Sené, a citizen of Geneva, is exhibiting in Paris—and about to be inspected by a committee of the Academy of Sciences. This work represents, by means of sculpture in wood, the chain of Mont Blanc and its neighbouring mountains, on a superficies of 25 square mètres—the lengths being given on a scale of 1 in 10,000 and the altitudes of 1 in 6,000—and the forms and colours of their many peaks, all their glaciers, valleys, watercourses, chalets, and even their firs (no less than 500,000 of which are represented) being rendered with a fidelity which constitutes, it is said, a complete illusion. The effect attained is pleasantly described by the *Moniteur des Arts*:—"In the compass of an hour, how charming a journey may be made, under the guidance of M. Sené around this relief! You arrive at Chamouny by Saint-Martin, or by the Baths of Saint-Gervais, and alight at the Priory. After having taken a general view of the valley, you mount successively from station to station—visit the *Mer-de-glace*—pass, if you will, the *Col du Géant*—climb Mont Blanc—nay, look down even on this "Monarch of Mountains," by ascending a gallery, which is erected at a little distance. The ascent completed, you make what is called the tour of Mont Blanc; arrived at Martigny, passing by the *Col du Bonhomme*, the *Col de la Seigne*, the *Allée Blanche Courmayeur*, the hospital of Saint Bernard, the *Val Ferret*, or the *Val d'Entremour*. And, finally, from Martigny, you return to Chamouny, either by the *Tête Noire* or by the *Col de Balme*—and reach Geneva by the *Col d'Anterne*—without fatigue and without danger—without cloud and without rains—and at the small outlay of two francs."

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

A Lecture on the Nature of Miracles, delivered at the Literary and Philosophical Institution, Cheltenham. By the Rev. F. CLOSE, A.M. London, 1845. Hamilton and Co.

BUT a few months ago a fierce and uncharitable attack was made on Mesmerism, and those who inquired into it, from the pulpit, by one of the fashionable preachers of the day. He gravely asserted that its phenomena were the result of Satanic agency, and of a consequence denounced all experimenters as dupes of the devil. This was followed by the publication of an article much to the same effect, by a writer well known in the religious world, under the name of CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. That these denunciations greatly retarded the progress of Mesmerism, by closing the minds of such as cannot, dare not, or are too indolent, to reason for themselves against every kind of argument in its favour, is undeniable. Many serious people, too, who are well enough able, and but for this would have been disposed, to examine and judge for themselves, finding their prejudices interfered with by the reports, which from all sides reached them, of the wonders Mesmerism was unfolding, were too ready to rely on the authority of these writers as an excuse to their consciences for avoiding inquiry into a subject which at the first step carries the mind beyond the boundaries which for six thousand years have been supposed to be its limits. Pushing the argument *ad absurdum* in the eyes of unprejudiced parties, a third writer appears, who prints and circulates widely a tract called "A Dialogue between a Christian and a Mesmerist!" as though the latter were an unclean spirit, who should be rebuked and exorcised accordingly. Meanwhile the Mesmerists, relying upon the force of truth eventually to compel belief, looked calmly on, amused at the length to which bigots in their blindness can run, and deprecating the insane folly of the many, who, without reflection, follow them. Argument was there none to combat; the very case of the denunciators, considered by a dispassionate and philosophical mind, defeated their purpose. Respect the motives of these writers we do, for it were to treat them as uncharitably as they have treated the Mesmerists to say their intentions were not pure, and for the best; yet this is all that can be said in their behalf, while we must stigmatize them for a subjection to prejudice which unfits them to judge fairly of the question, or pity them for a narrowness of apprehension that is incapable of admission of a great truth. The innate force and activity of Truth, however, is daily becoming more visible; the mountain of disbelief under which she lay begins to crack and tremble, and eventually, in all her beauty, she will stand before the world. Assisting to disengage her are some of

the most powerful and reverend minds in Europe. Philosophers, statesmen, lawyers, divines, are inquiring and busy; that the result will be for the benefit of mankind no sane man can doubt.

The leader of the clerical Anti-mesmerists is Mr. HUGH M'NEILE; against him the Mesmerists place Archbishop WHATELEY, a man whose capacity rivals that of BACON, and who is confessedly the ablest metaphysician of whom this country at the present time can boast. Between these, who that is too indolent to examine for himself, can hesitate for a moment on which to pin his belief.

Though last, by no means least of the clergymen who have had the moral courage to maintain before the public a belief in Mesmerism (for, after what has been said against it, boldness was really necessary), is the Rev. FRANCIS CLOSE, a minister known throughout the country for the penetrating sagacity of his mind, the soundness of his views, and for the zeal and success which mark his labours in the ministry.

This gentleman, in a lecture delivered to the members of the Cheltenham Church of England Reading Association, on the Nature of Miracles, took occasion to express his views of Mesmerism; this he did in a manner which proved that he had given to the subject the most thoughtful consideration. We accept his testimony, as far as it goes, with unfeigned gladness, for we believe his opinion carries with it a force which will overcome the obstructions piled against Mesmerism to bar its admission into the religious communities, where, above all other circles, it is most desirable it should be known, since, rightly understood, it must tend to advance the interests of true religion, while it opens up fields of psychology of a grandeur equally astonishing and expansive to the human mind. We extract the following from Mr. CLOSE'S lecture; it will be read with interest, as the views it offers are those of a man who has from time to time given pledges to the world of sound judgment and character.

There was another subject to which he would call their attention for a moment, because it was nearer home. They were upon the subject of miracles—supernatural interferences through spiritual and physical causes. Now he might be asked what he thought of the astonishing phenomena of Mesmerism. Were they miraculous, or were they not? This seemed at first sight a very hard question to answer; but if he approached that mysterious subject well armed with all the truths which he had endeavoured to bring before them, he thought an easy solution might be given to the question. He met it with a direct negative. However extraordinary the various phenomena might be, —and upon the merits of particular experiments he offered no opinion—he affirmed, and he had not heard of any sane person connected with that mysterious science who contradicted his assertion—that there were no supernatural causes hitherto developed: that whatever they were, they were physical or metaphysical—they were some of nature's secrets, whose laws and principles were not yet fully revealed or discovered. He had no hesitation in saying thus far,—he spoke not of any particular exhibitions, but he spoke of the mesmeric power in the abstract, —and he felt constrained to acknowledge that there were some facts in the science of Mesmerism which he was bound to believe, upon the same kind of testimony as that on which he believed the miracles of the Scriptures themselves; namely, upon the credible testimony of those whose word, and understanding, and principles, he could not suspect. He was one of those who were utterly fearless as to the result of faithful inquiry into the secrets of nature; he knew, indeed, that while truth was in the course of discovery, the most crude and foolish theories would be started; and much mischief might be occasioned, yet eventually truth must come out of nature's ample bosom; and ere long it would be proved whether there was not some subtle principle or principles to be discovered; whether there was not some mysterious power or agency whereby mind and matter were connected as by a subtle thread, and whether that delicate and invisible thread, which bound the soul and body of man, might not bind the souls and bodies of many men together in the same mysterious manner. Let them only keep it well in mind that the phenomena of Mesmerism were not miraculous, that there was no Divine interference, but that they are purely physical discoveries of hidden and unexplored properties of nature. Let them keep to that, and *then*—why they had better be minding their own business than speculate on things they did not understand! *(Laughter.)* Let us leave them to the learned before we took upon ourselves to act and appear in the experimental drama. And here he would venture to say a few words if he might be allowed, to his fair friends. He would recommend the ladies to leave Mesmerism alone, for it appeared that their nature was peculiarly sensitive to the mysterious power of Mesmerism. He would therefore recommend them to wait a while, until the stronger heads of the nobler part of mankind (he hoped they would forgive him) had searched a little more deeply into the matter; and when the doctors and philosophers had brought before us something like a classification of the phenomena, and had approached a little more towards the structure of a system, then it might become more popular. But at present he was sure that he knew enough of this subject most seriously to assure them that Mesmerism was not a thing to be trifled with, either physically, mentally, or spiritually; a wild and injudicious pursuit of this subject might terminate, as it had already done in one instance, in insanity! He said not this in condemnation of Mesmerism, he knew it was only an abuse of it. But he did warn them against trifling with it, playing with a power, like a child playing with some unknown and dangerous weapon, he knew not what the effect might be. He took that opportunity to deliver his opinion on that debatable topic, only adding one word more; as he felt persuaded that there was nothing miraculous in Mesmerism, so he was certain that there was no interference of the evil spirit in Mesmerism. Satan had nothing more to do with Mesmerism than he had to do with us in every thing else. Never would he grant this vantage ground to the prince of darkness, or suppose that he exercised mesmeric power. True, we could not explain the phenomena—nor see the beneficial object of them—but therefore to conclude that they are diabolical, appeared to him to be the most inconclusive argument that he had ever met with.

ELECTRICITY AND HEAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for the insertion of my last letter; and will, if it please you, notice a few consequences of the connection therein mentioned, which may be interesting to your readers:—

In the first place, light, electricity, and heat being so closely dependent, that it is reasonable to suppose that all present anomalies will vanish before accurate investigation, it follows that the conflicting theories with regard to animal heat and respiration of combustionists and electricists will resolve themselves into altercations of words.

Secondly, it being remembered that chemical affinity is electricity, the formative or growing principle in vegetables and animals becomes plainly identified with that wonderful energy of galvanism which forms the crystal into its myriad shapes, so various, yet so fundamentally simple; for where is the boundary which divides the three kingdoms of crystals, vegetables, and animals, impassably and distinctly?

Thirdly, another and more wonderful may be added to the already numerous and wonderful family of electrotypes, I mean neurotypy, or science of nervous impressions, which, or I mistake greatly, will ere long go far to explain the phenomena of what is termed mesmerism.

For, to suggest no impossible experiment, suppose the retina, optic nerve, and brain, prepared as the daguerreotype plate is prepared, only by a more delicate means; then consider the probable result of images or perceptions impressed on the sensorium, and so with respect to the other senses. For if light, which is electricity, be the medium of communication with the organs of vision, it is probably so with the other senses (Sir John Herschel, in his beautiful discourse on the study of natural philosophy, section 85, stating, with respect to sound and light, that "there can hardly remain any reasonable doubt of their ultimate coincidence in one common phenomenon, the vibratory motion of an elastic medium"); and we then see how the motions, sensations, impressions, nay, even the thoughts, for they are accompanied by cerebral motion, may be communicated from one individual to another, at the greatest distances.

I say, Sir, that for a man in the present state of science to assert this to be impossible, is to display shallowness, and not profundity of intellect.

Only it seems to me that there is a tendency at present to split science into unsatisfactory divisions and fractions that, instead of generalizing and simplifying particular laws, serve to make general and simple laws more complex, by inventing new distinctions, or continuing old ones, for branches and principles proved identical.

To hear many philosophers discourse no one would suppose that electricity, heat, light, chemical affinity, and gravity had any intimate and important dependence; whereas it seems all but certain that one great principle of force pervades the entire universe—the sceptre in the right hand of the Almighty.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. HENRY VERLANDER.

7, Harriet-street, Montpelier-square, Brompton.

I may here suggest that as all crystals may be formed by the slow action of galvanism, here is not only a connection between the electricity and polarized light, but, through optical and electrical experiments on crystals and their constituent elements, a means of ascertaining the extent of that connection.

To Booksellers.—*A stamped copy of* The Critic *sent regularly to any Bookseller, for his own use, at the cost of stamp and paper only, on prepayment of* half a year's subscription, at least (4*s.* 4*d.*), *which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.*

Booksellers *and Keepers of Circulating Libraries are requested to communicate to* The Critic *the results of their experience as to books and classes of books most in demand, and other similar information. Books wanted to purchase inserted in the weekly list without charge.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

The publishing season has begun, and although it has done little as yet in the way of performance, there is a great promise, if we may credit the printers, who tell us that they are busier than usual. It is to be feared, however, that political agitation, and the money panic, and the potato disease, will combine to check these buds of promise ere they bloom; for it is a well-known fact, that the book-trade is the first to feel bad times. Men begin to economize by resigning their mental pleasures; they do not curtail their bodily comforts till necessity compels. On inquiry we learn that the greater portion of the work upon which the printers are engaged is the of reprints. Of new books there are but few in progress; and glancing over the publishers' advertisements, there is little of substantial attraction to be found. The truth is, that literature is at a very low ebb among us, lower than it has been for half a century.

May we ask those of our booksellers and librarian readers who have not yet obliged us, to follow the example of the correspondents who have so kindly favoured us with their opinions of The Critic, and transmit a similar document, if they can do so conscientiously, in the course of the next week, as we are desirous of including them in a prospectus to be issued preparatory to the commencement of a new volume with the new year, when we hope to welcome a large accession of new subscribers.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—I take The Critic because I consider it the most valuable journal published for Booksellers, and Librarians especially.

The entire arrangement of it is new and useful. The classification of its Literary Department, under the heads of the countries in which the works reviewed were produced, is quite a distinguishing feature of the work. Its "Record of Inventions" and "Register of Books wanted to purchase," are found of great utility. The trade, too, is more liberally dealt with by The Critic than any periodical I am acquainted with.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Andrew Buchanan.

Newtown, Limavady, Dec. 4, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—Most willingly I beg to add my testimony to the usefulness of The Critic, as a guide to country booksellers in selecting for their shelves or libraries; and independent of the pleasure to be derived from reading those brief extracts it contains, they have very often been the means of obtaining orders for books which otherwise would probably be overlooked in many instances.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Richard Milloy.

Tipperary Town, Nov. 25, 1845.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Dec. 6 *to Dec.* 13.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at The CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* The Critic, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* The Critic. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alphabet of Quadrupeds, 24 Pictures from the Old Masters, royal 16mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Affection's Parting Gift, 32mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl. gilt.

Booke of Christmas Carols, illuminated from MSS. in the British Museum, small 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.* extra bds. gilt.—Bray's (Mrs.) Novels and Romances, Vol. VII. "Trials of the Heart," fc. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Banking Almanac and Directory for 1846, 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Brief Memoir of T. F. Buxton and Elizabeth Fry, 18mo. 1*s.* cl.

Cross's Initia Latina; or, Guide to Latin, for Beginners, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.; ditto, Initia Græca, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.—Copley's (Esther) Housekeeper's Guide, fc. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Christison's (J.) Easy Grammar of the Italian Language, 18mo. 1*s.* 4*d.* cl.—Circle of English History, a Game, square, 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Crowned Heads; or, Contemporary Sovereigns, a Game, 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl. case.

Dickenson's Guide to the Quarter Sessions, by Talfourd and Tyrwhitt, 6th edit. royal 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* bds.

European Library, Guizot's (F.) "History of the English Revolution," post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Events in Sacred History, 24 Pictures from Holbein, Raffaele, and Albert Durer, royal 16mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Edinburgh Tales, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.

France Illustrated, from Drawings by Thomas Allom, esq. with Descriptions by Rev. G. R. Wright, Vol. I. 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl. elegant.—Faery Tales and Ballads, Fourteen Pictures by Eminent Artists, royal 16mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Freemason's Calendar and Pocket-book for 1846, 3*s.* roan tuck.

Gore's (Mrs.) Snow Storm, illustrated by George Cruikshank, fcp. 8vo. 5*s.* cl.—Goodnatured Bear, a story for Children of all ages, Four Pictures, by F. Taylor, small 4to. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Gumersall's Interest and Discount Tables, 17th edition, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Hare's Illustrated Engineer's Almanack for 1846, on sheet, 1*s.*—Hood's (Thos.) Dream of Eugene Aram, Seven Designs, by W. Harvey, new edit. crown 8vo. 1*s.* swd.

Jelf's Greek Grammar, chiefly from the German of Kühner, Part I. "Accidence," 15*s.* cl. completing the work.—Juvenile Englishman's Library, Vol. IX. "The Charcoal Burners," 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Lawrence's Stories from the New Testament, illustrated, square 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Mann's Planetary and Stellar Universe, with numerous Diagrams, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—Murray's Colonial and Home Library, Vol. XIII. "Life of Louis, Prince of Condé," post 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Murphy's (Dr. E. W.) Lectures on Parturition, 8vo. 9*s.* cl.—Metrical Version of the Hebrew Psalter, with Explanatory Notes, small 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Meek's (Rev. R.) Reasons for Conformity to the Church of England, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.

Neison's (F. G. P. esq.) Contributions to Vital Statistics, 2nd edit. 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.

Pinnock's Ciphering Books (Key to), 5th edit. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Payne's (G.) Elements of Language and General Grammar, fc. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Practical Sermons, Vol. II. 8vo. 7*s.* cl.

Rodwell's (G. H.) Hand-Book of the Violin, imp. 12mo. 1*s.* swd.—Railway Speculator's Memorandum Book and Ledger, oblong, 3*s.* roan tuck.

Standard Novels, Vol. XCIX. Cooper's (J. F.) "Jack O'Lantern," 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Spackman's (W. F.) Analysis of the Railway Interest of the United Kingdom, royal 8vo. 5*s.* cl.

Tams's (G., M.D.) Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-Western Africa, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* cl.—Trench's Hulsean Lectures, 8vo. 5*s.* bds.

Whittaker's Catechisms, "Chess," 18mo. 9*d.* swd.—Wordsworth's (Rev. Dr.) Theophilus Anglicanus, 4th edit. post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Watts's (Dr.) Psalms and Hymns, royal 32mo. 2*s.* cl.

Young Baronet (The): a Novel, by the Author of the "Scottish Heiress," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of The Critic, stating prices.

Carrington's Dartmoor, with Notes and Preface by W. Burt, esq. Published 1826.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Translation a Violation of Copyright. — The Royal Court of Rouen has decided, on an appeal from the inferior tribunal, that the translation of a work into another language is still a violation of the law of copyright. In the case before the Court, some French lectures on chymistry had been translated into Spanish. The publisher of this translation was sentenced to pay 1,000f. fine, and all the copies were ordered to be destroyed.

The Jewish Reform Committee, sitting at Frankfort, have decided upon a change, which marks strongly the rapid emancipation of the Hebrew mind from the mere letter of ceremonial. This body has decided that, henceforth, the Jewish Sabbath shall be observed on the same day with that of Christendom. The Israelite community, in the same city, have been inaugurating the new building which they have erected for their general school, with honours, in which the senate of Frankfort, the high civil and military functionaries, and many Christian ministers and professors took a part. The choral singing on the occasion was executed by the 520 children, who are pupils of the schools; and it is remarked that the procession of the scholars and their chiefs through the streets of Frankfort is the first Jewish ceremony which ever took place publicly in that city.—*Athenæum.*

Miss Mary Flaherty has made Lord Brougham residuary legatee; which, says the *Post*, is tantamount to leaving him 20,000*l.*

THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

Ultramontanism; or, the Roman Church and Modern Society. By E. QUINET, of the College of France. Translated from the French by C. COCKS, B.L. 8vo. pp. 184. London, 1845. Chapman.

THE revival of Jesuitism in various parts of Europe, and especially in France, appears to have excited a serious alarm for the safety of modern civilization. It is even thought by some, and those, too, minds of the foremost order, accustomed to look calmly upon the current of events, and from a review of the past to prophesy of the future, that there is imminent danger of the restoration of the reign of Priestcraft, and consequently of a return to the mental and spiritual night of the middle ages. It is difficult for us, who can espy no traces in our own country of any such tendency, save in the rise and progress of Puseyism, to understand the terrors that have taken possession of many of the loftiest intellects of continental Europe. Nay, that very event which at the first seemed to indicate the advance of Jesuitism here, as in other countries, has served only to manifest beyond all question the firmness of the hold which the principle of Protestantism has taken in the national mind, and the hopelessness of any attempt to spread Ultramontanism here, at least during the existence of the present generation.

Still the fact remains, and it is both important and interesting, that in infidel France there is not only a fear of Ultramontanism, but an actual danger of it. The cause, *we* believe to be, that England opposes *a religion* to the progress of Priestcraft, while France has no such safeguard. Here the minds of men are already preoccupied with *a faith*; there they are open to the first influences that appeal to the heart, in which the sense of religion, as implanted by nature, although it may be hidden can never be destroyed.

But, however this may be, the fact is certain, that the spirit of Jesuitism is growing among our neighbours, and has already assumed so formidable a front that the foremost of their historians and philosophers have deemed it incumbent upon them to come forward with the most solemn and earnest exhortations to their countrymen to beware of the dangerous enemy that is lurking among them and to expel him ere it be too late. We have lately reviewed at some length the singularly eloquent and powerful appeal of M. MICHELET, entitled *Priests, Women, and Families*, and now the translator of that extraordinary work has favoured us with an equally spirited translation of a series of lectures by another historian, M. QUINET, on the same exciting theme, as earnest, as eloquent, but wanting some of the more popular characteristics which recommended the former production to the regards, not of France only, but of all Europe.

The lectures before us are no common-place compositions, nor are they calculated for the sofa-lounger. They require the active exercise of thought in the perusal; they are learned in their facts and profound in their arguments. To attempt to follow them consecutively, would be foreign to the duties of such a literary journal,—they would demand the ample space and leisure of a quarterly review, by some of which, no doubt, justice will be done to the multitudinous suggestions for thought with which these pages are crowded. We can but indicate an outline of the contents of the volume, and by a few choice extracts convey to the curious reader a general idea of its scope and composition.

The subject is treated of in eight lectures. The first is entitled "The Superlatively Catholic Kingdom of Spain," and is a review of the present state of Catholicism in that country. M. QUINET's opinion, contrary to the prevalent impression, is, that the power of Catholicism is really less in Spain than in other countries. It seems that he has visited that country purposely to observe the state of the public mind in this respect.

His notion is, that when Priestcraft was defeated by Science elsewhere, it took refuge in Spain.

The Spanish Church wished to be alone, without any one to contradict her. She succeeded in making a desert around her. Philosophy, Protestantism, dissenting minds, science,—every thing was cursed by her, and every thing was sacrificed to her. But it happened, that these men of the past lost themselves in this absolute loneliness; they wished to sterilize the modern world; and the sterility began in themselves. In delivering themselves from their adversaries, they became severed from life; and in pretending to kill the new man, their blows fell upon themselves.

And not having yielded to the spirit of the age, she has been defeated by it and trampled upon.

The second lecture treats of the "Political Results of Catholicism in Spain." Why has religion so firm a hold, and yet the Church so weak? Because the Spanish people have a *faith*; they have an idea of Christianity apart from Catholicism. It has been handed down to them from the time when they fought for that faith against the assaults of Islamism.

In presence of the Koran, the Spanish people identified themselves with the Gospel; they considered themselves, in the manner of the Hebrews, as the chosen people. In the sierras of Andalusia, the mountaineers, wishing to know whether I spoke Spanish, asked me whether I *spoke Christian,—habla Christiano?* During that struggle of eight centuries against Islamism, every man had been accustomed to consider himself as a champion of Christ. My guide, in order to ask a question of a goat-herd, called out to him from the top of a rock, Chevalier! *Caballero!* and the echo from a Moorish tower answered that the nobility of that man dated from the duel between Christ and Mahomet. When God himself is the subject of dispute, what becomes of the differences of fortunes and social conditions? All men are brothers upon a field of battle; but if the field be a whole country, if the battle last eight centuries, and the cause be that of Christ, around whom generations watch like sentinels, it is evident that the sentiment of equality under the banner of the Eternal, that of communion by blood, must be impressed in an indestructible manner upon the heart of that people, and become the very basis of their nature. All the gold of Mexico has been unable to change it.

There is a moral grandeur about those Spaniards, after all. There is great hope for a people whose public assemblies are thus conducted:—

I have been present at warlike discussions where there was not only a question of life or death, but of a duel between royalty and one man; frenzy, fury, and menaces were at the bottom of every heart around me; for a whole week one party beset and provoked their opponents, with cold, bitter invectives. All that time the other half of the assembly, those men whose political life was thus being tortured to the death, did not allow a single syllable to escape them. They remained as silent as marble statues. Those whose coolness began to waver were contented to retire quietly from the hall. You would have fancied them to be resigned or indifferent; they were, on the contrary, at the very extremity of agony. This impassibility lasted till the moment when the greatest orator of Spain, rising in their name, and gathering and storing up all those passions, all those pent-up cries, hurled upon that assembly, for two whole days, the thunders of a speech which still burns in my memory.

And whose public men can thus bear themselves:—

Even on those occasions, when menaces and fury raise a tempest in the air, each, at the moment of voting, rises, and pronounces his vote with a loud voice, adding only the monosyllable *Yes* or *No*, *Si* or *No*. The first time I saw, in the most perilous circumstances, and amid the deadly clamours of the tribune, each of these men, with his head erect, publish his opinion so bravely, that sight filled me with sympathy and respect. Really there was something grand in it, which brought to mind the noble pride of the old Cortes of the middle ages. What is excellent is, that the idea never seems to strike anybody that it is possible for the vote to be influenced by fear.

The third lecture discourses of "The Roman Church and the State," and traces the struggle between them for ascendancy. To this moment the latter has succeeded in preserving her place; but a great effort is being made to restore the

dominion of the former, and the trick by which this is sought to be effected is that of calling the latter atheistical if it pay not homage to the former as its mistress.

The fourth lecture reviews the relationship of "The Roman Church and Science," which has been always, still is, and ever will be, one of antagonism. Science is, in fact, the most dangerous foe of priestcraft; hence, from the time of GALILEO downwards, the latter has always persecuted and opposed the former. When GALILEO first revealed the mechanics of the heavens to man, he was, in fact, preparing a revolution. The formulas of the school divinity were at once proved to be false and foolish; science became the patrimony of mankind, and not the property of monks only; the consciousness of independent thought in one matter led to liberty of opinion in others; the infallibility of the priesthood was overthrown; their power was shaken to the base. What wonder that they sought to extirpate so terrible a foe,—that they put the author of this mischief to the torture, and ever since have proscribed and persecuted his followers. M. QUINET concludes this brilliant lecture with a reflection, severe, but just:—

The Church disavowed in Galileo the instruction of the spirit, and fell into the snare of the senses. From that moment, for two hundred years, she often persecuted the Christian movement of the mind, by the Inquisition and violence. It was necessary that an awful chastisement should suddenly come from above, to warn her that she had mistaken her road. Providence sent her that sacred chastisement in hurling upon her the French Revolution. Heaven could not speak louder. Was it heard and understood? How is it that the Church, which commands us, with good right, to allow ourselves to be instructed by every blow of fortune, repudiates, for her part, this divine lesson, when she is the party struck? Will she deny the chastisement? That is impossible. Will she pretend that what is true for others is not true for her? She cannot do so either. Has the warning not been severe enough? Must God repeat the lesson? She thinks so still less.

The fifth lecture treats of "The Roman Church and History." There is a passage of great power and beauty in this lecture, which we must extract:—

There is another philosophy of history. In the most profoundly Christian point of view, Providence acts in a much more intimate manner; God no longer inhabits the invisible heights alone; nor does he any longer act by sudden fits and starts. He is become incarnate; he is made man, and lives in the hearts of nations and states. In this sense, history is an eternal Gospel, wholly filled with the inward God; he it is who speaks and moves in the vast bosom of nations; he acts outwardly from within, uninterruptedly; he dwells in the heart of things, he fashions the inward spirit of empires, and events are nothing more than the consequence which he abandons to man; ever-living, he communicates life. In human things, he is the spirit of development and progress supplanting immutability and despotism.

"The Roman Church and Law" is the subject of the sixth lecture. Its purpose is to shew the effect of infusing into the law the spirit of Christianity, and, by comparing it with the law as wielded by the spirit of Romanism, to prove that they are not identical, or even in alliance, but rather antagonists.

The seventh lecture discourses of "The Roman Church and Philosophy," more often on terms of friendship than science, but at times in fierce collision. Into this learned and curious inquiry we cannot attempt to follow, but we recommend the entire of this essay to the careful perusal of the reader.

The eighth lecture is devoted to the subject of "The Roman Church and Nations," and it concludes with this energetic appeal:

You fear the pope; there is a way to dispossess him without insulting him as our kings did in the middle ages. Be, in the management of the world, more Christian, more universal than he; have towards nationalities that charity which he has not had. Try some day to raise up the dead he has made! Open the gates of the city of life, and no longer for a small number of predestined only. Spain has been the right arm of Rome, be then the right arm of humanity. In one word, try a policy more elevated, more sacred and more divine than that of the pope; you will legitimately inherit his strength, and you will fear him no more: it is a sure way to conquer him without fighting.

"The Roman Church and the Universal Church," is the title of the ninth and last lecture. It is not the least interesting of the series; but already we have dwelt, perhaps, at too great length on so small a volume, which, however, offers this excuse for us, that it contains more wisdom and more matter for thought than most books of tenfold its bulk.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Jacobites of 1715 *and* 1745. By Mrs. THOMSON, Author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII." &c. &c. In 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1845. Bentley.

THE memoirs, with which Mrs. THOMSON has ingeniously contrived to fill two portly volumes, are seven in number; to wit, the Earls of MAR and DERWENTWATER, the Master of SINCLAIR, the Earl of NITHESDALE, Viscount KENMURE, Sir JOHN MACLEAN, and ROB ROY MACGREGOR, the latter being indebted for his introduction into a work that claims to be history on account of the celebrity given to him by the fiction of SCOTT.

Mrs. THOMSON is familiar to most novel-readers for a series of historical romances that have proceeded from her pen, and which have attained a certain degree of popularity not altogether undeserved. In a more aspiring mood, she has now, for a second time, adventured upon history. In this she has succeeded better than they are wont to do who have turned from fiction to fact. She has bridled her imagination, and forbidden it to colour sober realities too highly. She has exercised uncommon diligence in rummaging old state-papers, mouldering family-chests, and black-letter books in the British Museum, and exhibited good taste—a woman's innate sense of the agreeable—in the selection of materials calculated to amuse and make her biographies readable. Minutiæ that a man would have passed over as too insignificant for notice, such as small gossips, little family anecdotes, and incidents of personal adventure, she has boldly seized upon and worked into her narratives, thus giving to them a reality which the most solemn periods of the formal historian never could have produced. Hence is this, although a veritable contribution to the historical library, an agreeable sofa-book, pleasant fireside reading for a winter evening, and we suspect more truly instructive than a more regular history, because it brings men, and places, and events more home to the mind; conjures up definite ideas of them, and impresses them there indelibly. Mrs. THOMSON'S experience as a novelist has enabled her, as it were, to dramatize her story, to perfect her descriptions; and although these advantages have been purchased at the price of some prolixity, the exchange is certainly to the advantage of the present reader, however it may operate to the prejudice of her claims to a place among what are termed the standard historians.

At this season, when so many new works demand notice, we cannot attempt to follow her through each of the biographies she has completed. It must suffice that we cull, from the ample choice offered, some of the passages containing the most novelty, as specimens of what the reader may expect from the perusal of a work which will undoubtedly be a desirable addition both to the book-club and the circulating library.

From the biography of the Earl of MAR, we extract this

PORTRAIT OF THE CHEVALIER.

In person, James is reported by the Master of Sinclair to have been "tall and thin, seeming to incline to be lean, rather than to fill as he grows in years." His countenance, to judge by the most authentic portraits of this prince, had none of the meditative character of that of Charles the First, whom the Chevalier was popularly said to resemble; neither had it the sweetness which was expressed by every feature of that unhappy monarch, nor had his countenance the pensiveness which wins upon the beholder who gazes upon the portraits of Charles. The eyes of the Chevalier were light hazel, his face was pale and long, and in the fulness of the lips he resembled his mother, Mary of Modena. To this physiognomy, on which it is said a smile was rarely seen to play, were added, according to the account of a contemporary, "a speech grave and not very clearly expressive of his thoughts, nor over much to the purpose; his words were few, and his behaviour and temper seemed always composed."

And this is the Earl of MAR'S description of the same personage:—

People every where, as we have come along, are excessively fond to see him, and express that duty they ought. Without any compliment to him, and to do him nothing but justice, set aside

his being a prince, he is realie the finest gentelman I ever knew. He has a very good presence, and resembles King Charles a great dele. His presence, tho', is not the best of him; he has fine partes, and dispatches all his buissiness himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw any body write so finely. He is afable to a great degree wtout loqscing that majestie that he ought to have, and has the sweetest temper in the world. In a word, he is even fitted to make us a happie people, were his subjects worthie of him. To have him peaciblie settled on his thron is what these kingdomes do not deserve; but he deserves it so much, that I hope ther's a good fate attending him."

And he adds,—

The king wears paper caps under his wige, which I know you also do; they cannot be had at Perth, so I wish you could send some on, for his own are near out.

His reception at first was enthusiastic.

On the second of January, 1715-16, the Chevalier proceeded to Brechin, and thence to Kinnaird; and on Thursday to Glammis Castle, the seat of the Earl of Strathmore. On the sixth of January he made his public entry into Dundee on horseback, at an early hour. Three hundred followers attended him, and the Earl of Mar rode on his right hand, the Earl Marischal on his left. At the suggestion of his friends, the prince shewed himself in the market-place of Dundee for nearly an hour and a half, the people kissing his hands. The following extract from a letter among the Mar papers affords a more minute and graphic account of the Chevalier's demeanour than is to be found in the usual histories of the day. "I hear the Pretender went this day from Glams to Dundee, and comes to Scoon to-morrow; and I am shourly informed that your old friend Willie Callender went to Glams on Wensday and kissed the Pretender's hand, of whom he makes great speeches, and says he is one of the finest gentlemen ever he saw in his life. Its weell that his landing is keept up from the army, for he has gained so much the good will of all ranks of people in this country that have seen him, that if it was made publick it's thought it might have ill effects among them. He is very affable and oblidging to all, and great crowds of the common people flok to him. When he toke horse this morning from Glams, there was about a thousand country people at the gate, who they say gave him many blessings; he has tuched several of the ivil, as he did some this morning. He is of a very pleasant temper, and has intirely gained the hearts of all thro' the places he has passed. He aplyes himself very closs to business, and they say might very weell be a secretarie of state. He has declared Lord Marischall one of his bedchamber."

But his haughty and forbidding manners speedily extinguished the zeal of his followers.

The enthusiasm which was at first displayed towards the chevalier was soon cooled, not only by his grave and discouraging aspect, but by his fearless and impolitic display of his religious faith. He never allowed any Protestant even to say grace for him, but employed his own confessor "to repeat the Pater Nosters and Ave Marias:" and he also shewed an invincible objection to the usual coronation-oath, — a circumstance which deferred the ceremony of coronation,—Bishop Mosse declaring that he would not consent to crown him unless that oath were taken. This sincerity of disposition, for it cannot be called by a more severe name, especially diminished the affections of the Chevalier's female episcopal friends, who had excited their male relations to bear arms in his favour. But the circumstance which weighed the most heavily against James, was the order which he published, on hearing that the Duke of Argyle was making preparations to march against him, for burning the towns and villages, and destroying the corn and forage, between Dumblane and Perth. This act of destruction, from the effects of which the desolate village of Auchterarder has never recovered, was determined on, in order that the enemy might be incommoded as much as possible upon their march; it added to the miseries of a people already impoverished by the taxes and contributions which the Jacobites had levied. It appears, however, from a letter of James's, since discovered, or perhaps only suppressed at the time, to have been an act which he bitterly regretted, and the order for which he signed most unwillingly. He was desirous of making every reparation in his power for the ravages which were committed in his name."

In another biography Mrs. THOMSON introduces a graphic picture of the state prisons of that time. It is extremely curious, and will be read with great interest.

The subsequent sufferings of these brave men [the Jacobites of 1715] were aggravated by the abuses which then existed in the state prisons of England. The condition of these receptacles of woe, at that period, beggars all description. Corruption and extortion gave every advantage to those who could command money enough to purchase luxuries at an enormous cost. Oppression and an utter carelessness of the wellbeing of the captive, pressed hardly upon those who were poor. No annals can convey a more heart-rending description of the sufferings of the prisoners confined in county gaols, than their own touching and heartfelt appeals, some of which are to be found in the State Paper Office.

In the Tower, especially, it appears from a diary kept by a gentleman who was confined there, that the greatest extortion was openly practised. Mr. Forster and a Mr. Anderton, who were allowed to live in the Governor's house, were charged the sum of five pounds a week for their lodging and diet; a demand which, more than a century ago, was deemed enormous. Several of the Highland chiefs, and among them the celebrated Brigadier Mackintosh, were "clapped up in places of less accommodation, for which, nevertheless, they were charged as much as would have almost paid the rent of the best houses in St. James's Square and Piccadilly." Mr. Forster, it must be added, was obliged to pay sixty guineas for his privilege of living in the Governor's house; and Mr. Anderton to give a bribe of twenty guineas for having his irons off. A similar tax was made upon every one who entered, and who could pay; and they were thankful to proffer the sum of twenty guineas, the usual demand, to be free from irons. It was, indeed, not the mere freedom from chains for which they paid, but for the power of effecting their escape. Upon every one who did not choose to be turned over to the common side, a demand was made of ten guineas fee, besides two guineas weekly for lodging, although in some rooms men lay four in a bed. Presents were also given privately; so that, in three or four months' time, three or four thousand pounds were paid by the prisoners to their gaolers.

Many of the prisoners being men of fortune, their tables were of the most luxurious description; forty shillings was often paid for a dish of peas and beans, and thirty shillings for a dish of fish; and this fare, so unlike that of imprisonment, was accompanied by the richest French wines. The vicious excesses and indecorums which went on in the Tower, among the state prisoners, are said to have scandalized the graver lookers-on. The subsequent distress and misery which ensued may, of course, be traced in part to this cause.

Lord Derwentwater, ever decorous and elevated in his deportment, was shocked at the wayward and reckless conduct of some of the Jacobites on their road to London, and told one of the king's officers at Barnet, that these prisoners "were only fit for Bedlam." To this it was remarked, that they were only fit for Bridewell. Whilst hopes of life continued, this rebuke still applied. The prisoners were aided in their excesses by the enthusiasm of the fair sex. The following extract from another obscure work, "The History of the Press-yard," is too curious to be omitted. "That while they [the prisoners] flattered themselves with hopes of life, which they were made to believe were the necessary consequences of a surrender at discretion, they did, without any retrospect to the crimes they were committed for, live in so profuse a manner, and fared so voluptuously, through the means of daily visitants and helps from abroad, that money circulated very plentifully; and while it was difficult to change a guinea almost at any house in the street, nothing was more easy than to have silver for gold to any quantity, and gold for silver, in the prison,—those of the fair sex, from persons of the first rank to tradesmen's wives and daughters, making a sacrifice of their husbands' and parents' rings, and other precious moveables, for the use of those prisoners; so that, till the trial of the condemned lords was over, and that the Earl of Derwentwater and Viscount Kenmure were beheaded, there was scarce any thing to be seen among them but flaunting apparel, venison pasties, hams, chickens, and other costly meats, with plenty of wine."

Lord DERWENTWATER appears to have been universally lamented, and his memory is still held in veneration. It is a tradition in the family that

On the day of the execution, Mary, Countess of Derwentwater, accompanied by another female, dressed herself as a fishwoman, and in a cart drove under Temple-bar, having previously bribed some people to throw the head of her lord into her lap as she passed under the pinnacle on which it was placed.

Of the Laird of LOCHIEL some interesting incidents were given to Mrs. THOMSON in a manuscript of the late Mrs. GRANT, of Laggan. The race of the Lochiels were remarkable for their swarthy complexions, and a prophecy was current in the clan, that whenever a chief should be born with a fair complexion, misfortune would come upon them. The issue is thus narrated:

At length, after the birth of twelve daughters, a son and heir made his appearance. But the satisfaction of the clans was

dashed by hearing that the ill-starred little laird was fair, like his sisters. The prophecy that a fair Lochiel should never prosper was recalled with dismay; and, unhappily, the fears of superstition were too mournfully realized by fact. The young Cameron was named Donald; his birth was followed by the appearance of two other boys—Archibald, afterwards the ill-fated Dr. Cameron, and John, who was called Fassefern, from an estate. "The proud prediction of their father," continues Mrs. Grant, "was soon amply fulfilled with regard to the daughters of this extraordinary family. Their history," she adds, "unites the extravagance of romance with the sober reality of truth." The twelve daughters of Lochiel were admirably educated, and the fame of their modest virtues soon extended through the Highlands. The great point in matrimonial alliances in those rude regions was to obtain a wife well born and well allied; and little fortune was ever expected with the daughter of a chief. Ancestry was the great point with a Highlander, for he believed that defects of mind, as well as of person, were hereditary. All, therefore, sought the daughters of Lochiel, as coming of an untainted race. The elder ones were married early, and seemed, as Mrs. Grant expresses it, by the solicitude to obtain them, as ever to increase, like the sibyl's leaves, in value as they lessened in number. Of the daughters, one, the youngest and fairest, was actually married to Cameron of Glendinning in the twefth year of her age. She became a widow, and afterwards married Maclean of Kingasleet, so that she was successively the wife of two heads of houses. Another, Jean Cameron, who was the least comely of her family, but possessed of a commanding figure and powerful understanding, was married to Clunie, the chief of the clan Macpherson. She is said to have been celebrated in the pathetic poem, entitled "Lochaber no more;" the poet, who laments his departure from Lochaber, and his farewell to his Jean, having been an officer in one of the regiments stationed at Fort William. By the marriage of his twelve daughters with the heads of houses, the political importance of Lochiel was considerably enhanced, and a confederacy, containing many noted families who were bound together by opinion and kindred, formed a strong opposition to the reigning government. The sons-in-law of Lochiel were the following chiefs: Cameron of Dungallan, Barclay of Urie, Grant of Glenmoriston, Macpherson of Clunie, Campbell of Barcaldine, Campbell of Auchalader, Campbell of Auchlyne, Maclean of Lochbuy, Macgregor of Bohowdie, Wright of Loss, Maclean of Ardgour, and Cameron of Glendinning. All the daughters became the mothers of families; "and these numerous descendants still," observes Mrs. Grant, "cherish the bonds of affinity, now so widely diffused, and still boast their descent from these female worthies."

We conclude with the minute account which has been preserved of

THE DEATH OF ROB ROY.

His deathbed was in character with his life: when confined to bed, a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. "Raise me up," said Rob Roy to his attendants, "dress me in my best clothes, tie on my arms, place me in my chair. It shall never be said that Rob Roy Macgregor was seen defenceless and unarmed by an enemy." His wishes were executed, and he received his guest with haughty courtesy. When he had departed, the dying chief exclaimed, "It is all over now—put me to bed—call in the piper; let him play *Ha til mi tulidh* (We return no more) as long as I breathe." He was obeyed; he died, it is said, before the dirge was finished. * * * When dying, he shewed that he entertained a sense of the practical part of Christianity, very consistent with his Highland notions. He was exhorted by the clergyman who attended him to forgive his enemies; and that clause in the Lord's Prayer which enjoins such a state of mind was quoted. Rob Roy replied, "Ay, now ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel. Rob," he said, turning to his son, "my sword and dirk lie there: never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies; but see you to them,—or may—"—the words died away, and he expired.

SCIENCE.

Explanations: a Sequel to "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." By the Author of that Work. 12mo. pp. 198. London, 1845. Churchill.

No book, within our recollection, has made so much noise in the world as "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." It has passed, with a rapidity unprecedented in scientific publications, through we know not how many editions. It has roused the wrath of divines and philosophers; it has been preached against from pulpits, written against in pamphlets and reviews; abused without mercy by some, as extravagantly praised by others, and read by everybody. The public voice has certainly declared for the author, whose identity is still a problem.

For our own part, without subscribing to the theories of the author, or even admitting all his facts, we rejoice in the appearance of his book, and the attention it has attracted. Scientific men have a great tendency to dogmatism; they dread innovation on established doctrines; it puts them upon the defensive, compels them to assign a reason for the faith that is in them, which it is not always easy to do; and, above all, it offends their pride by the implication that some other person is better informed than themselves. The use of such daring and dashing intruders as "The Vestiges," lies in this,—that it prevents the sages from going to sleep under their laurels, and flattering themselves that no more remains to be discovered. By overthrowing the old landmarks, it forces thought to wander about in search of a path; and thought, once set a-going, is pretty sure to arrive at the discovery of some new truths. The author of "The Vestiges" may be as wrong in his conjectures and facts as was asserted in the clever article in the *Edinburgh Review*, but that does not disentitle him to the thanks of those who think that to stimulate inquiry is to ensure progress, and that he has done more to this end than any other writer of our day will be acknowledged by his most bitter opponents.

The volume before us is a sort of defence of the views put forth in the "Vestiges" against the attacks made upon it by its numerous critics. The author asserts that many of its positions were misunderstood; we should rather say, that they were misrepresented. He resumes his pen to supply some defects, and reassert and confirm what had been unjustly challenged; and, with a good taste that it would be well if his antagonists would follow, he overlooks the uncivil expressions applied to him and his work, and strictly confines his discourse to fact and argument.

The first misstatement has been as to the general argument of the Vestiges, and therefore he repeats it in more explicit terms. One of the most salient points for attack was the nebular hypothesis. On this subject some extremely curious experiments, by Professor PLATEAU, of Ghent, are produced, and which our readers will peruse with great interest.

Placing a mixture of water and alcohol in a glass box, and therein a small quantity of olive oil, of density precisely equal to the mixture, we have in the latter *a liquid mass relieved from the operation of gravity*, and free to take the exterior form given by the forces which may act upon it. In point of fact, the oil instantly takes a globular form by virtue of molecular attraction. A vertical axis being introduced through the box, with a small disc upon it, so arranged that its centre is coincident with the centre of the globe of oil, we turn the axis at a slow rate, and thus set the oil sphere into rotation. "We then presently see the sphere *flatten at its poles* and *swell out at its equator*, and we thus realize, on a small scale, an effect which is admitted to have taken place in the planets." The spherifying forces are of different natures, that of molecular attraction in the case of the oil, and of universal attraction in that of the planet, but the results are "analogous, if not identical." Quickening the rotation makes the figure more oblately spheroidal. When it comes to be so quick as two or three turns in a second, "the liquid sphere first takes rapidly its maximum of flattening, then becomes hollow above and below around the axis of rotation, stretching out continually in a horizontal direction, and finally, abandoning the disc, is *transformed into a perfectly regular ring*." At first this remains connected with the disc by a thin pellicle of oil; but on the disc being stopped, this breaks and disappears, and the ring becomes completely disengaged. The only observable difference between the latter and the ring of Saturn is, that it is rounded, instead of being flattened; but this is accounted for in a satisfactory way.

A little after the stoppage of the rotatory motion of the disc, the ring of oil, losing its own motion, gathers once more into a sphere. If, however, a smaller disc be used, and its rotation continued after the separation of the ring, rotatory motion and centrifugal force will be generated in the alcoholic fluid, and the oil ring, thus prevented from returning into the globular form, divides itself into "*several isolated masses, each of which immediately takes the globular form.*" These are "almost always seen to assume, at the instant of their formation, a *movement of rotation upon themselves*—a movement which constantly takes place *in the same direction as that of the ring*. Moreover, as the ring, at the instant of its rupture, had still a remainder of velocity, the spheres to which it has given birth tend to fly off at a tangent; but as, on the other side, the disc, turning in the alcoholic liquor, has impressed on this a movement of rotation, the spheres are especially carried along by this last movement, and

revolve for some time round the disc. Those which revolve at the same time upon themselves, consequently, then present the curious spectacle of *planets revolving at the same time on themselves and in their orbits*. Finally, another very curious effect is also manifested in these circumstances: besides three or four large spheres into which the ring resolves itself, there are almost always produced one or two very small ones, which may thus be compared to satellites. The experiment which we have thus described presents, as we see, an image in miniature of the formation of the planets, according to the hypothesis of Laplace, by the rupture of the cosmical rings attributable to the condensation of the solar atmosphere."

The elaborate and triumphant reply to the geological objections put forth by the Edinburgh reviewer are much too elaborate for extract, and we pass on to the more questionable hypothesis of the occasional production of organic beings otherwise than *ex ovo*. In another place we have extracted passages from the letters of Mr. WEEKES, fully substantiating the statements of Mr. CROSSE relative to the acarus produced under the galvanic battery, and to the existence of which we can also vouch from personal observation of Mr. CROSSE's experiments long before they were made known to the public. In that, as in every question of fact, the proper course for those who deny will be to make trial of the experiment, and if it fail, they will then be entitled to an opinion, but not before. To answer a fact by a theory is most unphilosophical, and yet it is the almost universal mode of attacking new discoveries. When will the world pass out of its leading-strings?

The question is thus candidly stated:—

The question is, to which view does the balance now incline? Whether is it most likely that the Deity produced Being and its many-staged theatre in the manner of order or law, or by any different mode of a more arbitrary character; whether, consequently, we are to regard him as ruling the affairs of the world in the manner of an invariable order or otherwise? I say likely—because are we not to expect on any such questions the absolute demonstration which attends a mathematical problem or an unchallengeable writing. We must be content if we only can see a preponderance of reasons for regarding the universe and its Author in one or other of these lights.

The author then proceeds to shew the self-contradictions of those who maintain the principle of divine governance by law in every part of creation, and yet introduce special interposition into some one or more of the fields of nature. One by one these supposed exceptions have been proved to be within the rule, until so few are left that already many of our ablest authors are adopting in its entirety the principle of governance by law. This is the present position of the question.

The whole question, then, stands thus. For the theory of universal order—that is, order as presiding in both the origin and administration of the world—we have the testimony of a vast number of facts in nature, and this one in addition,—that whatever is reft from the domain of ignorance and made undoubted matter of science, forms a new support to the same doctrine. The opposite view, once predominant, has been shrinking for ages into lesser space, and now maintains a footing only in a few departments of nature which happen to be less liable than others to a clear investigation. The chief of these, if not almost the only one, is the origin of the organic kingdoms. So long as this remains obscure, the supernatural will have a certain hold upon enlightened persons. Should it ever be cleared up in a way that leaves no doubt of a natural origin of plants and animals, there must be a complete revolution in the view which is generally taken of our relation to the Father of our being.

Another much disputed proposition of our author is thus defended:—

The hypothesis is, that, as a general fact, the progress of being in both kinds has been from the sea towards the land. Marine species of plants and animals are supposed to be, in the main, the progenitors of terrestrial species. Life has, as it were, crept out of the sea upon the land. This of course leads us to consider the distribution of vegetable and animal forms in the sea, and the effect which these may have had in determining the Flora and Fauna of particular detached provinces. We would necessarily suppose that any particular Flora or Fauna occupying a certain geographical area in the ocean, would be apt to become the common source of the Flora or Fauna of any masses of land adjoining to it. Now we shall see how the facts harmonize with this view. Wherever there is a group of islands standing much apart, its plants and animals are never found allied to those of any remote region of the earth, but invariably shew an affinity to those of the nearest larger masses of land. Thus, for example, the Galapagos exhibit general characters in common with South America; the Cape de Verd islands with Africa. They are, in Mr. Darwin's happy phrase, satellites to those continents in respect of natural history. Again, when masses of land are only divided from each other by narrow seas, there is usually a community of forms. The European and African shores of the Mediterranean present an example. Our own islands afford another, of far higher value. It appears that the flora of Ireland and Great Britain is various, or rather, that we have five floras, or distinct sets of plants, and that each of these is partaken of by a portion of the opposite continent. There are, 1st, a flora confined to the west of Ireland, and imparted likewise to the north-west of Spain; 2nd, a flora in the south-west promontory of England, and of Ireland, extending across the Channel to the north-west coast of France; 3rd, one common to the south-east of England, and north of France; 4th, an Alpine flora developed in the Scottish and Welsh Highlands, and intimately related to that of the Norwegian Alps; 5th, a flora which prevails over a large part of England and Ireland, "mingling with the other floras and diminishing, though slightly, as we proceed westward; this bears intimate relations with the flora of Germany. Facts so remarkable would force the merest fact-collector or species-denominator into generalization.

Lastly, he defends his hypothesis from the charge always brought against new discoveries in science, that it is opposed to religious truth; but this weapon has been used so often that it has almost lost its edge. We cannot, however, omit the eloquent and powerful conclusion of this volume, which scarcely needs a recommendation to the reader.

I am not to attempt a particular defence of the new view of nature from various odiums thrown upon it, for this can only be rightly done when time has abated prejudice, and shewn more clearly the relation of this philosophy to all other views cherished by civilized nations. But I may meanwhile remark its harmony with the great practical principle of Christianity, in establishing the universal brotherhood and social communion of man. And not only this, but it extends the principle of humanity to the meaner creatures also. LIFE is everywhere ONE. The inferior animals are only less advanced types of that form of being perfected in ourselves. Constituted as its head—with a peculiar psychical character and destiny by virtue of that position—we are yet essentially connected with the humbler vehicles of vitality and intelligence, and placed in moral relations towards them. We are bound to respect the rights of animals as of our human associates. We are bound to respect even their feelings. And from obeying these moral laws, we shall reap as certain a harvest of benefit to ourselves, as by obeying any code of law that ever was penned. The rule of force and of cruelty has hitherto prevailed in this department of the world's economy as between man and man; but the day of true knowledge will bring a better rule here also, and the many good qualities of these patient and unresisting ministers of our convenience will yet be acknowledged and dwelt on by all with admiration and love.

Is our own position affected injuriously by this view, or can our relation to the universe and its Author be presumed to be so? Assuredly not. Our character is now seen to be a definite part of a system which is definite. The Deity himself becomes a defined, instead of a capricious being. Power to make and to uphold remains his as before, but is invested with a character of tranquillity altogether new—the highest attribute we can conceive in connection with power. Viewing him as the Author of this vast scheme by the mere force of his will, and yet as the indispensably present sustainer of all; seeing that the whole is constructed upon a plan of benevolence and justice; we expand to loftier, more generous and holy emotions, as we feel that we are assential parts of a system so great and good. The place we hold in comparison is humble beyond all statement of a degree; yet it is a certain and intelligible place. We know where we stand, and have some sense also of our chronological place. The years of our existence occupy a space in that mighty series, during some earlier portion of which this globe, since the theatre of glories and of sorrows numberless, was moulded into form. Arithmetic could state, if we knew it, the connection between the birth of a babe which saw the light an hour ago, and the time when the elements of our astral system began to resolve themselves into those countless orbs, one of which is Man's, the stage of his long descended history, and the bounds within which all his secular phenomena must ever be confined. The unit of each individuality, great or humble in social regard, takes a fixed place in that march of life which rose unreckoned ages ago, and now goes on to a "weird," which no wizard has pretended to know. We feel that, amidst all the disgrace of trouble and of trespass, we are still the first form of active being after the Greatest, and therefore may well be assured that, immeasurable as is our distance from God, we are still immediately regarded and cared for by him. Surely there is here much to sooth and to encourage. It may be that the indivi-

dual often suffers innocently to appearance in our present sphere; but then he is part of a system of assured benevolence and justice: having faith in this, he is safe. It may be, as some one has suggested, that there is not only a term of life to the individual, but to the species, and that when the proper time comes, the prolific energy being exhausted, man is transferred to the list of extinct forms. Strange thought, that the beauteous phenomena of personal existence—the thrill of the lover, the mother's smile on cherub infancy, the brightness of loving firesides, the aspirations of generous poets and philosophers, the thought cast up and beyond the earthly, that petard which breaks down every door—the tear of penitence, the meekness of the suffering humble, the ardour of the strong in good causes, all that the great and beneficent of all ages have felt, all that each of us now sees, and muses on, in his home, his people, his age,—that *all these* should be thus resolved; passing away whole "equinoxes" into the past, as far as we particular men are concerned, still passing further back as respects the larger personalities called nations, and still further in inconceivable multiplication with regard to the species—gone, lost, hushed in the stillness of a mightier death than has hitherto been thought of! But yet the faith may not be shaken, that that which has been endowed with the power of godlike thought, and allowed to come into communion with its Eternal Author, cannot be truly lost. The vital flame which proceeded from him at first returns to him in our perfected form at last, bearing with it all good and lovely things, and making of all the far-extending Past but one intense Present, glorious and everlasting.

A Natural History of the Mammalia. By G. R. Waterhouse, Esq. of the British Museum. Parts I. to III. London: Baillière.

This is one of the most valuable and attractive additions to natural history which has issued from the British press for many years. Mr. Waterhouse has prudently devoted himself to one branch only of a subject too large to permit a single hand to do justice to it. He is thus enabled to it with the minuteness requisite to a perfect disourse on natural history, and to illustrate every part of it with engravings, without which descriptions, however precise, are almost unintelligible. Thus he enters upon the comparative anatomy of each order, and the peculiar structure of individuals. The three parts already published are occupied entirely with the order *Macropodidæ*. They are illustrated with nine steel engravings, and a multitude of woodcuts are interspersed through the text. Additional value has been given to the work by observations on the geographical distribution and classification of the various animals, and accounts of the leading characters of the extinct species.

The plan intended to be pursued is to commence with the lowest species, and to trace through them to the highest the various modifications of structure and functions. Thus, the early numbers will contain accounts of some of the most interesting of modern discoveries amongst the mammalian forms.

It is perfect in its typography.

A Family Medicine Directory. By Charles Dinneford, Family Chemist to her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, &c. 12mo. pp. 125. London: Simpkin and Co.

This appears to be an extremely useful little volume, and a valuable addition to the family medicine-chest. It contains a tabular list of medicines, setting forth their proper doses for adults and for children, the proper vehicle and period of repetition, their effects, and the diseases in which they are useful. Then there is an alphabetical list of domestic medicines, shewing at length how they are to be compounded and applied, and for what ailments they may be employed. A Domestic Pharmacopœia follows; then a collection of useful recipes for the composition of articles in general use, as perfumes, cosmetics, sweet bags; then particulars relating to factitious mineral waters; then a series of humane resources in cases of accident by fire, poisoning, &c.; then recipes for broths and beverages; and, lastly, a collection of facts in domestic chemistry. We have seldom lighted upon so much useful information compressed into so small a compass; and albeit averse to domestic medicine generally, deeming it most prudent to consult a practitioner as soon as possible, yet there are ailments and times that do not admit of his services, and then this small book will be very serviceable.

FICTION.

Twelve Nights' Entertainments; or, Tales of Various Lands. London, 1845. Burns.

It is stated in the preface that this collection of tales originated in the circumstance of a party of friends meeting and agreeing each to relate a story in turn for the common entertainment. But they are not all original: some are translations of clever foreign fictions, now for the first time introduced to the English public in our own tongue. The volume, which is one of Mr. Burns's excellent *Fireside Library*, contains twelve tales, to wit, a French, Belgian, German, Austrian, Spanish, Welsh, Algerine, Irish, Danish, Lombard, Scottish, and Normandy tale. The contrast of subjects and style forms a curious and interesting feature of this publication. It is like a lecture on national characteristics.

POETRY.

Oliver Newman: a New England Tale (unfinished). By the late Robert Southey. London: Longman and Co.

Southey was a wonderful verse-maker, but he was no poet, in the proper sense of that term. His epics are metrical romances, and, with a slight disarrangement of the words so as to destroy the metre, would be nothing more than eloquent prose. His excellence lay in description; he was a master of language, and possessed a fine sense of the music of speech; and he mistook these qualifications for that loftier creative faculty—that spontaneous flashing forth of new ideas, which distinguishes the poet from the poetaster. This is shewn by the fact that, voluminous as are his verses, scarcely one of them has passed into the popular mind and become a portion of our language and of our thoughts. It is evident that he wrote not from the impulse of inspiration, but deliberately as a matter of business; throwing off his measured lines by hundreds and thousands, with as much facility as if he were composing a novel. Hence it is that already his poetical works are passing into practical oblivion. Who buys—who reads them now?

Nevertheless the present fragment is welcome, though in no manner differing from its predecessors, for it is as a voice from the dead. It revives, if but for a time, the memory of a man who, in his day, filled a large space in the literature of our generation; a man of wonderful industry, extensive learning, amiable feelings, and virtuous intents. If but for his "Life of Nelson," his name will live as long as our language shall endure. Perusing the fragment before us is a recalling of old times, and in itself a sort of homage to the illustrious dead.

An appendix to the fragment describes its origin and design. The subject was suggested by Holmes's "American Annals," where the conflict with Philip, the Red Indian Chief, is proposed as a suitable theme for an epic. Four years after reading this Southey commenced the work, which was continued at intervals until the year 1829, which was the date of the latest editions. To this point the poem was about half completed, nine books, out of twenty-one designed, being perfected by the author.

It seems that it was his desire, in this poem, to attempt an appeal to human interest in human actions and sufferings, conceiving, not untruly, that to their extravagance of supernaturalism, and their dealings with personages with whom his readers could have no sympathies, much of the ill-success of his former epics was to be attributed. In *Oliver Newman* he resolved to deal with man and the ways of men, and he selected a story that offered abundant material for a poet to mould to his own purposes. So far as the plot is apparent in the nine cantos completed, it runs thus. Oliver Newman has quitted England at the request of his dying mother, to go to the protection of his father, who, having been one of the Regicides, had been expatriated, and was living in exile in America. In the bark that bears him to the foreign shore sails also Annabel, the heroine, and her mother. The latter dies, and commits her daughter to the guardianship of Oliver. They touch at Cape Cod, and there, Oliver, influenced by humanity, purchases an Indian woman and her children, who were subjected to great cruelties. They proceed together to Boston, and meeting Leverett, the Governor, who had once loved Oliver's mother; he takes an interest in his affairs, and at tedious length describes to him the condition of the colony.

The ninth canto, and the fragment, concludes with the conducting of Annabel by Oliver to the home of her surviving parent, and at the point where it breaks off it is probable that the interest of the plot was about to begin.

So far, it will be seen, there is little field for poetry. The incidents are few, and the cantos are extended to such a length only by the aid of long and somewhat tedious dialogue and descriptions too prosy and catalogue-like. Here and there we alight upon passages of considerable beauty or eloquence, and some even that almost amount to poetry. We take two or three of the best we can find. The opening is certainly a fine picture of

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

The summer sun is riding high
Amid a bright and cloudless sky;
Beneath whose deep o'erarching blue
The circle of the Atlantic sea,
Reflecting back a deeper hue,
Is heaving peacefully.
The winds are still, the ship with idle motion
Rocks gently on the gentle ocean;
Loose hang her sails, awaiting when the breeze
Again shall wake to waft her on her way.
Glancing beside, the dolphins, as they play,
Their gorgeous tints suffused with gold display
And gay bonitos in their beauty glide;
With arrowy speed in close pursuit,
They through the azure waters shoot;
A feebler shoal before them in affright
Spring from the wave, and in short flight,
On wet and plumeless wing essay
The aerial element;
The greedy followers, on the chase intent,
Dart forward still with keen and upturned sight,
And, to their proper danger blind the while,
Heed not the sharks, which have for many a day
Hovered behind the ship, presentient of their prey.

So fair a season might persuade
Yon crowd to try the fisher's trade;
Yet from the stern no line is hung,
Nor bait by eager sea-boy flung!
Nor doth the watchful sailor stand
Alert to strike, harpoon in hand.
Upon the deck assembled, old and young,
Bareheaded all in reverence, see them there;
Behold where, hoisted half-mast high,
The English flag hangs mournfully;
And hark! what solemn sounds are these
Heard in the silence of the seas?

"Man that is born of woman, short his time,
And full of woe! he springeth like a flower,
Or like the grass, that, green at morning prime,
Is cut and withereth ere the evening hour;
Never doth he continue in one stay,
But like a shadow doth he pass away."
It was that awful strain which saith
How in the midst of life we are in death:
"Yet not for ever, O Lord God most High;
Saviour, yet not for ever shall we die!"

Ne'er from a voice more eloquent did prayer
Arise with fervent piety sincere;
To every heart, of all the listening crew,
It made its way, and drew
Even from the hardy seaman's eyes a tear.
"God," he pursued, "hath taken to himself
The soul of our departed sister dear;
We then commit her body to the deep:"—
He paused, and at the word,
The coffin's plunge was heard.

A female voice of anguish then brake forth
With sobs convulsive of a heart opprest.
It was a daughter's agonizing cry:
But soon hath she repress
The fit of passionate grief,
And listening patiently,
In that religious effort gained relief.
Beside the grey-haired captain doth she stand;
One arm is linked in his; the other hand
Hid with the handkerchief her face, and prest
Her eyes, whence burning tears continuous flow.
Down hung her head upon her breast,
And thus the maiden stood in silent woe.

Again was heard the preacher's earnest voice:
It bade the righteous in their faith rejoice,
Their sure and certain hope in Christ; for blest
In Him are they who from their labours rest.
It rose into a high thanksgiving strain
And praised the Lord, who from a world of pain
Had now been pleased to set his servant free;
Hasten thy kingdom, Lord, that all may rest in thee!

In manhood's fairest prime was he who prayed,
Even in the flower and beauty of his youth.
These holy words and fervent tones portrayed
The feelings of his inmost soul sincere!
For scarce two months had filled their short career
Since from the grave of her who gave him birth
That sound had struck upon his ear;
When to the doleful words of "Earth to earth"
Its dead response the senseless coffin gave:—
Oh! who can e'er forget that echo of the grave?

Equally fine for its minuteness of touch is the description of

THE INDIAN WOMAN AND HER SON.

She led him hastily toward a shed,
Where, fettered to the door-post, on the ground
An Indian woman sate. Her hands were bound,
Her shoulders and her back were waled and scored
With recent stripes. A boy stood by
Some seven years old, who with a piteous eye
Beheld his suffering mother, and deplored
Her injuries with a cry,
Deep, but not loud,—an utterance that express'd
The mingled feelings swelling in his breast,—
Instinctive love intense, the burning sense
Of wrong, intolerable grief of heart,
And rage, to think his arm could not fulfil
The pious vengeance of his passionate will.
His sister by the door,
Lay basking in the sun: too young was she
To feel the burthen of their misery;
Reckless of all that pass'd, her little hand
Play'd idly with the soft and glittering sand.

At this abhorred sight,
Had there been place for aught
But pity, half relieved by indignation,
They would have seen that Indian woman's face
Not with surprise alone, but admiration:
With such severe composure, such an air
Of stern endurance, did she bear
Her lot of absolute despair.
You rather might have deem'd,
So fix'd and hard the strong bronze features seem'd,
That they were of some molten statue part,
Than the live sentient index of a heart
Suffering and struggling with extremest wrong:
But that the coarse jet hair upon her back
Hung loose, and lank, and long;
And that sometimes she moved her large black eye,
And look'd upon the boy who there stood weeping by.

And in the last canto we light upon a beautiful narrative of

A FOREST JOURNEY.

Uneasy now became perforce
The inevitable intercourse,
Too grateful heretofore:
Each in the other could descry
The tone constrained, the altered eye.
They knew that each to each could seem
No longer as of yore;
And yet, while thus estranged, I deem
Each loved the other more.
Hers was perhaps the saddest heart;
His the more forced and painful part:
A sense of proper maiden pride
To her the needful strength supplied.
Then first perhaps the virgin thought
How large a dower of love and faithfulness
Her gentle spirit could have brought
A kindred heart to bless;
Herself then first she understood
With what capacities endued;
Then first, by undeserved neglect
Roused to a consciousness of self-respect,
Felt she was not more willing to be won
Than worthy to be woo'd.

Had they from such disturbant thoughts been free,
It had been sure for them
A gladsome sight to see
The Indian children, with what glee
They breathed their native air of liberty.

Food to the weary with toil forespent
Not more refreshment brings,
Than did the forest breeze upon its wings
To these true younglings of the wilderness:
A happy sight, a sight of hearts content!
For blithe were they
As swallows, wheeling in the summer sky
At close of day;
As insects, when on high
Their mazy dance they thread
In myriads overhead,
Where sunbeams through the thinner foliage gleam,
Or spin in rapid circles as they play,
Where winds are still,
Upon the surface of the unrippled stream:
Yea, gamesome in their innocence were they
As lambs in fragrant pasture at their will
The udder, when to press
They run, for hunger less
Than joy, and very love and wantonness.

From the appendix we learn that divers troubles were to have ensued in the after-part of the poem. The heroine was to be taken prisoner, and of course rescued by the hero, and all was to end according to approved fashion in the marriage of the faithful pair.

The miscellaneous poems subjoined are for the most part of inferior merit, with the solitary exception of a fragment entitled "Mohammed." One curious anecdotical incident here recorded deserves to be extracted:—

Of the other pieces here collected (says the editor), the "Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death," and the "Short Passages of Scripture," are printed as much for the purpose of giving fresh proof of the purity and elevation of his character, as for their own intrinsic beauty. His son Herbert—of whom he wrote thus in the Colloquies, "I called to mind my hopeful H—— too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot, in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me, and

With whom it seemed my very life
Went half away"—

died 17th April, 1816, being about ten years old, a boy of remarkable genius and sweetness of disposition. These "Fragments" bear a date at their commencement, 3rd May, 1816, but do not seem all written at the same time. The author at one time contemplated founding upon them a considerable work, of a meditative and deeply serious cast. But although he, like Schiller, after the vanishing of his Ideals, always found "employment, the never-tiring," one of his truest friends,—yet this particular form of employment, which seemed at first attractive to him, had not, when tried, the soothing effect upon his feelings which was needful; and in March, 1817, he writes, that "he had not recovered heart enough to proceed with it."

The thoughts so collected are not remarkable either for originality or beauty. We present a few of them.

Thy life was a day; and sum it well, life is but a week of such days,—with how much storm, and cold, and darkness! Thine was a sweet spring holiday,—a vernal Sabbath, all sunshine, hope, and promise.

and that name
In sacred silence buried, which was still
At morn and eve the never-wearying theme
Of dear discourse.

playful thoughts
Turn'd now to gall and esel.

He to whom Heaven in mercy hath assigned
Life's wholesome wormwood, fears no bitterness when
From the hand of death he drinks the Amreeta cup.

Beauties of nature,—the passion of my youth,
Nursed up and ripened to a settled love,
Whereto my heart is wedded.

EDUCATION.

The Students' Help for attainment of the English, French, and Italian Languages. By Guido Sorrelli, of Florence. 8vo. pp. 136. London, 1845. Hatchard and Son.

This book is intended for those who have already gone through the French or the Italian grammar, with the aid of a master or by themselves. The plan is this:—The page is printed in three columns, the English in the centre and the Italian and French on either side. It is used thus: The learner hides the version he is learning, and then endeavours to translate a sentence of the English. After having done so, he compares his translation with that of the text, discovers his errors, and tries again, and so on until he has quite mastered it; when he proceeds with the second sentence, and so forth. The task of the teacher is, first, to hear the pupil read from English into the French or Italian; and secondly (in order to ascertain if the pupil can properly spell the language), to make him write in French or Italian the English sentences the teacher reads. It will be apparent that the plan must be an excellent one, and the volume may be recommended to all students of either language.

The Charcoal Burners; or, The Grateful Artist. Translated from the German, by Miss Matilda Wrench. London, 1845. Burns.

This is a charming book for children; one of those that rivets attention, and which can never be heard or read too often. It is a valuable addition to the Juvenile Library.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," "The White Slave." In 3 vols. (Vols. I. and II.) 8vo. pp. 607. London, 1846. Newby.

The readers of The Critic will not have forgotten the very interesting "Revelations of Russia," some months since noticed at considerable length in these columns. The work before us is the production of the same pen, almost a continuation of the same subject, and scarcely less curious for the novelty and importance of the facts which it has imported from the land where despotism assumes its most hideous features, but has contrived, with consummate art, to conceal them from the gaze of civilized Europe, whose execrations it dreads, and whose applause it courts. The anonymous author of the series of works named above has entitled himself to the respect and gratitude of humanity everywhere by the courage, perseverance, and ability he has displayed in his bold endeavour to tear the mask from the face of autocratic rule, and display to the loathing world the cruelty and corruption that lurk beneath so fair an exterior.

Who is the author, what he is, and what the motive of his warfare, we know not, and we care not. Personal feeling, disappointment, or revenge, as some have insinuated, may guide his pen; probably in some matters he may have exaggerated, in others he may have too readily received rumour as certainty, and adopted tales as truths. He may have played the advocate and presented only the case on one side, omitting altogether the facts that should be thrown into the opposite scale; still, after every allowance made for such biases, enough remains to present the mighty monarchy of Russia as a monster of cruelty and hypocrisy—a huge system of corruption—an avalanche of barbarism hanging upon the borders of civilization, and threatening some day to overwhelm it by its fall.

The objects of the writer are threefold. First, distinctly to point out the frightful nature of the most extensive slavery in the world, and the direct and guilty participation in it of the Russian Cabinet; second, to shew, by recent instances, both in Russia and Poland, that the fearful state of things lately revealed is not a matter of past history, but of present and hourly occurrence; thirdly, to call attention to the vast political changes which, at no distant day, threaten to convulse the whole of eastern Europe.

The author's argument may be thus shortly stated:—All the eastern portion of Europe is divided between four despotisms, held in subjection by a minority, and ruled over by a system of deceit and terror, perpetuated by those governments for their own selfish ends. The great bulk of this population is Sclavonic, to the extent of between eighty-five and one hundred millions, and with them are united, under the same yoke, Finns, Magyars, Italians, Greeks, and Albanians. So long as the various races under the Russian despotism forget their sense of nationality, they may be kept in subjection, but, once awakened to this, they will burst their bonds.

These races, he says, are in antagonism to the Germanic race, which they regard as the accomplice and tool of their tyrants. An outbreak among them would threaten with destruction the Austrian and Turkish empires, and the Prussian kingdom, and it is against this that the rulers of those countries ought to prepare themselves. He points out a fact which has certainly not received the attention it deserves—namely, that Austria and Prussia are really artificial empires; they are not nations of nature's making, but the patchwork of conventions and treaties, which circumstances formed, and circumstances might as readily dissolve; differing in this from France, England, Spain, &c. which, under any changes of government, must still preserve their individuality as nations.

He considers that a convulsion is coming which will solve all these empires of conventionalism into their elements; he asserts that the peoples that have been thus linked together, and held together by force of despotism, are beginning to feel their bonds, and ere long will rise almost simultaneously and demand their freedom from the yoke. It is the author's purpose, in these volumes, not merely to exhibit the existing state of popular opinion and its tendencies, but so to inform the public mind in England, that when the convulsion comes, its sympathies may not be misdirected and a line of policy adopted which might prove injurious alike to the cause of humanity and the interests of this country.

The meaning of this is plainly, that our alliances with Prussia and Austria are worse than useless, for "the events of a single summer may sweep these governments for ever from existence." Already thirty-one millions of restless Italians, Magyars, and Sclavonians are plotting the overthrow of Austria, "whose power reposes on nothing but the tame submission of between five and six millions of Germans, of whom half are colonists, dispersed among strange populations, or mere temporary settlers. The death of Metternich may alone suffice to plunge all these incoherent elements into chaos, and to bring about the dissolution of the empire."

But the author does not assert that entire destruction threatens it. The Austrian Empire, he says, abandoning Italy and its German provinces, may become Sclavonic; gathering, in a constitutionally federative form, all the remainder of its present elements around the nucleus of the Hungarian kingdom, and thus, with a government entirely altered, "exchange a precarious irresponsibility of power for permanent solidity."

Prussia, in like manner, stripped of its Sclavonic subjects, might give to its proper subjects the constitution so long promised, and nationalize the German race.

These are new and startling propositions, but they must strike every reflective reader as having, at least, a basis of probability. Their publication will conduct the thoughts of statesmen and politicians into a new channel, and give an additional value and interest to the facts contained in the volumes before us, upon the contemplation of which they were founded. To these curious facts we now turn; and although limited space compels us to take but few out of the multitude that offer themselves, we the less regret the curtailment, as every book-club and library will of course procure them.

The extreme abasement of the Russian is shewn in the peculiar character of his loyalty.

It partakes, however, even where most deeply rooted, very much more of superstitious awe than of affection. It bears no resemblance to the enthusiastic attachment which is occasionally exhibited in free countries towards popular princes. It has no reference to the individual man, but to his station; and when he dies, is therefore transferred at once, and without regret, to his successor. It is not even sensibly affected by the vices or the virtues of a sovereign, which die with him,—but is based upon the despotism which endures. You never meet with a peasant, who can distinguish the sovereigns under whose reign he has lived in any thing but name. He is alike ignorant and careless of the ferocious insanity of Paul, and of the benevolence of Alexander. Of all who ruled before he himself was born, the names of Peter the Great, and of Ivan the Terrible, alone survive traditionally. The cruelties of the latter—the most sanguinary monster that ever disgraced humanity—cited without reprobation, have earned him this distinction. The ideas which the lower order of Russians entertain of the awful power of their emperor, are such, that they conceive nothing which can resist his authority and command. They have heard, indeed, of foreign states, and of foreign princes, but believe them to be in a state of dependence and vassalage. It is no uncommon thing to hear the travelled peasant, who is the *esprit fort* of his village, whispering in wonder when he sees a *talega* posting by, in which some prisoner is seated beside the field-jager, and suggesting, after he has named the great men of the empire, that it may be the King of Prussia, or of France, or England, sent for to St. Petersburg, or despatched to Siberia or to the Caucasus, by the emperor's order.

The following anecdote is a strange trait of slavery:—

A nobleman, with a small estate, but who had behaved with unvarying kindness to his serfs, was waited on by a deputation of the serfs of a vast adjoining domain, then about to be sold, and of which the full value of his own would not have paid a year's rental. They offered to advance him the money to purchase this,—and of course such an advance from men about to become his bondsmen was a gift. Unhappily, when the negotiation was nearly concluded, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing; it was dreaded that his lungs might be affected, and the opinion of a doctor having confirmed this apprehension, the serfs withdrew their offer. Meanwhile, this people, who had enjoyed for years a state of peace and liberty, which had led to such prosperity, passed with the estate into the hands of an avaricious and eccentric beldame, who on her arrival began by causing several of her people, taken haphazard, to be chastised; to let them know, she said, "that she would not be imposed on, though she was a woman." The second day she amused herself with trying the contents of her English medicine-chest upon her slaves, to ascertain the precise effects of each; and beyond this, the author knows no more of her inauspiciously commencing reign.

A remarkable feature of the Russian people is an aversion to war, nor can all the efforts of the Government conquer it; indeed, it rather grows by the endeavours made to root it out.

Our author flatly denies the great act of heroism for which Russia has been enshrined in history—the burning of Moscow.

It is undoubted that Moscow was not destroyed either by its inhabitants, or with their knowledge or concurrence.

It is the opinion of the inhabitants, even to the present day, that the French themselves set fire to it. The Russian government, for years after, gave this version of the occurrence. Kutusoff, with his army, and an immense rabblement which had fled the city or gathered from the environs, ventured on a dangerous flank march, of which the only object was, to rouse their animosity by leading them for thirty miles within sight of the conflagration, which was carefully pointed out as the work of its sacrilegious occupants. Rostopchin, so far from attributing it to the inhabitants, denies all participation in the event, even for himself or for the government. The fire undoubtedly originated with the criminals let loose by Rostopchin before evacuating the city; but whether executed by his instigation or not there is no means of distinctly ascertaining. It is possible that the governor's sole motive in liberating them may have been the one avowed, of embittering and rendering national the war, by exciting the populace to attack the French armies, thus animating it to reprisals.

As to the character of Rostopchin, whom Sir Walter Scott exalts into a hero, the following anecdote, of which the authenticity has been confirmed to the author by the highest authority, will of itself suffice to stamp its barbarity in the estimation of every western reader.

On the 14th of September, Count Rostopchin being about to evacuate the city, caused the prisoners and criminals to be brought before him. After telling the latter that they were to expiate their crimes by serving their country, he set them at liberty. He then ordered a Russian, named Verechtchaguinn, who had been arrested on the charge of translating into Russ, for one of his friends, a German newspaper which contained accounts of the movements of the French armies, to be put to death, and had him literally hacked to death with sabres before his eyes.

At all events, it is on all hands admitted, that it was not the result of a popular sacrifice. The Russian people never destroyed even a hamlet, unless accidentally, of all the thousands which were burned. Even at the present day, far from glorying in the suggestion, they are rather disposed to be offended at it.

An entire chapter is devoted to "the Poles in their relation to Russia." The atrocious despotism of the latter is familiar in name, but to form a distinct notion of it, some facts are necessary:—

Declaring that the city of Wilna had undertaken to farm the excise at a stipulated sum, a complicated document was sent round, to which the citizens were peremptorily ordered to affix their signatures. Those occupying temporary lodgings, as well as mere travellers, were equally applied to, and did not hesitate to fulfil a formality apparently imposed on every one. At the end

of the year, the produce of the excise had not covered the rent at which the town was said to have farmed it, and the police made those who had signed the declaration responsible for the deficiency. The proprietors of lodging-houses and divided tenements were held answerable for the travellers, tenants, and lodgers who had signed beneath their roof; and thus, most of the owners of houses about the barrier were ruined; their houses being immediately pulled down, and the materials sold to pay their debt. Thus the environs of the cathedral and of the street leading to the suburb of Antokol were cleared.

Whilst this process of destruction was going on, Schlykof was reproached with demolishing and ruining the city, and made answer,—"that it was only necessary that some part of it should remain, as long as he was police-master."

In Volhynia, where no stone is to be found, the streets are covered by a wooden bridge, or causeway, elevated above the soil. The inhabitants are forced to keep in order the part which is opposite to their dwelling, without reference to their means or the width of the street, thus rendering it a serious, and frequently a ruinous charge to the occupants of cottages.

Andreikovitch, the governor of Grodno, having been degraded to the inferior government of Volhynia for his misdeeds, to prove his zeal, ordered all the pavement of Zitomir, its capital, to be renewed. Hundreds of families being unable to comply with this order, the police sold their dwellings and their furniture; and they might be seen reduced to beggary, seeking refuge in holes dug in the clay soil.

In the city of Luck, in the same government, may still be seen whole streets of these wretched caves, which the inhabitants then dispossessed inhabit amidst fresh vexations and oppression.

The military exactions are frightful:—

All is tranquil and unsuspecting, when suddenly the Russian battalions pouring in from several streets, isolate a given portion of the town, and take possession of all the houses. The inhabitants, men and women, the children and the aged, are driven from their dwellings, happy if allowed to carry off a mattress on which to sleep in the open air in some street unguarded by bayonets. The warehousemen, traders, and shopkeepers are seized, and bound to posts, as if in the pillory; as if to be forcedly obliged to witness the ensuing depredation of their property. No one is allowed to penetrate into that quarter of the town as long as it is occupied by the military. The passing traveller is obliged to make a circuit through by-streets, filled by the families expulsed from their homes. Whether or not any smuggled articles are found, the inhabitants must always compensate the revenue agents for their disappointment and their zeal. Even when his liberty and his property are restored to the trader, the latter has always undergone so much of damage and spoliation, that this process a few times repeated, tends to inevitable ruin.

Besides this highway robbery, vexatious extortions on a small scale incessantly exhausted the means of the commercial class.

But the most diabolical scheme for exterminating Polish nationality, is that systematically pursued at this moment:—

An ukase, dated 1832, authorised the police to seize all children who were orphans, or the offspring of poor persons, to internate them into Russia, and bring them up in the Greek religion. In two days, seven hundred were sent off to Warsaw, amidst the despair and imprecations of their parents, who followed till exhaustion obliged them to abandon the convoy.

The children of all those who had fought in the Polish armies were subjected to the same fate, and it is calculated that some thousands of those belonging to individuals who were obnoxious to the government, were seized in the bosoms of their families in a like manner.

Soon after this, a diabolical means was resorted to, of saving the police trouble, which, till known, was used throughout the country, particularly in the large towns.

Scarcity and famine, which embarrass other governments, proved a useful auxiliary to the Russian; and charity was used as the lure to reach its victims. The police declared that they were to draw up lists of the indigent, for the purpose of affording them relief in food, and remitting their burdens. All who were in that condition were invited to declare it. As soon as the lists appeared completed, the police, condemning the applicants on their own shewing, relieved them indeed,—but it was of their children, who were thus collected without trouble. When this experiment was exhausted, razzias were made in all the parochial schools of the large towns,—even in those of charitable institutions, the schools for the soldiers' children, and the foundling hospitals.

This constant drain of the inhabitants, but especially of the youth of the country, proceeds augmenting systematically. A larger number were transplanted in 1843 than in 1842, and a larger number in 1844 than in 1843. It is in pursuance of a plan for transplanting, as far as possible, the Polish population, and dispersing it over Russia. Of these children it is calculated that more than one-third never reach the place of their destination. In 1832 and 1833, before this service was organised, those that fell from exhaustion were abandoned by the road-side, with a few pounds of black bread beside them; and the number confided to the escort was recruited farther on.

Another grand purpose of the Russian demon, whom some Englishmen disgraced themselves by applauding during his recent visit to this country, is a compulsory change of the religion of the people, and no cruelties are spared to accomplish this end:—

He offers by an ukase of the 2nd of January, 1839, *an absolute pardon to all Roman Catholics condemned for murder or theft to capital punishments, on condition of embracing the Greek faith.*

The peasantry were promised their freedom on the condition of apostacy; and a period of famine was taken advantage of, to offer them flour on the condition of their making three crosses on a register, to acknowledge its receipt. This register contained a general recantation, to which their mark was thus surreptitiously obtained; but as after this they were, by the terms of the ukase, considered as belonging to the Russo-Greek Church, from which any departure is capitally punished, they were thus utterly at the mercy of the authorities. In some places whole villages were driven into baths and barns, where they were smoked by lighted straw till they yielded.

A commission, composed of government agents and apostate priests, summoned the inhabitants of the village of Worodzkof to appear before them, where they were sitting, about sixteen miles off. When before the commission they refused to sign their adherence to the new faith, they were ironed, thrown into baths filled with a fetid smoke, but without fire, in the severest weather. Here they were kept several days, without food, beaten and ill-treated, and being constantly informed that they would be sent to Witepsk, to be capitally punished. When many of them had fallen ill, they were forced to sign their adhesion; but immediately on their return exposed these facts in a petition signed by sixty-four of their number, nobles and peasants; but met with no redress; they were considered as irrevocably orthodox.

In one place, some hundreds of the peasantry having obstinately taken refuge on a frozen pond, the soldiers accompanying the Russian missions were directed to break the ice, and the unyielding wretches perished wholesale.

The barbarities inflicted upon the insurgent Poles are scarcely credible, as belonging to this era of civilization. This was the treatment of KONARSKI:—

He was conveyed to Wilna. Prince Troubetskoi, the governor of that place, (a relative of the cowardly Troubetskoi named Dictator in Pestel's conspiracy, still kept in exile by the emperor,) at the interrogation which ensued had the baseness to approach and box the ears of his prisoner, who was heavily ironed. The retribution was such as to satisfy all ideas of poetical justice. Konarski had strength enough to heave up and strike with his ponderous chains the shameless assailant, who staggered beneath the blow, which at first was not considered serious, but of the effects of which he died two years subsequently, when disgraced for malversation.

Konarski strenuously refused to betray any of those with whom he had been in communication, though eight hundred persons were arrested, and many of them confronted with him.

The greater part of what he endured, during his long incarceration, was never known; it was only ascertained, that when found to be mute under the lash, as a means of torture, he was fed on salt provision, and tempted in vain to speak in the fever of burning thirst, by liquids placed before him. The deprivation of sleep was resorted to. When he had been constantly wakened up in his slumbers, burning sealingwax was dropped on to his flesh. When all attempts had failed, and that he was reduced to such a feeble and emaciated condition, that his life became daily precarious, judgment was passed upon him, and he was condemned to death. As soon as his sentence had been pronounced, he turned to his judges, and extending out his hands, burned to the quick, in an affecting speech, which brought the tears into the eyes of many of the bronzed officials, forgave them for all their cruelty towards himself, and prayed for his enemies. So profound was the impression which Konarski's behaviour produced, even on the Russians, that two officers successively refused to shoot him, and from that time disappeared. His death was in this respect remarkable, that of all the Polish victims, his fate alone elicited the sympathies of the Russians; partly, perhaps, through its being so widely bruited, and partly because of its having taken place beneath the eyes of those in whom the tendency to assimilate in feeling with the Poles had already made some progress. The Russian officers secretly purchased his fetters, which were converted into rings, and worn by a secret so-

ciety, discovered shortly afterwards, in which the subalterns of a whole division of the army were compromised. Up to this moment, there are several officers of the imperial guard, who treasure up and shew with mysterious precaution, the author has witnessed, small rings of iron, said to be derived from the same source, and which they regard with all the awe which relics still more equivocal frequently inspire.

The second volume is principally devoted to the literature of Eastern Europe, and this must be the subject of another article. The third volume we have not yet received.

A Brief Plea for the Old Faith and the Old Times of Merrie England, &c. By FRANK FAIRPLAY. 8vo. pp. 81. London, 1846. Dolman.

A PLEA for Catholicism, eloquent, able, and ingenious, addressed to the sympathies, to the imagination, to the poetry of our nature. The author pictures the condition of England as it was, or rather, as our fancies suppose it to have been, before the Reformation, and compares it with its present state; and thinking that he finds the contrast much to the disadvantage of our generation, he at once assigns as its cause the exchange of Catholicism for Protestantism. Some of his views are doubtless sufficiently correct, but he omits much that should enter into the calculation, and above all the true source of every change we behold,—namely, the law of mutation;—we believe it to be the law of *progress*, which is the law of nature.

Slanders of Punch: an Address to the British Public, &c. &c. By JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM. London: Ridgway.

WE must confess that however much we may sympathize with Mr. Buckingham upon treatment which certainly has very much the aspect of persecution, we cannot applaud his defence. It is too much in the nature of a puff of himself and the British and Foreign Institute. Indeed four-fifths of the pamphlet is occupied with a sort of advertisement of the society. Now that, to say the least of it, is bad taste. The gist of the defence lies in a single page. It seems that Mr. Jerrold, one of the editors of *Punch*, applied to Mr. Buckingham to be admitted a member of the Institute. He was proposed, balloted for, and elected; but not paying his entrance fee and subscription, after repeated applications, his name was erased from the list. Hence the series of satires, which always seemed to smack more of personal hostility than public virtue.

Mr. Buckingham has done good service to the world in many ways, and although he is not always so discreet as his friends might desire, the love of fair play, inherent in Englishmen, will not sanction the sort of treatment he has received, especially when it is found to proceed from such a motive. *Punch* owes his reputation to his good-humoured jokes; when he condescends to malice, he will fall like his predecessors.

Memorials of the Highgate Cemetery; with an Introductory Essay on Epitaphs and Gravestone Poetry. By THOMAS DOLLY, Author of "Floreston," &c. London: Masters.

THE title of this little volume will best describe its contents. To all who are interested in the locality it sketches, it will be a valuable and welcome record.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Zwei Frauen. Von IDA GRAFIN HAHN HAHN. Berlin, 1845. (*Two Women.* By IDA COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.)

FRENCH words, and aristocratic fancies have so often been attributed to the Countess HAHN HAHN, as among her little characteristics, that it is unnecessary again to refer to them, and the more so, as remonstrances on the part of the critical world fail to produce any effect, for she continues to write in the same strain and style, and her books are still sought after with the same eagerness and delight. A woman of feeling and reflection, she speaks unreservedly to the reader, precisely as ideas may occur to her; she represents life as her soul sees it, she does not trouble herself about words, the manifestation of the truth is the important point to her. The truth?—What then is true? From every point of view objects present a different aspect; from the mountain heights they appear small; near at hand, large; on the surface of the ocean, gigantic; and we know some protest that all we see and comprehend is but appearance. Concerning the passions, no one judgment can be perpetually maintained; though everywhere fundamentally the same, they are everywhere found to vary; in youth they are one thing—in our grey years another, every age stamps upon them its own distinct impress. The dying butterfly when the down has gone from its wings, laments that there is no more in the world. No one denies that the romance of love is played differently in the cottage and the drawing-room; differently among the working classes and among the idle; that it is influenced as much by social relations as by education; and, according to external circumstances, so is it represented in various lights, and we must be grateful to Madame HAHN HAHN for the fact, that in her tales she only paints those spheres of life with which she is thoroughly conversant, that indeed she never penetrates into regions unknown to her.

The *Two Women* whose fate is thus intwined are twin sisters. We must quote the short description of their mother, and of her system of education:—

> Her life consisted of a pleasing fulfilment of certain duties, shrouded in a light cloud of soft indisposition, as far from the darkness and gloom of decided ill-humour as it was from the golden glitter of imagination and sound understanding. It moved exclusively in the circle of sensibility; in the world of thought it never entered, but now and then perhaps might flutter past it with some quiet question, for which an answer in pious belief, or in passive resignation to the dependence of women, was very quickly found. Doubt, inquiry, and passion reposed afar off, in an immeasurable distance, as unlawful and inadmissible.

In this atmosphere of purity, bounded by a very confined horizon, the quick Cornelia grew up phlegmatic and unimpressionable, the lively Aurora fanciful and enthusiastic. That is to say, each fulfilled her little duties and obligations very willingly, very amiably, very punctually; but like two dear little machines, without any necessity, either in judgment or action, to mark her own individuality. The two sisters marry on the same day; Aurora, Herr von Elsleben; Cornelia, the Graf Sambach. Fate chains them both down to a country life. Aurora's husband is a man of no cultivation; he is an excellent country gentleman, upright in character, and has many admirable qualities. But the imaginative Aurora finds herself not understood, not happy with him; she feels a necessity for occupation, for usefulness, for affection; she seeks contentment from without; begins all possible things, which she gives up immediately after, because they do not and cannot answer her inordinate anticipations. An acquaintance with a poetising captain in the neighbourhood occupies her fancy with visionary woes, without influencing her by any serious passion. In the education of her children she indulges in plans and systems, suffers many disappointments, at last becomes a pietist, and, after having her life long suffered from evils of her own creating, she is, in the end, utterly overcome by her first real grief. After the loss of her children, consumption makes its appearance, and she dies as she had lived, unsatisfied and discontented.

The other sister, Cornelia, is now the legitimate heroine of the romance; in her the entire interest of the reader is centred. Her husband, Count Sambach, was seventeen years her senior, a man of very dissipated habits. A certain prince was privately named as his father. He was the worthy child of that peculiar state of things which had worked its way into, and at length presided at, every court of the last century, and thus preceded the turmoils of the French Revolution. We cannot at this opportunity, refrain from extracting a reflection of our authoress:—

> Since that time, corruption of manners has spread itself into all ranks; there exists at this period no class which, in this respect, can be said to be better than others, only, now that it is universal, individuals are less prominent and less openly depraved. Does not this plainly indicate the approach of an unavoidable revolution, the causes of which are combined with our entire social condition, and are precisely inevitable, because as yet it has not made itself manifest in any decided form; as an epidemic at times will break out in the physical world? In these days, a man like Marshal Richelieu is, literally, not conceivable.

Eustach, Count von Sambach has led a youth of extravagance and dissipation, now he desires rest and quiet, and

therefore he lives with his young wife alone and in strict retirement upon his estate, and his conversation and their mutual occupations cultivate her taste and strengthen her judgment; what he imparted to her she received willingly, she loved him with her whole soul, and felt that her marriage, though childless, was a happy one; she found content within herself, and sought it not without. But the *blasé* husband soon becomes *ennuyé*, and with him she visits the neighbouring watering-place. There the count becomes acquainted with a coquettish Polish lady and makes his court to her. Cornelia's jealousy passes through various phases; we see her suffer, struggle, and at last become physically ill; but Sambach knows well how, by unusual tenderness, to appease her and set her at rest. Being blessed with a son, she becomes reconciled to her lot, and to her husband; but the son dies, and she sinks into despair, while Sambach renews his flirtation with the Pole. In her noble confidence, she invites the false friend to her house. Once more jealousy lays her upon a sick-bed, and once more the husband succeeds, by assertions of his innocence and extreme tenderness, in convincing her of his honour, and once more she turns to him with renewed affection. Then the letter of a young physician, whose sister was in the service of the lady, makes her acquainted with their shameful connection; she perceives that her husband had but acted a part before her, merely to render her more confident that he might pursue his course undiscovered and undisturbed. From this moment she loves him no more. She tells him openly and honestly that her esteem for him is gone, that his power to cause her any future uneasiness is now at an end. It is long before she overcomes the illness brought on by her state of mind. Another son is born to her, whom she names Tristan, and to him she devotes herself; the count cannot rouse any slumbering spark of affection in her heart, although he now devotes himself to her with great assiduity. The Polish lady has disappeared, and so has the happiness of the married pair, never to return; Cornelia is quiet, gentle, and mild, but not loving. At last the count becomes enraged, and makes frequent appeals to her, but Cornelia remains firm by her resolves.

"It is in vain," said she; "our love is gone, all confidence is vanished; and vanished so that I have the full conviction that were I to throw myself on your heart once more, in that same moment you would—deceive me again. I know there are such natures,—whether it be constitution, habit, or character,—enough, they are so created that uprightness only disgusts them, and thus they make a mocking jest of the feelings and relations which others find pure and holy."

"Cornelia!" cried Eustach, angrily, "your hardness to me is unbearable, and the more so because I know it has its origin in your own virtue."

"My virtue!" returned she, shrugging her shoulders, "my virtue, in the sense you mean by it, Eustach, I estimate very humbly. Where there has been no temptation there can be no merit, and you know well that I have never loved any other man but yourself. How, then, should I have been put to any trial?"

Whenever Cornelia uttered a word that referred to her affection for him, when her eyes moistened, or her voice trembled, Eustach would think emotion would get the better of her; but no! Then, cried he one day.

"My patience is exhausted! I will not live in this way with a woman so obstinate, so morose, so unfeminine! this sham-marriage shall be dissolved: come what may out of it, it's all one to me! If you compel me to this course I will at least be completely free."

But the thought that she might be happy with another makes him reject a divorce; they separate; he lives in Paris or Vienna; Cornelia, with her son and a faithful servant, retired and solitary.

And now voices are heard to be raised against Cornelia's conduct, as much among the critics of the work as in the romance itself. A woman has not the right, they say, to withdraw herself from the affection of her husband; neither moral nor physical objections are valid in removing her matrimonial objections; what would be the result were rational and universal bonds to be thus cast aside by every one? A letter to her sister gives the key to her character and the tendency of the novel, therefore we transcribe part of it:—

Dear Aurora! I can only tell you in what light I regard society in general, existing as it does under rational and very comprehensible laws, by making use of a figure, and that figure is a polypus, which one can turn inside out like one's glove, and to which it is no kind of consequence whether it lives on the right or the left side. It is without heart and without marrow; what, then, is to prevent its living so or so? Surely it is flexible enough and easily enough satisfied. To such a polypus-jelly do men allow themselves to be turned and twisted by society, when they only see that they have example or the approbation of the mass in their favour. This is the way of all, this is the conduct of all; thus they all act, think, and determine, it is their last and their only motive of action. The community may work for the furtherance of external aims, but self-reliance is utterly destroyed; for reliance upon outward support and assistance instead of dependence upon ourselves is rendered necessary and habitual. The refined and extreme development of the spirit that animates the community, is called cultivation. Cultivation is a beautiful thing, but it has one great fault—it stifles nature. One condition of nature is the right of each individual to free progression and self development. This constitutes freedom. Nowadays this freedom is only taken into question as an exception; while we cry aloud for freedom of knowledge, freedom of speech, freedom of the press; and mankind has means, faculties, and powers, for speaking, thinking, writing, and doing too—but for *being*, he has none! Slaves of education as they are, how could they be the children of freedom. This is the condition of men! Women, held as they are under strong guardianship and subjection, are naturally slaves also, and, generally speaking, are unconscious slaves. The negative and passive nature of most women enables them to accommodate themselves to externals, and they are, for the greater part contented and satisfied with their condition. Submission has so long been preached to them as the highest of virtues, that they yield without a murmur to the established regulations of society; the one submitting with quiet resignation, and another with the feeling of their utter feebleness. That thousands are thus made completely miserable, exhaust their powers in empty action, in search of pitiable distractions, in anxious seeking after artificial means of development, and yet never attain rest, or inward peace—this must be clear to us all. They would willingly be happy, poor things! and they agitate themselves in vain efforts, after an existence which cannot be for a life without *being*, and can never be a happy one, seeing that there is no other happiness but that of inward satisfaction. For this, and this alone, have I striven my life-long! It can only flourish on a soil of inward contentment, it is no flower-basket full of roses and violets, which one can buy in the market-places and carry home; it is rather a strong green tree, which may often, indeed, be without a single blossom, but the ever refreshing breeze of heaven blows for ever through its branches.

As I have now the full understanding that no relations of life, no individuals, no surrounding on external circumstances, can give this inward content, so I resolved to obtain it from myself alone, to develop it from my own mind. In this labour, which I have carried on in pain and pleasure, in joy and sorrow, and despair, I have come to the conviction that it would be nothing less than madness, were it not that the individual had a holy right to development, and to this right I trusted as the conviction of its justice rose in my mind from a consideration of all the various regulations of nature. That this right may not be misused or degenerated, as you fear it may be, it is held within bounds by duty, and duty is, in my mind, the claims one individual has upon another, which, in constant reaction extends, now in narrow, now in wider, circles, over the whole of humanity. But this would not be sufficient to soften our selfishness—to take the rigidity from right, and the harshness from duty—were it not for love. Love is the eternal mediator of mankind; under her shield we rest from all struggles, all wounds and scars, and rise again like beautiful butterflies from the cold chrysalis of sad and anxious fate. Love makes the heart firm and clear, steady and true; he who can thus preserve his heart from his own and others' weakness, in severe trials, in sensual pleasures, and in the soul's martyrdom; he who is prepared to regard the rights of others as his first and holiest duty—who feels in every sacrifice only the satisfaction of his soul's yearnings, only the uprise of the flames of his own heart, and therefore thinks he is receiving, not giving—he who still holds fast by confidence, reliance, and trust, and is not turned aside by sad experience—he loves! So I loved; and he who so loves is blessed. This feeling lies above that of contentment; indeed, comprehends it within itself; and when the blessedness ceases, we have it in our power to descend from one to the other. Why has it ceased with me? Because of the most unheard of abuse of love and confidence—because of the most disgraceful pursuit of vicious pleasure, which has thrust me back under the banner of that right which I have received from nature; I who imagined I should wander for ever in peace and stillness beneath the ægis of love, and never, never desired more! But legitimate opposition in a strong loving soul begins there, where the first consciousness of degradation also begins; where it must say to itself, If thou yieldest but one step thou wilt be cast into the abyss and trodden under foot. Where this point

has been reached, neither average education nor average laws, nor average customs can apply; for these are ordered and disposed for the generality, and the generality are not pushed to the extreme point; they defend themselves and fight with the same arms. Extremes, I must hope it, only occur to the exceptions; and as no rule was made for them, they cannot refer to any. They have but one forum—their conscience,—and with its sanction they must bear their own banner, and struggle alone through the bloody battle. This I do with unconquerable determination. It is neither from pride nor passion that I thus break through my duties; it is not for enjoyments of any kind that I thus assert my freedom. That I disdain every thing that would bear the semblance of reparation or revenge, you will feel without my assertion, that I desire only to preserve my dignity as a woman—as a human being—and, once more, neither before the eyes or the opinion of the world, but before my conscience and in the eyes of God.

Cornelia has been beloved by two men; the one is the Prince Kallenberg, the other Dr. Brandt. Kallenberg's character is a type of the great world; nothing influences him but the moment; his plans are never to be depended upon, because the slightest accident may give them a new direction. At his first acquaintance with Cornelia he discovered her worth;—saw she was neglected by her husband; saw, also, her grief, and upon it built certain hopes, which, however, could not but fail with one of so pure a heart: he remained friendly to her, and sought her out in her solitude in Zurich, where, for some time time, he enlivened her monotonous existence. When she becomes of his passion for her, she begs him to depart. Dr. Brandt was the brother of her attendant, Dorothea: it was from his letter Cornelia had learnt the faithlessness of her husband. He, born in poverty and in an inferior station in society, had now acquired rank and riches; and when he again sees Cornelia in Zurich, he feels the deepest compassion for the poverty of her situation. Prince Kallenberg had compassionated her for her lonely life. On the deathbed of her child the young physician gave her comfort, and filled up her lonely misery with his care and conversation; the hours passed with him were for her hours of regeneration; he had made himself necessary, nay, indispensable, to her: she suspected his love, and shared it; neither is the confession wanting. But him, also, the loving and beloved, she sends from her because "she has not the conviction of right to support her in yielding to her affections." Brandt has inherited a considerable property from his uncle, on condition that he espouses his unmarried daughter.

Four weeks after the separation from Cornelia his wedding takes place. When Cornelia hears this news she exclaims, "My God! what men hast thou created! Are they really human?—And am I, then, so pitiable, that only pitiable men deign to look at me, and only in the most pitiable way! No one has loved me," said she sadly and resignedly; "but I—I have loved! With this consciousness I may not be happy—ah, no! The bloom, the scent, the light of existence is gone—but not my deep content."

The Count Sambach returns to his wife with the loss of his sight, and requires her attendance on him: a wearisome and thankless office, which she performs cheerfully and gently. He dies, and shortly afterwards Furst Kallenberg again appears; after a year of mourning she marries him. Cornelia had never formed in her own fancy an ideal of a husband; she desired only "one on whose arm she could pass through the joys and pains of life,—on whose breast she could with earnest confidence lay her weary head;" and such a man had she found.

This, then, is the history and the moral of the tale. The rich store of reflection and conversation, the judgment upon existing questions and circumstances, the admirable view of many things in the external world, and their influence upon inward character, and a thousand nameless traits, are calculated to excite either opposition or great pleasure in the reader; and many will probably lay down the book, disapproving and blaming its principles, but certainly not with any feeling of indifference.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.—The *Journal des Débats* publishes the following letter from Leipsic, of the 1st of December:—"A catalogue of the periodical German press has just made its appearance in this city, from which it appears that the total number of journals published in the 39 states composing the Germanic Confederation is 1,836, of which number 1,017 are political and advertising, and 819 scientific and literary. This number gives one journal to every 18,000 inhabitants. Of these 1,836 journals, there are published—1. In Prussia 405, or 1 to 34,500 inhabitants; in Bavaria 96, or 1 to 37,000 inhabitants; in Saxony 94, or 1 to 13,300 inhabitants; in Wirtemberg 48, or 1 to 33,000 inhabitants; in the German part of the Austrian states 26, or 1 to 77,000 inhabitants; in Hanover 24, or 1 to 54,550 inhabitants; in the 33 other German states 1,144, or 1 to 8,650 inhabitants. In Russia 12 journals are published in the German language, and in the United States of North America 12 in the same language.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Gammell's Life of Sir Roger Williams.

(*Concluded from p. 668.*)

WILLIAMS suffered many privations and was exposed to imminent perils during his flight from Salem, of which his biographer has given a very graphic description. For these sufferings, however, the Massachusetts government cannot be held responsible; as it was their intention to have sent him to England,—though, it must be added, on such short notice as would have been very prejudicial to his interests. Befriended by the Indians, whose favour he had secured during his residence at Plymouth, he reached in safety the shores of Narraganset Bay, whither he had been directed by the friendly advice of Governor Winthrop. There he was hospitality entertained in the cabin of Massasoit, and obtained of him a grant of land on the Seekonk river, where, early in the spring, he pitched his tent, and began to plant. But receiving a letter from Governor Winslow, stating that his plantation lay within the jurisdiction of Plymouth, and begging him to remove across the river, that no offence might be given to Massachusetts, Williams, in company with five other persons who had joined him at Seekonk, left the fields which he had planted, and embarked in a canoe for the opposite shore. He finally selected for his new home a spot situated on a sunny slope of the eastern bank of the Mooshausic, and gratefully called it *Providence*.

Williams and his few companions were now beyond the chartered limits of civilization,—in a wilderness inhabited by savages. But these savages were his friends; for, during his residence at Plymouth, he had cultivated with pains and many presents the acquaintance of the two principal chiefs of the Narragansets, Canonicus and Miantonomo. Through their regard for him, he readily obtained a large tract of land upon the fresh rivers of Mooshausic and Wanasquatucket, though "it was not thousands nor tens of thousands of money, that could have bought of them an English entrance into this Bay." The land thus acquired was not appropriated by Williams to making himself, like William Penn, or Lord Baltimore, or Sir Walter Raleigh, the proprietary of a princely domain. On the contrary, though probably purchased at the expense of his entire property, it was distributed in equal shares among the little company of friends; for his own services he received only a few pounds, as a "loving gratuity," and he retained in his possession no more land, or authority, than was given to the others. The same liberality was manifested in the form of government which was established. It was a pure democracy. The following agreement entered into by the settlers constituted the only charter of their liberties.

We, whose names are here underwritten, being desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence, do promise to submit ourselves, in active or passive obedience, to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for the public good of the body in an orderly way, by the major consent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a township, and such others whom they shall admit into the same, only in civil things.

According to this compact, it will be observed, the inhabitants were to submit to the orders and agreements of the majority *only in civil things*. Thus was fully recognised, in the first form of government adopted by the settlers at Providence, the great principle of religious toleration. The Puritans, who gloried in leaving England because they were persecuted for conscience's sake, established in this country a system of oversight and control in religion, a kind of Protestant inquisition, no less severe, and far more effective, than the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission. But Roger Williams really founded a "shelter for persons distressed for conscience." No man, whatever were his religious opinions,

was on that account excluded from the settlement. Here many of the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson, exiled from Massachusetts, were "lovingly entertained;" here, Samuel Gorton and his associates—rather harshly characterized by our author as men of "wild and fanatical opinions"—were kindly harboured; here, contrary to the earnest solicitations of the Commissioners of the United Colonies, the Quakers were allowed to find a refuge from persecution; and here, as is fully shewn by Professor Gammell, from that day unto this, have the rights of conscience ever been respected, and no law has ever been passed sanctioning the interference of the civil magistracy in religious concerns.

The church planted by Williams at Providence was established on the simplest basis. Indeed, we discover no traces of any religious institutions in the colony until nearly three years after its settlement. At that period, Williams, having before adopted the Congregational form of public worship and church government, established this free system of ecclesiastical polity in the Plantations. Becoming convinced of the invalidity of infant baptism, and of baptism by sprinkling generally, he was immersed by a layman, to whom he himself afterwards administered the ordinance. Also, after having held the office of pastor of the church at Providence for about four years, he resigned it on the ground that there was then existing in the world no true ministry with authority to dispense the sacraments; and became what, in the language of the times, was called a "Seeker." He still believed in a "ministry of prophecy," who might preach the gospel; but he conceded to them no authority to rule the church, or administer its ordinances, "because it was not derived from the apostles, otherwise than by the ministers of England, whom he judged to be ill authority."

As we have already observed, the government first established at Providence was a pure democracy. For several years, the original settlers, together with those received by them "into the same fellowship of vote," met once a month in town meeting to transact their public affairs on a footing of perfect equality. No power was delegated to any officers. No authority for acting as a corporate body was obtained from the mother country. The "orders and agreements of the majority" passed for law only by general consent of the inhabitants. But this system of pure democracy could not last long. Various differences of opinion, particularly respecting the boundaries of lands, springing up in the colony, it was soon found necessary to incorporate into the system the principle of representative government. Accordingly, in 1640, five "disposers" were chosen, with power, subject to an appeal to the people, to adjust the disagreements which had occurred in the colony; and these persons, together with a treasurer previously appointed, formed the body of town officers. From the first, great jealousy of delegated power was felt in this settlement; and its abuse was carefully guarded against by meetings of the citizens once in three months, and by the occurrence, at the same intervals, of new elections of officers. But with the growth of the Plantations there appeared a number of turbulent spirits, who needed to be restrained by the strong arm of power; and there arose, from time to time, acrimonious disputes, which threatened to rend asunder the bonds of the little community. Sister colonies, also, had been founded on the beautiful island of Rhode Island; associated action became desirable for the protection of the exposed settlers against the hostility of the Indians; and a charter of government was wished by many, that it might no longer be tauntingly said of them by their neighbours, that the men of Providence "would have no magistrates."

Roger Williams was sent to England to obtain from the authorities there a chartered recognition of the Rhode Island colonies. In this attempt he was entirely successful; and he returned in 1644, bearing an Act of Incorporation of the Providence Plantations, which granted to the inhabitants ample powers to establish "such a form of civil government as by the voluntary consent of all, or the greater part of them, they shall find most suitable to their estate and condition." It required all the skill and perseverance of which Williams was master to overcome the mutual jealousies of the different towns, so far as to bring them to unite in organizing a form of civil government under the new charter. This was not accomplished until 1647; and even then, so small was the power surrendered to the Colonial government, that the freemen of the towns, consisting of all persons owning lands within the same, could annul any law of the confederacy. Under so weak a frame of government serious practical difficulties naturally arose between men of independent spirits, or, as they were termed by their neighbours of Massachusetts, men "of all sorts of consciences." Williams, together with the venerable John Clarke, was therefore once more despatched to England to obtain further orders and grants for the establishment of peace and justice in the colony. The negotiations of the two agents finally resulted in obtaining from Charles the Second a new charter of government, better suited than the previous one to the existing state of the colony, and which, in compliance with the desire of the petitioners to "hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand, and best be maintained, and that among our English subjects, with a full liberty in religious concernments," recognised most fully the right of freedom of opinion "in matters of religion."

This is a very brief sketch of the progress of Rhode Island legislation during the life, and under the influence, of Roger Williams. He thought that the best form of government which governed least; but far from being opposed to all magistracy, as was unjustly said of him, he took great pains to prevent liberty running into license, and confined it more and more, as occasion required, within the wholesome restraints of law. And such has ever been the spirit of legislation in Rhode Island. In the history of no state in this union has there been manifested a stronger love of freedom, even from the earliest times. As far back as the year 1765, the government of Rhode Island declared that it was the only body having the right to impose taxes on the inhabitants of the colony—a declaration which went as far, if not farther, than any legislative proceedings of the same date in the country. In the year following, the town of Providence unanimously agreed not to import or use the articles of British manufacture on which a duty had been laid by Parliament, and, also, to encourage home industry. On May 17th, 1774, a few days earlier than the action of any other public body on this subject, the delegates from the town of Providence to the General Assembly were instructed to promote the convening of a Continental Congress; and on the 15th of June, two days before Massachusetts, which has generally been considered the first colony to take this step, the Assembly elected delegates to Congress. The Rhode Island Assembly was the first to recommend the arming and equipping of a continental navy; and by its acts of May, 1776, was in advance of the legislatures of all the other colonies in making a virtual declaration of independence of the King of Great Britain. Equally conspicuous, also, has been the active patriotism of the inhabitants of Rhode Island. In 1757 no persons were before the citizens of Providence in their readiness to enlist against the French, after their invasion of the colonies, and the capture of Fort William Henry. On the 9th of June, 1772, the first blood which flowed in the American Revolution was shed on the waters of Narraganset Bay, in the gallant expedition by which the armed schooner *Gaspar*, sent for the purpose of enforcing the British revenue laws, was boarded and burned.

The conduct of Roger Williams, after his banishment from Massachusetts, towards his persecutors in that colony, was such as to place in a very favourable light the milder virtues of his character. Immedialely after his settlement at Providence, the warlike Pequot tribe attempting to unite with the Narragansets and the Mohegans in a league for the extermination of the English in New England, Williams was the first person to give information of the matter to the governor of Massachusetts, and was most active in defeating the plot. When Sassacus and his warriors undertook to accomplish by themselves the design which they had thus been prevented from executing in concert with others, Williams was again the constant adviser and assistant of the authorities of the Bay, and to his vigilant and self-sacrificing fidelity is to be attributed in great measure the favourable issue of a war, which left not one Pequot to bewail the defeat and annihilation of his tribe. The prevention of the Indian league was not effected by Williams except by "many travels and charges." When he hastened alone in his frail canoe over the waters of the Narraganset, to dissuade Canonicus and Miantonomo from joining the alliance, he had to "cut through a stormy wind and great seas, every minute in hazard of life;" and during the three days and nights passed in the cabins of these sachems, sur-

rounded by the Pequot ambassadors, whose hands were still reeking with English blood, he "nightly looked for their bloody knives at his own throat also." But his services, though gladly received, were never gratefully acknowledged by the Massachusetts authorities. When lavishing their congratulations and civic rewards upon the principal actors in the war, they passed over unhonoured the name of him, who, in preventing the Indian league, performed "the most intrepid and most successful achievement in the whole war; an action as perilous in its execution as it was fortunate in its issue." Governor Winthrop did, indeed, raise the question, whether Williams ought not to be rewarded with some mark of favour, and even recalled from banishment; but it was the opinion of the majority that he should still abide in disgrace at Providence.

This was the first, but it was not the only, occasion on which Williams interposed his friendly services to save the English settlements from the horrors of Indian warfare. It was through his mediation in 1645 that the Narraganset chief Passacus was induced, instead of declaring war, to go to Boston, there to form a treaty which destroyed the independence, and rendered for ever harmless the power of his tribe. Ten years later, his counsels were instrumental in preventing war from being declared by the United Colonies against the natives of the country. And when at length the struggle between the two races could no longer be averted, Williams, though then past his six-and-seventieth year, zealously armed his colony against King Philip, and himself accepted a captain's commission in its militia.

The instance already related is not the only one which illustrates the ingratitude and intolerance of Massachusetts. An obnoxious letter respecting the General Court having been written by some one of the settlers at Providence, it was ordered that if any one of them should be found within the jurisdiction of the Bay, who would not disown the sentiments of the letter, he should be sent home, and be forbidden to return on pain of further censure and imprisonment. When Miantonomo expressed his willingness to visit Boston, as desired, for the purpose of making a treaty with the authorities, provided he might take Mr. Williams with him as an interpreter and counsellor, the condition was not granted. When Williams was so poor that his "time was spent day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe and at the oar, for bread," he was debarred the privilege of trading either at the principal seaport of New England, or with the Massachusetts Indians, to the loss, as he affirmed, "of many thousand pounds." In 1643 the Indians had become so formidable from the use of firearms bought of the Dutch and French, that a confederacy was formed among the colonies of New England for mutual protection; but the Rhode Island settlements were not invited to join the union; and when, subsequently, they themselves applied for the favour of admission, it was peremptorily refused. Massachusetts even passed laws forbidding the people of Rhode Island to purchase firearms or ammunition within her jurisdiction; and though often solicited to relax the severity of her policy in this respect, she refused to do so, even when the savages were at war with her and her brethren. When three respectable members of the church at Newport, among whom was its minister, the excellent Dr. John Clarke, were once deputed to visit an aged brother of their communion then residing in the town of Lynn, and desiring once more before the close of life to receive the consolations of religion from the lips of some one of his own faith, these persons, while in the peaceful and private discharge of their Christian offices, were arrested by constables, committed to prison, tried in court, and sentenced to be fined or whipped. Nor were petty persecutions, like these, wholly unaccompanied by graver acts of legislative usurpation. While the government of Plymouth laid claim to the island of Rhode Island, Massachusetts extended her jurisdiction over the settlement at Pawtuxet, sent an armed commission to bring the colony at Shawomet into her General Court, and transmitted an order to Williams, then acting as president of the government in the Plantations, setting forth that its whole territory belonged to herself by virtue of a charter alleged to have been obtained from parliament. It may be added, that this charter has never been found among the archives of Massachusetts.

We cannot entirely pass over the conduct of Williams towards the native inhabitants of this country with whom he was brought into contact. Immediately on arriving in New England, he sought, not without success, to cultivate their friendship; and he was never weary afterwards in endeavouring "to do them good." In Plymouth he gained the esteem of the famous Massasoit, who,—to quote the language of Mr. Gammell,—"from the seat of his royal race at Mount Hope, often went thither to brighten, by friendly intercourse, the chain that bound him to his early allies." There, also, he became favourably known to the sage Canonicus, and the high-souled Miantonomo, chieftains of the Narragansets; and in one of his letters he writes, "God was pleased to give me a painful, patient spirit, to lodge with them in their filthy, smoky holes, even while I lived at Plymouth and Salem, to gain their tongue." During his flight from Salem through the territories of the Indians, "these ravens," said he, "fed me in the wilderness." Massasoit welcomed him as a sachem to the royal cabin at Mount Hope; and gave him land, where to pitch his tent and plant his corn. On the banks of the Mooshausic he ever lived on terms of hospitality with his red neighbours, so that Miantonomo sometimes came to his house "to keep his barbarous court;" and there he won the regard of the Narraganset tribe to such a degree, that, when Clarke and Coddington were desirous of purchasing the fair island of Rhode Island, Williams, together with Sir Henry Vane, "obtained it for them by love." Later in life, he was in the habit of going once a month into the Narraganset territory to preach the gospel to the inhabitants; and not long before his death, so great was still his influence among them, that, when some of Philip's forces came to attack Providence, it is said that he took his staff, and went boldly out alone to meet them. The fact that Williams was an exile from the Bay probably went far towards rendering him a welcome guest among the Narragansets; for they hated both the Indians of Massachusetts, and the whites who protected them. But this was by no means the sole cause of his friendly reception. He always maintained their right to the soil of this country. He always made them, in his purchases, such generous compensation as they desired. He "spared no cost towards them, in tokens and presents;" and so much did they rely upon his bounty, that, when the aged Canonicus was about to die, he sent for his friend, Mr. Williams, and "desired to be buried in his cloth of free gift."

It must be added, however, that Williams participated in what is now considered the wrong of Indian slavery. But it was the practice of the times. The articles of the early New England confederacy enumerate slaves among the spoils of war. The noble-minded Winthrop left legacies of Indians to his heirs. In most of the colonies, the Indians taken prisoners by the English were sent out of the country, and sold into perpetual slavery; but at Providence, they were disposed of to the inhabitants, and only for a short period. As early as the year 1652, the authorities of Providence and Warwick passed laws forbidding, under severe penalties, the retaining of slaves longer than ten years, or the selling of them at the expiration of that time; and in 1676, with a philanthropy remarkable in those days, the former Colony enacted, "that no Indian in this colony be a slave, but only to pay their debts, or for their bringing up, or custody they have received, or to perform covenant, as if they had been countrymen, and not taken in war."

The private life and temper, as well as the public services of Roger Williams, are such as his descendants may look back upon with pride and pleasure. We will not deny, that, as he lived in an age of bitter controversies and punctilious observances in religion, he partook of its disputatious character, and sometimes contended needlessly in matters of trifling import. As a dissenter from the opinions of his brethren, both in this country and England, he was not a little pertinacious in the maintenance of his peculiar sentiments. The opposition he met with, first, in founding a new colony, and afterwards in managing the turbulent spirits that resorted to it, caused him often to appear self-willed and intractable. So far, Williams was under the influences of his age and of peculiar circumstances; but his virtues were his own, and they were many. To borrow the language of his biographer, "he was magnanimous and benevolent, patient of suffering, and forgiving of injuries, and unwavering in his devotion to the interests of truth, and liberty, and virtue." The asperities of his cha-

racter were greatly softened down by the experiences of life. No man ever more fully illustrated the Christian doctrine of forgiveness of injuries. If at Salem he was, in any sense, a fomenter of strife, at Providence, on all occasions, he was a friend of peace. He was never free, indeed, from strong antipathies; but the number of his private and public charities more than covered them all. He had a lively temperament and keen sensibilities, united with great stability of character; his disposition was eager and fiery, but controlled by great soundness of judgment and a "rocky strength" of principle. His writings, of which an interesting account may be found in an appendix to the life, are frequently enlivened with flights of fancy and wit; the gravity of theological disquisition is sometimes relieved by learned references to history and occasional allusions to the classics. His poetry is little better than quaint doggerel, and his prose style has all the intricacy and the cumbersomeness of the old Puritan writers; but both manifest qualities of mind, which, under more genial culture, might have commanded the admiration of a more refined and tasteful age.

Viewed as a public character, Roger Williams was one of the most remarkable personages of early New England history. The Puritans of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were not behind their age; but he was in advance of it. Other Englishmen had entertained the idea of religious toleration, but he was the first of them to reduce it to practice. He saw this principle clearly, he followed it out consistently, he suffered for it heroically. Jew or Christian, infidel or pagan, Arminian or Quaker, Familist or Tunker, were all welcome in Providence Plantations, "so long as human orders, in point of civility, were not corrupted or violated." The community as first formed by him at Providence was an attempt to shew that every man might be his own ruler, and every man his own priest; though, when the impracticability of the scheme became apparent upon the increase of the colony, he gradually introduced the principle of representative government, and surrounded individual freedom with the salutary restraints of constitutional law. As Americans, desirous of giving to the great experiment of popular institutions a fair trial in this country, we are bound to revere the memory of that man, who was foremost in establishing here those maxims of civil and ecclesiastical law, which have since been universally adopted as the foundations of our liberties.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

WE take from the same MS. we have quoted before another chapter of the "Tour, Pictorial, Personal, and Political:"—

GRINDELWALD—THE WENGERN ALP—THE JUNGFRAU—AN AVALANCHE—LAUTERBRUNNEN—THE STAUBACH—INTERLACHEN.

Huge clouds were resting upon the mountains—thick mists lay in the valley,—when we looked out of the window at dawn. Our guide prophesied a wet day, and recommended us not to proceed; some drops of rain descended to second his advice, but we were resolute, and after waiting till late in the day, hoping for a clearance, we started, ladies and all, for the Wengern Alp. The clouds dispersed above us before we had well passed the valley of Grindelwald, but below us the mist continued to lie, veiling every object from our sight. Still we could see the mountain-tops glittering in the sun, our path was bright, and the loss of the view down the narrow valley that stretched before us was comparatively unimportant. We did not regret our resolution, and smiled triumphantly at our guide, who persisted in shaking his head and asserting that we should yet have a drenching.

Again we passed through the magic changes of scenery that had daily called forth our admiration ever since we had been among the mountains. The smiling valley was exchanged for the steep and rugged rock, and the horses of my fellow travellers slipped and stumbled in the rude pathway, and we who went along more easily upon our good feet made ourselves merry with their miseries, and with the aid of our alpen-suchs clambered over places round which the riders were obliged slowly to wind, and as it was very warm we threw off our coats, and when by such stratagems we had gained somewhat upon the rest of the party, we stretched ourselves at length upon the green whortleberry beds, and picked handfuls of the refreshing fruit as we lay, and when the first horse's head came nodding at the bend of the path below, we were up again and onward as if we had been mountaineers by birth.

Thus the steepest of the ascent now was mastered, but not without considerable weariness. The pulse quickened, the limbs laboured, big drops of sweat oozed from every pore, a sort of faintness came over the frame. But these sensations gradnally subsided after the first hour's ascent, the breathing became regular, the limbs lost their languor, the heart beat steadily, the perspiration ceased to flow, and, as if a new life had been infused into the frame, the most difficult places were scaled without any sense of fatigue, and the day's labours were closed with less of actual weariness than attended the task of the first hour. Such was the invariable experience of pedestrian excursions in Switzerland, and I name it that any reader making the attempt may not be deterred by the pains he will certainly feel at the beginning of each day's travel.

At the summit of the first and steepest shoulder of the Wengern Alp there was a single chalet—a miserable place, not much bigger than a pigsty, and almost as dirty. But on a small table at the door—oh! prize for hot and thirsty travellers!—were spread saucers of strawberries and cream—Alpine strawberries—so justly famous for their flavour—and mountain cream. The fellow who thus stood to tempt wayfarers set a great price upon his commodity. But it was forbidden to drink, and this indulgence was harmless. Never was fruit so delicious to my lips as at this moment.

A sort of undulating plain, covered with thin grass and whortleberry bushes, interspersed with rhododendrons, lay before us, over which we hunted the huge grasshoppers at every step. Another short but stiff ascent, then another plain, and again another climb, and we beheld a scene altogether unlike any we had yet witnessed. The snowy tops of mountains were ranged upon our left; before us and far away to the right stretched an expanse of country that instantly suggested to me "the blasted heath" of Macbeth's witches. Over its entire surface are scattered, thickly in some parts, dead pines, skeleton trees, of all fantastic shapes, spreading their seared branches into the air, stripped of their bark, and their trunks exhibiting the whiteness of decay. It appears as if some mighty conflagration had passed along there; or as if the lightnings of some awful storm had withered them all at one stroke. The effect upon the imagination of the whole scene—the dark hue of the heath—made darker by the thickly clouded heaven above, and the volumes of mist rolling over the valley on the other side, and these blasted pines standing like troops of spectres amidst the gloom—was to inspire a sense of awe almost amounting to terror. I moved along as though I were crossing haunted ground.

Scarcely had we quitted this desolate place when we found ourselves in a narrow gorge between two mountains, or rather ranges of mountains, opening before us into a valley whose depth I could not measure for the mist, with which it was half filled. On the right, some way in advance, the top of the Jungfrau was visible, glittering in the sunshine.

While I was gazing with delight upon this scene, my ear was suddenly assailed by the report of a gun behind me. The sound was taken up by the rocks, and hurled from side to side, from cliff to cliff, from mountain to mountain, now with the roar of thunder, now like a low whisper, then again with a clatter as if an irregular volley of musketry, then far down the valley, then near, then on the right, then on the left, repeated more often than I could count, and as if the echo would never end. A man, self-stationed for the purpose of giving this surprise to travellers, came out of the bushes and claimed his reward. It was readily paid, and I was contracting for a repetition of the magnificent concerto, when the ladies, with one voice, exclaimed that it terrified them, and so the opportunity for attentively hearing one of the most remarkable echoes in the world was lost. Really, ladies who are afraid of a gun and an echo should not travel among the Alps.

As we crossed the summit, we saw to our chagrin that the

valley was completely filled with a fog, which rolled up to the base of the Jungfrau, there curled round and round and slowly ascending her sides, hung about them in huge volumes, partially hiding her from our view. Half an hour's walk brought us directly opposite to her, and we took refuge in the chalet erected for the accommodation of travellers.

It was very provoking. There within half a mile of us was the famous Jungfrau, the beautiful, the pure, yet can we see only patches of her snowy charms. Patiently we sat at the window for an hour or two, looking down into the valley to measure the mist, and speculating upon its more or less of density; now peering through the rents of the fog into the mountain-side; and when some rays reflected from the snows broke through it, clapping our hands and exclaiming that soon the Virgin (such is the meaning of Jungfrau) would unveil her charms, and the great object of our day's labour would be attained. But still were we doomed to disappointment; for as fast as the veil was removed from one part it was drawn over another. Still we were not disheartened. Dinner was ordered and provided, and excellent and abundant fare gratified the appetite that was the consequence of our long walk. While we were eating, and ever and anon looking up at the Jungfrau, to give signal when she should appear, there was a sound as of a mighty rushing, as if a million carts were discharging loads of stones at the same instant. "An avalanche!" we shouted in chorus, and ran to the door. We could see nothing for the fog, but the sound continued for two or three minutes. Our hostess informed us that they were very common, and indeed we heard many afterwards, but none so loud as this first one. The solemn silence that generally prevails in the Alps makes the accidental noise of falling avalanches tenfold more startling.

At length our patience was partially rewarded. A great gap in the mist revealed to us the entire form of the Jungfrau, with her pointed summit so exquisitely white, and the glaciers streaming down her sides like a graceful mantle thrown over her shoulders. Here it was that Lord Byron laid the scene of a portion of *Manfred;* this is the spot he has so vividly described:—

> Ye toppling crags of ice—
> Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
> In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
> I hear ye momently, above, beneath,
> Crush with fearful conflict; but ye pass,
> And only fall on things that still would live:
> On the young flourishing forest, on the hut
> And hamlet of the harmless villagers.
> The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
> Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
> Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.

It would be impossible to convey by words any notion of the magnificence of this mountain. The conical form, the purity of the snows which stream down its sides, the enormous height to which it lifts its head into the sky, the grandeur of the scenery by which it is surrounded, combine to make a deep impression upon the traveller, and when he recals by his fireside at home the visions of his wanderings, the Jungfrau will be among the brightest images daguerreotyped upon his memory.

But brief was our enjoyment of the spectacle. The mist from the valley came marching up, thicker and thicker, beat against the base of the mountain, curled in huge billows round it, rolled over and over in mighty wreaths, until a pile of fog was built up as lofty as the Jungfrau herself, and an impenetrable veil was drawn over her beauties. Our guide warned us that rain was impending, and leaving behind us a portion of our party, who had resolved to spend the night at the chalet in order to view the sunrise, we hurried down the hill, traversing a wood of pines, whence we emerged upon a small cultivated plain, lying between a rent in the mountain, and were invited to halt to listen to a wonder of the place.

A peasant resting upon a fragment of rock with one of the huge wooden horns of the country wound a few harsh notes. A moment's hush, and then, as it were from the caverns amid the far off heights, the notes were sent back—once, and once only—but in a tone so exquisitely musical, so unearthly sweet, that it was difficult to believe that it was really an echo of the hoarse wooden voice of that rude horn, and not the response of some spirit of the glaciers.

While we were listening with astonishment and delight to this wild aerial music, our guide, with a grin of malicious satisfaction, pointed to the dense clouds that had gathered over our heads, and then to the huge splash of a raindrop upon my sleeve. I understood him; his prediction was about to be verified; we were to have a drenching even before we could gain the village that was just visible in the valley far below us. There was no help for it, so we prepared to defy fate and weather, and face the storm without flinching. It was not long in coming, and we were wetted to the very skin.

I had an umbrella with me, and on this occasion it proved serviceable in more ways than one. It should be premised that our friend, the kirk minister, had looked with evident admiration upon one of the Guernsey ladies from the moment of his self-introduction to them in the descent to the Rhone Glacier, as described in a former chapter. By this time he was in love, or very nearly so; being, as I have said, an extremely well-favoured, intelligent, agreeable man, it is not wonderful that the young lady should have become interested in him. In this state of affairs, a steep and difficult descent, rendered extremely slippery by the rain, a pelting pitiless storm, and my umbrella of rather restricted circumference, were delightful. The sustaining arm of the gentleman was continually in requisition to save the lady from a fall, and to shelter her from the rain it was necessary closely to link the supporting and supported arm. Many a jest had we levelled at our friend touching his tenderness for the pretty Miss Le C——. But now it was his turn to laugh, and he did not fail to cast at us triumphant glances as he bore his lovely burden down the hill after the fashion described, sheltered from the rain and rewarded by her smiles, while we were trudging, or rather sliding through the mud, exposed to the pelting of the storm, drenched to the skin, and no bright eye to cheer us by looking "I thank you!" in return for such pleasant toils. Verily he had his revenge.

Exquisitely picturesque must be this valley in fine weather. But we beheld it now half hidden in fog, and drowned in a thick rain. The path grew more and more steep as we approached the village, and in some parts was literally excavated in the side of the almost perpendicular rock, which was covered, nevertheless, with a richly green mantle of shrubs, amid which countless wild flowers were opening their petals to drink the falling clouds, filling the narrow way with many delicious scents.

We were not long in gaining the inn, where we enjoyed a change of clothes, and a refreshing tea, at which the adventures of the day were laughingly reviewed, and many conjectures hazarded as to the doings of those of our party whom we had left upon the Wengern Alp pleasantly wiled away the evening, and when we went to our beds the rain was still falling with unabated vigour.

It was with some anxiety that I drew the curtain at dawn and looked out on the landscape. The storm had passed away; scattered patches of mist hung about the valley; the sky was blue above. But though the heaven was lighted with the glow of morning, the long narrow gorge in which we had slept was wrapped in night. What a cavern it is! A little strip of fertile land lies between two walls of rock, that ascend uprightly to an enormous height, and almost exclude the sun and the wind Even in the summer the rays of the former do not penetrate it till seven o'clock, and in winter he is visible only for a short hour or two. Hence, fogs, damps, rank vegetation, and their attendants, ague, goitre, and cretinism.

We hastened to view the falls of the STAUBACH, famous as being the loftiest in Europe, where the water has an unbroken descent of no less than 800 feet, the effect of this amazing tumble upon the mass of water is singular and beautiful. It is completely beaten into dust (whence its name, which is literally, the Dust-river). It reaches the basin at the base in the form of a minute spray, which is scattered through an extensive arch, speedily wetting the spectator to the skin, while he is scarcely conscious that he is exposed to any moisture, so small are the particles. The general appearance of the waterfall, at a more distant view, is white, wavy, and lace-like. It resembles a stream of very delicate drapery, shaken by a gentle wind. Byron likened it to "the tail of a white horse, such as it might be conceived would be that of the pale horse on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but something between both: its immense height gives it a wave or curve—a spreading here—or condensation there—wonderful and indescribable." And this

picture he has refined in Manfred, where he has introduced the neighbour of the Jungfrau.

> It is not noon—the sunbows rays still arch
> The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
> And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
> O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
> And fling its lines of foaming light along,
> And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
> The giant steed to be bestrod by Death
> As told in the Apocalypse.

Wordsworth calls it "a heaven-born waterfall," and so it appears when the clouds lie upon the top of the precipice from which it descends.

As we looked up the valley we could count a multitude of other waterfalls, streaming over the rocky ramparts on either side.

Returning to the Inn, we breakfasted, and then our two Scotch friends joined my brother and myself in a voiture, and we started for INTERLACHEN. The day was cloudless, and the country delicious after the showers of the night. The journey was an interesting one. Our road lay for a time through a bold and romantic country, following the windings of the river that roared in its rapid flight far below us, and thence we entered upon a flat and verdant plain; presently we passed the castle that was the reported residence of Manfred, and now immortalized by the genius of Lord Byron, who made it the scene of one of his finest dramatic poems, a ruinous place, with but a single square tower standing perfect, amid the coppice by which it is surrounded, and presently we found ourselves in the village of Interlachen, where we had some difficulty in obtaining beds, though there are I know not how many immense hotels, besides a multitude of *Pensions*, or boarding-houses—so much is it become the favourite resort of families from all parts of Europe.

And well does it deserve its fame. It lies between the lakes of Thun and Brienz. The Jungfrau and its brother Alps shine in the sun before it. The roads are thickly sheltered by walnut-trees; the meadows around are exuberantly fertile; the buildings beautifully clean, and elegantly ornamented with verandahs, and conservatories, and gardens, combining the luxuries and graces of the town with the charms of the country. The walks are thronged with gay groups of all countries, of all ages. You recognise in a moment the fiddle-faddle Frenchman, the studiously-careless German, the self-satisfied Englishman. The Parisian girl attracts you by her figure, the English maiden there by her face. But all are glad and good-humoured, though it is noon, and a hot day, and all are out of doors, strolling in the shade of trees, or lounging in flower-wreathed balconies. If such be Interlachen at midday, what will it be in the evening? We shall see.

ART.

PORTRAITS OF CHARLES I. AND HIS QUEEN, by Vandyke, are stated, in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, to have been bought for a few shillings from Mr. Fenton, a broker at Bury, and being sent to London and cleaned, are now valued at 500 guineas. They are in the possession of Sir Thomas Cullam.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE past week has been almost entirely destitute of novel features in theatricals. At the St. James's M. LAFONT took his benefit on Wednesday evening. The entertainments selected were ample and excellent, comprising *Clementine*, *Le Hochet d'une Coquette* (in which Mademoiselle MARTELLAN takes the part heretofore filled by Mademoiselle FORGEOT, and moreover without any detriment to the audience), *Père et Fils*, and two acts of *Jean, ou le Mauvais Sujet*, an adaptation from PAUL DE KOCK'S novel. There was a very good house. We may remind our readers that this is the last week of LAFONT'S present engagement. At the Haymarket there has been absolutely nothing new. *The Maiden Aunt* keeping the even tenour of her way with *Railway Bubbles*, and other farces, which have been already noticed. And so at the Adelphi, there is every evening a crowded house to witness *The Green Bushes*, now a more than centinoctrian piece, with *Taming a Tartar* and *Seeing Wright*.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—An entirely new go-a-head locomotive extravaganza of the day, entitled *Jeames, the Railroad Footman of Berkeley-square*, was produced at this favourite little resort of the public on Wednesday evening, for the first time, but which we were sorry to perceive contained so little of the *vis comica* either as regards subject, matter, or treatment, as to justify the very general expression of dissatisfaction which was elicited on an announcement of its repetition at the conclusion of the piece. It is founded on some papers which are appearing at the present period, of a somewhat similar title, in *Punch*, the essence of the fun in both cases (in the printed papers as well as the acted play) appearing to consist in an unaccountable *hybrid* mixture of sentiment and slang, violent agitation of the heart and preposterous perversions of grammar, on the parts of the whole *corps dramatique*, but more signally in the person of the illustrious hero himself, *Jeames*, a mode of eliciting a laugh from the frequency of its adoption, which has become now neither novel nor attractive. It is intended as a *hit* at the spirit of the times, but the blow is so powerless that it may be mistaken rather for a *nudge* than a knock. If there had been any utility in the piece at all it would have been allowed to pass muster, for there was a very general feeling of curiosity raised, and a desire to be amused, that if it had contained, *only* in a most niggard quality, the usual good things that are spread before the partakers of enjoyment at this theatre ordinarily, it would have succeeded *nem. con.* It is due, however, to all concerned in the piece, without making any invidious distinctions, to say that each one exerted himself to the utmost, and strived to make the most of bad parts.

COLOSSEUM.—The following distinguished persons visited the above splendid establishment during the past week:—Earl Bathurst, Chief Baron Pollock, Mohun Lal, Count Bathiany, Lady Gurney and family, Lord Curzon, Lord Charleville, Countess Sellers, the Danish Ambassador, &c.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—As the festive season of Christmas is about to commence, and our young friends are anxiously on the look out for amusement during the holidays, we recommend, as the most profitable place of entertainment, this institution. Amongst the numerous specimens of science and art we observed a most elegant adaptation of pneumatic science, a miniature steam-engine. It has a fountain attached, which plays during its motion, the whole forming an elegant article of virtù. The steam is generated by spirits of wine, and carries out the whole process of a stationary engine, having a cylinder five-eighths of an inch diameter, with pumps, cranks, fly-wheel, &c. complete. The fountain plays in a globe of glass, in which may be placed gold fish. This work was exhibited to his Royal Highness Prince Albert a short time since, who expressed his approbation of the manner in which it had been constructed, as well as for the talent displayed in the invention. It is now deposited in the Royal Polytechnic Institution for public inspection, but here its motion is by atmospheric pressure. We hear that many novelties are in progress, among which are new lectures on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, by Dr. JOHN RYAN, and Dr. BACHHOFFNER. The dissolving views will also be entirely new, and the musical department under Dr. WALLIS will not be forgotten.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

ELECTRO-PHYSIOLOGY.—Our readers have heard much of Mr. CROSSE'S famous discovery of the acarus that appeared under the influence of the galvanic battery, and how fiercely the fact has been disputed. Mr. Weeks has tried a similar experiment, and the result is thus stated in the *Literary Gazette*. It entirely confirms Mr. CROSSE.

Thus much is certain, that the acari have invariably appeared in the several solutions under electrical influence, while their absence has been as invariably remarked, in spite of the nicest scrutiny, in all negative tests provided to accompany the respective primary experiments * * * On the second of May, 1842, the apparatus, of which a description has been attempted, was set to work after the following manner:—A solution of ferrocyanate of potass, prepared by carefully boiling two ounces of the salt in sixteen ounces of distilled water, being in readiness for the occasion, ten ounces of the liquid were transferred to the glass jar, and immediately after an elastic metal

pipe, in communication with an iron bottle in a state of white heat, and from which a stream of pure oxygen rapidly proceeded, was dipped into the solution in the jar. In this way the gas, without passing through water, or being brought in contact with any external agent, continued to be supplied to the jar, until the entire atmosphere above the solution consisted of oxygen alone, when the metallic plug was deposited instantly in the neck of the jar, so as to cut off all communication with the external air. The open vessel or tumbler being now placed by the side of the close apparatus, and four ounces of the solution before mentioned having been poured into it, the necessary communication between the two vessels was effected by means of suitable wires, and contact at the same time similarly established with the respective poles of a constant battery of ten pairs. By means of this arrangement, the current entered the open vessel first, and then proceeded through the solution in the close apparatus, in its way to the negative side. I must here remark that the electric current, immediately on its first application, was observed to decompose the solution with such energy, that I deemed it advisable to suspend the operation until the activity of the battery should be somewhat modified; and it was not until the evening of the 6th of May that I could date the commencement of my experiment. A circumstantial record of all important changes connected with this experiment has been preserved, up to the present day, embracing a period of three years and three months. * * *

"1. October 19th, 1843—one hundred and sixty-six days from the commencement of the experiment—the first acari seen in connection therewith, six in number and nearly full grown, were discovered on the outside of the open glass vessel. On removing two pieces of card which had been laid over the mouth of this vessel, several fine specimens were found inhabiting the under surfaces, and others completely developed and in active motion here and there within the glass. Oct. 20th.—Making my visit at an hour when a more favourable light entered the room, swarms of acari were found on the cards about the glass tumbler, both within and without, and also on the platform of the apparatus. At this identical hour Dr. J. Black favoured me with a call, inspected the arrangements, and received six living specimens of the acarus produced from solution in the open vessel. No trace of insect life could at this time be discovered in the close vessel with an oxygen atmosphere. The solution in the open vessel had undergone very slight change of colour, but exhibited a multitude of minute and beautifully-coloured crystals with a prevailing tinge of crimson. The solution beneath the oxygen atmosphere, about ten days after the voltaic current began to traverse it, had assumed a reddish-brown appearance, which gradually darkened in colour, until scarcely any light could be transmitted through it, or the ascent of gas from either of the electrodes perceived.—2. Myriads of acari continued to be developed from the solution in the open vessel until the 20th of August, 1843, when it was found expedient to determine this division of the experiment, and confine the operation of the electric current solely to the close arrangement, in which no appearance of insect life had yet been detected. Before removing the open vessel I had, however, the satisfaction to supply therefrom abundance of living specimens to my friends who had kindly interested themselves on the subject, in various parts of England, Scotland, France, and America.—3. In the beginning of the month of June, 1844, rather more than two years from the commencement of these operations, the solution in the close vessel began to manifest signs of a most remarkable change, the results of constant, slow, and almost invisible decomposition. The apparatus was carefully tested, and found, as at first, perfectly air-tight, and the confined liquid was evidently returning to a paler red colour, as well as a partially translucent condition. These latter appearances rapidly increased, and about the beginning of September, in the same year, the solution had acquired a light amber-colour and perfect transparency, with abundant flakes and scroll-like forms of irregular oxide of iron of a deep orange colour, nearly covering the bottom of the jar. Most of these had, doubtless, been detached in succession from the negative platina spiral, and were conspicuous through the altered solution. It was while engaged in examining this singular accumulation of oxide, by means of an excellent lens, that I saw for the first time an unequivocal proof of the existence of insect life within the close vessel. Several spinous processes of the acari and other remains were detected floating on the surface of the solution, and others attached to the inside of the glass a few lines above the liquid; while, under circumstances somewhat more obscure, several entire dead insects were perceived amidst the flakes resting on the bottom of the jar. An omission, of secondary importance, it is true, was now for the first time apparent in the apparatus: this was the want of a fitting shelf or resting-place for the insects—a circumstance that my kind friend, Andrew Crosse, esq. when he favoured me with a visit a few weeks after, remarked almost immediately, and said, before he knew that acari had already appeared, 'that they would fall in and be drowned almost as fast as they were produced.' Mr. Crosse was right in his conjecture; for, although I have latterly watched the proceeding with diurnal care, I have never identified the presence of more than two living insects at the same time within the close apparatus, and these have as speedily as invariably shared the fate of their predecessors. Notwithstanding the omission alluded to, I enjoy an increase of satisfaction in the knowledge that I have kept from my arrangements any substance which by its introduction might have been suspected of vitiating the results, while the main object of the undertaking has in no wise suffered in its accomplishment. I have only to add my belief, founded on considerable experience and much observation, that insect life was first developed in this division of my experiment some time in the month of July 1844, about two years and two months from the commencement."

The second letter describes the production of *new vegetation* by the similar means of electro-chemical experiment, persevered in since October 1842:

"About the beginning of September 1843, a small patch of fungus, of a peculiar character, was observed to have commenced forming on the outside of the glass, near its lower rim. * * * This substance having, when first seen, a gelatinous appearance, of a dark-brown colour, by slow degrees extended itself round the lower rim of the glass, forming an irregular band or zone, half an inch in breadth, and throwing out numerous protuberances as it approached the positive side of the arrangement. On the 29th of November, in the same year, the following note relative to this singular production occurs among my memoranda; and as I cannot otherwise describe its mature appearance, I shall subjoin the extract:—'The substance of this fungus varies in colour from a light chocolate to that of a dark sanguineous red, and though formerly of a soft texture, it now offers considerable resistance. When viewed with an excellent pocket-lens—the only sort of microscope that can be brought to bear upon it—a most singularly-beautiful species of vegetation is seen to occupy its entire surface, presenting various shades of crimson, green, olive, and green inclining to yellow. In its general apperance it at once suggests the idea of a magnificent forest, consisting of trees and flowering shrubs in miniature. In particular spots, fine, downy, needle-like spires occur in vast multitudes, and these otherwise naked processes rising from the body of the fungus, are surmounted by what appear to be seed-vessels in some instances, and irregular feathery tufts in others.' This experiment was not designed with any reference to my researches on the development of the electrical acari, but swarms of these creatures appeared incidental to its progress, and, at the time the above note was made, many of them were seen inhabiting the miniature forest on the fungus, where they seemed to thrive amazingly, and to attain a larger size than any I have hitherto seen."

This fungus, so produced, is declared to be different from any known species.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

NATURAL CLAIRVOYANCE.— The autobiography of M. ZSCHOKKE, the distinguished author and Swiss statesman, lately published, contains a most remarkable account of a faculty which he possessed, so identical in its powers with some of phenomena of Mesmerism, that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it was a species of *natural clairvoyance*. At all events it is a valuable contribution to the facts of mental philosophy, and coming from a man of such pure and exalted character, its strict veracity is beyond question.

I am, he remarks, almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess! It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesign-

edly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they shewed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a semstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth: I on my part was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It was not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c. &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shewn me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c. &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—The following little incident as illustrative of the practical means of inducing the mesmeric sleep may not be uninteresting. John Brooks, whose case has before been mentioned, and who can be thrown into the sleep by a single glance, brought this evening to our cottage one of his young friends, a lad of the name of Henry Francis, 15 years of age, in order, as he said, that we might try and mesmerise him. For some minutes, no apparent effect was produced upon him; when, thinking that if put into communication with Brooks, the mesmeric influence would be transmitted, I mesmerised the latter; and then placing his hand on the head of the boy Francis, I made some passes over Brooks's head, along his arm and hand, and over the head of Francis. In about two minutes Francis was deep in the mesmeric sleep, and exhibited all the phenomenon of catalepsy; we then in the usual way awakened him up, and tried the effect of mesmerising Brooks with his hand in the first instance upon the head of Francis. The result was, that in a moment after the former became mesmerised, the latter was in the same condition. Whilst in this state, and with his eyes perfectly closed, he wrote his name and address. This lad had never before been mesmerised, nor had he ever seen any one who had been. It has occurred to my brother and myself that the course we pursued in this instance may be generally and conveniently used for inducing the mesmeric sleep in new patients, and be the means of producing a state of coma on parties not otherwise susceptible.

Ivy Cottage, Yours, &c.
Lyncombe-hill, Bath. T. W. SAUNDERS.

* "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the *spirituel* Johann von Riga, when, in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

POLITICAL agitation, as usual, has put an entire stop to the progress of publication; hence so little of novelty to report, and we fear that for some time to come the stagnation will continue. Fortunately for THE CRITIC, however, this will not much affect its intrinsic interest; for the extensive arrangements made for the supply of information relating to foreign literature will, we believe, render its columns attractive, whatever the lack of literature at home.

As with the new year will commence a new volume, an opportunity is afforded for new subscribers; and we ask our friends everywhere to exert themselves to enlist from among their acquaintances fresh additions to our roll of readers. Especially do we request the booksellers, who can do so much to aid us if they will, to take this opportunity to recommend THE CRITIC to their customers. A prospectus, with all necessary particulars for this purpose, will be ready in a few days.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,
From Dec. 13 *to Dec.* 20.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, *in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of* THE CRITIC, *and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in* THE CRITIC. *Particulars forwarded* by letter *will be duly inserted.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annals of Horticulture, a Year Book of Information on Practical Gardening, royal 8vo. 16s. cl. gilt.—Allen's (A.) Etymological Analysis of Latin Verbs, 12mo. reduced to 5s. cl.—Abbott's (Archbishop) Exposition of the Prophet Jonah, new edit. by Grace Webster, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 12s. cl.

Berens's (Archdeacon) Christmas Stories, 5th edit. enlarged, fc. 8vo. 3s. bds.—Bingham's (J.) Antiquities of the Christian Church, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d cl.—Brownson's (O. A.) Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted, post 8vo. 4s. cl. 3s. 6d, swd.—Butler's Guide to Knowledge, new edit. 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Brown's (Dr. F.) Philosophy of the Human Mind, 16th edition, with Memoir and Portrait, 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 2s. cl.; ditto, 1 vol. 8vo. 18s. cl.

Clarke's (Mrs.) Complete Concordance to Shakspere, imp. 8vo. 2*l.* 6s. cl. — Connexion between Revelation and Mythology, by Philomathes, crown 8vo. 3s. cl.—Cheever's (Dr.) Lectures on the Life and Times of John Bunyan, with Preface, by Ingram Cobbin, royal 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl. —Chess Player's Chronicle, Vol. VI. for 1845, 8vo. 15s. cl.—Cruchley's Map of the Railways of England and Wales, 2 parts, 2*l.* 5s. in cl. case. —Cotterill's (Rev. J.) Family Prayers, 10th edit. royal 12mo. 7s. cl.—Cotterill's (Rev. J.) Selection of Psalms and Hymns, 34th edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

Dickens's (Charles) Cricket on the Hearth, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. gilt.

Explanations: a Sequel to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation, post 8vo. 5s. cl.—England's Worthies, during the Civil Wars, 1645 to 1647, by John Vicars, reprint, 12mo. 5s. hf.-bd.

Hamilton's (Rev. R. W.) Sermons, second series, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.—Hurwitz's Hebrew Grammar, 3rd ed. revised and enlarged, 8vo. 13s. cl.—Hurwitz's Elements of the Hebrew Language, 3rd edit. revised and enlarged, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Hurwitz's Hebrew Etymology and Syntax, 3rd edit. revised and enlarged, 8vo. 9s. cl.

King of the Swans, and other Tales, 4 illustrations, square, 2s. 6d. tinted, 3s. 6d. coloured, cl.

Long's Royal Descents, post 4to. coloured, 12s. fancy bds.—Legal Almanac, Remembrancer, and Diary, for 1846, 8vo. 4s. cl.—Lower's (Mark A.) Hand-book to Lewes, 12mo. 2s. cl. swd.—Loudon's (Mrs.) Lady's Country Companion, 2nd edit. improved and enlarged, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.

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THE CRITIC,
And Journal of Literature.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1845.

THE CRITIC belongs to the new generation; it will endeavour to become the exponent of the spirit and the philosophy of the momentous *present*, and to rally round it the *young* heart and hopes of the country.—*Address*, Nov. 1st, 1844.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Maxims of Francis Guicciardini. Translated by EMMA MARTIN. *With Parallel Passages from the Works of Machiavelli, Lord Bacon, Pascal, Rochefoucauld, Montesquieu, Mr. Burke, Prince Talleyrand, Guizot, and Others.* London, 1845. Longman and Co.

OF all maxim makers, a race once numerous, now past away with the despotisms and oligarchies out of which they grew, FRANCIS GUICCIARDINI deservedly holds the highest place. Although his fame has been eclipsed by ROCHEFOUCAULD, because the language of France has been more familiar to Europe than that of Italy, he has a better title to reputation, for there is more of sound wisdom, more of practical good sense, and vastly more of substantial morality, in the Florentine than in the Frenchman. The results of a life devoted to statesmanship, in a field where all the art of the courtier and the diplomatist was necessary to acquire and maintain a position in the cabinets of royalty, have been noted down by GUICCIARDINI, in the pithy manner peculiar to this once favourite species of composition, and Miss MARTIN has done good service by introducing them to the British public through the medium of a translation executed with faithfulness, and made more valuable by the introduction of parallel passages from the works of other distinguished statesmen. Thus brought into opposition with like trains of thought in other minds, the maxims of GUICCIARDINI appear to great advantage. It is evident that they were not laboured for purposes of publication, but are really what they profess to be, the jottings down of the results of long years of active experience in human affairs; the legacy of a man, made wise by circumstances, to his successors, who may not have enjoyed his peculiar advantages.

But although these maxims grew out of a close acquaintance with human nature in Italian Courts, where morals were not strict, and in an age when statesmen were not expected to be virtuous, they contain very little that is objectionable in principle. The native worth of the man seems to have saved him from falling in with the laxity of his times, and to have preserved his heart pure amid the general corruption of manners. We select a few which appear to illustrate these brief remarks, and commend the work itself to such of our readers as enjoy compositions of its peculiar class. We prefer to take chiefly from those that relate to public affairs, because they are of the most universal application, and really the most valuable, as the results of actual experience are always more profitable than speculation, however ingenious:—

ORIGIN OF POWER.

All states have their origin in violence, to one who looks narrowly at it, excepting republics; and these in their own country, and no farther; neither do I see any legitimate power, not even that of the Emperor, which is in such great authority that it doth decide upon the rights of others; because there was no usurpation so great as that of the Romans, who usurped the empire: neither do I exempt from this rule the priesthood, whose violence is double, inasmuch as it is doubled in holding men under corporeal and under spiritual authority.

CAUTION.

Let him who would handle treaties and alliances beware that nothing doth hazard them more than seeking to make them overfast; because greater time is needed, and more persons must be dealt with, and more matters are implicated, from which causes such practices always come to light; and we may also believe that fortune, in whose hand are these things, is displeased with those who seek to free themselves from her power and depend upon themselves alone. Therefore, it is safer to execute them with some danger than with over-security.

HOW TO DEAL WITH TYRANTS.

A tyrant will use exceeding diligence in studying to know thy mind, that is, if thou art content with thy estate: he will watch thy carriage and behaviour, seeking to learn from them which frequent thee, and proposing divers courses to thee, and requiring thine opinion and judgment. Wherefore, if thou wouldest not have him compass thee, thou must most cautiously beware of the methods he will use, and of using any phrase of supicion; taking heed how thou dost speak, *etiam* with thine intimates; and conversing and replying to him so that he cannot cavil. This is easy to be done, if thou keep always before thee that he is trying all he can to circumvent and to discover thee.

PROMPTITUDE IN ACTION.

When thou shalt have the opportunity of a thing thou dost desire, lose no time to seize it; for the things of this world change so often, that no man can say he hath a thing until he grasp it. And when any thing which displease thee be proposed, seek to put it off as long as thou art able; for we see every day that time brings forth chances which may free thee from that trouble; and thus is that saying of the sages to be understood, Profit by Time's vantage. And Lord Bacon says:—Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall. And again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. For Occasion (as it is in the common verse) turneth a bald noddle, after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken.

CHILDREN.

The wish to have children cannot be blamed, because it is natural; yet do I say, that it is a kind of felicity not to have any; for even he who hath wise and virtuous sons, hath, without doubt, more grief than joy of them. I have seen the example of this in mine own father, who was held in his day, yea, as an example in Florence of a father whom Heaven had most richly gifted in his sons. Think, therefore, how it must be with him who hath evil sons.

There is a singular acuteness of observation in the following, which may be called

THE VIS VITÆ.

Those undertakings and affairs which are not to be expected to fall through any sudden shock, but through consuming and wasting away, draw out to a much greater length than is believed at first; because, when men are obstinately determined to endure, they endure and sustain much more than would be believed. Wherefore, we see that a war, which is to be finished by famine, by inconveniency, by lack of money, or the like, runs on farther than would be believed. As it also happens with one who is dying of a phthisic, that his life doth always prolong itself beyond the opinion of the physicians. Thus a merchant, before he fails through being consumed by usury, doth alway stand a longer time than was believed.

Not improbably we may witness a practical illustration of this on the

THE JUSTE MILIEU.

When opinions are contrary in council, if any one come forward with some middle course, it is almost always favoured, not because the middle course be not worse for the most part than extremes, but because the disputants agree more willingly to that than to their opposite; and also the others, either to avoid offence or through want of comprehension, quickly come into that which they think will save dispute.—*Guicciardini*

. . . . Where authority is equal and opinion divers, things are scarce ever well determined on.—*Machiavelli; History of Florence*, book v.

. . . . In affairs of state, the Romans always avoided the middle course, and betook themselves to extremes.—*Discourses on Livy*, book ii. chap. xxiii.

FORTUNE.

I have desired honour and profit, as other men do; and, until now, I return thanks to God, and to my good fortune, I have gained even more than I sought for. *Et tamen* when I have obtained that which I did desire, I have not experienced any of those enjoyments and satisfactions therein which I had imagined to myself; which, if it were well considered, is enough to extinguish many of the desires of men.

Avant de désirer fortement une chose, il faut examiner quel est le bonheur de celui qui la possède.—*Rochefoucault, Maximes Morales. Désir.*

MAKE THYSELF FRIENDS.

Endeavour to gain thyself friends; for they are good in places, times, and chances, which thou wouldest never have thought of; and though this maxim may be of the vulgar, yet none can

thoroughly consider the value thereof but he who hath chanced, in his need, to feel it by experience.

A HINT TO JUDGES.

I have constantly observed this method, in my divers governments, that when a cause hath been brought before me, which, for some sufficient reason, I was desirous to accommodate, I did never speak of accommodation; but interposing different delays and obstacles, I caused that the parties themselves did seek it; thus, in due time I have been besought for that very thing which, if I had proposed it at the first, had been rejected.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Beware of every thing which may do thee hurt, and can do thee no good; wherefore neither in absence, neither in presence of another, ever say, without necessity, things which may displease him; because it is foolishness to make enemies without purpose; and I give thee this maxim because scarce any one but errs in this childishness.

RUMOUR.

When no man can tell me the author of the tidings, and they be likely, or such as are looked for, I give them little faith; because men readily invent that which is expected or is credited. I give more ear to any strange or unlooked-for tidings, because men are less apt to invent or to persuade themselves of that which is in no man's thoughts. I have many times seen proof of this.

PRUDENCE.

I once heard a friar say, that a man should have more credit from one ducat kept in his purse than from ten that he should spend. This saying is to be noted, not to the growing sordid, neither to the failing in honourable and reasonable expenses, but as a bridle upon thee from superfluous disbursings.

RATIONALE OF AVARICE.

There is no doubt but that avarice doth creep the more upon a man the older he doth grow; and the cause is commonly said to be, that his spirit doth decrease; but I think that this reason holds not. For that is a very ignorant old man that doth not see that the older he grows the less need hath he of money; and moreover, I see that the other vices of old men also continually increase. Wherefore I think the true reason to be, that the longer a man lives, the more doth he grow familiar with the things of this world, *et ex consequenti*, the more doth he love them.

The same reason is cause that the older a man doth grow, the more is death irksome to him; and more and more, both outwardly and inwardly, doth he live as he were certain never to die.

BIOGRAPHY.

Carlyle's Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell.

(*Concluded from page* 656.)

WE add a few passages which we were compelled by pressure of other claims to omit last week.

CROMWELL early distinguished himself by zeal for the reform of the Church, and he was especially active in opposition to the abuse of Lay Impropriations. He even formed a feoffee fund for the purpose of buying them up, and restoring the charities to the congregations. Here is CARLYLE'S characteristic account of this incident.

The grievance of Lay Impropriations, complained of in the Hampton Court Conference twenty years ago, having never been abated, and many parts of the country being still thought insufficiently supplied with Preachers, a plan was this year fallen upon to raise by subscription, among persons grieved in that state of matters, a Fund for *buying-in* such Impropriations as might offer themselves; for supporting good ministers therewith, in destitute places; and for otherwise encouraging the ministerial work. The originator of this scheme was 'the famous Dr. Preston,' a Puritan College Doctor of immense 'fame' in those and in prior years; courted even by the Duke of Buckingham, and tempted by the gleam of bishopries; but mouldering now in great oblivion, not famous to any man. His scheme, however, was found good. The wealthy London Merchants, almost all of them Puritans, took it up; and by degrees the wealthier Puritans over England at large. Considerable ever-increasing funds were subscribed for this pious object; were vested in 'Feoffees,'—who afterwards made some noise in the world under that name. They gradually purchase some Advowsons or Impropriations, such as came to market; and hired, or assisted in hiring, a great many 'Lecturers,' persons not generally in full 'Priest's-orders' (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in 'Deacon's' or some other orders, with permission to preach, to 'Lecture,' as it was called; whom accordingly we find 'lecturing' in various places, under various conditions, in the subsequent years;—often in some market-town, 'on market-day;' on 'Sunday afternoon,' as supplemental to the regular Priest when he might happen to be idle, or given to black and white surplices; or as 'running Lecturers,' now here, now there, over a certain district. They were greatly followed by the serious part of the community; and gave proportional offence in other quarters. In some years hence, they had risen to such a height, these Lecturers, that Dr. Laud, now come into authority, took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out; nay, brought the Feoffees themselves and their whole Enterprise into the Star-chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumour from the public, suppressed them. This was in 1633; a somewhat strong measure. How would the Public take it now, if—we say not the gate of Heaven, but the gate of the Opposition Hustings were suddenly shut against mankind—if our Opposition Newspapers, and their morning Prophesyings were suppressed! That Cromwell was a contributor to this Feoffee Fund, and a zealous forwarder of it according to his opportunities, we might already guess! and by and by there will occur some vestige of direct evidence to that effect.

Most sturdy is his defence of the old Puritans. He says:

The Christian Doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts,—very mournful to behold; and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay worse still, the Cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is Cant;—in which fatal intermediate state the Eternal Sacredness of this Universe itself, of this Human Life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that too a Cant and a Creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us,—not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a ghastly condition: not as commandments of the Living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas, no, as something very different from that! Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the Seventeenth Century for us. From this source has proceeded our maltreatment of it, our miseditings, miswritings, and all the other 'avalanche of Human Stupidity,' wherewith, as, our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed! Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our Unbelief and our Cant of Belief!

Our generation, wanting the earnestness that inspired that movement of the human mind, cannot understand it, and therefore do we gibe and mock at it, and call it hypocrisy and cant. How it faded away by degrees, let Mr. CARLYLE tell us in his own peculiar, but most impressive manner:—

But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, that Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies *there*. The Fast-day Sermons of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb! In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us; by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon as read; they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead and gone, they and what they shadowed; the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbour to them. Alas! and did not the honourable Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess; Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye: the printer has done for them what he could, and Mr. Speaker gave them the thanks of the House; —and no most astonishing Review-Article of our day can have half such "brilliancy," such potency, half such virtue for producing *belief*, as these their poor little dumpy quartos once had. And behold, they are become inarticulate men; spectral; and, instead of speaking, do but screech and gibber! All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, prayings, pamphleteerings are sunk into one indiscriminate moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent; human Speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the "Eternal Melodies," and harmonize with them; human Action, Interest, if divorced from the Eternal Melodies, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away. The Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the

soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said of his Banner and Lion of the Tribe of Judah: "Who shall rouse him up?"

SCIENCE.

The Note-Book of a Naturalist. By E. P. Thompson. Pp. 275. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Amid the piles of stupid fictions, commonplace discourses, untrustworthy histories, and wretched poetry, that crowd the table of the literary journalist, it is refreshing to light upon a volume which breathes of nature, whose contents are taken from the fields and the hedge-rows; that treats of realities, and reports of the world about us in plain unpretending language, without affecting the eloquent, the sublime, the poetical, or the pious. Such a book is this which presents to us the notes preserved by Mr. Thompson during his researches in the realms of nature. He has given us, just as he set them down, his observations of birds and flowers, and trees and butterflies—the *fauna* and the *sylva* of Old England—yet rich in such beyond any other country in Europe. A book like this, wholesome in its spirit, attractive in its theme, pleasant in its construction, will be right welcome to every reader, and should be ordered without delay by every book-club.

It is not, however, a work for criticism. It does not challenge commentary upon its style, for it affects no excellence in this, and its subject is too certainly a good one to be questioned. All that the journalist can do is to select from it a few of the most attractive passages, in order to shew the nature of its contents, and give his readers a taste of the materials in store for them should they follow his advice, and procure the book itself. From its very nature these extracts must be miscellaneous.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Previous to the breaking up of the ice in the Gulf of Finland in the spring of the year, they arrive in large flocks, and continue about its edges awaiting its total dissolution, when hundreds may be seen collected together feeding. They are wary, and exceedingly difficult of approach; but I once had an opportunity of getting almost among them. I was shooting wild fowl in the gulf with a friend, one evening in the middle of May, in one of Colonel Hawker's punts carrying a large swivel gun, when, in the middle of our sport, we heard the distant hooping of swans. The inducement to follow was too great; and allowing our canoe to drift towards them, we could soon see that we were approaching a flock of at least one hundred and fifty birds, but, notwithstanding our precautions by lying on our faces, and suffering the boat to drift of its own accord almost, we could perceive that they were alarmed, and not being provided with swan-shot, it was necessary that we should get as near as possible. At last they rose, and I fired, but none fell, though we plainly heard the shot rattle among them. It was beautiful to see them rise on the wing simultaneously, beating the water with their wings for many yards, and throwing up a complete spray before they were fairly in flight. The paddles of twenty steamers could not have made more noise; indeed, the passengers in a steamboat, coming up the gulf at a great distance, distinctly heard the rush, without either seeing them or hearing the report of the gun. As the season advances, they disappear entirely for more northern parts for the purpose of breeding. At this season snipe and woodcock shooting is in great perfection, particularly as they assemble at their breeding-places. The former are by no means solitary in their habits, for hundreds of couples may be found in a morass of thirty or forty acres; and, as regards the latter, the sportsman need only station himself in the centre of a heath common towards evening, when the male birds are making their flights, uttering a kind of bleating sound. Bewick is wrong when he states, that these birds "must have the instinctive precaution of landing only in the night, or in dark, misty weather, for they are never seen to arrive,"—in allusion to the period of their migrating to this country. That a vast quantity do arrive by night is undeniable, for the lighthouse-keepers on the Kentish coast often pick them up dead in the morning, from their having flown against the lights and destroyed themselves—a proof of the rapidity of their flight; and it is a common custom for that dubious race of sportsmen termed gunners to pass under the cliffs at daylight to pick up those birds which, from fatigue, have been unable to clear the heights till they have rested. I have known fourteen couple to be killed of a morning. The birds prefer a moonlight night, with wind at north-east; and with the wind in that quarter, I have often seen them arrive in the daytime. They fly rapidly, and in an undeviating straight line, and apparently regardless of obstacles. One was brought to me which was seen to fly against the banking-house of a firm at Dover, dead, and with its bill broken by the concussion: a bird evidently of unbusiness-like habits, to present its bill in that fashion. Two others, at about the same period, flew so close over the heads of some soldiers on parade, that they involuntarily raised their muskets as they passed over them, to the scandal of the drill-sergeant.

THE HAWK AND THE GUILLEMOT.

A singular circumstance connected with a kestrel occurred at Dover some short time since. The common guillemot (*Uria troile*) breeds in considerable quantities in the cliffs to the eastward of the town, where they are rarely disturbed, excepting by some adventurer lowering himself from above to take eggs, or by some gunner anxious to try his dexterity from below. In the present instance a kestrel, soaring along the surface of the cliff, bore off a squab guillemot from its nest in one of the ridges. This, from the weight of the young bird, was a matter of some difficulty, and enabled the old one, which had taken the alarm and become desperate in defence of its young, to come speedily up to the kestrel, when a sharp contest began between them. The hawk, burdened as he was, and determined to keep his prey, was bent on retreat; the guillemot, therefore, notwithstanding the awkwardness of its flight, was enabled to push him hard, and annoy him so much, that, in self-defence, he was compelled to drop the young one, which fell unhurt on the beach below. Then began the battle in good earnest: in a straight line the guillemot had the decided mastership, by charging the hawk *à posteriori* with its sharp bill, and apparently with some success, as the flying feathers indicated. But these attacks always finished by the hawk soaring upward, and then stooping at its opponent. The watchfulness with which the guillemot avoided these charges, and availed itself of the hawk being again undermost to renew the engagement, was highly interesting; and from the vigour with which it pushed its foe on these occasions the victory seemed to be safe; but, at last, one unlucky stoop made by the hawk from a considerable height, struck the poor guillemot with such violence that it could not recover its flight, and came tumbling to the beach alive and unhurt, but so much exhausted that it was picked up, and now, with its young one, forms a portion of my cabinet.

INSTINCT OF THE DOG.

When coursing on the heath-commons in Surrey, I have often noticed a favourite greyhound take its stand on the top of the highest ground it could find, with its ears erect and its eyes gleaming with animation, watching every movement, and ready for immediate pursuit, availing itself thus of its almost only chance of seeing the hare among the high heath and fern. Other dogs watch on the outside of the copse or shaw for the same purpose. This is a high order of instinct, and sufficiently proves that the animal justly calculates on its own powers, and places itself exactly in the position where they will be available. A black retriever I possessed, one of the almost extinct race, was endowed with more than ordinary sagacity. I directed him on one occasion to fetch me a small billet of wood which was floating on the sea, about twenty yards from the shore, as a buoy to the anchor of a small boat. He tugged and dragged, in vain of course, when suddenly he dived to remove the obstacle, and continued doing so for so long a time, that I saw he was exhausted by his efforts; and not being able to make him hear me, from the noise of the waves, I was forced to launch a small boat and take him in, literally to prevent his becoming a victim to his courage and stanchness.

MEMORY AND REVENGE.

A striking instance in proof of the existence of these faculties in animals occurred some time since at the seat of a noble lord in Surrey. In the park are two large pieces of water, divided by a small isthmus, which widens considerably at one extremity, and at the time in question a pair of swans were the occupants. A doe and her fawn, belonging to a herd of deer in the park, coming down to one of the pieces of water to drink, were immediately set upon by the swans; and the fawn, by their joint efforts, was got into deep water and drowned. After a considerable interval of time, when the swans were one day on the wide part of the isthmus, and thus separated from their element, and at a disadvantage, a rush was made upon them by a number of the deer, which trod under foot and utterly destroyed one of them. The bereaved doe must have had some means of communicating her loss to the other deer, and of urging them to help her in her revenge; and the most remarkable part of the transaction is, that the deer must have had a kind of consciousness of the fitness of the moment, when the swans were to a great extent defenceless, or at least deprived of their greatest advantages, and had no means of effecting their retreat to the water.

NOVEL FISHING.

As a lad in Germany, I and some of my companions hit upon a singular and novel plan of fishing. The Nieda, a small stream

tributary to the Maine, and taking its rise in the Taunus mountains, generally overflows the country to a vast extent after the heavy autumnal rains. The rapid succession of frost quickly changes these inundations into a most glorious expanse of pure, green, and transparent ice. We became soon aware of the large quantities of fish moving beneath the surface; and as the water was not deep, the stubble of the autumn crops and long grass offered occasional resistance to their speed. Provided with a little hatchet and an iron-shod stick, we fairly skated them down, when a hole cut through the ice with the hatchet, and a blow on the head with the stick, would put us in possession of our prey. We could catch thus many pounds weight of pike in a day.

FISHING IN THE NEVA.

Salmon are caught in very considerable quantities in the Neva by seines, which are worked without intermission from the earliest hour in the morning till late in the evening, and there are three considerable establishments alone in the most crowded part of the river, in the centre, as it were of the city. Three seines are in operation at the same time. While one is being landed, a second is being hauled home, and a third is being shot. The rapidity of the current renders this economy of time easy; for, as it is necessary to row high up the stream to shoot the seines, they each follow in a regular succession as they float down; and the tackle being made fast to the respective capsterns, they are hauled in without the slightest confusion or entanglement. There is a curious fashion observed at these fisheries. An elevated platform, or look-out house, commanding the spot, is built for the accommodation of spectators, who speculate on and purchase the chance of the haul, the price varying from three to ten shillings, according to the state of the weather and abundance of fish. By this rule the purchaser is entitled to all that comes up; and on one occasion a singular and unpleasant adventure arose from the practice. A dead body was dragged up, and the fisherman insisted on the party who had bought the haul becoming responsible for it, or, in other words, that the explanation of the matter to the police, and the interment should devolve on him, as the contents of the net, by purchase, belonged to him. This doctrine not being palatable to him, he fairly took to his heels, and a hue and cry was made after him, but unsuccessfully; and thus the obligation remained with the fishermen. A similar circumstance, but without purchase, occurred at another spot. A dead body was fished up, but no person entitled to interfere being present, it was taken lower down the stream and again committed to the water; but by some under eddy it again worked up the current, and was again hauled in, to the consternation of the fishermen, whose superstition was so thoroughly awakened that they resolutely refused to fish any more that day. Smelts—the real cucumber smelts—are in such immense abundance in the Neva in the month of May, that they are caught by thousands in the seines, and the air for some distance around is impregnated with the smell peculiar to them. I have seen them in such vast quantities in the nets, that the fishermen were compelled to ladle them out with purse nets before they could land the seine; and, strange as it is, the fish are hardly saleable, owing to a superstitious idea entertained by the Russians, that they feed at that season an some aquatic herb, which causes the ague to those who eat them.

The tendency of the sheep to "follow my leader" is proverbial. A curious illustration of this instinct was once witnessed by Mr. THOMPSON, in Belgium.

INGENUITY OF A SHEPHERD.

I was much amused once in Belgium at a curious contrivance adopted by a shepherd to extricate himself from a dilemma, and at the readiness with which his sheep obeyed his intentions. Preceding his flock, he was moving them to a fresh pasture, when his progress was stopped by a large cornfield through which there was only a narrow footpath. His knowledge of the habits of his charge made him thoroughly aware of the destruction they would commit if left to follow him at their leisure; so, after a few moments' reflection, he started off at the top of his speed, the whole flock pursuing him at a gallop, and almost in single file, without doing the slightest damage.

VORACITY OF THE GANNETT.

In the herring-season the gannett follows the shoals of that fish from the North Sea into the Channel, where they are not otherwise common visitants. Their voracity and daring are very great; but I never knew a greater instance than happened with the specimen in my collection. A fisherman in his little punt was fishing for whitings at a couple of miles from the shore, and was hauling over the side of the boat a fish he had just caught, when a gannett sweeping by him gorged the fish and continued his flight, drawing the line after him from the astonished fisherman. He, however, recovering his presence of mind, held on by the remainder of the line which was left to him, and began to haul the bird to him, and, after considerable trouble, he succeeded in capturing it. He described the scene to me, and said that the bird offered so much resistance, that he was forced to play it till he tired it.

ATTACHMENT OF MONKEYS.

Among the various animals which I have amused myself by keeping, I had at one time two monkeys—one Asiatic and the other African. Their affection for each other was unbounded, and they were constantly hugging and embracing each other. They were extremely fond of wine, and the sight of a wine-glass drove them frantic with delight. A stupid servant gave one of them a whole glass of brandy, which completely intoxicated it, and brought on apoplexy, of which it died. During its illness the attentions of its companion were most affecting. As if knowing the seat of pain, it sat holding the forehead with its hand, and attempting to induce it to eat; and when at length it died, it held the body so powerfully, that it required force to part it. It never recovered itself, but fairly pined away.

OBSERVANCE OF NATURE.

I am fond of coursing; and although there are many hares in that district of Surrey in which I reside, yet we are so infested with poachers, that there would soon be a scarcity; and I have therefore made terms with these men to give them a fee whenever they can shew me a hare sitting. The price is too tempting for them, as they could not sell the poached animal for so large a sum, and they therefore invariably give me due notice; and, besides, as love of sport is the foundation of poaching, they are much gratified at being present at the course. On one occasion, after a run, they found a very young leveret in its form, which one of them seized, to make use of as a means of catching the old hare. By pinching the young animal sharply in the throat, he succeeded in making it utter the most piercing cries, such as would occur were it attacked by a weasel. The old one came up from its concealment, and would doubtless have afforded a capital run had I permitted it. How much knowledge of nature there was in this manœuvre, and how closely the habits of the animal must have been watched, thus to overcome its natural timidity! By attending closely to the character of animals, many singular traits are brought to light, and many remarkable proofs of instinct discovered. A friend of mine has always contended that a pig is a sagacious beast, and he instances it by the following fact:—He describes himself as having been lost in a very extensive park, the undulating and wooded character of which prevented him from catching any glimpse of the house or of any point of exit; and after riding about till he became even more bewildered, he at last disturbed a pig in a heap of fern. That it was turned out to feed on the acorns and beech-nuts, then thick on the ground, was evident; and it struck him that by riding at it, it would run homewards for protection. It galloped off in a straight line, and, after the run of a mile, brought him to one of the keeper's lodges, which was hidden by trees and ivy.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc. By G. B. CHEEVER, D.D. London, 1845. Wiley and Putnam.

THIS book is not altogether what its title would imply. It is not a regular tour, but rather a series of essays suggested by a residence in Geneva, and observations made during excursions thence into the surrounding country. The author is a well-informed American, attracted to Switzerland by the fame of its scenery, and he avails himself of the opportunities that offered to look also into the character, habits, and conditions, of the people. He is a man of reflection as well as of observation, and the thoughts suggested by what he there witnessed, are presented to the reader, mingled with the descriptions, and the result is a pleasing variety, which keeps alive the attention, and imparts an interest in the work beyond that produced by a mere narrative. Dr. CHEEVER is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and he looks at her with the eye of a philosopher and a poet, recognising beneath the forms that meet the eye a meaning mind only can recognise. From this it will be gathered that he is a religious man; by which we understand, not a sectarian or a formalist, but one who has before him the ever present sense of Deity, and his relation thereto—his duties in time and his destinies in eternity. This gives to Dr. CHEEVER'S descriptions a charm not found in ordinary tourists, and will recommend his book to all lovers of the good and true.

His manifest fault is *wordiness*. Some of his descriptions are too much amplified; some of his reflections are spoiled by

too much expansion. Reflection should always be introduced sparingly into narrative, and only when very apt, and then put in the most terse language, we might almost say in the form of a maxim. It should appear to be thrown in in as a part of the emotion produced by the event, and not as if it had been an after thought, studiously elaborated. Again, a complaint has been justly made of intolerance, such, as from his character in other respects, we should scarcely have expected. Allowance being made for these drawbacks, Dr. Cheever's *Wanderings* may be safely ordered by the book-clubs, as a few specimens will shew.

HOW TO TRAVEL IN SWITZERLAND.

A man should always travel in Switzerland as a pedestrian, if possible. There is no telling how much more perfectly he thus communes with Nature, how much more deeply and without effort he drinks in the spirit of the meadows, the woods, the running streams, and the mountains, going by them and among them, as a friend with a friend. He seems to hear the very breath of Nature in her stillness, and sometimes, when the whole world is hushed, there are murmurs come to him on the air, almost like the distant evening song of angels. Indeed the world of Nature is filled with quiet soul-like sounds, which, when one's attention is gained to them, make a man feel as if he must take his shoes from his feet and walk barefooted, in order not to disturb them. There is a language in Nature, that requires not so much a fine ear, as a listening spirit; just as there is a mastery and a song in religion, that requires not so much a clear understanding, as a *believing* spirit. To such a listener and believer, there comes

> A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
> Rhythm in all thought, and joyaunce everywhere—
> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world so filled,
> Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
> Is music slumbering on her instrument.

The music of the brooks and waterfalls, and of the wind among the leaves, and of the birds in the air, and of the children at play, and of the distant villages, and of the tinkling pleasant bells of flocks upon the mountain-sides, is all lost to the traveller in a carriage, or rumbling vehicle of any kind; whereas a pedestrian enjoys it, and enjoys it much more perfectly than a man upon a mule. Moreover, the pedestrian at every step is gaining health of body and elasticity of spirits. If he be troubled with weak lungs, let him carry his own knapsack, well strapped upon his shoulders; it opens and throws back the chest, and strengthens the weakest parts of the bodily system. Besides this, the air braces him better than any tonic. By day and by night, it is an exhilarating cordial to him—a *nepenthe* to his frame. The pedestrian is a labouring man, and his sleep is sweet. He rises with the sun, or earlier, with the morning stars, so as to watch the breaking of the dawn. He lives upon simple food, with an unsuspicious appetite. He hums his favourite tunes, peoples the air with castles, cons a passage in the gospels, thinks of the dear ones at home, cuts a cane, wanders in Byepath meadow, where there is no Giant Despair, sits down and jots in his note-book, thinks of what he will do, or whistles as he goes for want of thought. All day long, almost every faculty of mind and body may be called into healthful, cheerful exercise. He can make out-of-the-way excursions, go into the cottages, chat with the people, sketch pictures at leisure. He can pray, and praise God, when and where he pleases, whether he comes to a cross and a sepulchre, or a church, or a cathedral, or a green knoll under a clump of trees, without cross, or saint, or angel; and if he have a Christian companion, they two may go together as pleasantly and profitably, as Christian and Hopeful in the Pilgrim's Progress.

The following will have an interest for our countrymen :—

THE BISHOP AT GENEVA.

The Sabbath evening before we parted, Mr. Bacon had gone with me to hear the Bishop of Cashel. The service was in the dining-hall of the Hotel de Bergues, a fashionable resort, where there were gathered as many of the votaries of rank and wealth from England as ordinarily are to be found in Geneva on any Sabbath. It was an unusual step for a Bishop of the English Church—a regular conventicle—a Sabbath evening extempore sermon from a Bishop in the dining-hall of the hotel! I love to record it as a pleasant example of a dignitary of the Establishment using the influence of his rank to do good, to gather an assembly for hearing God's word, in circumstances where no one else could have commanded an audience of half-a-dozen persons; where, indeed, the use of the room for such a purpose would hardly have been granted to any other individual.

The hall was perfectly crowded. The preacher's sermon was a most simple, faithful, practical, affectionate exhibition of Divine truth. It was on the subject of Paul's conversion, its steps, its marks, its results, especially the blessed temper—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He shewed that every creature, who would be a Christian, must be converted, just like Paul; that the change in Paul was no extraordinary case, as it is sometimes viewed, but a case of conversion; and that they must every one be converted, and become as little children, in like manner, saying, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

A second Sabbath evening, the good Bishop, having been unexpectedly detained in Geneva, appointed a second service of the same kind. Again the hall was crowded. He took for his subject this time, the conversion of that sinful woman who loved much because much was forgiven; and again it was a most unostentatious, straightforward, practical exhibition of the truth, plain, convincing, humbling, direct to the conscience and the heart. Every person, he told his hearers, needed conversion by the grace of Christ, just as much as this woman. Without that grace, be you ever so refined, so amiable, so upright, so pure, you are just as certainly unfit for heaven, and in the way to perdition, as she was. And you must come to Christ just as she did, be as penitent for your sins as she was, and love your Saviour like her, with all your heart.

Indeed it was pleasant, it was delightful, it was heart-cheering, to hear a Bishop of the Church of England, in the midst of the prevalence of Oxfordism, the resurrection of forms, baptisms, crossings, and not of faith and conversion, take these simple themes, and go with Christ's bare truth straight to the hearts of his hearers. He must have had a unity of design in taking Paul for the first evening and the sinful woman for the second; two extremes of society, two great sinners, high and low; and the grace of Christ equally necessary for both, and for all intermediate characters.

An excursion *round* Mont Blanc will, no doubt become one of the fashionable routes, should Dr. CHEEVER's description of its sublimities and beauties be confirmed by two or three of our English tourists. Here is an account of

THE MER DE GLACE.

Within seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, commences the great ice-ocean that fills the uninhabitable Alpine valleys, unceasingly freezing, melting and moving down. It has been estimated by Saussure and others that these seas of ice, at their greatest thickness, are six or eight hundred feet deep. They are traversed by deep fissures, and as they approach the great precipices, over which they plunge like a cataract into the vales, they are split in all directions, and heaved up into waves, reefs, peaks, pinnacles, and minarets. Underneath they are traversed by as many galleries and caverns, through which run the rills and torrents constantly gathering from the melting masses above. These innumerable streams, gathering in one as they approach the termination of the glacier, rush out from beneath it, under a great vault of ice, and thus are born into the breathing world, full grown, roaring rivers, from night, frost and chaos. A peasant has been known to have fallen into an ice-gulf in one of these seas, near one of the flowing sub-glacial torrents, and following the course of the stream to the foot of the glacier, he came out alive! The German naturalist Hugi, set out to explore the recesses of one of the glaciers through the bed of a former torrent, and wandered on in its caverns the distance of a mile. "The ice was every where eaten away into dome-shaped hollows, varying from two to twelve feet in height, so that the whole mass of the glacier rested at intervals on pillars, or feet of ice, irregular in size and shape which had been left standing. As soon as any of these props gave way, a portion of the glacier would of course fall in and move on. A dim twilight, scantily transmitted through the mass of ice above, prevailed in these caverns of ice, not sufficient to allow one to read except close to the fissures, which directly admitted the daylight. The intense blue of the mass of the ice contrasted remarkably with the pure white of the icy stalactites, or pendents descending from the roof. The water streamed down upon him from all sides, so that, after wandering about for two hours, at times bending and creeping, to get along under the low vault, he returned to the open air, quite drenched and half-frozen."

One of the novel sights he witnesses in this exploration, which lay, as he says, "on the uninhabitable extreme verge of nature's life—wild, awfully sublime, and often dangerous and utterly impracticable," is the *tourmente*, a peculiarly destructive whirlwind, that sometimes visits the sides of the mountain. The following passages vividly describe the scenery of this region.

THE TOURMENTE.

The torrent of water comes down from the glaciers of the Buet, and makes a sudden and most terrific plunge sheer over the precipice into a black jagged mountain-gorge, which the ancients would have celebrated as one of the mouths of hell, with a mighty roar and crash that is almost stunning. On this side

you stand upon a green knoll, a little grassy mountain, of which the verdure is perpetually wetted by the spray, and holding on by your staff firmly thrust into the ground, or by a tree on the borders of the gorge, you may look down into the roaring depths, see the cataract strike, and admire the conflict of the waters. The accompaniments are very grand; hanging masses of verdant forest on either side, but above, enormous snow-covered mountains, out of which, from the mouth of a craggy gorge, bursts at once upon you the raging torrent. In a sunny day you would have rainbows arching the torn rocks, glittering in the spray, and dancing over the impearled grass where you are standing. But even amidst the rain, as I was, in my drab great-coat, it was a scene of great sublimity. Coming to it, my guide carried me along the side of a mountain across the path of a *tourmente*, or mountain whirlwind, the marks of which, in themselves alone, are worth going far to see. A circuitous belt of the largest trees amidst the pine and fir forest that clothes the mountain, are stripped of branches, verdure, and sometimes bark, as if scathed by lightning, while others are broken and twisted, as you might twist a willow sapling. The fury of these *tourmentes* is inconceivable; a traveller overtaken by one of them would inevitably be lost; they would almost tear the crags themselves from the mountains. A similar scene is presented in the valley up which you pass from Chamouny to see the Cascade des Pelerines, marking in this case the passage of an avalanche, of which the wind produced by its swift flight has swept, torn and broken a thousand trees in the same manner. At first you can hardly credit it, but you are convinced that it was the wind, and not the waves of the avalanche, by seeing some trees broken short off, half-way down, as if the storm-angel had twisted and snapped them asunder with careful hands, close beside other trees prostrated and stripped, and others still standing. The traveller gazes upon these mute spectacles—mute, but fiercely eloquent, with deep interest. From the Cascade Barberina we regained, by a romantic path, the grand route, which we could see far beneath us. I was hungry and tired, and it was high time to be so. My guide carried me into a mountain chalet, incomparably ruder than his own, built in the conical shape of a tent, with a hole at the top, so that the smoke might escape without the trouble of a chimney. As I stood to dry my clothes at the verge of the circle of stones where the fire was kindled, the rain came down upon me from the aperture above, demonstrating the comfort of the arrangements, the wigwam was inhabited by a very large family, and they talked in their native patois, of which I could not understand a syllable. They set before me a bowl of boiled milk, with black bread so hard, that one of its large round loaves might have served Achilles for an embossed shield, or Ajax to play at quoits with. Neither had it the property of sweetness any more than of softness, but it is wholesome, and would keep for ages. As we passed on from thence, we could discern a solitary umbrella at the bottom of the valley, with a traveller beneath it; my peasant told me it was the curate of the parish.

From this he emerged upon that most gloomily grand of passes,

THE TETE NOIR.

We were now entered upon the savage grandeur of the pass of the Tête Noire. There is a combination of grand and beautiful elements in this pass, which it is very difficult to array in language, and the painter can transfer to his canvass only little by little the wonders of the scene. Abrupt precipices, frowning at each other across the way like black thunder-clouds about to meet; enormous crags overhanging you so far that you tremble to pass under them; savage cliffs looking down upon you and watching you on the other side, as if waiting to see the mountain fall upon you; a torrent thundering beneath you; masses of the richest verdure flung in wild drapery over the whole gorge; galleries hewn in the rock, by which you pass the angular perpendicular cliffs as in rocky hammocks swung in the air; villages suspended above you, and looking sometimes as if floating in the clouds: snowy mountain-ridges far above these; clusters of chalets almost as far below you, with the tinkling of bells, the hum of voices, and the roar of the torrent fitfully sweeping up to you on the wind; these are the combinations presented to you in the Tête Noir. It is a concentration and repetition in miniature of some of the grand features of the Simplon, but at the same time rich and beautiful beyond description. I enjoyed this passage much, although in the rain; and when I got to the solitary auberge in the midst of all this grandeur, I resolved to go no farther, but to wait one night at least for fair weather. A party of English ladies with one gentleman passed me just then. I told him I did not like to leave such scenery without beholding it by sunlight. You are right, said he, to wait, *being alone*, but we must move on. Poor man! It was but too evident that he envied me my loneliness and independence. Just at this moment he could not well do otherwise; indeed, there *is* a comfort in being alone, sometimes; I certainly congratulated myself that I was not in the place of that gentleman, to go dripping behind the ladies in such a forlorn mist, through some of the finest scenery in the world. Had there been ladies in my case, we too should have had to move on, so there may possibly sometimes be something gained by being a single man. For, if I had been double or triple, the triplicity could hardly have been accommodated, or would have thought it necessary, as this English party did, to go farther and perhaps fare worse. So, on they went, through the mist and rain, doubting whether to admire the scenery or to regret that they could not see it; while for me the good people at the auberge kindled a fire, prepared me a comfortable supper, with plenty of strawberries and cream, and gave me a comfortable bed. In strawberry and cream time, a traveller fares grandly in Switzerland, and I managed to bear the disappointment of a stormy evening with much more equanimity than if I had been clambering the precipices on the way to Martigny.

Among other excursions he crossed the Alps into Italy. At the frontier this adventure befell him with that indispensable accompaniment of all travellers

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK.

The first village from the Hospice is that of St. Remy, where the sentinel of the Bureau carefully examined the contents of my knapsack.

Taking up my crimson guide-book, he remarked, that he supposed it was a book of prayer. I told him no, but shewed him my pocket Epistle to the Romans. John Murray's guide-book might very well be denominated the Englishman's prayer-book on the Continent, for every body has it in his hand, morning, noon, and night. "What does Mr. Murray say?" is the question that decides every thing on the road. At the inns, when you come down to breakfast in the morning, besides a cup of coffee, an egg, and a roll, your traveller has his Murray at his plate, open at the day's route before him. If he is a genuine Irishman, you may expect him to take a bite at it instead of his bread; and when, fatigued, you sit down at tea in the evening, there is John Murray again in his scarlet binding. The book looked very like a mass-book to the sentinel; and certainly, it being always the first thing that met his sight in every pocket, trunk, or knapsack, if he made, with every English traveller that crossed the mountain that summer, the same mistake that he did with me, he must have thought the English a wonderfully devout people.

And soon afterwards he notices this interesting trait of

ITALIAN GIRLS.

At one of the small villages on our route, two young girls took passage for Aoste, whom I could not but admire for the modesty and beauty of their faces and manners. I had taken the front seat or coupé of the coach, for the sake of clear vision; they were obliged to take the same, because there was none other left, the cool night-air keeping the inside seats full. They seemed unwilling to acknowlege any disposition to sleep; but at length the youngest of the two fell asleep on her sister's arms, and the elder reclined and slept against the corner. When they awoke, they betook themselves to their devotions; and it was affecting to witness the simplicity and earnestness with which, whenever we passed an image of the Virgin by the roadside, they crossed themselves and prayed. Is it not sad to have this strong religious tendency, this yearning after the repose of the soul in faith, turned thus from its rightful object, and perverted into a sinful superstition?

The term "sinful," as applied to these poor people, for the worship which they performed in the fulness of their faith, is one of the specimens of the Doctor's intolerance. Let us turn now to a more pleasing theme. Among other friendships contracted at Geneva was one with the historian of the Reformation.

D'AUBIGNE.

I shall not soon forget an evening's walk and conversation of great interest, which it was my privilege to enjoy with D'Aubigné, just before I left Geneva. We passed along the magnificent face of Mont Blanc in the sunset, and returned over the hill by the borders of the lake beneath the glow of twilight, in the deepening shadows of the evening. He spoke to me with the kindest openness, and freedom of his History of the Reformation, especially the part he was then engaged upon, the length of time before he should be able to issue another volume, and the impossibility of pleasing the opposing parties in his account of the Reformation in England. He told me that he was quite beset with the multitude of letters which were sent to him, urging him to set this, and that, and the other points in such and such a light, beseeching him to do justice to the English Church, each man wishing to colour his history through the medium of his own opinions and prejudices. It is not difficult to see on which side the sympathies of the author belong; but the tenour of the history thus far assures us that it will still be strictly impartial and

faithful to the truth. A great work is before him in the history of the Reformation in Geneva; another in France; another in England. How vast the field! how varied the incidents! how full of life and thrilling interest! D'Aubigné spoke this evening with much anxiety of the future prospects of his own country, in consequence of the increase of Romanism, and the incapacity of the Church, in her humiliating dependence on the State to prevent the evils that threaten the Republic. He seemed to feel that the single measure of separating the Church from the State and rendering it independent, would save his country, and, under God, it would. It would put religious liberty in Geneva beyond reach from any invasion of Rome. His conversation on this point was like what he has written in his "Question of the Church." "We are distressed," said he, "and know not whither to turn. All around us Rome advances. She builds altar after altar upon the banks of our lake. The progress is such among us, from the facility which strangers have in acquiring the right of citizenship, that quickly (every one acknowledges it) the Romish population will exceed the Protestant population of Geneva. Let Rome triumph at Rome; it is natural. Let Rome, as she assures herself, triumph at Oxford; the conquest will be great. But let Rome triumph at Geneva; then she will raise a cry, that will echo to the extremity of the universe. Genevese! that cry will announce to the world the death of your country." * * The manners of D'Aubigné are marked by a plain, manly, unassuming simplicity, no shade of ostentation, no mark of the world's applause upon him—a thing which often leaves a cloud of vain self-consciousness over the character of a great man, worse by far than any shade produced by the world's frowns. His conversation is full of good sense, just thought, and pious feeling, disclosing a ripe judgment, and a quiet, well-balanced mind. You would not, perhaps, suspect him of a vivid imagination, and yet his writings do often shew a high degree of that quality. A child-like simplicity is the most marked characteristic to a stranger, who is often surprised to see so illustrious a man so plain and affable. He is about fifty years of age. You would see in him a tall, commanding form, much above the stature of his countrymen, a broad, intelligent forehead, a thoughtful, unsuspicious countenance, a cheerful, pleasant eye, over which are set a pair of dark, shaggy eyebrows, like those of Webster. His person is robust, his frame large and powerful, and apparently capable of great endurance; yet his health is infirm. Altogether, in face and form, his appearance might be described in three words—noble, grave, and simple. The habit of wearing spectacles has given him an upward look, in order to command the centre of the glass, which adds to the peculiar openness and manliness of his mien. He has great earnestness and emphasis of manner in his discourses to his students.

With these extracts, which, we trust, will in themselves entertain our readers, we close this pleasant volume.

FICTION.

The Cricket on the Hearth: a Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens. London: Bradbury and Evans.

The singularly able essay on the genius and works of Dickens, which appeared in our columns a few weeks since, and attracted so much attention in the literary world, will not be forgotten by our readers. In perusing this, his latest production, the comments of the acute German critic will recur to the mind, and materially aid it in coming to a judgment upon the merits, intrinsic and comparative, of the series of Christmas tales, of which this is the third. The extraordinary beauty of the *Christmas Carol*, his best, wholesomest, most natural fiction, secured for it such a hearty welcome, that nine or ten large editions were exhausted in a few weeks. The success of that tempted the author to a similar enterprise, and in the following year appeared *The Chimes*. But it exhibited the usual inferiority of imitations; it was evidently written with effort; composed, as it were, to order; produced to supply a demand; made for the market. He had laboured for profit, not for fame. It was not the impulse of his genius throwing off its fine thoughts, because there they are, and they will out—but the forced toil-engendered task of a journeyman working for wages, and content with the bare performance of his assigned duty. Passages it had of exquisite beauty, of fine humour, and wholesome impulses; but these were not sufficient to save it from the universal judgment, that, as a whole, it was unworthy the name and genius of Charles Dickens.

After such an admitted failure, it was a bold step to attempt a third in the same strain—bold, because dangerous. Another failure would be of serious damage to the reputation of the author. The public, never slow to turn upon those they have lifted to greatness, would have seized such an opportunity for trampling upon their idol; nor would his previous triumphs have sufficed to redeem the present failures. Happily, for him, however, this third endeavour has been crowned with success. The *Cricket on the Hearth* has vindicated the fame of Dickens, and will re-establish his shaken reputation.

It mingles all the elements of his genius in rich profusion. Here are pathos, humour, poetry, character; here he has put forth the faculty of word-painting in all its power, and here he has taught virtue by example, and wisdom by signs and tokens rather than by precept. In the description of Home scenes Dickens has no compeer, and here he revels in them. But as this is a volume which every body will read, we will not mar the interest of the story by anticipation, nor shall we make many extracts. But some two or three will be necessary to justify the approval we have bestowed upon it. It opens with one of his charming domestic pictures.

THE KETTLE AND THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

The Kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Peerybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Peerybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the Kettle did. I ought to know, I hope? The Kettle began it, full five minutes by the little wax-faced Dutch clock in the corner before the cricket uttered a chirp. * * * It appeared as if there were a sort of match or trial of skill, you must understand, between the Kettle and the Cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about. Mrs. Peerybingle going out into the raw twilight, and clicking over the wet stones in a pair of pattens that worked innumerable rough impressions of the first proposition in Euclid all about the yard—Mrs. Peerybingle filled the Kettle at the water-butt. Presently returning, less the pattens—and a good deal less, for they were tall and Mrs. Peerybingle was but short—she set the Kettle on the fire. In doing which she lost her temper, or mislaid it for an instant; for the water—being uncomfortably cold, and in that slippy, slushy, sleety sort of state wherein it seems to penetrate through every kind of substance, patten-rings included—had laid hold of Mrs. Peerybingle's toes, and even splashed her legs. And when we rather plume ourselves (with reason, too) upon our legs, and keep ourselves particularly neat in point of stockings, we find this, for the moment, hard to bear. Besides, the Kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it would lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very Idiot of a Kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome; and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the Kettle. And the hull of the *Royal George* has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that Kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it up again. It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Peerybingle, as if it said, "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!" But Mrs. Peerybingle, with restored goodhumour, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the Kettle: laughing. Meantime, the jolly blaze uprose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little Haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood stock still before the Moorish Palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame. He was on the move, however; and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But his sufferings, when the clock was going to strike, were frightful to behold; and when a Cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wiry, plucking at his legs. * * Now it was, you observe, that the Kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was, that the Kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet, to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as never mauldin nightingale yet formed the least idea of. So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book—better than some books you and I could name, perhaps. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic Heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness, that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire; and the lid itself, the recently rebellious lid—such is the influence of a bright example—performed a sort of jig, and clattered like a deaf and dumb young cymbal that had never

known the use of its twin brother. That this song of the Kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out of doors; to somebody at that moment coming on, towards the snug small home and the crisp fire; there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Peerybingle knew it, perfectly, as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the Kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness, and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare, of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the wildest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that any thing is what it ought to be; but he's coming, coming, coming! And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in! with a Chirrup, Chirrup, Chirrup, of such magnitude, by way of chorus; with a voice, so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the Kettle; (size! you couldn't see it!) that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun: if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces: it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly laboured. The Kettle had had the last of its solo performance. It persevered with undiminished ardour; but the Cricket took first fiddle and kept it. Good Heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a Star. There was an indescribable little trill and tremble in it, at its loudest, which suggested its being carried off its legs, and made to leap again, by its own intense enthusiasm. Yet they went very well together, the Cricket and the Kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

What a portrait is this of

TACKLETON THE TOYMAN.

He was a man whose vocation had been quite misunderstood by his Parents and Guardians. If they had made him a Money-Lender, or a sharp Attorney, or a Sheriff's Officer, or a Broker, he might have sown his discontented oats in his youth, and after having had the full-run of himself in ill-natured transactions, might have turned out amiable, at last, for the sake of a little freshness and novelty. But, cramped and chafing in the peaceable pursuit of toy-making, he was a domestic Ogre, who had been living on children all his life, and was their implacable enemy. He despised all toys; wouldn't have bought one for the world; delighted, in his malice, to insinuate grim expressions into the faces of brown-paper farmers who drove pigs to market, belmen who advertised lost lawyers' consciences, moveable old ladies who darned stockings or carved pies; and other like samples of his stock in trade. In appalling masks; hideous, hairy, red-eyed Jacks in Boxes; Vampire Kites; demoniacal Tumblers who wouldn't lie down, and were perpetually flying forward, to stare infants out of countenance; his soul perfectly revelled. They were his only relief and safety-valve. He was great in such inventions. Anything suggestive of a Pony-nightmare, was delicious to him. He had even lost money (and he took to that toy very kindly) by getting up Goblin slides for magic lanterns, whereon the Powers of Darkness were depicted as a sort of supernatural shell-fish, with human faces. In intensifying the portraiture of Giants, he had sunk quite a little capital; and, though no painter himself, he could indicate, for the instruction of his artists, with a piece of chalk, a certain furtive leer for the countenances of those monsters, that was safe to destroy the peace of mind of any young gentleman between the ages of six and eleven, for the whole Christmas or Midsummer Vacation. What he was in toys, he was (as most men are) in all other things. You may easily suppose, therefore, that within the great green cape, which reached down to the calves of his legs, there was buttoned up to the chin an uncommonly pleasant fellow: and that he was about as choice a spirit and as agreeable a companion, as ever stood in a pair of bull-headed looking boots with mahogany-coloured tops.

We conclude with

THE REVERIE OF THE PIPE.

And as he soberly and thoughtlessly puffed at his old pipe; and as the Dutch clock ticked; and as the red fire gleamed; and as the Cricket chirped; that Genius of his Hearth and Home (for such the Cricket was) came out, in fairy shape, into the room, and summoned many forms of home about him. Dots of all ages, and all sizes filled the chamber. Dots who were merry children, running on before him, gathering flowers, in the fields; coy Dots, half shrinking from, half yielding to, the pleading of his own rough image; newly-married Dots, alighting at the door and taking wondering possession of the household keys; motherly little Dots, attended by fictitious Slowboys, bearing babies to be christened; matronly Dots, still young and blooming, watching Dots of daughters as they danced at rustic balls; fat Dots, encircled and beset by troops of rosy grandchildren; withered Dots, who leaned on sticks and tottered as they crept along. Old Carriers, too, appeared, with blind old Boxers lying at their feet; and newer carts with younger drivers ("Peerybingle Brothers" on the tilt); and sick old Carriers, tended by the gentlest hands; and graves of dead and gone old Carriers, green in the churchyard. And as the Cricket shewed him all these things—he saw them plainly, though his eyes were fixed upon the fire—the Carrier's heart grew light and happy, and he thanked his Household Gods with all his might, and cared no more for Gruff and Tackleton than you do.

But enough from a book which ought to be in every house to inspire wholesome sentiment and stimulate to practical virtue.

The Queen of Denmark: an Historical Novel. Edited by Mrs. GORE. In 3 vols. London, 1845. Colburn.

ALTHOUGH one of a class of novels against which THE CRITIC will never cease to enter an indignant protest, as intended to impose upon the circulating-library-keeper and his subscribers, by the unavoidable mistaking of editor for author, it must be admitted that this romance is not obnoxious to the censure usually due to the intrinsic worthlessness of the trash usually sought by this contrivance to be palmed upon the careless public. *The Queen of Denmark* might safely have rested its claims to reputation upon its own merits; it needed not Mrs. GORE as a foster-mother to recommend it to perusal; and Mrs. GORE ought to have known better than thus to sell her name for cash or kindness. It is a disreputable proceeding on the part of an author of established character, which no necessities of purse will justify; here, at least, it will never be noticed, but with the rebuke it deserves; and the numerous letters of our librarian readers will, we hope, satisfy both authors and publishers that, the trick exposed, it will no longer serve their purpose, even as a pecuniary speculation.

So much for Mrs. GORE, the editor, whom we now dismiss, and turn to the author.

From the preface, it seems to be doubtful whether the work is really a romance, or only what the newspapers call "a romance of real life." It is there stated to be "a curious and credible narrative of events of the highest interest, and a truthful picture of the manners of the court of CHRISTIAN VII.—now merely traditional;" and moreover, that the author is "a writer well known to the public of northern Europe." Whoever he may be, certain it is, that he is intimately versed in the historical, courtly, and domestic features of the times he describes; and the picture he has drawn deserves high praise for its singular minuteness and apparent accuracy of detail. But with this its merits end. As a romance—as a work of fiction, tried by the rules of art, it is a failure. The groundwork of the story was all that could be desired by the novelist. There was the substance of a romance of absorbing interest, but the author wanted the genius to convert the facts into a fiction, in such manner that the one should resemble the other, to the perfect delusion of the fascinated reader. He cannot construct an ingenious plot; nor does he possess the scarcely less indispensable faculty of sustaining dramatic incidents by dramatic scenes and dialogues. Whatever he can transcribe from the vast stores of his reading, he can reproduce accurately; but when invention is demanded, he finds himself at fault, and the effort becomes apparent, and the failure painful. The succession of incidents is not evolved naturally; sufficient causes are not assigned for consequences; the motive is not powerful enough for the act; in short, the author is wanting in a knowledge of human nature. We need not enter into details in proof of these positions; they must be apparent to every reader. But spite of these defects, so much curious information is gathered in these pages, that they will repay perusal, as a sort of memoir of the court of Denmark; and as such, but only such, it may be added to the shelves of the circulating library that needs a large store of *new* books: we cannot advise those who must be choice in their purchases to order *The Queen of Denmark*.

POETRY.

Poems and Pictures. 4to. London, 1846. James Burns.

THE numerous and beautiful illustrations of this splendid volume are noticed in their proper department of Art, to which

the reader is referred: here we speak of it only as a contribution to literature.

Poems and Pictures is one of the illustrated works of the season; we hope it is intended to be *an annual*. But departing from the plan of the flimsy publications that claim this title, its literary contents are entirely selected from the best poetry in our language, including translations of the most popular poems of other countries. Upwards of one hundred of these have been printed, with all the adornments described in the notice to which we have above referred, with that perfection of typography for which Mr. BURNS is famous, and bound handsomely, it forms such a volume as we have never seen, —embracing a greater number of attractions than any of its rivals for the patronage of the purchasers of new-year's-gifts. The poems are selected with taste, and variety as well as interest has been consulted. Especially are we presented with many of the fine old ballads—English and foreign—which afford so excellent a field for the artists' fancy; and the poets appear to have stimulated the painters to throw all their powers into an endeavour to prove themselves worthy of their task, by embodying the rich fancies which they were required to illustrate. It will be unnecessary to do more here than describe the work. The poems collected have already passed the ordeal of criticism, and are enshrined among the imperishable records of human intellect. Mr. BURNS deserves the thanks of all lovers of literature for paying to their favourites a homage so acceptable and so well deserved as that which in this bold enterprise he has attempted. We trust it will prove as profitable as it is creditable to him and his assistants; and we are sure, that if our countrymen possess the good taste for which we give them credit, this *Poems and Pictures* will be the most popular book of the season.

Bells and Pomegranates, No. VII. *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*. By ROBERT BROWNING, Author of "Paracelsus." London, Moxon.

ROBERT BROWNING is a true poet; in every page is the presence of genius; the spirit of song glows within him. Moreover he is an earnest, sincere man; he speaks because he has something to say, and not from any vanity to collect a crowd about him, and make himself the idol of the hour; he has a mind of his own; writes what he thinks in such manner as accords with his mood, and cares very little for the formulas of critics, or the freaks of fashion. He throws himself heart and soul into his subject, and seldom fails to bring out something new. He is one of those whom the more you read, the better you love.

And yet, with these undeniable merits, ROBERT BROWNING is not popular; nay, he is known to and appreciated by but a very narrow circle even of those who call themselves lovers of poetry. For this there must be a sufficient cause, and it may not be labour lost to inquire into it.

Nor need we go far to find it. ROBERT BROWNING has faults—great and obvious faults, which obscure his many beauties to all eyes, not resolutely bent upon piercing the veil which he has himself thrown over his genius. He is a singularly careless writer; he seems to think that manner is of no consequence, and that, provided as man have ideas, it little matters how he expresses them. Again, he is deficient in the musical ear for metre and rhyme which by so many is mistaken for the essence instead of the mere form of poetry. His lines are often loose; he is careless of cadences; he is not choice in the selection of words, but takes the first that offers itself, regardless of its commonplace or vulgarity. Then he *affects* a needless plainness of speech; he aims too obviously at originality, which he seems to suppose to lie in differing from all the rest of the world. He has fallen into the besetting sin of our generation of poets, and *strains* after the simple, which is only pleasing when it is the natural expression of a natural emotion, but becomes almost ludicrous and always offensive when it is the result of art, and produced with effort.

But these are faults which ought not to have militated against his great and many merits to the extent they have done in practice. His works are not read so largely as they should be; his powers are not properly appreciated; his genius is recognised only by a very narrow circle. Even to the literary world he is but partially known. It is the duty of all who have the means to do what in them lies to redress this injustice, to spread his reputation on all fair opportunities, and to give to his productions the welcome to which their intrinsic worth entitles them.

With this conviction we proceed to make better known a very small work he has lately published at a very trifling price, but which contains much genuine poetry. *Bells and Pomegranates* is a sort of poetical pamphlet appearing at uncertain intervals, sold at a very trifling price, and containing a collection of poems various in their subjects, their styles, their verses, their length. The six previous numbers we have never seen, but this seventh part has been sent, and we were really surprised to find how much of real poetry is scattered about its closely-printed pages. Because it consists but of a few leaves, we presume it has escaped the notice of our contemporaries; but as the plan of THE CRITIC is to estimate books by their worth and not by their size, we have deemed it right to bestow more attention upon this than upon many a splendid quarto that has been submitted to our examination.

It contains some twenty poems, chiefly ballads, which have been so much the fashion of late; but it is not a style in which Mr. BROWNING excels. He wants the necessary simplicity of thought and utterance, and his attempts to assume it are so evident as to mar the reader's pleasure in the composition. Compare, for instance, the following, which is among the best, with the lays of MACAULEY, and the inferiority will be apparent:—

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and He;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all Three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the light sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray.

There is spirit and power, though mingled with a certain questionable quaintness, in this:—

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Got the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may excite us,—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more,
One task unaccepted, one footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow to angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!

Best fight on well, for we taught him,—come gallantly.
Strike our face hard ere we shatter his own;
Then let him get the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

The longest of the poems is entitled "The Flight of the Duchess;" and it is the best. It contains more passages of true poetry, with fewer affectations, than are to be found in any equal number of successive lines from Mr. BROWNING's pen. We take two of these.

OUR COUNTRY.

Ours is a great wild country:
If you climb to our castle's top,
I don't see where your eye can stop;
For when you've pass'd the corn-field country,
Where vineyards leave off, flocks are packed,
And sheep-range leads to cattle-tract,
And cattle-tract to open-chase,
And open-chase to the very base
Of the mountain where, at a funeral pace,
Round about, solemn and slow,
One by one, row after row,
Up and up the pine-trees go,
So, like black priests up, and so
Down the other side again
To another greater, wilder country,
That's one vast red drear burnt-up plain,
Branch'd through and through with many a vein,
Whence iron's dug, and copper's dealt;
Look right, look left, look straight before,
Beneath they mine, above they smelt,
Copper-ore and iron-ore,
And forge and furnace mould and melt,
And so on, more and ever more,
Till, at the last, for a bounding belt,
Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea shore,
—And the whole is our Duke's country!

GIPSIES.

Now in this land, Gipsies reach you only
After reaching all lands beside;
North they go, south they go, trooping or lonely,
And still, as they travel far and wide,
Catch they and keep now a trace here, a trace there,
That puts you in mind of a place here, a place there:
But with us I believe they rise out of the ground,
And nowhere else, I take it, are found
With the earth-tint yet so freshly embrowned;
Born, no doubt, like insects which breed on
The very fruit they are meant to feed on:
For the earth—not a use to which they don't turn it,
The ore that grows in the mountains' womb,
Or the sand in the pits like a honeycomb,
They sift and soften it, bake it and burn it—
Whether they weld you, for instance, a snaffle
With side-bars never a brute can baffle;
Or a lock that's a puzzle of wards within wards;

Or, if your colt's fore-foot inclines to curve inwards,
Horseshoes they'll hammer which turn on a swivel
And won't allow the hoof to shrivel;
Then they cast bells like the shell of the winkle,
That keep a stout heart in the ram with their tinkle:
But the sand—they pinch and pound it like otters;
Commend me to Gipsy glass-makers and potters!
Glasses they'll blow you, crystal-clear,
Where just a faint cloud of rose shall appear,
As if in water one dropped and let die
A bruised black-blooded mulberry;
And that other sort, their crowning pride,
With long white threads distinct inside,
Like the lake-flower's fibrous roots which dangle
Loose such a length and never tangle,
Where the bo'd sword-lily cuts the clear waters,
And the cup-lily couches with all the white daughters:
Such are the works they put their hand to,
And the uses they turn and twist iron and sand to.

And there is nature in these

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And who wakes in England
See, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields are rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

The Merrythought, for 1846. By WILLIAM GASPEY, Author of "Summer Offerings," &c. London: Willoughby. THIS is another very little book indeed; it contains some small poems, all lively in their strain, some displaying wit and humour. Mr. GASPEY is already favourably known as the author of some pieces that have passed into collections of fugitive poetry, as being in merit above the average of the contents of "Poets' Corners." Take as a single specimen these

RAILWAY LINES.

Oh! we live in an age of improvement,
Old things are forgot like a dream,
And every new-fangled movement
Its origin traces to *steam!*
To excite our surprise wonders cease,
And charity surely is failing,
When the very promoters of peace
Have grown quite addicted to *railing!*

Fresh railroads are forming by dozens,
Predestined to bring, in their train,
Visitations of green country cousins,
To inflict purgatorial pain.
And this wonderful Intellect's march
Is making our journeys laconic,
For we travel through ways that are *arch*,
And the roads are all turning *ironic!*

The box-seat and ribands forsaking.
Our safety to guards we consign,
Who, in spite of teetotal pledge-taking,
Get frequently *over the line!*
Better ride with a "whip" that is "sewn-up,"
Than to risks more alarming surrender,
And, like girls that are love-sick, be *blown up*,
Because we're *attached to the Tender!*

And for towns scarcely five miles in distance,
Projectors plan railway designs,
Glad, like Dryden, to eke out existence
On the profit of *twelvepenny lines!*
Speculation, like Juggernaut's car,
With frenzy infects every quarter,
And that she may *rise above par*,
Wishes many a dutiful daughter!

Alas for the day! when the bubbles,
Exploding, respire their last breath,
When hundreds shall seek for their troubles
A *terminus* gloomy in death!
And of those who survive, what a view in
Prospective for their consolation—
They have travelled the *Railroad to Ruin*,
And the Workhouse will be their last *station!*

The Dusk and the Dawn: a Poem illustrative of the latter Times. By WILLIAM BROCKIE. Edinburgh, 1845. Ziegler.

Mr. BROCKIE's fancy wants taming. It is too fervid; although that is a less fault than too much tameness.

But he has other defects which still more disqualify him for the contest for fame until he shall have improved himself by a great deal more of study and practice than he has yet devoted to his art. His metre is often vile, and his rhyme wretched. However, amid these defects, there are apparent tokens of promise; signs of power, which, with laborious cultivation, may ultimately lift him to a very respectable place among the poets of his time. This certainly is not one of the decidedly hopeless cases of which the literary journalist is doomed to inspect so many.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Plea for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. By the Rev. THOMAS PYNE, A.M. Incumbent of Hook, Surrey. London, 1845. Gilpin.

A CONCISE statement of all the facts and arguments upon a question in which the reason is so entirely on one side that it is impossible to find or to elicit any thing in the shape of an argument on the part of those who support the existing barbarism. Religion and reason thus united must surely triumph ere long over the prejudice of habit, for it is nothing more. Mr. PYNE will do much to hasten the victory by the plain and convincing form in which he has here offered the subject to the consideration of those of the public who think at all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia," &c. In 3 vols. Newby.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE promised to return to this work, and present a short notice of the second volume, which is chiefly devoted to a description of the literature of Eastern Europe.

The author gives many specimens of the poetry of Poland; its characteristics appear to be a certain energy of expression and wildness of imagination; but there is wanting the continuous sustainment of poetry of the highest class; in description it is tame, and of philosophy it has not a trace. The most curious of its productions is, perhaps, "the Infernal Comedy" of Count Krasinski, a description of which, abbreviated from the volume before us, will much interest our readers. It has been elaborately commented upon by Mitzkiavitch, himself a poet of distinction.

"The time, place, and personages of this poem," he observes, "are all essentially of poetic creation. The time has not yet arrived—it is to come. The poet has placed his drama in the future. For the first time an author has attempted to create a prophetic drama, to describe scenes and to bring forward characters which do not yet exist, to relate actions which are still to happen."

The poet supposes the world to be, somewhere about the year two thousand, divided into two vast camps. On the one side has found refuge, all the wreck of an outworn civilization, grown decrepit in its egotism,—with all its old institutions, usages, and traditions.

Princes, priests, nobles, capitalists, and men of science, without the virtues, but with all the narrow views and vices of their respective castes, are assembled beneath the banner of the past, whose associations keep them still together, though its spirit has departed.

On the other side are gathered the long oppressed and suffering millions and masses of mankind.

Full of strength, energy, brutality, and savage disgust, they are animated by an irreconcilable enmity to every form and institution connected with society as it was. These *new men*, as they are called, have risen to overwhelm the *old* or *dead world*, as it is denominated by the poet; and they have swept away all vestiges of the past, with its customs, laws, and prejudices, from every portion of the earth, excepting one remote corner of Poland. Here the last relics of the world of former days still make a desperate stand under the guidance of Count Henry, the hero of the drama, and the son of a long line of illustrious sires—a man whose intellect would lead him to turn willingly from the lifeless form of things that were into a career of progress, but whose feelings and whose recollections connect him indissolubly with the past.

The men of the new world—the coarse brawling, active communists,—the waves of the social deluge which has submerged nearly all the earth, are blindly directed by a terrible leader, called Pancrates.

"This man of the people," says Mitzkiavitch, "this leader of the society of a new era, is drawn in a masterly manner. The poet has been happy in seizing the negatives of the revolutionary tendencies of modern Europe. These tendencies he has identified in the person of one individual; an individual called only to destroy. He is gifted with nothing but intellect. It need not be observed, that all the reforms of this last century sprung from the camp of the philosophers. This man of powerful intellect has succeeded in obtaining unbounded authority; but is, according to the poet, inaccessible to all the feelings of humanity. His very physiognomy accords with such a character. His broad high forehead—his bald head—his cold and impassible eye, and his features which never relax into a smile, recal to one's recollection the portraiture of some personage of the Reign of Terror. He is called Pancrates, because in Greek this name implies the concentration of brute strength of every kind. Κρατια, in all its derivations, signifies an outward material strength, just as ενεργεια indicates internal force."

This Pancrates—a sort of compound of Cromwell, Danton, and Robespierre—full of confidence in his own power to destroy, doubts sometimes of himself, when he reflects on the re-edification of a new social structure.

"The reader may be reminded of the doubts of all those men, who, driven only by fatality, have achieved great things: Cromwell was anxious to conceal the doubts which constantly assailed him. This is why he sought so often to see Charles the First whilst living, and descended into the vault to visit him in his coffin, and to contemplate the physiognomy of the man whose death he had occasioned. Danton is well-known to have uttered terrible self-reproaches. And I remember to have read, in the memoirs of Robespierre, that at the period of his utmost power, he was annoyed because he could not convince his cook-maid of its extent, and especially of its duration. These men, sent by Providence only to destroy, bear within themselves the gnawing worm, which announces to them in the form of a vague presentiment, their own destruction."

Pancrates is a Communist and Pantheist. Count Henry, adhering to the dead and withered institutions of the past, remains true to the undying faith of his fathers. The poet, whilst he draws the characters of the two leaders full of grandeur, depicts in equally sombre colours both their camps. When he describes the coarse brutality of the triumphant masses, the reader cannot help thinking them vigorously painted by the prejudices of a hater of the people; but when in turn the *men of the dead world* are brought upon the scene, they are made to appear so contemptible and odious that he can only conclude the writer to be a cynist. Such is not, however, the case; "The Infernal Comedy" has a profoundly religious tendency, which is clearly developed in the catastrophe of the drama.

Count Henry is the hero of this powerful drama; the scene is Poland as it was in its independence and integrity.

A man is presented to us, whose mind belongs to the future, and who is endowed with greatness, fire and energy of soul. He seeks to penetrate the secrets of providence; he can no longer breathe in the atmosphere of commonplace life, and thus he sheds a sinister light on all surrounding him. * * * "He is a poet in the vulgar acceptation of the word, because the vulgar confer the epithet of poet on every man who leaves the common rut in his progress along the road of life, or who shapes his actions by a sublimer truth than that which the vulgar recognise as the law governing their daily actions."

At length Count Henry marries. The poet espouses the past in the person of a woman, kind, gentle, pious, but who cannot comprehend him. When he says to her enthusiastically, "Thou shalt now be the living song of my life!" she answers placidly:—"I will always be to thee a submissive and faithful wife, as my mother has taught me, and my heart dictates that I should be."

He lives with her for months and years an ordinary and commonplace life. His soaring spirit is fettered. In his person he renews the old story of Prometheus bound. At length, however, he is roused.

At this moment a vision of the ideally beautiful such as his fancy had formerly conjured up and personified, appears to him and beckons him away, and thrusting back his imploring wife, he says:—

"Grovelling child of clay! be not envious, blaspheme not! That which I follow is the ideal, after which God conceived your sex, which letting itself be deceived by the serpent, has become that which thou art!"

The neglect of the husband, and his cold contempt prey on the mind and spirits of the wife, she is led keenly to feel her inferiority, and the want of genius which leaves her hopelessly in an inferior order, without the pale of his love and sympathy. At the subsequent christening of her child, she awakens from her sad reverie to say,—

"I bless thee, oh my child! may the angel of poesy watch over thee, and inspire thee, that so thy father may love thee!"

"At this christening are introduced the friends, the godfather, and the priest. It is an admirable portraiture of a society decomposing and tending towards its end. He who should represent its spiritual principle, the priest, plays but an insignificant part: he is only an automaton, a thing which signs the cross, and recites a hackneyed formula of prayer. He has not understood the relative positions of that husband, whose mind is irresistibly drawn towards the future, who has still a long career to pursue, and of his wife, whose suffering spirit is enthralled by the past. He has not sought to bring them together. He has not looked with a spiritual eye on that cradled child, whose character and destiny its father has already comprehended.

The priest jogs on, indifferent, and unconscious of the impending struggle betwixt the past and future.

The count himself, the chief actor in this story, so accessible to the most profound impressions, and so given to commune with things superior, is intended as the representative of the past. He aspires, indeed, towards the future, but he is still of this present world, which yields beneath his footsteps, because God in illumining his reason has not inspired his heart, but left it cold.

The countess cannot endure this—reason is shaken in its throne—she flies to a mad-house, and the count follows her. The scene there depicted is full of power:—

At length the wife dies in her husband's arms, and of this fated family there remains only a child, destined to die prematurely,—a child whose vivid imagination has destroyed its physical strength. * * * * This drama is not intended for representation,—it contains descriptions and discourses.

Child, why neglect thy toys and dolls? King of the flies and butterflies, the intimate of Pulchinello, what mean thy blue eyes so downcast, yet so bright and pensive, though thou hast only seen the flowers of so few springs? Already dost thou bow thy young brow down, and lean it on thy hand as if in reverie, and thy little head seems filled with thoughts as a flower with morning dew.

When shaking thy fair curls aside, thou lookest up to Heaven, tell me what seest thou there, and with whom dost thou converse? for then thy little brow becomes clouded. Thy mother weeps, and deems thou dost not love her; thy little cousins, and thy friends, are hurt that thou neglectest them; thy father alone says nothing, he looks on gloomily, and silently, till his eyes fill with tears, which he suppresses and turns back into his soul.

And yet thou growest and becomest fair, though without youth's freshness,—without the delicate whiteness of milk,—the blush of the red strawberry. Thy beauty is the beauty of mysterious thought, which breathes upon thy brow, like the shadow of a world invisible; and though the lustre of thy eye is sometimes dimmed,—though thy cheek is sometimes pale,—thy little bosom oppressed, still all who meet thee, pause, and observe, how beautiful a child!"

If a flower when it begins to fade, had a sparkling soul, a breath of Heaven to animate it,—if on each of its petals earthwards borne, there weighed, instead of a drop of dew, an angelic thought, then such a flower would resemble thee, fair child!

The next scene is where the count leads his child to pray on the grave of its mother. Here the first traces of incipient insanity, inherited from its parent, are discovered with singular truth and pathos, in its wild and beautiful departure from the formula of its usual prayer, the Roman Catholic "Ave Maria," derived from the salutation of the angel Gabriel to the mother of the Redeemer.

The child is afterwards struck with blindness, and there follows a consultation between the godfather, the godmother, and the doctor.

"This scene recalls that passage of Shakspeare, wherein Lady Macbeth, after committing the murder, walks about in her sleep, attempting to wash her hands. It is rendered more terrible still by the contrast offered by the doctor, who watches the malady, and judges quite professionally. * * * "Whilst the father seeks to penetrate the decrees of Providence, and asks God how and when his child can have merited such a punishment, the doctor is admiring the strength of the muscles and nerves of the poor child's eyes, which he has just pronounced to be stricken with blindness; and he complacently asks the father whether he would not like to know the scientific name of this infirmity, which is called *αμαυρωσις*.

"One humble personage alone is shewn full of kindness; a woman, a servant-girl, who falls upon her knees, and prays to the Holy Virgin that she will take out her eyes, and restore them to the poor blind child. But this is a daughter of the people, amongst whom traditions of feeling have been handed down."

At length the social storm has burst forth in all its fury,—the well-springs of society broken up, have overwhelmed the world; there is only one town in which its wreck is gathered beneath the banner of Count Henry, and under the protection of his ancestral castle, which is already beleaguered by the multitude.

* * * * * * *

Within the beleaguered fortress, "already the famished people murmur; the soldiers want for ammunition." Their leader is obliged solemnly to adjure them in the name of his former services. He succeeds once more in repressing their internal sedition, and he forces every one, the clergy, the nobility, the capitalists, and the learned, to defend their last hold, and to perish at least with honour.

The count then seeks a last interview with his son. Here the author leads us again into the supernatural world. The child, gifted with the ecstatic faculty of second sight, descends into the castle vaults, and there beholds the shades of departed generations, oppressed and tortured by his ancestors. He witnesses there the scene of the last judgment. In the midst of these terrible images, he recognises his own father, and foretels to him his doom.

The count, however, cursing this prediction, hurries to the castle rampart, where he arrives just as all is lost. A bullet strikes down his son beside him. He presses the blade of his sword to his child's lips, but he sees upon it no traces of respiration. His faithful servant, his last survivor, is next killed by his side; he dies, abandoning his faith, and cursing the obstinacy of his master. The master himself, having no further hope on earth, flings from him his sword, and making a last effort on himself to contain the malediction of despair arising to his lips, plunges into the precipice, and disappears.

The triumphant host enters the fortress from every side. The globe is now conquered by these men, whom the poet calls the *new men*.

A very learned essay on the Sclavonic and Germanic races follows, and the volume concludes with a minute account of the barbarous persecution of the Polish nuns, which has kindled such universal indignation throughout Europe. A few passages from this narrative will interest our readers.

Irena Mieceslas had been thirty years renowned for her charity and benevolence throughout the government of Minsk, as head of the Basilian convent, consisting of thirty-four nuns, in the city of that name. It will be hence at once perceived that she is advancing into the vale of years. The aspect of her countenance, according to the portrait which the writer has before him, is at once noble and indicative of determination. It derives the first expression from the position of the eyes, which is such as we rarely meet with out of the Scandinavian or Anglo-Norman race; viz. obliqued upwards from the outward corners; that is to say, in a direction precisely contrary to the eyes of the feline species, of all Mongolian races, and of many of the inhabitants of southern countries. The finely-chiselled corners of her mouth seem to mark a decision of temper, of which she has given the most heroic proofs in her conduct.

To Semiasko, the Bishop of the province, this good sisterhood of heretics was a perpetual eyesore, and he resolved either to convert or exterminate them. He first employed persuasion, then threats, and gave them three months to consider their determination. On their final refusal to apostatize, he came in person with a detachment of soldiers to turn them out of the convent, and such was the violence used that a sick nun fell and expired on the floor of the chapel, the rest were heavily ironed and marched to Vitepsk, where they were placed in a Russian convent of "black sisters."

In 1839, all other efforts having failed to shake their resolution, they were transferred to another Russian convent of black-sisters, in the city of Polock. Here they met with ten more nonconformist nuns of the same order. The whole number of these women—fifty-seven—were now brought up twice a week, on Wednesdays and Fridays, before a commission of the Russian authorities and clergy, and flogged before them, receiving fifty strokes apiece.

This was continued for months together, till the wounds upon their backs was an open sore, and that pieces of the scabs and then of the raw flesh adhered to the instruments of torture. Three of their number died beneath this infliction.

They were then fed on salt herrings, and refused drink (a favourite Russian mode of torture), except on the condition of apostacy. This punishment, which it appears they found the most difficult to bear, was superseded by a system of starvation. They were only fed once every other day, and driven to eat nettles and the fodder of the convent cattle.

They were employed to dig out clay, and not understanding how to conduct an excavation, the earth fell in and buried five of their number. With incredible barbarity the Russian authorities not only refused to dig them out, but prevented the nuns from attempting to extricate their companions. They perished in this self-dug grave.

The next labour in which the survivors were employed, was to aid the masons in constructing a palace for the renegade bishop.

Some of the Polish gentry, whose spirit no terrors will quell, coming to look on,—one of their number addressed some words of consolation to these poor women. Within four-and-twenty hours, not only this imprudent individual, but all those around him, had disappeared.

The falling of a wall in the midst of the nuns injured many, and killed eight of them outright. A ninth and tenth soon after perished.

These ten bodies were carried off by the people, and hidden where all the efforts of the Russian authorities failed to discover them.

Thinking that their fortitude must by this time be subdued, Semiasko had them dragged to the porch of the church, and there publicly asked them, as his dear sisters, to read their recantation. They refused, and the enraged bishop struck one of them in the mouth and knocked out her teeth. But the crowd applauded the sisters, and the bishop determined to be avenged. Diabolical indeed was his proceeding.

When the Russian soldiers, and the newly-made deacons, had been rendered drunk with brandy, all these helpless nuns were turned out amongst them as incurably obstinate, to treat as they thought fit. Then commenced a scene worthy of Pandemonium, —the shrieks and prayers of the victims mingling with the oaths, blasphemies, and ribaldry of the crowd to whose brutal lust they were abandoned.

When the fury of these demons in human form had been exhausted, it was discovered that two of these unfortunate females were quite dead. The skull of one had been crushed by the stamping on the temples of an iron-plated heel. The other was tramped into such a mass of mud and gore, that even its human character was scarcely recognisable. Eight others had one or several bones or limbs broken, or their eyes torn or trodden out. Of the whole number, the superior, a woman of iron frame as well as indomitable resolution, fared the best; but she was not allowed to attend or console her mutilated sisters except on the condition of apostacy.

They were afterwards marched out of Polock by night on foot, and chained two by two,—even those whose eyes had been torn out, and whose hideous wounds were festering. Those whose legs were broken, or who were lamed, were sent forward in carts under the care of Cossacs.

Here their barbarous treatment was renewed:—

On reaching Medzioly, the nuns were again immured in a convent of the black-sisterhood, and divided into four parties. Here they were put into sacks, and towed after boats in the water, which was allowed to rise to their mouth and nose. Three more of their number perished in this manner, either of cold, or fear, or drowned by incessant immersion. The inhabitants of Medzioly carried off their bodies in the night, as the earthly coil of holy martyrs which men would some day venerate and hold precious.

After two more years' captivity of the fifty-eight nuns (thirty-four from Minsk, fourteen from Vitepsk, and ten from Polock, only fourteen survived, and of these eight were either lame or blinded.

The superior, Irena Mieceslas, who had fared the best, had an open wound, from which she was obliged to extract with her fingers the carious bones, and which afterwards becoming filled with worms, from want of dressing, caused her intense agony.

At length some relaxation of vigilance having opened a prospect of escape, this courageous woman persuaded three of her companions to attempt it with her. In this enterprise these four women all succeeded, enfeebled by disease as they were, and without money or passports, at a distance of between two and three hundred miles from the Austrian and Prussian frontiers.

At the commencement of the present year, profiting by the scene of riot and drunkenness to which the saint's-day of the *protopope* of the convent had given occasion, they effected their escape. Leaping down a high wall into the snow, they alighted in safety, and immediately fell on their knees in thanksgiving. They then separated to facilitate their flight. The superior, in the midst of all the severity of the season, was driven to hide for days together in the woods, without other food than berries, or any thing to quench her thirst but the snow. Once, driven to extremity, she knocked at the door of a wealthy-looking house, and being received with veneration by its owner, was provided with money provisions, and a correct map of her route. She crossed the frontier disguised as a shepherd; but even then was not in security, as the cowardly government of Prussia gives up even its own subjects to the Tsar.

It was not until she had reached Posen, in the midst of a Polish population, that she felt in security; and here she had unobtrusively withdrawn to a convent of the sisters of charity, but she was considered too precious, as a living testimony of the horrors, daily perpetrated in that Golgotha which the frontier of Russia encircles, to be left in her retirement. With her scars, wounds and personal evidence, she has been wisely forwarded to Paris, where a deputation recently waited on her, to express their sympathy with her cruel treatment. From thence she proceeded on the 10th of October to Rome, where she was received in the most distinguished manner by the pope and cardinals. In Posen she had been joined by the sister Wavrzecka, and shortly afterwards learned that the other two had in like manner escaped the pursuit of the Russian authorities, and been safely forwarded by the zeal of the inhabitants to the Austrian frontier.

JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

It was Time. By FREDERIC SOULIE. 1845.

WE are scarcely surprised that the reputation of M. SOULIE should latterly have declined in France. At the period when he shared with M. DE BALZAC the laurels of the *feuilleton*, his conscience was to the full as elastic as his imagination; his entangled plots, unwoven through a maze of vice and crime; his startling dramatic effects, and his energetic language, captivated the fancy, and thralled the reason of his readers. What would have condemned him with an English public, gave him a hold upon his own. The exciting narrative of M. SOULIE followed upon the dulness of the remainder of the journal like a *chasse-café* after a heavy meal. "He awoke, and found himself famous." In those days it was that he produced the extraordinary work to which, in the rapid *aperçu* of French fiction literature, with which we commenced this series, we made allusion; and thenceforth he became the terror of all mothers of families. The "Unknown Dramas" which succeeded were a mere continuation of the "Memoirs," under another name. The same involved fables, the same daring inventions, and the same unscrupulous morality, met you at every page, rendered still more revolting by want of novelty. The reason cannot be twice deluded by the same cheat. The mind requires more to fix its interest than the eternal ascendancy of villany in the one sex, and licentiousness in the other; and it is the more to be regretted that M. SOULIE should have adopted the poor and puerile clap-trap of the monster school, when, as he has lately shewn, he was capable of better things.

As a *feuilletonist* M. DUMAS has shoved both SOULIE and BALZAC from their stools; and although the former still contributes in a minor degree to the journals, his works now exhibit a greater calmness of tone, and delicacy of touch, than they did at the period when he was writing *a tutto volo da penna* by the foot-rule and the minute-hand. The volume before us is a proof of this healthy change. We confess that its name startled us, and that we took it up with some apprehension, but we are bound to add that we laid it down with regret. Like many others, we had attributed a considerable portion of the literary reputation of M. SOULIE, if not the whole of it, to the bold, reckless, vicious pencilling in which he indulged: and we were right; for now, when he appears to have abandoned the unblushing and meretricious style in which he had so long indulged, his *prestige* is gone with the public of whom he was so long the idol.

If he be a wise man he will rejoice at this; for the social effervescence which has for the last few years demanded excitement of whatever description from popular writers, must at last subside. The wholesome reaction of a healthier feeling, or, at the worst, the vapoury sickliness of an over-gorged satiety, will one day work a cure; and it is well for those who ascertain in time the strength of their more legitimate resources. Both the style and the subject of the present work are eminently pure and pleasing. The struggle and ultimate triumph of virtue against wrong and temptation teaches a great moral lesson which every one can lay to heart; it is a sermon in action, over which few, if any, fall asleep—it is the legitimate aim and end of healthy fiction. Its very commencement is a pleasant surprise.

A WATCHER.

One evening, in a garden pavilion, connected with a handsome house by an avenue of lime-trees, was seated a young female of apparently scarce twenty years of age, and who, already arrived at the full development of her beauty, had, nevertheless, preserved on her fair features the ingenuous frankness of a girl of sixteen. The garden-parlour she occupied faced the high-road, which parted at the foot of the terrace on which it stood, so that from its windows you could command for a great distance the carriages and travellers coming from Paris. This pavilion, placed as described, still existed a few years ago, at a short distance from the Cour-de-France.

In the wall of the terrace which overhung the road opened a small door that gave ingress to the grounds, and adjoined a flight of steps which abutted at the little pavilion itself.

The fair woman by whom it was tenanted was seated near a table, upon which some embroidery had been flung in weariness of spirit. Her elbow rested upon the marble, and her head was supported by her hand; her gaze, fixed upon the most distant point of the high-road, appeared to watch for some desired advent; while in the other hand she held a key, which was, with-

out doubt, intended to open the terrace-door. This woman was awaiting some one, and he for whom she watched had probably the right, from whatever cause derived, of joining her in her solitude.

More than once a slight emotion had appeared to announce that her suspense was about to terminate. An almost imperceptible object was no sooner detected at the extreme point of the deserted road, than the eye, which was constantly fixed in that direction, dilated with anxious animation; but this object had no sooner attained a form than the gaze had already lost its hopeful light, and once more become absorbed in its watchful immobility.

This was not the person for whom the fair young creature waited. But, in order to guess so truly and so quickly that her hope was baffled, her gaze must have been keen indeed; for any one, save herself, would have found it difficult to determine whether it were a human being or an equipage which formed that small point at the extremity of the road. Alas! it was not because her eyes saw further and faster than those of others that she distinguished so readily every distant object, it was because for the last two months she had been seated every evening in the same place, awaiting every evening the same visitor; and that she had learnt to recognise by almost imperceptible signs the apparition of him for whom she was still watching; and, moreover, the heart has its own vision as well as the eye; its own perception of sound as well as the ear; hidden faculties which can be awakened only by one aspect and by one voice. At the same distance which a mother would not venture to affirm that she could see a carriage, she will recognise her child leaning recklessly from its window, and hear the joyous shouts or plaintive accents of its voice, while the rattling of the wheels over the paved road is still inaudible.

Madame de Fremery, who had voluntarily become the wife of a man to whom she was almost a stranger, in order to prevent a duel between him and her father, who had felt her dignity to be compromised by the levity of M. de Fremery, had, unfortunately for herself, soon learned to love the husband to whom she had given her hand for so laudable a purpose, and Eugene had accepted the sacrifice when he no longer possessed either the power or the inclination to return her affection. The victim of a coquette in the first serious passion of his life, the unrelenting egotist had thenceforward steeled his heart against the sex and exhausted all his energies in projects of self-aggrandizement. He had married Amelia because it was expedient to do so; and, for a time, her beauty, her tenderness, her submission, and her novelty, almost cheated him into the belief that he loved her. But it was not so. He was no longer capable of prizing any thing which did not emanate from self, or which did not tend to further his one great object of ambition. Impetuous, capricious, dictatorial, and vain, M. de Fremery soon wearied of the gentleness and self-abnegation of his wife; his own hearth afforded no arena for his gladiator-like displays of strength and will. As he encountered no opposition, so he could obtain no victory. Under these circumstances it is by no means surprising the young Advocate-General (for such he was) was soon undeceived as to his affection for his beautiful bride. He was proud of her in society, because she was handsome and admired, and that her conduct was beyond reproach; and, in so far, he probably preferred her to any other woman of his acquaintance as a wife; but this legitimate vanity did not suffice for home-happiness; and he forthwith resolved not to be diverted from his merely personal speculations by any idle strivings after a drawing-room Utopia.

His professional avocations helped him marvellously in his purpose. The jargon of expediency, although it failed to convince Madame de Fremery, sufficed at once to silence her, when he represented the impracticability of her constant residence in Paris, which would necessitate a train of expenses calculated to cripple his efforts at advancement; and suggested her residence at a short distance from the capital, where he could constantly enjoy her society, whenever the cares of his office would admit of his own absence. Obedient and unrepining, and, moreover, governed by the affection which she entertained for her impracticable husband, Amelia had consented to the arrangement without a murmur, although she was conscious that during his residence in Paris her solitude would be almost unbroken, her only neighbours being the Marquis de Lesly, his son, and his daughter, the Duchesse de Fezenzac. In the capital, all idea of intimacy between families so different in rank would naturally have been almost impossible; but in the utter dearth of neighbourhood to which we have alluded, it became less difficult; and when M. de Fremery had paid his respects at the chateau of the marquis, and that the patrician family had become cognizant of the grace and high-breeding of his wife, they met his advances with dignified cordiality, and in their society Madame de Fremery already foresaw a solace and a resource in her wearisome exile. But even this was not to be; for the acquaintance was no sooner made, and the advocate-general enabled to include the noble house of De Lesly among his friends, than he warned his wife against all intimacy with the duchess, of whom he mysteriously hinted strange and dishonourable things, to which, however, he refused to give a tangible and distinct form.

Her situation thus rendered even more hopeless and embarrassing than before, the poor young creature found it difficult to follow the directions she had received to court the good graces of the marquis, who might be enabled greatly to serve the interests of her husband, to make herself agreeable to his son, whom De Fremery was constantly meeting in society, and to shun all intimacy with Madame de Fezenzac. For two months, as we have stated, she had not once seen her husband, and had resisted all the efforts of her noble neighbours to draw her from her solitude; but on the evening in which we have introduced her, weakened by the sickening suspense to which she had so long been subjected, and revolted by a neglect of which she felt herself to be undeserving, she yielded to the renewed request of the duchess, and promised to spend the following day at the Chateau de Lesley. Fears of her husband's displeasure were for a moment overcome by her sense of his injustice, and her pride rebelled against the want of confidence which he had exhibited in his communications regarding her new friend. Had he brought any definite accusation against Madame de Fezenzac, her principles as well as her reason would have decided her to the avoidance which he had striven to enforce; but, in her utter ignorance of the nature of the errors laid to her charge, she felt tempted, while writhing under her own wrongs, to attribute the accusation, be it what it might, to calumny. The duchess had been but recently established under the roof of her father, whence she arrived from Carlsbad, and it was with considerable curiosity that our heroine anticipated her introduction to the object of her husband's mysterious abhorrence.

A BROKEN HEART.

When Madame de Fremery saw her, she felt convinced that she must have been supereminently beautiful; and she was still magnificently handsome. Her features were perfect in their outline, her figure was the very embodiment of symmetry and grace; and all these personal perfections had outlived the life of their possessor; for truth to say, Madame de Fezenzac was dead; or, to speak more categorically, she was the exact image of death. Imagine an exquisitely beautiful woman dying from lack of blood, and on looking upon her a minute after her death, you will have an idea of Madame de Fezenzac. Nothing was either withered or altered in her countenance; a slight attenuation, which left no wrinkles to trace its progress, shewed you at once that misery of mind had caused it. It is impossible to express the thrilling effect produced upon all around her by this white and beautiful statue, going, coming, and speaking, without the vestige of one drop of blood to animate by its passage the marble face. With the pallor of death, her features had also assumed its immobility. Never did a smile pass over her white lips; never did an expression either of joy or sorrow alter their outline; nothing, in short, announced the presence of life in this phantom, save the dazzling lustre of her eyes.

Our readers will be quite prepared to learn that the young Count de Lesly falls hopelessly in love with the neglected wife. We say hopelessly, because the undeviating propriety of Madame de Fremery affords him no opportunity of soliciting a return to his passion. Meanwhile, the advocate-general, in the convenient absence of his wife, forms a *liaison* with a frail and fashionable beauty, from whose position in the world he anticipates benefit and advancement; but, unfortunately for his speculation, he becomes under her roof addicted to high play, and for a time is successful in his ventures; upon the strength of this new resource he increases his current expenditure, becomes reckless as well as profuse, and ultimately, by a change of fortune at the gaming-table, finds himself in a position which threatens to deprive him of his place.

Time, however, has run on while all this is accomplishing. Rumours of her husband's infidelity have reached the deserted wife; whispers of his embarrassments have penetrated to her isolated home; and heartsick and hopeless, she has no friends

on earth to whom to fly for solace, save the inhabitants of the Chateau de Lesly. Then, again, that goddess of the novelist, Chance, is against her. The count saves her life,—the count, always respectful, but always assiduous, is for ever cheering her with hope, and attributing to calumny the tales which reach her of her unworthy husband. He represents to her, with disinterested zeal and well-affected conviction, the numerous and exacting duties of his office; the claims of the world upon all public men, and all the commonplaces which quieted, although they could not convince, his soothed but tearful listener; and it is scarcely wonderful that, unsuspected even by herself, Madame de Fremery at last loved her comforter. What says our author in excuse of his fair and suffering heroine?

LOVE.

Oh! love is a labyrinth much like that in which the Minotaur was hidden, to whom the Athenians sent the most lovely of their maidens: there are a thousand paths by which escape is hoped for, but all these paths, whether followed by chance or adopted after mature reflection, lead to the same point—to that spot where the monster lies in wait, ever ready to devour his victims.

And so it came to pass at last; for Madame de Fremery began to perceive with terror that she was only happy in the presence of M. de Lesly, and that in his absence her whole existence became a blank. Her health gave way beneath the conviction; and when she ultimately lay upon what was considered to be her dying bed, her husband at last found time to visit her. Here follows an admirable scene, which we shall preface by informing the reader that De Fremery, yielding to his thirst for play, has gradually brought himself to endure the degradation of frequenting the lowest hells of Paris, where he has been cheated of a sum of money beyond his means to pay; when, suddenly remembering that his wife still retains in her own power the title to a small estate, of which he has not yet despoiled her, he resolves on responding to the letters that he has received from her medical attendants, and, while performing the duty of a husband by making his appearance beside her sick-bed, to take advantage of her state of physical weakness to induce her to sign away this, her last personal possession.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

At the voice of her husband, Amelia sat up in bed. The first impulse of her heart had led her to the memory of her wrongs; the second was to tell herself that she had been misled, or that she had misunderstood what she had heard, and that this advent of her husband was a proof of his affection. This fact told volumes. The order in which these ideas had presented themselves to Madame de Fremery, were a complete revelation. In a heart which still loves, the first impulse is for the loved one when he reappears; his errors are only remembered upon reflection. With Amelia it was indignation which spoke first. It was reflection and reason which taught her to seek to perceive in his visit an indication of attachment. Was she conscious of this truth? No; but she acted as those ever do who feel the necessity of being confirmed in a good resolution, which is not strong enough for self-support. She desired that her husband should come to her assistance; she wished to give him every opportunity to justify himself; and in order that he might not delay to do so, she said, in a tolerably firm voice, "I am not asleep, Eugene; I am not asleep." M. de Fremery approached, and any heart save one which had been wounded, might have been deceived by the eagerness of his questions, the earnestness of his caresses, and the expression of his sorrow and anxiety; and perhaps at the moment all this was felt, and was perfectly sincere. But the heart is a deep and mysterious cavern: the same words uttered at its entrance, or in its most hidden depths, have a different sound. Thus, the same words vary in their meaning, in their expression, and in their effect, according as they grow out of mere superficial affection, or emanate from the profound emotions which love alone can stir. And now, nothing was wanting in the tenderness of M. de Fremery—nothing save that which is all, the conviction that it should carry with it. Amelia was not satisfied. * * * * The attendant withdrew, and they were alone. Amelia, doubtful and unhappy, awaited with anxiety one word from her husband, which might silence all her doubts; he appeared to her to look restless and thoughtful. All the charming interest which he had exhibited in the presence of a third person had disappeared. Eugene, satisfied, too easily satisfied, on the score of her health, was pacing to and fro the chamber. The eyes of his wife followed him with sad curiosity. Occasionally a movement of irritation escaped him; and eventually Amelia forgot her annoyance in her fear.

"What is the matter?" she asked. * * * Eugene, too full of his own thoughts to remark the tone in which the question was put, answered abruptly, "We have a serious matter to discuss."

"What can it be?"

"Be, my dear Amelia!" he exclaimed. "Why, I want your signature. You may remember that I have already told you how necessary it was that you should give up your title to the farm which you inherited from your father, in order to make an advantageous use of the capital. Well, I have just found an excellent purchaser and an undeniable investment; and to carry this out—"

"You want—" said Amelia.

"I want your signature."

"To-night?"

"To-night, for I have promised my final answer to-morrow morning. I came down post to save time; the chaise which brought me is still waiting, and I intended to return immediately; but—"

Amelia looked steadily towards her husband, who, as he spoke, did not once venture to raise his eyes towards hers. The anguish that she endured was fearful. It was not that she doubted what M. de Fremery was telling her; it was because she believed him, that she was wretched. This anxiety about his fortune appeared to her so despicable when her life was said to be in danger; this irritation at the dread of not completing an affair of business, when he should have been absorbed by the sufferings of his dying wife! Amelia felt that she was loved no longer. The memory of all that she had heard came back upon her, and she was on the point of giving vent to all her long-pent-up sense of wrong, when she suddenly formed one of those impulsive resolutions by which women so often accelerate their own misery.

She rang, and her maid appeared. "Bring me writing materials," she said calmly.

"Ah, how good, how charming you are!" exclaimed M. de Fremery; "I expected no less from your kind heart."

What did that holy word do there? Madame de Fremery made no reply.

"You have, without doubt, brought with you the document which it is necessary for me to sign," she said, in an altered voice.

"Here it is;" replied Eugene, offering at once the deed, and a pen which he held ready.

She signed her name.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, my dear Amelia!" exclaimed her husband tenderly. * * * "I am now off again to Paris, and to-morrow, to-morrow very early, I will be here again with the physician. I will go at once, in order to return the sooner. Farewell until to-morrow, only until to-morrow."

And without awaiting a reply, either by look or gesture, from his sick wife, M. de Fremery left the room.

Scarcely had he closed the door behind him ere Amelia fell back upon her pillow, drowned in tears. Her husband had thought of nothing, had cared for nothing save the money which he came to seek! Never was a pang at once more acute, and more humiliating inflicted upon a despairing heart. * * M. de Fremery had committed an enormous fault, far more enormous than an infidelity. Ask any woman, and she will tell you that the revelation of his love for Madame de Favieres was, perhaps, a more bitter grief to his wife than the scene which had just taken place, but it had not equally ruined him in the affections of Amelia as what he had now said and done.

Love lives on struggles, and Madame de Fremery had, perhaps, loved her husband with the most ardour at the moment when she was about to lose him; added to which there are rivalries that torture the heart, without humbling the self-respect. The love of Madame de Favieres for Eugene raised him in the eyes of his wife, although it wronged her. He was still the hero whom she had adored, achieving new conquests; but he who who profanes a holy affection by making it subordinate to a vile spirit of gain; he whose tenderness is stifled under a money-bag; he, in short, who abandons his wife, not to pursue a new mistress, but to run after a lawyer, in order to realize a few hundred pounds; such a man is lost, stripped of his poetry, annihilated, in all that can attach the heart of woman. She no longer hates the rival whom he has given her; she abandons him to her willingly, and she finds her vengeance in this thought: she will one day learn that he was not worthy that I should dispute with her the possession of such a heart.

The sequel of such a story may be guessed. Madame de Fremery abandons all—her lover, by whose generous interference the fortunes of her husband are redeemed; her peace of mind, her freedom of action, even her solitude, to save the man to whom she is united from the comments of the world; and it is with a pained spirit that we lay down the story, fiction though it be, and leave her to the cold companionship of the

selfish and heartless being who has built up alike his fortune and his reputation upon the ashes of her blameless and blighted youth.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the Years 1838—1842. By CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition, &c. In 5 vols. and an Atlas. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1845. Lea and Blanchard.

THE following interesting abstract of a famous expedition is abbreviated from the *North American Quarterly Review*.

The squadron sailed from Norfolk on the 18th of August, 1838. The following day was Sunday, and divine service was performed on board the *Vincennes*,—the shores of the United States being still in sight. Leaving the store-ship *Relief*, a very dull sailer, to pursue her path alone, the remainder of the squadron, on the 16th of September, arrived at Madeira, where they stayed one week. This was a week, no doubt, profitable to the naturalists, who crossed the island, and penetrated into the almost inaccessible recesses among its lofty mountains, where are hidden treasures to reward the venturesome traveller for many years to come. Aided by Mr. Drayton's beautiful views, the "Narrative" does justice to the romantic scenery of the island, though it adds but little to our knowledge of its resources or its inhabitants. Captain Wilkes informs us, that "wine is the staple commodity of Madeira," and that "the language is Portuguese." He might as well have added, that the religion is Catholic, and the climate genial. Madeira is a familiar name, not only to the traveller, but to those also who

> through his peering eyes
> Discover countries.

After leaving this island, the squadron pursued its course to Rio de Janeiro, stopping one day at Porto Praya. Between the northern tropic and the equator, and the longitudes of 20 and 35 degrees west, several rocks or shoals have disfigured the charts of the Atlantic ever since the earliest days of Spanish and Portuguese navigation, though their existence has long been considered doubtful. Passing through this zone, Captain Wilkes extended his vessels so as to cover the largest possible space without separating, and sailed over many of these reported dangers, keeping the lead constantly in the water. These spots will now be erased from the charts, and the seaman will sleep in security, where hitherto he has watched in dread of merchant-marring rocks. The luminous appearance of the sea in this region, the frequent cause of unnecessary alarms, is noticed in the "Narrative." On one occasion, the brilliancy was so great, that the sea "might truly be said to have the appearance of being on fire."

At Rio, it was found necessary to make some repairs, particularly on Captain Hudson's ship, the *Peacock*; and whilst these were going on, a series of pendulum, magnetic, and astronomical observations were made, and the scientific gentlemen were busily occupied in adding to their collections and journals. Mr. Hale, the philologist, obtained some curious information concerning the slaves of Brazil, shewing the marks by which the African tribes are distinguished. This is accompanied in the "Narrative" by woodcuts illustrative of the descriptions in the text, and well deserves attention. The value of the slave in the market is, in a measure, determined by these brands; for long familiarity with this accursed traffic has enabled the slave-dealer to ascertain with precision the characteristic traits of each tribe, and accordingly to determine the employments for which they are best fitted. Some of the officers accomplished the daring feat of ascending the Sugar-Loaf—a conical rock at the entrance of the port, about 1,300 feet high—in order to determine its altitude. Captain Beechey excuses the disagreement between his two determinations of the height of this rock, by saying that it is almost impossible to ascend it. * * * At Orange Harbour (Terra del Fuego), the next stopping-place of the squadron, preparations were made for the first cruise towards the Antarctic. The ample and exceedingly interesting accounts of the Fuegians, by Captains King and Fitzroy, have left but little novelty to be gleaned by future voyagers. One of the natives was detained on board the *Vincennes* a week, and was well clothed and fed; but he was constantly sick, and was glad to return to his savage state.

According to his instructions, Captain Wilkes removed to the brig *Porpoise*, and, taking with him the tender *Sea-Gull*, sailed on the 25th of February towards Palmer's Land, which he approached on the 3rd of March. The weather was thick and tempestuous, the cold very severe, covering the decks and rigging with ice; and the vessel was so crowded with men, that the state of the crew was in the highest degree uncomfortable. These circumstances, added to the lateness of the season, induced Captain Wilkes to return to the northward, which he did on the second day after reaching Palmer's Land. Having narrowly escaped being wrecked on Elephant Island, he anchored in Good Success Bay on the 18th. Lieut. Johnson, in the *Sea-Gull*, stopped at Deception Island for a week.

A month, ending in the middle of September, was employed in a survey of the Paumotu cluster, or Low Archipelago, a cluster to the eastward of the Society Islands, and forming, indeed, a part of this group. The attention of our surveyors had been drawn to it by that distinguished navigator, Admiral Krusenstern, whose notes made a part of Captain Wilkes's instructions. Clermont de Tonnerre was the first island visited. The natives resisted all attempts to land. Captain Wilkes spoke to them through an interpreter, but "the only answer he could get from them was, several of them crying out at the same time, 'Go to your own land; this belongs to us, and we do not want to have any thing to do with you.'" Mr. Couthouy landed unarmed, with presents, but was driven into the water by the inhabitants, who thrust at him with their spears. A useless landing was forced, however, by firing at them with mustard-seed shot, "which caused the chief and all the rest to retreat, rubbing their legs," as the "Narrative" expresses it. Having no skilful surgeon among them to extract these shot, they may be still "rubbing their legs." We learn elsewhere, that one man was shot in the face, and another was wounded twice, once in the breast. Every one must regret to see the first intercourse of Captain Wilkes with the natives of the island marked by an act of unnecessary hostility, that must increase the difficulty of future intercourse. He speaks of the inhabitants as a "fine, athletic race, much above the ordinary size." Communication was held with the natives of several other islands in this group. The people of Raraka were found to be modest, kind, and confiding; and those of Aurora island have been much improved by the missionaries in behaviour, and in the comforts of living. Many could read and write well, and printed copies of several portions of Scripture were seen among them. They were without arms of any kind; a permanent peace, under the missionaries' influence, seems to have succeeded to the constant wars that formerly raged. Two islands were discovered in this group, that were not laid down on the charts; the locality of another, marked on the charts of Arrowsmith, had been previously passed over, and the supposed land proved not to exist,—a fact in navigation second in importance only to a new discovery. In the middle of September, the squadron was united in Matavai Bay, in the island of Tahiti, where Captain Wilkes again set up the observatories. * * * Capt. Wilkes gives a long description of Tahiti, its society, government, laws, productions, and physical features. In a passage replete with interesting information, and written with apparent candour and liberality, he defends the missionaries against the reproaches of their enemies, and points out the great good they have done in their attempt to civilize this savage region, and to root out the crimes and excesses of barbarism, so as to make room for the virtues and graces of Christianity. The missionaries never failed to command his attention, sympathy, and assistance. Though sometimes he blames their conduct, his general manner affords proof that he does so from sincere conviction. Respecting the present profit and future promise of their labours and great sacrifices, a subject regarded by all Christendom with an anxiety proceeding from "the ground of the heart," he holds a language equally creditable to his judgment and his feelings.

The missionaries have introduced the manners, as well as the forms of education and religion, of their own countries. A party travelling in the interior passed a night at the village of Otapuna, in the house of Utami, a principal chief, and governor of the district. His table was set in the European fashion, and he gave them tea made of a native herb. Before retiring to rest, he "read a chapter in the Bible, and made a prayer with much apparent devotion."

(To be continued.)

ART.

Poems and Pictures. London. James Burns.

PERPLEXED whether to class this superb volume under the division of Literature or of Art, we resolved to avoid the difficulty by noticing it in both, a distinction to which its extraordinary beauty, however, well entitles it. In this place we treat only of the Art that so lavishly adorns its pages.

There can be no hesitation in offering this as the most perfect specimen of book embellishment which has ever issued from the British press. The illustrations are from drawings by most of our famous living artists, COPE, CRESWICK, REDGRAVE, SELOUS, TOWNSEND, PICKERSGILL, HORSLEY, ARCHER, E. CORBOULD, &c. appearing in the list. The plan of the work appears to have been this:—A collection was made, by the Editor, of some of the best poetry of our language, and this was distributed among the various artists to be illustrated according to their several fancies. These designs were confided to the most skilful engravers, as LINTON, THOMPSON, GREY, ARMSTRONG, BRANSTON, GREEN, &c. and departing from the ancient fashion of annuals, whose plates are distinct from the text, these are mingled with the text upon the same page.

This arrangement has compelled to other improvements. The paper for such a purpose was required to be of a stouter substance and finer quality than usual, and the effect of this has been to bring the typography to a perfection that of itself is a curiosity, and will delight the taste of all who have an eye for beauty of types and printing. To complete the attractions of this charming volume, each page is surrounded with an engraved border.

Of the *fifty-three* illustrations here presented it would be impossible to speak in detail. All are clever and creditable to the rising school of English art. But those which have most attracted us in turning the leaves are COPE'S *Village Stile*, two sweet bits of the true pastoral; a landscape by LINTON, called *The Bucket*, English in every part; SELOUS'S *Sir Rowland Græme*, a spirited drawing full of life and motion; TOWNSEND'S *Miner*, two clever groups, whose expression tells the tale, and which proves the rapid advance this artist is making towards mastery of the highest class of art. Then there is *John Anderson*, by COPE, the very personification of the poet's ideal. TOPHAM'S *Lucy's Flittin'* is a pretty bit of nature. What a clever street sketch is ARCHER'S *Muffin Man!* HORSLEY has illustrated the ballad of *Cumnor Hall* with the pencil of a master. DODGSON has presented us with two moonlight pieces, of great beauty, to adorn COLERIDGE'S "Nightingale." E. CORBOULD'S *Village Blacksmith* is *an effect* which one is surprised to see so well preserved by the engraver. SELOUS'S *King Arthur* exhibits the energy of life, the visible motion, for which the drawings of that artist are so famous. The same characteristic combined with great power of imagination is shewn in E. CORBOULD'S *Wild Huntsman;* his three illustrations of this ballad are quite original, and worthy of the poet whose fancies he has embodied. COPE'S *Isaac Ashford* is a sketch full of character, and DUNCAN'S *Storm at Sea* is awfully real. Altogether, this is the most attractive, because the most original, of the annuals, if such it may be termed—or rather, as it might be better called, of the new-year-gift books. A person seeking a handsome present would not hesitate to choose this; it will be welcome everywhere and to everybody, for it not only pleases the eye but feeds the mind; it is not a book for the season only, but a permanent addition to the library, when it shall have played its part upon the drawing-room table.

THE NEW PANORAMA.

APPROPRIATELY, at this season of relaxation and amusement, Mr. BURFORD has brought out a powerful and masterly panorama of Rouen—the renowned capital of Normandy. Setting out of view, for the present, the artistic allurements of this picture, the historic associations connected with Rouen, and the picturesqueness of the scenery in which, emulating its beauty, she has grown up, equally combine in making this an interesting and attractive panorama. In the market-place of this city it was that JOAN, the high-souled, enthusiastic Maid of Orleans, perished painfully, yet heroically, in the flames to which she had been condemned. The memories, too, of Norman WILLIAM, and long subsequently of the fifth HENRY and his siege, hold good their place in the annals which relate to our country.

Quitting these considerations to look at the picture as a work of art, it is impossible to withhold from it unqualified praise. The city has all the force and substance of reality; the noble cathedral, the churches of St. OUEN and St. MACLOU, the handsome streets and spacious quays, stand out with a prominence absolutely wonderful. The spectator is so far deceived as almost to question his own conviction, and to doubt that it is a piece of flat canvas on which he looks. The landscape portion of the picture, including the lovely hill of St. Catherine, is also exquisitely painted; the water is flat, reflective, and transparent as nature; the colouring is warm and rich, and the effects are so skilfully thrown in as to enhance very materially the merits of the picture.

Mr. SELOUS, also, has been triumphantly successful in his department. The figures are all characteristic of the place, spiritedly and correctly drawn, and grouped with that striking and felicitous originality which, perhaps, above all other qualities, distinguishes this artist from his compeers.

The following description of the picture we extract from the printed book furnished to such visitors as desire it, as it conveys a clearer summary of the chief objects of interest than we from memory could hope to give:—

The present Panorama, taken from the stone bridge, embraces an extensive and comprehensive view of the city, suburbs, and surrounding country. Towards the north Rouen is seen in its full extent; the line of fine modern buildings on the quays forming a splendid terrace, and partially hiding the more ancient part, the dense mass of houses of strange and picturesque forms on the slope of the hill behind, above which rise, in venerable magnificence, the noble towers of the cathedral, St. Ouen, St. Maclou, and other fine churches. To the right, the high hill of St. Catherine, the boldest and most abrupt feature of the landscape, presents its steep and nearly perpendicular side of bare chalk, spotted in a few places with vegetation and cottages, whilst a mixture of country houses, gardens, and manufactories, at its base, make a pleasing variety, and contrast well with the noble trees of the Cours Dauphin, which add a character of magnificence to the scene. In front is the river Seine, smooth and tranquil, spanned by its two bridges—the one a light and elegant suspension, the other, from which the view is taken, a handsome structure of solid masonry, in the centre of which a fine bronze statue of Corneille forms a prominent object. The river, crowded with ships of considerable burden, imparts a pleasing variety and animation, and the quays, covered with all sorts of merchandise, and a busy population, exhibit marks of active industry and luxurious opulence, and the full activity of commerce and life. Towards the south, the opposite bank of the river is occupied by the extensive and populous suburb of St. Sever; the unpretending steeple of its old church rising amidst numerous tall smoking chimneys of the large manufactories by which it is surrounded. The terminus of the Paris railway is also seen in this quarter, as well as the entrance to the grand cours, the fashionable drive and promenade, the greater part of which is obscured by the trees on the *Ile de la croix*. Above and below the city, the Seine is seen broad and full of islands, gracefully meandering, until lost in the distance, through the richest meadows, and the most fertile and beautiful country, plentifully studded with villages and villas, embosomed in woods and orchards. In the extreme distance on every side the horizon melts into an undulating line of the beautiful and picturesque hills of Normandy.

As this is a Panorama that, both from the historic associations which lend interest to the subject and the unusual artistic merits it displays will give sure gratification to all who see it, we unhesitatingly recommend it to the public support.

MUSIC.

A Song for Christmas, with Chorus. By JOHN LANE, the Music by G. J. O. ALLMAN, Esq. London: Prowse.

THIS is the best of Mr. ALLMAN'S vocal compositions—admirably appropriate to the season—joyous and spirited, and, sung by one who will throw heart and soul into it, the fire-side circle will certainly be moved to an unanimous *encore*. It is sure to become popular wherever it is introduced, and we can recommend it to all who are looking out for new music.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—A new piece has been produced here (from the pen of the indefatigable SELBY), entitled *The Lioness of the North*. The said *Lioness* is the Russian *Semiramis Catherine*, and the story turns upon her falling in love with a soldier of fortune, one *Alexis Romanowski*, whom she, at the time, has mistaken for a cousin of hers, the *Count de Courland*, whom *Alexis*, having effected his escape from the prison in which he himself is confined, has taken the place of, for the nonce. The agent in the escape of the *Count* is the daughter of the commandant, for whom *Alexis* has formed an attachment, returned with full interest by the young lady. In the end, *Catherine*, having discovered the *qui pro quo*, forgives the young man even the crime of not returning her passion, and magnanimously marries him to the object of his choice. Madame CELESTE fills the part of the artful *Empress* with great energy, and she is well acted up to by Mr. WEBSTER, as *Alexis*. WRIGHT, of course, has a buffoonery part stuck in for him. He took upon himself to add a vulgar voluntary of his own at the end of the piece, and got well hissed for doing so; a lesson which this extremely offensive person merits infinitely more often than he receives it.

DRURY LANE.—*Maritana* and *The Devil to Pay* continue to attract crowded houses, and deservedly, for seldom have two such interesting pieces combined for one night's entertainment.

THE THEATRES.—The various Christmas pieces are brought out too late for notice this week, as we always go to press on Friday morning.

JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE.—This unique and splendid entertainment went off with a success that must have gratified the spirited conductor beyond measure. The theatre on Monday night was a scene of gaiety and brilliancy such as London has seldom witnessed. The boxes were crowded with spectators of the vast assemblage below, who took part in the amusements of the evening. The theatre itself was tastefully decorated; the dancing company numerous, mostly masked, and many in character; the music was such as only JULLIEN can produce, and excellent order was preserved throughout. The company kept up the dance with great perseverance until a late hour. At the conclusion M. JULLIEN was enthusiastically and deservedly cheered, and amid the applause announced that another ball of the same kind would take place shortly.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These concerts have been resumed, and will be continued for another week. The enchantment, for it is nothing less, of CAMILLO SAVORI'S violin, is an added attraction which it will be impossible for any lover of music to resist.

THE COLOSSEUM.—No visitor from the country should fail to see this the most *magnificent* public exhibition in Europe, and the night view should be preferred, if possible. It will astonish country folks more than any thing they will behold in this great metropolis.

The ADELAIDE GALLERY.—This agreeable place of mingled instruction and amusement will be one of the Christmas sights, to which the numerous visitors whom the cheap trains will bring to the metropolis during the next week of holiday should not fail to visit. The entertainmtnes there are very various, but KELLER'S *living statues* are of themselves a treat such as is seldom seen.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

Another birthday comes again—
I weep, and yet rejoice;
I weep beneath the weight of pain,
Yet smile, as thy dear voice
Falls on mine ear in loving words,
More musical than song of birds:
Still, still I weep, that I must be
A burden to myself and thee.

But is it good, or kind, or wise,
That I should thus repine?—
Am I not blest beneath the skies
With love all but divine?
And has not that bright mortal love
Taught me to look with faith above?
How dare I say, "I still must be
A burden to myself and thee!"

No! rather let me kiss the rod
Which is in mercy sent,
And bow my stubborn heart to God
For his wise chastisement:
The sorrows that have dimmed my eyes
Have been HIS blessings in disguise,
To make my erring spirit be
More purified for HIM and thee!

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

[We shall be obliged by contributions of interesting cases and novel phenomena observed by our readers throughout the country; each case must be verified by the name and address of the correspondent for our *private* assurance of its authenticity; but the *name* will be withheld from the public if desired by the writer. The object of this division of THE CRITIC is to preserve a record of the progress of Mental Philosophy, and to form a body of facts from which at a future time some general principles and rational theory may be deduced. But, nevertheless, we shall occasionally give place to any brief comments or conjectures which may appear to deserve consideration or help to throw light upon the subject. We entreat the cordial assistance of the friends of Mental Philosophy throughout the world to make this a complete record of the progress of the science.]

TO OUR READERS.

OUR readers will doubtless have remarked that we have made an alteration in the title of this division of THE CRITIC. Our reason for the change was two-fold: first, because experience had taught us that the phenomena of Mesmerism were but a portion, and a small portion, of that mental physiology of which our present knowledge is so limited, and that a large collection of facts in every branch of that science is essential to progress even in Mesmerism; and, secondly, because, by avoiding a prejudice which has been so unfairly excited against the name, many would be induced to acquire and to supply information relating to Mental Philosophy who want the courage or the confidence in its truth to aid in the development of Mesmerism.

Moreover, by thus enlarging the sphere of observation we supply a periodical medium which has long been wanting for the encouragement and diffusion of mental science generally. Without, therefore, neglecting any of the illustrations of Mental Philosophy supplied by Mesmerism, we shall henceforth invite the communication of all *facts* that tend to throw light upon it in any of its departments, and especially in the practically important branches of Insanity, Crime, Education, and Phrenology.

Thus we hope to add materially to the interest and utility of THE CRITIC, and to supply a defect in our periodical litesature which has been long complained of. It certainly is strange and sad that while the material sciences have their journals, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, to collect and promulgate the facts by help of which alone canadvancement be made, there is not a single journal in Great Britain which devotes so much as a column to the science which, more than all other sciences together, affects the present and future welfare of mankind, and which concerns everybody, and must interest everybody. THE CRITIC will endeavour to perform this office, and it asks accordingly the cordial co-operation of all who recognize its importance and are willing to contribute the results of their observations and reflections.

Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism; the result of thirty-five years, Practice and Observation. By T. P. F. DELEUZE. *Translated from the Paris edition*, by THOMAS C. HARTSHORN. 12mo. pp. 270. London, 1845. Cleave.

M. DELEUZE is, we believe, esteemed upon the Continent as one of the best authorities on this subject, and a translation of his famous treatise will no doubt be very welcome to all who have interested themselves either in the study or the practice of animal magnetism. As it is a very comprehensive work, and contains a good deal that is new; and as the opinions of a gentleman of such large experience and unquestioned ability cannot but be a valuable contribution to the existing stores of knowledge, we purpose to notice this volume more at length than is our wont, and to follow the author through the principal topics of his treatise, both with commentary and extract.

In a brief but well-written Introduction, M. DELEUZE states the arrangement of his work, concluding with a remark,

which will have the concurrence of all who know the force of prejudice and the habitual hostility of professions to innovation of any kind.

A physician who has already become celebrated would perhaps increase his reputation by publishing a good work upon magnetism. He would call attention to an order of phenomena which belongs to animated nature; he would found a school; he would find disciples among his brethren in the profession. This kind of success is impossible for us. Our adversaries condemn us without examination, and they exercise a great influence upon public opinion. We have no partisans except among those to whom we have rendered service, and the greater part of them dare not raise their voice. Happily their number increases every day; and that should sustain our courage and our hopes. Let us continue, then, to work in concert, to spread abroad the knowledge of magnetism, without disputation, without fear, and without the spirit of system. Let us banish the abuses and the dangers which may attend the use of it. Let us collect the materials of a beneficent science. The time will arrive when a man of genius will re-unite all these materials, and rear an edifice which time cannot overthrow.

The first chapter is devoted to "General Views and Principles." These are stated in the form of axioms, many of which we should be inclined to dispute. But to examine each of the thirty-five would be the work of a dozen articles, and therefore we pass to the second chapter, which treats of the "Processes in Animal Magnetism." He recommends those who have been in the habit of magnetizing to continue the methods to which they have been accustomed: but to learners, he submits the following instructions, the result of thirty-five years of practice:—

Cause your patient to sit down in the easiest position possible, and place yourself before him, on a seat a little more elevated, so that his knees may be between yours, and your feet by the side of his. Demand of him in the first place, that he give himself up entirely, that he think of nothing; that he do not trouble himself by examining the effects which he experiences; that he banish all fear, and indulge hope; and that he be not disquieted or discouraged if the action of magnetism produces in him temporary pains.

After you have brought yourself to a state of self-collectedness, take his thumbs between your two fingers, so that the inside of your thumbs may touch the inside of his. Remain in this situation five minutes, or until you perceive there is an equal degree of heat between your thumbs and his; that being done, you will withdraw your hands, removing them to the right and left, and waving them so that the interior surface be turned outwards, and raise them to his head; then place them upon his shoulders, leaving them there about a minute; you will then draw them along the arm to the extremity of the fingers, touching lightly. You will repeat this *pass* five or six times, always turning your hands and sweeping them off a little, before re-ascending; you will then place your hands upon the head, hold them there a moment, and bring them down before the face, at the distance of one or two inches as far as the pit of the stomach; there you will let them remain about two minutes, passing the thumb along the pit of the stomach and the other fingers down the sides. Then descend slowly along the body as far as the knees, or farther; and if you can conveniently, as far as the ends of the feet. You may repeat the same processes during the greater part of the sitting. You may sometimes draw nearer to the patient so as to place your hands behind his shoulders, descending slowly along the spine, thence to the hips, and along the thighs as far as the knees, or to the feet. After the first passes, you may dispense with putting your hands upon the head, and make the succeeding passes along the arms, beginning at the shoulder; or along the body, commencing at the stomach.

When the magnetizer acts upon the patient they are said to be in communication (*en rapport*).

The above is the mode of magnetizing under ordinary circumstances, but occasionally other methods will be required, and many of them are described by M. Deleuze, for which the reader must be referred to his volume.

M. Deleuze is a supporter of the doctrine of magnetism by an external influence. Our readers are aware that our impression is that it is entirely self-induced, and that the mesmerizer does but fix the attention and suggest the condition of mind necessary to its production.

The third chapter is devoted to "the effects, and their indications." These effects are infinitely various, but some of them will be familiar to every observer. Such are these:—

The magnetized person perceives a heat escaping from the ends of your fingers, when you pass them at a little distance before the face, although your hands appear cold to him, if you touch him. He feels the heat through his clothes, in some parts, or in all parts of his body before which your hands pass. He often compares it to water moderately warm, flowing over him, and the sensation precedes your hand. His legs become numb, especially if you do not carry your hands as low as his feet; and this numbness ceases when, towards the close, you make passes along the toes, or below them. Sometimes, instead of communicating heat, you communicate cold; sometimes also you produce heat upon one part of the body, and cold upon another. There is often induced a general warmth, and a perspiration more or less considerable. Pain is felt in the parts where the disease is seated. These pains change place, and descend.

The fourth chapter treats of "Somnambulism, and the use to be made of it." On this subject M. Deleuze remarks:—

Of all the discoveries which have excited attention from the remotest antiquity, that of somnambulism certainly gives us the most insight into the nature and the faculties of man. The phenomena to which it has drawn our attention demonstrate the distinction of two things; the twofold existence of the *internal* and the *external* man in a single individual. They offer a direct proof of the spirituality of the soul. They make evident the truth known to ancient sages, and so well expressed by M. de Bonald, that *man is an intelligence served by organs*. This advantage cannot be too highly appreciated, especially in an age when audacious minds do not fear to employ the researches of physiology to shake the certainty of the interior sentiment which reveals to us the dignity of man, his supremacy in the order of creation, and his moral liberty; a sentiment which is the basis of social life, and which engages to the practice of virtue, by pointing out to us in a future life the developement of our earthly existence, and the recompense of sacrifices made to obey the dictates of conscience. On the other hand, somnambulism makes known to us the means of curing diseases which are curable, and of relieving those which are not. It serves to rectify the errors of medicine as well as of those of metaphysics.

He proceeds to give elaborate directions for the management of somnambulist patients, which, however, are longer than we can find room for. He recommends that this condition be induced slowly and with caution, and that the patient be gradually accustomed to the use of his new faculties. One observation we must extract, for it squares with the results of our own experience, and is the answer to the objections of Dr. Forbes.

The faculties of somnambulists are limited. Their surprising penetration may be regarded as the effect of a concentration upon one single class of sensations, upon one order of ideas; the more their attention is distracted by various subjects, the less of it will they give to the essential object.

If your somnambulist appears to meddle with things which do not promote his return to health, employ your will to withdraw him from them; do not hear him; and especially do not appear as if you were astonished at the proofs which he affords of his lucidity. You will excite his vanity, and that is very dangerous; for when you have once awakened in him this sentiment, to which somnambulists are in general very much inclined, you can no more depend upon any thing.

This advice is also judicious:—

I have already noticed that it would always be expedient, as far as possible, to let the patient remain ignorant that he has been a somnambulist; and that, excepting certain very rare cases, it is proper never to repeat what he may have uttered. For it would establish between the ideas of the natural state and those of somnambulism a relation which is contrary to the natural order; and which equally alters the habitual faculties and the somnambulic faculties. If you know how to control yourself by your own will, your patient will never be informed of any thing which you think ought to be kept from him.

Here is a fact we do not remember to have observed.

Many somnambulists are endowed with inconceivable address, and can perform certain operations as well as the best surgeons. I am acquainted with a lady, who, in the state of somnambulism, opened a swelling beneath her breast, and dressed the wound until it was healed.

This address of somnambulists can be useful to others as well as themselves, especially when it is accompanied with clairvoyance; there are some cases even, when they can render the greatest service. I will instance a midwife, who having become a somnambulist during a disease for which she caused herself to be magnetized, preserved the same faculties after her restoration

to health. When she is called upon to exercise her profession, if the case appears to present any difficulties, she goes to her magnetizer, who puts her into somnambulism, and opens her eyes. She declared to me that in this state she could act with much more address, strength, and certainty. In January last, she, in this manner very successfully delivered of three children a woman whose state was very dangerous.

Here we pause. We shall resume the review of this volume from time to time, as our space will permit.

NOTES OF CASES IN VITAL MAGNETISM.

CLAIRVOYANCE.—A most remarkable and highly interesting fact of clairvoyance was exhibited in a little patient of mine last August, and which was fully witnessed. This girl, of about fourteen years of age, went into a deep magnetic state; and for some time sat looking very thoughtfully, but with a droll expression on the countenance. After some time I said, "Come, let me know what you are thinking about; I suspect you are planning a little mischief."—"Mischief, indeed! Why, I was only thinking how nicely I could make a doll's cap if I had but a bit of net and some ribbon. There, give me some; you have plenty." This child was a stranger to my drawers, closets, and boxes at this time. "I will see if I have any."—"See, indeed; why, you must know you have plenty of things; but I don't know if there is any net."—"What makes you so sure?"—"Why, *I have been looking into all those boxes*, and you have lots of pretty things." She went immediately into a closet, where she at once selected a portmanteau from among all the rest. I carried it into the bedroom—unlocked it; she sat on the carpet—turned every thing out very carefully; and, naming with the *greatest accuracy* the colours, patterns, silks from velvets, pieces of prints, and never made the slightest mistake, even in the most delicate shades. We were all amazed; her eyes being fast closed. This went on for a long time, when I took up a bundle which was tied and pinned together. "Now, tell me if there is any net in this parcel." She took it into her own hands, pressed it very hard to her forehead, waited nearly ten minutes, and then said, "No, I can't see any net; but there is blue silk. There is black velvet with a gold edge (the selvidge). There is a beautiful green-striped ribbon. Some of your lilac silk gown;—the one I tore for you. There, take it away; I can't see any net." We opened this roll of pieces; what she had said was true; and there was no net. Some papers she found: some she unrolled; others she did not. She pronounced some to be drawings; some maps; some writings. This altogether was a most perfect testimony for clairvoyance, in a very pleasing manner displayed. The contents of the box was a collection of scraps I kept for the purpose of making pic-nics for ladies' bazaars, or such kind of uses. The child had certainly never seen the box when awake. She had been brought to me from a distance, and was taken at once into my room, where I had frequently magnetized her.

I once had in her an example of great difficulty in demagnetizing. I always attend my patients until they wake spontaneously; but I had at this time a sudden call from her, which required instant attention. I ordered her to wake. "No; I shan't wake for you nor no one."—"I desire you to wake."—"You may desire what you like; I shan't wake." I then took her hands in the usual way, and began blowing strongly and smartly on the eyes. "Oh, indeed, you may blow and blow as much as you like. There, blow on; I shan't wake any more for that." This was a provoking, but laughable, firmness in this happy little creature; and I did grieve that the cause was so imperative to get her right before I left her. Therefore I did "blow on," and she suddenly opened her eyes; then in her usual way said playfully, "I be awake now;" not remembering any part of our combat. LAVINIA JONES.

CRITIC OF TRADES, INVENTIONS, ETC.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

NOVEL FILTERER.—An ingenious, novel, and very efficacious method of filtering water has lately been contrived by a Mr. Truman, who has secured his invention by a patent, and who has been employed at Windsor Castle to produce pure water for the uses of the inmates of the palace. The filterer there used filters 400 gallons of water daily. There is one, on the same principle, being placed in the house of the Duke of Sutherland, in the Green-park, which, when completed, will filter 1,000 gallons of water daily; and the inventor affirms that he will undertake, by his method, to filter any quantity that may be required for extensive consumption, either by brewers, manufacturers, or water companies. The filter or filterer is a cylinder, formed of a porous stone of peculiar quality,—that which is exhibited at No. 70, in the Strand, is 4 inches thick,—through this substance nothing passes but the pure element, all foreign and deleterious substances being stopped. To force a passage for the water, hydraulic pressure is employed at a rate sufficient to cause an incessant and rapid supply. The simplicity of the construction of this instrument or machine is its great recommendation, and in that it is superior to the numerous kinds of filters generally employed, which, though they have their benefits, are, almost all, to a certain degree, complex or defective. This simplicity of contrivance ensures the lasting properties of the filter; indeed, it would appear that it can receive little or no injury from wear and tear, neither does it require to be continually cleansed or put to rights, as it in a manner purifies itself at the same time that it purifies the water that passes through it. The invention has been submitted to the attention of the Lords of the Admiralty, who have had the machine fixed at the Admiralty, and expressed their approval of it. It is, indeed, applicable to the filtration of sea-water, which it purifies with rapidity and makes clear, soft, and fit for drinking, and, in emergencies, would be an excellent apparatus in ships, &c.

METHOD OF FIXING PENCIL AND CHALK DRAWINGS.—For pencil drawings, a thin solution of isinglass answers the purpose. It should be allowed to run over the drawing, or be very carefully applied with a soft camel's-hair pencil. For chalk drawings, make a thin solution of size, put it in a flat dish, pass the drawing from one side to the other under the liquid, taking care that the liquid comes in contact with every part of it. The friction of a camel's-hair pencil would injure the drawing. When it is completely wetted, fasten it to the edge of a table, or to a string, by means of two or three pins, until dry. Crayon or charcoal drawings would be spoiled by this process: and for fixing them, the paper should be washed over with a solution of size, in the first instance. When quite dry, the surface is in a good state for making the drawing; after which it should be inverted, and held horizontally over steam. The steam melts the size, which absorbs the charcoal or crayon, and when it has again become dry, the drawing is fixed. This process may be repeated several times during the progress of a drawing, the effect being increased each time.—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

OPINIONS ON THE CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—I think your Journal deserves the commendation of all booksellers; inasmuch as, that its character is novel as well as useful. Its principal feature appears to be that of furnishing to the trade a review of the greatest number of works of interest, which in these railway times enables the man of business to read while he runs.

Its criticisms have always been candid, impartial, moderate, and just, according at least to my judgment, and having been in the habit, for some months past, of perusing it, I would not on any account now give it up.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
ROGER LIDSTONE.
With Mr. Nettleton, Bookseller, Plymouth.

Plymouth, Dec. 17, 1845.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—To me THE CRITIC is very valuable. I select many of the works for my shop and circulating-library from those reviews in your paper, and am seldom, if ever, disappointed by your recommendations. Your lists of "New Books," and of "Books wanted to purchase," are of much importance to booksellers.

The pages of THE CRITIC abound with valuable literary extracts, which editors of newspapers find well calculated for their columns. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN NELIS,
Bookseller, and Editor and Proprietor of
Omagh, Dec. 16, 1845. the *Tyrone Constitution*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—We beg to record our approbation of THE CRITIC, as one of the best mediums of communication for the booksellers, and place great reliance upon its candid reviews of new works.

Yours, respectfully,
J. SHAW AND SONS.
Wheeler-gate, Nottingham, Dec. 18, 1845.